

CONSECUTIVE GAMES AND WORLD'S TITLE

Rudolph Pitches Braves to Victory Once More.

BOSTON'S HITS CAME AT OPPORTUNE TIMES

"Rudy" Tightens When the Athletics Threaten to Score.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 14.—There is absolutely nothing to be said in extenuation of the unexpectedly poor showing of the Philadelphia Athletics in the world's series which closed yesterday with four consecutive defeats for the Mackmen. The expression "great" is applied advisedly. They are great. It is doubtful if there is a manager in either major league who would not select the Athletics if given his choice of the teams as at present. The four-game victory of the Boston Braves, something that is totally unprecedented in the big post-season series, was, therefore, doubly creditable to the Bostonians. No Doubt of Braves Superiority.

The Braves beat the Mackmen in such a manner in every game as to leave no doubt of the superiority of the Stallings team in the series, especially in the Monday game which resulted 5 to 4. Bushy will throw gave the Braves that game, but they

came from behind twice and outbatted and outplayed the former champions twice during that particular battle. A careful analysis of each game, regardless of the score, reveals the starting and unaccountable inferiority of the Philadelphia.

Rudolph's Great Pitching

"Rudy" had his curve and slow ball working again yesterday and wrought havoc to the Athletic batsmen. In this game as well as in that at Philadelphia on Saturday he made the efforts of the Mackmen look positively puny. In five innings he retired the side by striking out the third batsman. Three times he did so with men on bases. Collins, O'Leary, Walsh and Schang were among those who fell.

Shawkey had not a break or curve worth mentioning. He used very poor judgment in pitching to Evers. Walsh and Schang were among those who fell. With two gone Rudolph singled and Moran doubled, "Rudy" being held at third. Evers was next up. Shawkey grooved the ball from the commencement of the game and continued to do so for Evers. The latter made him pitch to the limit. He worked the Mack twirler by fouling off good balls and fouling off the strike zone. When he put the next one over the plate the Boston captain cracked it sharply to center field and the game was won. Shawkey had no change of pace, and his last ball would not have beaten a Canadian League team. Penneck was slightly wild, but he shut the winners out in the three innings which he worked.

Baseball is Largely Pitching

It is universally conceded that baseball has resolved itself very largely into a matter of pitching. The collapse of the Philadelphia pitching staff and the simultaneous falling off of the Mack batsmen, made the superiority of Stallings' twirlers doubly evident. If "baseball is pitching," as is contended, then the Mackmen had no chance to win a solitary game from the Braves. They say that class, like blood, will tell. Perhaps, but it won't do it in a short campaign such as the world's series.

The Athletics played far below their normal form, but the Bostonians merely maintained the scorching pace which they struck up on their return from a disastrous western trip. They were in the lead in last place, and set sail for the top, a position which they attained by the most protracted winning streak ever witnessed in major league baseball. They were west again, and continued their all-conquering march, after which they came and disposed of the Giants in the most impressive manner imaginable. Class tells in the end, and that was class.

The fall takes his place as the world's series hero of 1914. He was besieged at his hotel last night by souvenir-hunters and autograph-seekers. He retired after a lucky walk by Shawkey struck the only run against him. With Barry at second base and one out, Shawkey reached up a foot over his head and hit "Rudy" pitch for pitch. Evers struck Oldring, while Shawkey was left helpless at third base.

Mackmen Were Overconfident.

The only explanation offered is that the Athletics were overconfident. To state the case in that particular way is to draw it mildly and refrain from saying anything too pointedly uncomplimentary about the development from which it is commonly stated that smart ball was suffering. The pride that went before the fall was apparent some weeks ago, and it is hinted that Constance and sense the condition and admonished his men not to hold the Braves too cheaply.

Mackmen in Batting Slump.

Any team is apt to suffer a batting slump. Unquestionably the Athletics were in the throes of such a collective slide. In the final series of the American League season with the New York Highlanders they could not get enough hits to beat Cole and McHale. The few facts may partially explain why the Mackmen looked so bad in the big struggle, but the reason that they were beaten is, after all, quite plain to all who saw them perform. They were simply outclassed, that's all.

All kinds of pitching, and all kinds of legitimate baseball tactics were used against the Braves, but they stopped at nothing. On the other hand the Athletics seemed to stop at anything. The fast ball pitching of James which was expected to be to the liking of the Philadelphia batsmen, was just as effective as the curve and slow ball twirling of Rudolph and Tyler.

Braves Inbued With Confidence.

