Red Sox Take Second Game from Robins by Thrilling Finish in Fourteenth

World Series Habit Clings to Red Sox

Sherrod Smith Makes Game but Vain Effort to Halt Boston in Its March to a Fifth Post-Season Triumph.

By GRANTLAND RICE.

Boston, Oct. 9.—Force of habit still stands as one of the controlling elements in the eternal drive of destiny. It gathers power as it moves along the narrow, winding highway of fate.

Boston formed the world's series habit thirteen years ago, and to-day she is surging along to her fifth post-season triumph with the bulk of Brooklyn's barrier blown from the right of way. The road now has been opened up where nothing but the entrance of our college chum, Henry J. Miracle, can halt the winning red-hosed rush to 60 per cent of the net receipts.

For fourteen innings to-day Sherrod Smith, the Georgia shrapnel, pitched his arm off and his heart out in a heroic effort to hold his hard pressed mates in the fight.

For fourteen innings the Brooklyn attack, led by Hi Myers, stormed and hammered Brooklyn's impregnable defence in a vain effort to cut a way through to the promised land.

But for fourteen innings this Boston defence formed a long, wide wall of steel and stone back of Babe Ruth, and against this wall Brooklyn rebounded to her second defeat.

The score was 2 to 1, Boston predominating, and the winning tally arrived safel yinto port when McNally, an intruder running for Hobby, scored on a safe left field smash by Del Gainer, an interloper batting for Gardner, with one out, in the fourteenth frame.

When the dope upon this second game has been dissected fully you will find the story of Brooklyn's defeat written in the amazing brilliancy of Boston's defence. We stated above that this defence was a wall of steel and stone. But it was something more. It was a wall of human flesh that shifted and swerved to meet every point of Brooklyn's blind but game, aggressive attack.

World's Series Baseball Facts

Second game for world's baseball championship played at Braves Field, Boston: Boston (American League), 2; Brooklyn (National League), 1 (14 innings).

Third game at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, this afternoon at 2 o'clock. Probable pitchers: Leonard, for Boston; Coombs, for Brooklyn.

Official paid attendance	41,373
Total receipts	$82,626.00
Divided as follows:	
Players	$44,618.04
Each club's share	14,872.68
National Commission	8,262.60

Total paid attendance for two games, 77,590; total receipts, $159,115.50.

Total paid attendance for two games last year between the Red Sox and Phillies, 39,649; total receipts, $103,095.00.

Amazing Brilliancy of Defence Brings Victory to the Red Sox

Sharp, cleanly hit smashes on their way through the infield were smothered and collared by those two ball playing centipedes, Gardner and Scott, and when these smashes sailed on beyond any infield reach Lewis, Walker and Hooper, like circling birds of prey, swooped in upon the ball and gave Babe Ruth a chance to win his first world series start.

There may have been, for Brooklyn, no "jewel in the toad's head of defeat," but neither was there any shame. Ask any one of the 41,000 New England fans who saw the game and you will get the answer that Brooklyn played the string out, with her base running blunders more than evened up by her courage under fire.

Brooklyn lost, but those in charge of the hero fund beyond the bridge should go out into the highways and byways and collect all the spare change in sight to purchase olive and laurel for the clammy brows of Hi Myers and Sherrod Smith.

But for a misplay or a slip by George Cutshaw in the third inning, with Everett Scott on third, East Liverpool, Ohio, and Mansfield, Ga., would have been replete with bonfires and cheering villagers all last night. East Liverpool, Ohio, and Mansfield, Ga., can whoop it up for their favored sons even as it is, but glory in this game does not last for long when attached to defeat.

It was Hi Myers who assaulted Babe Ruth in the first inning with a savage wallop that whistled on between Walker and Hooper for a home run in the opening round.

It was Hi Myers who robbed Harry Hooper of a home run in the sixth by launching his stocky frame through the gray October mists as he came up with the ball, which he scooped in a headlong dive from the top of the burnt out grass. Once again it was Hi Myers who took Hobby's fly on the run in the ninth and shot down Janvrin with a perfect throw to Miller as the Boston runnner was cruising home with a cargo composed of the winning run.

This should be enough to get some space in the enterprising dailies of East Liverpool, Ohio. But East Liverpool has nothing at all, not even a hoarse huzza, on Mansfield, Ga. Sherrod Smith had even a bigger day than his winning opponent, Babe Ruth, the Baltimore blizzard.

Smith, but for that one fatal slip by his castdown mate, should have beaten the eminent Babe 1 to 0 over the regulation route. So far as Smith and Ruth were concerned, as rival entries in the rifle pit, 1 to 0 should have closed out the debate.

