

ODDS SHIFT ON WORLD'S SERIES

BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

EDITED BY ROBERT EDGREN

Speed Records Fall As Auto Kings Race For \$50,000 Prizes

Rate of Over 106 Miles an Hour Almost From the Start as Twenty Famed Autoists Whirl Round New Sheepshead Big Speedway.

(Continued from First Page.)

Cars moved slowly away gradually increasing their speed. In a few seconds the space before the stands was bare. Only a cloud of white smoke hung in the air. The roar of the twenty exhausts died down in the distance. In less than a minute it rose again—a harsh, guttural sound that echoed to the stands from the inclined turn at the eastern end of the track. Around swept the racing cars, driving at terrific speed down to the broad white line that marked the start.

RESTA LEADS AT START, GOING 106 MILES AN HOUR

Resta, as pacemaker, had the pole. The three other cars of the front rank were exactly even with him. Overhead a bomb burst in the air. The race was on.

Behind the leaders the others were straggling, but none very far behind. Now came rush after rush. The front rank held its own and Resta's Peugeot led all the rest. Lap after lap Resta stayed in front, while some of the others fell far back.

World's records were going now. Resta ran his first lap at 101 miles per hour. Gradually the speed increased. At six miles he was going 104.4 miles per hour. At ten miles he ran a two-mile lap at 106 miles. Resta led at the end of the tenth mile, and he had run the distance at the rate of 104.6 miles an hour.

In the sixteenth mile Barney Oldfield's Delage came to a sudden stop with a broken connecting rod. He was out of the race almost at the start. Barney was in hard luck. So, too, was Mulford, who ran such wonderful speed in his trial yesterday. His Peugeot broke a connecting rod in the sixteenth mile and he was out. Mile after mile the race went on the looks of it began to change. Resta began to pull out in the lead. Wilcox blew a rear tire and Aitken a front tire. The changes were made in record time. At fifteen miles Resta had run at an average of 106.13 miles. Aitken was not far behind with an average of 104.06.

Earl Cooper's Stutz limped into the control, followed a moment later by Lemberg's Delage, smoking as if on fire. Lemberg was away again after losing three minutes. Cooper was out of the race with a broken valve. His finish came on the forty-eighth mile.

Resta stopped, having blown his right tire. He was away again in a few seconds, while the grandstands shouted to a cheer that sounded like a shrill squawk in the overwhelming roar of a score of booming exhausts. Resta's tire had been changed, it was officially announced, in four seconds. Nothing slow about Resta. He went on at a tearing pace to regain his lead.

ANDERSON TAKES LEAD AS RESTA HALTS

Oil Anderson, in a Stutz, had shot on ahead of him. For the first time in the race America was in front.

At sixty miles Anderson led and had averaged 104.4 miles, a terrific pace. Burman was second with 104.35 and Rooney with another Stutz in third position. Resta was three-quarters of a mile behind. Aitken changed a rear tire in thirteen seconds. In the sixty-eighth mile Pullen's Maxwell went out of the race with a broken connecting rod. Up to date only the cars need hospital service.

The three leaders were far ahead of the world's record at the sixty miles. The fastest time ever made before was 101 miles an hour average, made in Chicago.

At eighty miles Anderson was leading, with an average of 105.97. At eighty-five miles Bob Burman's Peugeot took the lead. Right in front of the grandstand De Palma's car blew a rear tire with a bomb-like explosion, pieces of the fabric flying in all directions.

De Palma changed and started again in twenty seconds. Howard Wilcox clanked in with a smashed engine. He was also on the retired list.

RESTA MAKES RECORD, THEN GOES OUT

Resta took the lead again, but stopped on the north turn. Tom Rooney's Stutz blew a tire. Ora Halbe's Sobring stopped with magneto trouble.

Resta was leading when he stopped in the 102 mile. He was ahead of the 100 mile record made in Chicago. Resta and his machinist pushed their machine from the end of the track to the control in front of the grand stand. In a moment the news was telephoned up from the control that Resta was out of the race with a broken connecting rod.

Eddie Hickenbacher retired at the 108th mile when his Maxwell lost its ball bearings.