Not the least potent factor in the roughshod ride of the triumphant Braves over the Athletics was the spirit of absolute confidence which pervaded the whole winning team and the pugnacity with which they had been imbued by Stallings. The latter is a mild, modest gentleman in private life, but in baseball he is a fair but ceaseless fighter.

Dick Rudolph, in an interview with a reporter last night said that the Braves weeks ago felt that they would win the National League pennant as soon as they got within striking distance of the Giants and that they would ultimately beat the Athletics if anybody else who faced them in the big series.

Pitchers Given Grand Support.

"In addition to the confidence I felt when I faced the Athletics," said Dick

was backed by great support in the field and on the base. The result of the series speaks for itself. Our pitchers went into the games supremely sure that if we pitched half-decent ball we would win. Any team which outclasses the Mackmen as we are conceded to have done is going some. It is nothing to the credit of the pitchers that we won as we did. The Braves are some ball team," modestly affirmed Rudolph.

Braves' Strong Battery.

The Boston battery department was infinitely stronger than was Philadelphia's. Rudolph, Tyler and James consistently outpitched all the Philadelphia pitchers. Evers was far more brilliant and dependable catcher than either Schang or Lapp. The weak hitting of the Mackmen made them appear to poor advantage at base runners. Even when they did get on the paths they played poor baseball. Collins and Walsh were caught flat-footed off second base, and the former was also snuffed out once at first base.

That the Boston Braves beat the Philadelphia Athletics four consecutive games seems almost unbelievable. The wildly jubilant Boston rooters seem scarcely able to comprehend what has transpired. Never was the glorious uncertainty of the game better demonstrated than in this certainty is what contributes in a very great measure to its wonderful popularity.

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"RUDY" BEATS MACKMEN AGAIN

BOSTON		PHILADELPHIA	
A. B. R. H. O. A. E.	A. B. R. H. O. A. E.	A. B. R. H. O. A. E.	A. B. R. H. O. A. E.
Moran, r.	4 1 1 0 0 0	Murphy, r.	4 0 0 0 0 0
Evers, 2b.	3 1 1 3 6 0	Oldring, l.	4 0 1 3 0 0
Connolly, l.	2 0 0 0 1 0	Collins, 2b.	4 0 1 1 4 0
Mann, l.	2 0 0 1 0 0	Baker, 3b.	4 0 1 1 4 0
Whitted, c.	3 0 2 1 0 0	McInnis, lb.	4 0 1 1 5 1 0
Schmidt, lb.	4 0 1 1 2 0 0	Walsh, c.	2 0 1 1 0 0
Govdy, c.	2 0 0 8 2 0	Barry, ss.	3 1 1 0 5 0
Maranville, ss.	3 0 0 1 3 0	Schang, c.	3 0 0 3 0 0
Deal, 3b.	3 0 0 1 4 0	Shawkey, p.	2 0 1 0 3 0
Rudolph, p.	2 1 1 0 0 0	Penneck, p.	1 0 0 0 1 0

Totals 28 3 6 27 16 0

Philadelphia 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0-1

Boston 0 0 1 2 0 0 0 3-3

Two-base hits—Walsh, Shawkey, Moran. Hits—Off Shawkey, 4 in 5 innings; off Penneck, 2 in 3 innings. Stolen bases—Whitted, Double plays—Govdy and Evers. Left on bases—Philadelphia, 4; Boston, 5. First base on balls—Shawkey, 2; Rudolph, 1. Struck out—By Penneck, 3; by Rudolph, 7. Passed balls—Schang. Wild pitch—Rudolph, Time—1:49. Umpires—Plate, Byron; bases, Wilddebrand; left field, Klem; right field, Dineen.

FIGURES AND FINANCES

	Attend.	Receipts.	Nat. Com.	Clubs.	Players.
Oct. 9, Phila.	20,562	\$49,639	\$4,963.90	\$8,935.05	\$26,805.00
Oct. 10, Phila.	20,562	49,639	4,963.90	8,935.05	26,805.00
Oct. 12, Boston.	35,520	63,808	6,380.80	11,485.44	34,456.32
Oct. 13, Boston.	34,365	62,653	6,265.30	11,277.54	33,832.62

LAST YEAR'S FIGURES

	Attend.	Receipts.	Nat. Com.	Clubs.	Players.
Oct. 7, New York	36,291	\$73,255	\$7,325.50	\$13,546.00	\$40,638.00
Oct. 8, Phila.	20,563	49,640	4,964.00	8,935.20	26,805.60
Oct. 9, New York	36,888	75,763	7,576.00	13,637.00	40,912.00
Oct. 10, Phila.	20,655	49,645	4,964.00	8,936.00	26,808.00

Hospital Stories of Wounded Tommy Atkins

The following are some extracts from a letter of J. F. R. Wilkes, son of Colonel A. J. Wilkes, who has been confined for a week or more in the Chelsea hospital in the Old Land.

