

practice Merkle took his regular position at first base and handled himself much better than yesterday. Still there was a slight limp that showed when he ran in to get home.

At the last minute George Willes went out and warmed up around first so as to be ready in case of emergency. At the same time Metzger went out on his official batting order and Merkle was marked down for first base.

The Athletics took the field for practice and the band was ordered off the field and Hockley warmed up for the Athletics. Wyckoff and Bush also warmed up for the Athletics. As the big figure of Jeff Tesreau moved out in plain view of the crowd the big bear hunter was loudly applauded.

The batteries were finally announced—Bush and Schang for the Athletics and Tesreau and McLean for the Giants.

The umpire arrangements were tighter behind the bat, Connolly on the bases, Klein in left and Egan in right.

FIRST INNING. Tesreau's first pitch was a fast ball that split the heart of the plate. The next was too low. Murphy swung on the next one and was out on a sharp grounder that Fletcher fielded perfectly and threw to Merkle. Jeff opened on a spitter on Oldring and he missed it. A hot fly then fouled over to the stands that was caught by Jim Corbett, the crowd applauding. Oldring caught a slow one on the nose for his third swing and slammed it into center for a single. Big Jeff fooled Collins badly with a spitter which he missed a foot. An Eddie led the second one go by for another strike.

The next, however, was a beauty, and he bounced it over second for a single. Oldring sprinting to third. Baker swung wildly at the first pitched ball and missed it. A spitter over the heart also was a fooler and went for the second strike. The home run spitter then met a fact one and shot it past Fletcher for a single that scored Oldring. This made three hits in a row off big Jeff Tesreau and the fans began to get nervous. He poked a curve over on McLean for a strike, but the next was a ball. Collins and Baker worked a perfect double steal, made easy by the fact that McLean dropped the ball, which was the second strike on McLean. McLean struck out on the next offer, but McLean fumbled the ball and had to throw him out at first.

The first pitch to Strunk was a low curve on the inside, the next was outside by a foot. Again Jeff failed to get one over and the count stood three and nothing. Strunk rolled a grounder to Fletcher, but the Giants' short stop swung wildly over Merkle's head, allowing both Collins and Baker to score, and Strunk to reach second. Barry finally retired the side in this disastrous inning by lifting a fly to

Witcher. Three Runs. Three Hits. One Left. One Error.

With this good lead young Bush started as he went to the box, and settled by putting a clean strike over on Herzog. The next one was fouled into the stand for the second strike. Bush then pitched one wide for the first ball and followed it with another equally as wide. Herzog waited and got a third ball. He finally had to hit and died on a grounder that Barry threw to McLean. Bush was lacking in control and made bad pitches to Doyle before he managed to get one over. Doyle finally got one in the groove and smacked a sharp drive that bounded off Bush's wrist for a single. Fletcher was very pale as he came to bat, still having in mind the error he made in the previous inning.

When the count stood 1 and 1 Doyle started to steal, but Fletcher fouled off the ball and he had to go back. Another foul put him in a hole, but Bush lost control and hit him with a pitched ball. This put two on bases and the fans picked up courage. Burns also played the waiting game and got two balls before he took the bat from his shoulder. The next was a high foul. Burns lined a drive squarely into Collins's hands and he tossed it to Barry before Doyle could get back and retired the side. No Runs. One Hit. One Left. No Errors.

SECOND INNING. Big Jeff gave Schang a ball and then slipped two strikes over on him. He then fooled him badly with a spitter and the waiting game and got two balls before he took the bat from his shoulder. The next was a high foul. Burns lined a drive squarely into Collins's hands and he tossed it to Barry before Doyle could get back and retired the side. No Runs. One Hit. One Left. No Errors.

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Larry popped a high foul to Schang. No Runs. No Hits. None Left. No Errors.

THIRD INNING. McLean went after the second ball pitched and drove a long fly to Burns. Strunk waited till the count stood one strike and two balls, then drove a long fly to Burns. Tesreau got two strikes on Barry with his spitter and then forced him to pop an easy fly to McLean. No Runs. No Hits. None Left. No Errors.

Merkle swung on the first ball pitched and lifted a high fly to Strunk. He also showed that his ankle was much better by making a fine run to first. Bush had now settled down beautifully and struck Tesreau out on three pitched balls. Bush fooled Herzog badly with a slow ball that split the middle of the plate and made him swing wildly at a curve. Herzog then lined a drive straight into Collins's hands for the third out. No Runs. No Hits. None Left. No Errors.