At this point, with the race less than one-third over, only thirteen

Table with columns for driver name, car make, and other details. Includes names like Resta, Anderson, Burman, Rooney, Aitken, Mulford, Cooper, Lemberg, Pullen, and De Palma.

The entries, cars they drove and their numbers follow:

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In the sixteenth mile Barney Oldfield's Delage came to a sudden stop with a broken connecting rod.

Anderson was in the lead again at 120 miles. Gil Anderson having again pushed his Stutz to the front. He had averaged 103.32 miles.

AITKEN PASSES ROONEY HARD

Anderson was hard pressed for the lead by Aitken and Rooney. Between the 140th and 160th miles there was less than half a lap between the three leaders. Just before the 170th mile Ira Vail quit when his Mulford special broke a connecting rod.

Anderson lost 75 seconds at the 170th mile when he stopped to take gasoline, which gave Aitken the lead.

The race developed into a long struggle between Anderson, Aitken, Rooney and Burman. In the order named at 180 miles Anderson had averaged 101.15, Aitken 102.46, Rooney 101.92 and Burman 101.80.

Slowly Aitken crawled up on Anderson, gaining an average of a little less than two seconds a lap. Each circuit brought him nearer.

When Aitken was only a few lengths behind Anderson slowed down and stopped for gasoline. The stop cost Anderson three-quarters of a lap, and so closely were the leaders bunched—all ahead of the world's record—that it sent him back to fifth place.

AITKEN AWAY AHEAD OF THE RECORD

Aitken steadily increased his pace. At 200 miles he was over six minutes ahead of the world's record. He broke the record not only for cars of restricted power, but for cars of any power. His time for 200 miles was 1h. 56m. 21s.; his average speed 102.14. Anderson was running second, at 200 miles, time 1h. 57m. 22s., rate 102.24. Rooney was third, speed rate 102.14; Burman fourth, rate 102.13.

There was less than a minute between the four leaders, and all well under the former records. Resta's time for 200 miles, made in Chicago, the former record, was 2h. 2m. 16.75s.

BURMAN AND ANDERSON SHOOT AHEAD

Aitken stopped for gasoline and sacrificed an even minute. This allowed Burman and Anderson to come up within a few seconds of the leader. Aitken had to stop again two laps later, and even as he slowed down his close rivals roared triumphantly past. Burman's Peugeot swept around and around in a compact little bunch. It was announced after a few minutes that Aitken's car had a broken valve and he was out of the race at 240 miles. His only consolation was that at least he was in the lead when he was out.

De Palma went out before Aitken with a smashed clutch.

The struggle between Anderson, Burman and Rooney went on lap after lap, the two white Stutz cars alternating in the lead and Burman's Peugeot sticking right in the bunch and occasionally showing a wheel's breadth in front.

At 274 miles Rooney stopped thirty seconds for gas, and then dashed out in chase of his rivals. Two laps later the blue Peugeot stopped for gas, too, leaving Gil Anderson to shoot out alone in the lead.

The combination was broken up and the three leaders were scattered around the track. At 280 miles Anderson led, his time being 2:43.53 and his average 102.51 miles an hour. Rooney was second only 57 seconds behind. Burman was 2 minutes and 3 seconds back of the leaders. Rooney, behind Burman on the track, started up and passed him in front of the grandstand. America then had two cars in the lead, both gaining.



President Wilson Tossed Ball, Starting the Game

By Bozeman Bueger. (Staff Correspondent of The Evening World.)

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 9.—With the chance of seeing a President of the United States, his fiancée and a ball game for the world's championship, all for the price of one dollar, the early rising Philadelphia fans long before noon made a break for the bleacher gate where, until a few minutes ago, it looked like a crowd waiting for a land rush out in Oklahoma. The 7,000 seats open to competition were quickly taken. That many more fans were waiting outside, with their only possible reward a sight of the President.

The fans, who have had their troubles here, took comfort when it became known to-day that President Wilson not only had secured his tickets in advance, but had paid for them. He was one of the most early applicants, and when offered a complimentary box explained that he saw no reason why the rule abolishing the free list should not include him.