He mentions listening to some thrilling stories told by wounded from the front who arrived at the hospital on September 29th. Mr. Wilkes writes:

"It ain't war; it's murder." were some of the first words I heard from a wounded Tommy who sleeps near me. This man was shot through the shoulder on the 17th, and has been all this time in a hospital at Rouen, but no attempt was made to extract the bullet. The boat which brought the British wounded across passed Lord Brassie's private yacht in the Seine, and the Tommies are eulogizing his Lordship, as he stopped, came on board, and had a hearty word, incidentally some cigarettes, for one and all.

"My head is replete with hair-raising tales, which are evidently an every-day occurrence in the very routine of the way he nonchalantly tells them. How he can mention in one breath a most ghastly incident and in the next a humorous one is almost incredible. Examples of the former have been patently described in the papers. You would have roared to have heard one of them tell of a night spent among a few and fourty British boys in the trenches, and fourteen of them squealing all around you. Nice company, wasn't it?"

"Evidently the British are more humane toward their prisoners than are the Germans, and it is to be wondered at after Louvain and Rheims? It is quite a common occurrence," says a Tommy, "to come across small detachments of Germans who are only too glad to surrender to us. When they do it means a shortage of our rations, but even a dog must have his scraps. These very few Germans are used by the one with a bullet in his shoulder, and one can see him sharing his bit of biscuit with a German prisoner. One regiment lived for four days on one biscuit and a couple of teth of a pot of 'bully beef' per man. Something of a gastronomic test."

"But one of the most stirring remarks from the former source was also one of the highest compliments which could possibly be paid a British officer. 'Our officers,' he said, 'can't be touched by any. Why, there is a young named James, a second lieutenant, who has only been with us ten months, but who is always on his feet telling us the ranges, encouraging the wounded and keeping up any lagging spirits. I don't believe he ever sleeps. Our colonel, too, is one of the best. He went on to tell us how the former extricated them at midnight from a dense wood, when Germans were on all sides. In contrast to this 'esprit' which exists between the Tommy and his officer, we were told that it was an actual fact that the German soldiers were often driven at sword's point into the fray. However, nothing but praise was directed towards the remarkably accurate marksmanship of the German artillery. 'You will see a German aeroplane hovering over the trenches and spraying out the position of the guns, and ten minutes afterwards the shells will be bursting on the spot. South Africa was played to you. One is surprised when shells are not bursting nearby. Thus we get some reality of actual warfare. He told us of the discovery of four guns in a trench, leaving 69 dead. The shivers went down my spine when he shivered when he recalled the actual scene, and soon changed the subject. When one has been in the midst of the dead for weeks on end, one hardly likes to dwell on particulars."

"Another chap has just entered the room where I am writing, and he is telling us of some of the wounds which he has just seen. Just imagine a rough trip through dense woods, the country (the country about the Aisne where the fighting is taking place is woody and uneven), and a bullet in one's thigh. And yet I didn't see a fellow on the man's face when he entered, although he suffers at every move. But enough of such realities, which are ever-present signs of bull-

A NEW MOUNTAIN IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

Mount Bruce—Altitude 11,500. Mrs. E. T. Parsons, of Berkeley, and Miss Lulle Nettleton, of Seattle, have returned from a mountain-climbing expedition in the Southern Selkirk. The trip was notable in that unmapped country was traversed and the ascent of one of the highest peaks of that region was made.

Leaving Invermere, B. C., the party, consisting of E. W. Harnden, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Gleason, of Boston; Mrs. E. T. Parsons, of Berkeley, Cal.; and Miss Lulle Nettleton, of Seattle, went to the head of Horse Thief Creek, forty miles in. The first ascent of the unmapped peak was made September 2nd, taking nine hours from the base camp. The route lay over the magnificent Starbird glacier and embraced steep, icy slopes and interesting rockwork. The party was roped in Alpine fashion, as the snow slopes below the summit required the greatest care.

On the summit ice axes were planted and the mountain was christened Mount Bruce, in honor of Robert Bruce, of Wilmot, B. C.

The view from the summit is described as wonderful. Glaciers of stupendous sizes and hundreds of peaks, varying from 9,000 feet altitude to 11,000 or 12,000 feet. Most of them are unclimbed and unclimbed. Allowings for corrections, the aneroid readings gave the altitude of Mount Bruce as 11,500 feet.