FOURTH INNING. After taking one strike Schang attempted a bunt, but fouled the ball off. Tesreau promptly whipped over a spitter and struck him out for the second time. Young Bush was given a great hand as he came to bat. After taking two strikes he lifted a Texas Leaguer over second that fell safe for a single. Murphy swung viciously and drove a long fly to Shaffer in center. Oldring also hit at the first ball and fouled a hot one into the right field boxes, making the spectators scatter. He finally grounded to Doyle, who tossed him out at first. No Runs. One Hit. One Left. No Errors.

The Athletic players began kidding Snodgrass from the bench as he stood on the coaching line. Umpire Higier had to stop them. Doyle tried to wait, but Bush kept the ball on top of him and finally forced him to hit. Larry popped an easy foul to Baker. Bush was a little wild when Fletcher appeared and pitched him three straight balls. He quickly settled down and put over two strikes. The next was in the groove and Fletcher batted it over second for a single. Burns scraped off two fouls and then missed a third one for the third strike. Fletcher made a clean steal of second. The Giants' first steal, by the way, of the series. Shaffer swung hard, but landed the ball in Collins's hands and was thrown out at first. No Runs. One Hit. One Left. No Errors.

FIFTH INNING. After getting two strikes Collins swung a vicious drive against the right field wall that was a foot by more than a foot. He swung and struck. Tesreau pitched Baker a slow ball and he lifted a high fly to Fletcher. Jeff also snaked a slow one over on McLean for a strike and then pitched wide of the plate for a ball. McLean went after a spitter and lifted a high fly to Murray. No Runs. No Hits. None Left. No Errors.

Murray waited Bush out and got three balls in succession. The younger put the next two over like a bullet, but failed on the fourth and Red Jack walked, the first pass of the game. Bush almost hit McLean with the first toss to him. On the next one Murray stole second and went all the way to third on Schang's bad throw.

Big Larry smashed a vicious grounder that shot past Baker for a single and Murray came home with the first run for the Giants. Cooper, McGraw's feet-footed outfielder, was put on to run the bases for McLean. Merkle took one strike and then smacked a long line fly to Eddie Murphy. It was expected that McGraw would put in a pinch hitter, but the game was so apparently lost he allowed Tesreau to sit at the plate and a flying start and stole second easily.

Tesreau bounced a slow grounder toward Baker and was thrown out at first, while Cooper moved up to third. Herzog hooked his bat at Bush as he came up, but it was unavailing. He rolled a weak splash in front of the plate and was thrown out by Schang. One Run. One Hit. One Left. One Error.

SIXTH INNING. Wilson took McLean's place as catcher. As Strunk came to bat a man fainting in the stands just back of the press box and the loud cry for a doctor caused a big disturbance. The man was taken from the stand. Strunk was out on a long fly to Burns.

Barry fared better and landed on a slider curve for a clean single into right. Schang smashed a lot of fire into the left field stand that gave the crowd a thrill, but it fell foul. Schang then lifted a high one that Wilson caught near the boxes after a long run. Bush took two balls and then hoisted an easy one to Larry Doyle. No Runs. One Hit. One Left. No Errors.

Bush fooled Larry badly with a slow ball, and then made him swing for the second strike. Larry finally cracked a bouncer over first, but McLean got it and put him out. Fletcher again played his waiting game and got three balls before Bush finally put over a strike. The next one was wide and outside and Fletcher walked.

He had reached first every time up. It was no advantage, however, as Burns hit into a neat double play, Bush to Collins to McLean. No Runs. No Hits. None Left. No Errors.

SEVENTH INNING. Murphy opened the seventh with a clean single to right. Oldring forced out Murphy when Fletcher got his grounder and tossed it to Doyle. Collins smashed a drive against the right field wall that Murray junked as it bounded back and the drive was good for three bases. Oldring scoring. Baker singled past Doyle, the infield being in, and Collins scored. Tesreau was taken out of the box after this and Crandall took his place. Doyle lined into the air and appeared McLean's hot liner and touched Baker out as he came down the line. Two Runs. Three Hits. None Left.