Philadelphia also took joy in the fact that Mrs. Galt, the President's fiancée, is rooting for the Phillies, and is especially anxious for Alexander to win three games. Being a Washington rooster, the President is naturally inclined toward the American League champions. Mr. Wilson accepted the invitation to throw out the first ball.

It was the first time a President of the United States had ever attended a world's series game, and the second fight between the Phillies and the Red Sox not only took on added dignity but added life. The players in ever move, even in practice, showed an unusual snap.

Over the whole proceedings there was an air of expectancy. Balls whizzed by the ears of those in the front boxes, diamond heroes slammed around the base paths and the band whooped things along with lively airs from noon until the umpires announced the batteries. It was baseball's biggest day.

The first two fans of the land were to occupy a box and roof for their respective champions. It so happened that the Presidential box was located near the Boston bench, and in this the Red Sox took comfort. To them it was a sign of good luck. Almost directly behind the President were ranged 600 Royal Rooters of Boston fully prepared to sing "Tessie" in the benefit of Mr. Wilson.

In the betting the Red Sox were favorites. Any number of bets were made on the American League champs at 5 to 5. On the series, however, the Phillies are favorites at 5 to 4. Bets were made all over the stands, the odds being based on an understanding that Foster and Chalmers were to be the opposing pitchers. Foster is the best of the Red Sox twirlers. The arrangement could not be verified by Managers Moran and Carrigan. When asked about it from the press stand they looked up, shook their heads and smiled.

The throng of fans holding reserved seats began pouring into the park shortly after noon, bleachers having been filled since 11 o'clock. By 1 o'clock it was merely a question of so much space and so many fans.

The weather turned cool over night and the heavy overcoat gave the assemblage a more sombre aspect than that of the opening day. The bleacherites had much the best of it. They sat in the warm sunshine and sang to the band's accompaniment, while the more affluent occupants of the \$2, \$3 and \$5 seats sat muffled up to their ears silent. That is, they were silent until a splash of white showed at the base of the stand in great stop of Barry's drive back of third and an equally as great a throw nailed him at first. Stock made another stop and threw out Thomas Foster hit the right field fence for the first two-bagger of the series. Mayor purposely passed Hooper to first, preferring to take a chance on Scott. His judgment was correct. Scott going out on an easy fly to Whitted. NO RUNS, ONE HIT, NO ERRORS, TWO LEFT.

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Big College Teams Will Meet Strong Opposition in Gridiron Games To-Day

Princeton to Get Severe Test Against Heavy Syracuse Eleven, and Pennsylvania Isn't Going to Have Any Snap With Penn State Warriors—Upsets Are Imminent.

By William Abbott.

THE football scene to-day didn't provide any snap games for several leading colleges. Princeton takes on the heavy Syracuse team, the Middies have a strong Pittsburgh eleven for opponents, and Pennsylvania faces the Lehigh. The Blue line during the week was reinforced by the presence of Betts and Black, two big guards. Coach Hinkley has all kinds of line material and he's likely to experiment with several sets of forwards this afternoon. The Yale backfield, too, is uncertain and a number of players will be tried up unless the visitors offer unexpected resistance. The Bulldog defeated Lehigh 20 to 3 last year, and the Pennsylvanians have practically the same eleven this season, which ought to result in a pleasant time for the New Haven people.

The Indians for the first time in years go on the warpath at Cambridge, but not with Glen Warner as their coach. Harvard, because of a misunderstanding with the veteran coach, never played Carlisle while Warner was in charge. This season Warner went to the University of Pittsburgh and the Indians were promptly restored to the Crimson schedule. The Indians at best are in and outers. Harvard should have a fairly easy time with them even without Tom Enwright, the star half-back, who was seriously injured this week.

Frank Cavanaugh at Dartmouth is one of the most consistent coaches in the country. His teams do well every season. Dartmouth in 1914 walloped Tufts 68 to 0. Cavanaugh had to develop almost a new backfield this season, yet he confident his big green team will roll up a big score against Tufts this afternoon.