On September 6th, an attempt was made upon Mount Jumbo from a base camp below the terminal moraine of the Jumbo glacier. The party came within 500 feet of the summit the final section of the route being plainly before them when a storm broke loose and they were obliged to retreat to camp.

Mr. Howard Palmer, the well-known mountaineer, has estimated that there are no fewer than 40 peaks in the Selkirk Mountains, whose altitude exceeds 10,000 feet. The rock from which these mountains have been carried, shows 45,000 feet or

WAR STORIES FROM FRONT

Slaughter on a Bridle Path.

A lieutenant in the Scots Greys was holding a sort of snuff and we waited till the Germans were about 200 yards away before we flew. They were coming up the road packed close in fours, and when they would be turned, but their officers drove them on with revolvers. It was a murderous fire they were coming, but they simply had to, and we tried to mow them down as they came as they closed in on us. Fortunately the rest of them somehow came through the woods on either side, and as we were in danger of being cut off we were told to retire.

Dance in the Air.

The French airman Poir, serving with the Russian army, thus describes a reconnoitering flight over German positions, accompanied a staff captain:

"We rose to a height of about 100 feet. Fighting was in full swing. The captain had already made valuable observations when the German machine gunners started firing. A number of bullets pierced the wings of the aeroplane and the engine struck the stays, but we flew it was still necessary to ascertain exact position of certain of the snays forces."

"Then the German artillery began to burst near the machine gunners. Each explosion caused machine to rock terribly. It was difficult to retain control. Pieces of shells seriously damaged two of the machine gunners. This fantastic dance in the air lasted twenty minutes. The captain was wounded in the heel but continued observations. The machine gunners were now much damaged, so we turned homeward and landed safely. I found ten bullet marks and ten fragments of shells in the machine gunners' positions."

The Drunken Colonel.

There are some amusing stories told of the ways in which German soldiers have been captured. One case a patrol of French troops entering a village and finding the German machine gunners in the cellar of a villa. With their rifles ready to fire they went down the stairs and opened their ranks. The all springing loudly were several Bavarian infantrymen and a color guard who had turned into the wine cellar to try the vintage last autumn. The colonel, who had been placed in self flight on his back with his moan open under the spigot of a cask, in which the barrel of a machine gun was hidden, was impossible to wake the Germans from their drunken slumbers, and the did not regain consciousness until they were in train, disarmed and under arrest, the way to the south of France.

The Naval Pets.

Mr. Winston Churchill inspected the Naval Volunteers at the Crystal Palace. These are the men who would be formed into divisions for active service on land, if necessary. A thousand are already in camp.

"The men get four big meals a day and are in their own words, 'like fighting cocks.' They have two pets—a kitten, which is called 'Tommy,' and a white cat, and a white ribbon tied to each of his legs as his tail.

An appeal is made for physical instructors to volunteer for a few hours a day to drill squads of the men in the Palace grounds.

"Into 'Em My Bonny Lads.'"

Archbishop Mathew, presiding over a recruiting meeting in Hyde Park yesterday, mentioned his nephew, a tenant of the Munster Fustlers, who believe he is captured, said the bishop.

A wounded Munster man in dress hospital was asked if he had anything of his nephew. "Sure answered, 'the last I saw of him was waving his sword, shouting 'Go boys! into 'em my bonny lads.' Then I got this bullet, and what happened to him I don't know."

Germans, as we have seen, are commonly proud of the very things which they are doing everything at the time. The following laconic paragraph in the Kronisberger Zeitung, which I have just received, treats the breezy view of the justice in the Vatterland. "Herr H. Müller, the commercial traveler who was shot yesterday as a spy, to-day proved to be innocent."

When the first German flag was in Paris, two soldiers beforehand inhibited a German frontier position of a cafe on the boulevard the reception of the flag by the earnest and its placement in the valises, where is Napoleon's was an hour of dramatic tension.

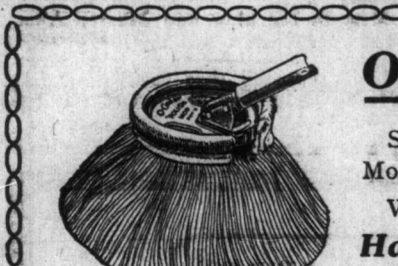
The only music heard in Paris the first day of August, which is their resting place along with those of the heroic warriors who went to Alexander's bridge, that superb



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