Shaffer opened up the seventh with a two-base smash down the third base line. Murray singled to left and Shaffer scored. Wilson struck out and Murray died stealing on the third strike. Schang to Collins. Merkle walked. Wilson on the bases for Merkle. Crandall died on a hot smash. Collins to McLean. One Run. Two Hits. One Left. No Errors.

EIGHTH INNING. Willes went to first in Merkle's place. Strunk was out on a grounder that Crandall threw to Willes. Barry also bounced an easy one to Crandall and as a result the next one was smacked a long drive into the right field stands for a home run. Bush was called out on strikes. One Run. One Hit. None

Left. No Errors.

FAN TRAMPLED IN CROWD MAKING A WILD SCRAMBLE TO ENTER POLO GROUNDS

Groundkeeper Burns Fifty Gallons of Gasoline on Wet Spots and Umpires Order Play Despite the Wet Field.

BY BOZEMAN BULGER.

POLO GROUNDS, Oct. 9.—With Jeff Tesreau, looking as big as a peak of his native Ozarks, warming up with Catcher McLean, and the Athletic youngster Bush thudding practice balls into a catcher's mitt under the studious eye of Connie Mack, the vast mass of humanity on the bowl-like sides of the Brush Stadium settled back with a joyous sigh of anticipation as the diamond was cleared of practicing players for the third game of the World's Series for the baseball championship of the world at 2 o'clock to-day.

It seemed as though the stands were more densely packed than on Monday. Time and again the sale of tickets had been stopped while scouts from the gates surveyed the benches for empty chinks; after which a hundred or more lucky holders of places in the outside line came scampering up from Eighth avenue through the runways. But at five minutes after noon the sale of tickets to the lower grandstand was altogether stopped. The bleachers swallowed fans until they could absorb no more and were shut off from the clamoring hosts outside, about an hour later.

Heroic efforts were made to put the Polo Grounds diamond in playing shape at noon and it was finally accomplished in a way unique if not entirely original.

While the edges of the grass were protected by sand, fifty gallons of gasoline were poured on the bare spots and a match applied. In a moment the cameras were treated to the unusual light of a baseball diamond ablaze. The flames in some places leaped ten feet high and the heat could be felt in the press box. That heat did the trick. In thirty minutes the base lines, pitcher's box and batter's box were dry enough for fast running.

NO MUD IN PLAYING FIELD. When the attendants had finished marking off the white lines there were no signs of mud clinging to their feet. At this time, though, the grandstand was thoroughly wet. There was an immense sale of newspapers, the general news sections of which were used for seat coverings. Only the baseball pages were held out for reading purposes.

The \$2 spectators made their first grand rush into the gates at 10.50. By 11 o'clock the first four rows all the way around had been taken. In the meantime the Seventh Regiment Band cut loose and managed to make the early arrivals feel tangolish enough to forget the dampness that was beginning to be felt through thin clothes.

Over in the clubhouse a scene was being enacted that carried with it no such thoughts of joyous anticipation. Fred Merkle was stretched out on a rubbing table while two doctors and a rubber worked over him for hours. He says he will be able to play, but neither the doctors nor Manager McGraw are so optimistic. The treatment they are using is an application of ice water to be followed by a boiling hot mixture of arnica and water. After this hot mud is applied for five minutes. This process began at 9 o'clock and will be kept up until time to dress for the game. If Merkle fails to come around George Willes, despite his weak hitting, will have another opportunity to show what he can do.

At 12 o'clock the heavy mist laden clouds had lifted and when the fans glimpsed a thin line of blue sky just over the score board, there was a loud shout of joy. Everybody was happy.

CLOUDS BEGIN ROLLING OVER PARK. Following this brief spell of happiness a feeling of depression set in. From the west heavy, dark clouds began rolling over the park and the flags, taking up the general feeling, drooped limply around their staffs. It grew so dark that reading the newspapers in the shadow of the stand became an effort. It looked like rain would fall any minute, but there was a little hope in the fact that the heavy clouds were passing over and might not stop. Three fellows back of the press stand stopped a pinocle game to make bets on whether or not it would rain. Rain ruled favorite at 3 to 2. This speculation and rooting for certain clouds to pass over furnished a whole lot of amusement to the good-natured, waiting throng.