The battle between Washington and Jefferson and Lafayette should prove the best of the many tussles between the so-called minor teams. Washington and Jefferson has gained considerable prestige of late with rattling good teams, while Lafayette always puts a strong fighting eleven on the field.

Features of Game at Glance

Hooper worked Mayer for the first walk of the game in the opening inning. Speaker's drive to deep right his first time at bat was the first safety recorded off Mayer. Burns' muff of Niehoff's return to the plate let Hooper in with the first run of the game. Barry's recovery of a ball hit by Paskert, which went through Hoblitzel's legs, was the prettiest play of the series so far. Gardner's hit to left was the third of the game off Mayer up to the second inning. The Phillies meanwhile hadn't anything like a hit off Foster. Foster threw gloom into the home fans by striking out Cravath and Luderus, the Phillies' best hitters, in succession. This was in the second session. Foster was pitching great ball up to this stage. Up to the last half of the second inning the Phillies had not got a man as far as first. Mayer, the Phillies' pitcher, performed the novel feat of striking out three Red Sox in a row in the third inning. This gave him six strikeouts in three innings.

STORY OF SECOND BIG GAME TOLD PLAY BY PLAY

(Continued from First Page.)

Foster, who ran over and covered the bag. This by far the prettiest play of the series. The Phillies kicked a little on the decision, but a sign from Manager Moran quickly subsided them. NO RUNS, NO HITS, NONE LEFT, NO ERRORS.

SECOND INNING—It was evident that Mayer was wild, but he settled down after giving Lewis two balls and struck him out. Gardner got hold of a curve ball and laced it into left for a pretty angle. Gardner and Barry attempted hit-and-run play, but Barry fouled the ball and had to start over. Barry then struck out. Thomas smashed a wicked liner straight at Mayer, who was unable to get out of the way, the ball striking him in the chest. He picked it up and threw to first for an easy out. NO RUNS, ONE HIT, NO ERRORS, ONE LEFT. Cravath was loudly applauded as he came to bat, but let the first strike get away without even swinging at it. The Phillies were playing a waiting game at first, but Cravath delayed a long and missing a wide curve struck out. Luderus, the other Philly slugger, also took three lousy swings and fanned. Foster was pitching the best ball of the series so far, and had the Phillies pulling away from the plate. Whitted missed a curve ball by a foot, but got three balls immediately after. With the count finally standing two and three, Whitted drove an easy bouncer to short, and was out. Scott to Hoblitzel. So far the Phillies have not got a man on base. NO RUNS, NO HITS, NO ERRORS, NONE LEFT.

THIRD INNING—Mayer quickly got himself in a hole by pitching wide to Foster, and would have given a base on balls but for Foster swiping it one three feet from the plate for a third strike. Burns dropped the ball and had to throw to first. Hooper, it was the first two balls, fouling them into the stand. He then struck out on a high fast one. Mayer was now losing his nervousness and put three curve balls over, striking out Scott, making a clean sweep of the side. NO RUNS, NO HITS, NO ERRORS, NONE LEFT. A fan caught Niehoff's first foul into the stand, and the ball never came back. Niehoff played out on the string and was finally called out on strikes. Hoblitzel made a pretty stop of Burns' grounder and threw to Foster, who covered the bag for an out. Mayer was an easy victim, being called out on strikes. NO RUNS, NO HITS, NO ERRORS, NONE LEFT.

FOURTH INNING—Speaker lifted a high fly to Bancroft. Hoblitzel, after taking three balls, hit the next one and was out on a grounder to Luderus, unassisted in baseball it is considered unparliamentary for a batter to hit under those conditions. Hoblitzel should have waited. Bancroft made a wonderful stop of Lewis's slap over second, but could not get the ball to first in time and it went for a single. Whitted made a beautiful running catch of Gardner's fly to left. NO RUNS, ONE HIT, NO ERRORS, ONE LEFT.

Speaker ran all the way into left and caught Stock's Texas leaguer. Hoblitzel knocked down Bancroft's high smash and threw to Foster, who covered the bag for the second out. Paskert smashed a long drive into right, which Hooper caught on the run. NO RUNS, NO HITS, NO ERRORS, NONE LEFT.

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