It's all right now. The hour is 12.50. The weather long shot has won, the heavy clouds have rolled away and through a rift over the grandstand the sun is shining brightly. A game is certain. There were still some empty seats when the sun shone out, but the crowd was still coming in, so the line outside was practically dispersed. Anybody who wanted a \$2 seat could walk up to the ticket office and get it. And with the coming of the sunshine a vaudeville entertainment broke loose. Two young men armed with megaphones ran down from the stand and with the brass band surrounding them sang popular airs. The whole crowd joined in the chorus. Two good rooting voices were spoiled, but we had good songs and there were plenty of rooters left to take their places vocally.

NEW YORK FANS CHEER ATHLETICS.

At 12.55 the Athletics, led by Danny Murphy and Harry Davis, came through the little gate in deep centre and crossed the field. A big cheer greeted them in striking contrast to the absolute silence in Philadelphia yesterday. The New Yorkers are good fellows, and proved it. A moment later, however, came the big punch. It was started with the appearance of the Giants, who quickly followed their opponents.

Matty pulled a late start. His arrival was well timed. Whether he had figured it or not, I don't know, but the big fellow, wearing a heavy sweater over his uniform, got the greatest ovation ever seen on the ball field. Twenty-five thousand people arose and cheered for fully two minutes. Even the members of the band stopped playing to clap their hands. The two teams immediately spread out around the field and began tossing the ball around.

Among the Giants was Fred Merkle. The bulky bandage around his ankle was plainly outlined on his stocking and much of his limp was gone, but there was still a slight halt in his walk. He told me that he would play if he had to get out an injunction against McGraw. At the bat he hit the ball solidly, but made no attempt at running. Feeling pretty sure that the Giants would have to hit right-hand pitchers in the game, McGraw sent Rube Schauer to the box to warm them up. From the order in which they practised at the bat it was evident that Herzog would again lead off.

Left. No Errors.

NINTH INNING. Murphy flied out to Murray. Oldring

Composite Score of Both Games.

	NEW YORK (N)										E	Fld Av	
	AB	R	IB	2B	3B	HR	SH	SB	BB	SO			
Shaffer, c.f.	10	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	100	3	0	1,000
Doyle, 2b.	8	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	250	5	2	1,000
Fletcher, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	115	7	0	1,000
Burns, 1b.	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100	2	0	1,000
Herzog, 3b.	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100	2	0	1,000
Murray, r.f.	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	250	1	0	1,000
Meyers, c.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100	4	2	1,000
Merkle, 1b.	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	167	11	0	1,000
Marquard, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100	0	0	1,000
Crandall, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100	0	0	1,000
Tesreau, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100	0	0	1,000
McLean, c.	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100	5	1	1,000
Snodgrass, 1b.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100	1	0	1,000
Willes, 1b.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100	13	3	1,000
Walsh, p.	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100	1	0	1,000
Wilson, c.	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100	0	0	1,000
Grant, c.	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100	0	0	1,000
McCormick, p.	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	100	0	0	1,000
Totals	72	7	18	1	0	0	0	0	3	10	37	3	.978

PHILADELPHIA (A)

	PHILADELPHIA (A)										E	Fld Av	
	AB	R	IB	2B	3B	HR	SH	SB	BB	SO			
E. Murphy, r.f.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	111	7	0	1,000
Oldring, l.	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	222	6	0	1,000
Collins, 2b.	7	3	4	1	0	1	1	2	571	6	7	1	.929
Baker, 3b.	1	5	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	556	1	2	.750
McLean, 1b.	0	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	143	15	0	1,000
Strunk, c.	7	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	243	0	0	1,000
Barry, s.	0	1	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	250	3	6	1,000
Schang, c.	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	250	4	1	1,000
Bender, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1000	0	2	1,000
Lapp, c.	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	250	7	2	1,000
Plank, p.	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	250	1	2	1,000
Totals	72	6	19	3	2	1	3	3	8	264	57	21	.963

* Batted for Marquard in 5th inning of 1st game.
** Batted for Tesreau in 8th inning of 1st game.
*** Ran for McLean in 10th inning of 2d game.
Hit—off Marquard, 8 in 3 innings; off Crandall, 3 in 2 innings and none out in 8th inning; off Tesreau, none in 2 innings. Hits—off Mathewson, 8; off Bender, 11; off Plank, 7. Base on Balls—off Marquard, 1; off Tesreau, 1; off Mathewson, 5; by Plank, 6. Double Plays—Barry to Collins to McLean. Left on Bases—New York, 14; Philadelphia, 14. First Base on Errors—New York, 1. Philadelphia, 1. Hit by Pitched Ball—by Plank (Doyle).

By this time there was a general shaking of raincoats. The sun had brought with it lots of humidity and the lemonade boys began to take on "pop."

A cheer rolled down the long line of those waiting to buy tickets from the Eighth avenue gates through Eighth avenue, One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street and Bradhurst avenue to One Hundred and Forty-seventh street, when Umpires Connolly and Higier came out of the Polo Grounds at half past ten o'clock and announced that they saw no reason for calling off to-day's game. Higier is umpire in chief for to-day's game.

The two umpires had been sent to the Stadium by the National Commission to report on the effect of the drizzle and light showers on the playing field. They made their report by telephone and Inspector Titus, in charge of the police, was informed that the game would be played as scheduled. The sun was making a brave fight to get through the haze and every prospect was cheerful.

The waiting line formed early last night. By half past ten o'clock the police had marshalled it into a line four abreast on Eighth avenue and two abreast in One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street and Bradhurst avenue all the lines growing in length rapidly.

Inspector Titus took David Jones of the Jones Iron Company of Scranton, Pa., a slim young man of frail looking health, out of the line early, promising him that he should be the first to buy a ticket. Jones was in line Tuesday morning and was successful in seeing the game, though he caught a bad cold; he went to Philadelphia and waited up all night for the privilege of seeing the Giants' victory yesterday. Last night the third vigil was too much for him, and soon after dawn to-day he keeled over in a dead faint. As a tribute to his devotion to baseball and his gameness the Inspector, after seeing that he was revived and comfortable, took him inside the gates.

GIRL TWINS AGAIN IN LINE.

The Woods sisters, the young twins of changeable but always identical toilettes and unbounded Giant enthusiasm, were in the first group sent to the ticket offices when the gates were opened at ten minutes of 11 o'clock.

It at once developed that the ticket selling was not going as smoothly as it did on Tuesday. The notice cut down the squads released from the head of the lines to run to the ticket windows from five hundred to three hundred and then to smaller squads. The eager and sometimes angry shouts of those fighting to exchange their money for pasteboards could be heard all over the grounds, over the padding and shuffling of those scampering for the choice seats.

O. E. Levey, a sales agent, of No. 719 Eighth avenue, Brooklyn, alighting from an elevated train just as the gates were opened, fell as he raced with the head of the trainload down the long incline from the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street station. He tripped and fell and was trampled by hundreds. The crowd swept over him without slackening until two policemen fought their way to him, took him to the station platform and called an ambulance from Harlem Hospital. He seemed to be seriously injured internally and was only conscious at intervals.

The Hon. Cornelius McGillicuddy, manager of the Athletics, drove up to the entrance of the Polo Grounds at quarter before 1 o'clock. As he started for the gates a policeman plucked him by the sleeve.

"Got a ticket?" asked the policeman.

The Athletic manager just shook off the policeman and started ahead. The bluecoat jumped in front of him.

"Hey, you," he said, "if you ain't got a ticket you go to the foot of the line."

"I'm Connie Mack," said Mr. McGillicuddy gently.

"That stuff don't go with me," replied the policeman grimly. "Back to the foot of the line."

Mack retired to the curb and leaned against the door of his taxi while the policeman glared at him.

Presently arrived Baker, Collins and McInnis in another taxi.

"What's the trouble, boss?" asked one of them. The policeman looked at the faces of the players, all of whom he seemed to recognize. Then he faded. Mr. McGillicuddy went in with his players.

B. ALTMAN'S FUNERAL.

List of the Pallbearers Who Have Been Chosen.

The funeral of Benjamin Altman, merchant, philanthropist and connoisseur of the arts, will be held tomorrow morning at the Temple Emanu-El at No. 611 Fifth avenue. The pallbearers will be William Churchill Oastler, Dr. Bernard Facha, George R. Read, John L. Cadwalader, Edwin J. Steiner, William H. Porter, Milton S. Klein, James H. Thompson, Alfred T. Boehm, Frank L. Nugent, Gustav A. Hammer and Theodore Y. Hobby.

IMPERATOR FIGHTS 80-MILES-AN-HOUR STORM; RIDES FIRM

Captain on Bridge 72 Hours in Worst Voyage Big Liner Ever