Smith had fine defence in spots, but no such defence as that super-spectacular stuff thrown around the Babe. The battle between these two lefthanders, southpaws, sidewheelers, portsiders, or what you will, kept over 41,000 in the throes of a trance.

The scrap between these two started under heavy skies, moved on into the sunlight again and at the close shifted back to a field that would have been faint with starlight, except for the fact that no stars, whatever their offensive strength, could break through the heavy skies that were threatening rain and darkness when Gainer spilt the winning wallop at Buck Wheat's feet.

Ruth got the decision, but for all that Smith pitched the better game. For thirteen innings he had the Red Sox lashed to the phantom swing, as helpless as the bewildered old dame who attempted to sweep back the ocean with a porous mop. They couldn't hit him with a machine gun loaded with buckshot. It was not until wily William Carrigan rushed a total stranger into the quarrel that toppled Smith over into the gorge with his crown still on but his kingdom conquered.

Fourth Pass to Hoblitzell Paves Way to Defeat in the Fourteenth

That finish will not be forgotten very soon. Brooklyn had ended her half of the fourteenth without a flurry. As Boston came to bat a drift of black, threatening clouds acted as a convoy to approaching darkness. There was only a half light across the field, and it was evident enough that with Boston's inning over the game would have to be called.

It was here that Smith made one of his few mistakes. For some quaint reason unknown to the human dome of thought, the Brooklyn pitcher had found Hoblitzell a tough target all day. He had already issued three passes to the ex-Red when Hobby came up to lead the day's last charge. Hobby promptly drew his fourth pass and pattered on second when Duffy Lewis gave vent to a timely sacrifice, a line of industry where Boston excelled.

Carrigan then took one more look at those night fringed clouds and, after chasing a Mr. McNally out to pinch for Hobby's veteran legs, chased Del Gainer in to bat. For a brief moment it looked to be a queer shift, as Larry Gardner, the supplanted batsman, was the leading slugger of the club. But Gardner was a left-hand hitter, and Carrigan had discovered long before that his left-handers were at Smith's harsh mercy.

Away back in the annals of the game there are musty records of a Del Gainer who batted over .350 for a month or two until he broke an arm. Somewhere around 1911 he was a league sensation. But after that he lost his grip and faded out of the main picture. He must have remembered the lost glow of these early days. Or maybe he wasn't thinking of anything at all except taking a healthy crack at one ball and let fate, nature and destiny take charge of the rest of it.

This, after all, is an unimportant detail. The main fact at hand is Gainer reentered the big frame again after a five years' absence along lost trails by rapping a line drive to left, a drive that Wheat picked up and drove back toward the plate two strides too late to save the game.

This smash of Gainer's did something more than send Brooklyn home without a victory to show for her two days' campaign. It did this also. Yesterday's net receipts, with the commission's levy deducted, were $72,000. As Gainer's blow prevented a tie and therefore an extra battle, it will very likely cost the two club-owners the tidy little amount mentioned above. When $72,000 rides away on one base hit the high cost of pinch hitting has even the high cost of living beaten to a soft and soggy mush.

A pinch hit that breaks up a ball game is one thing. But when you have to pay out $72,000 for it, that, Mawruss, is another squawk. It was hard enough on Joseph J. Lannin, who obtained a victory through the smash.

But think of Colonel C. Heratius Ebbets, who had to sit in sorrow and watch $36,000 roll along on a hit that was heating his club. No wonder the colonel would like to sell his franchise and retire to the unharassed seclusion of private life, where a pinch hit was merely a pinch hit and not $72,000 worth of unalloyed woe.

Edging back to the story of Monday's fine contest, further mention belongs to Boston's wonderful defence and especially the spectacular play of Everett Scott. After Myers had struck off a home run in the first, Scott tripled in the third and scored when Cutshaw fumbled Ruth's infield tap. It was after this that the Brooklyn batsmen started after Ruth, only to find the goal blocked on drive after drive.

At the close of the game we discovered no less than eight brilliant plays on the part of Scott, Gardner and Lewis that broke up rallies where if any had failed Brooklyn might have jammed her way across. Scott alone ran down nine chances, and four of these were beyond all normal skill.

Brooklyn left for home still determined to make a fight of it, but with only the ghost of a thin hope left. She has Jack Coombs for her start, with Rube Marquard to follow, but her chance of beating this Red Sox club in four games out of five is merely one of those things that may happen, but are hardly worth debate.

(Copyright, 1916, The Tribune Association. Registered in accordance with copyright act, Canada, 1914.)

"Kelly—Boston vs. Brooklyn" . . . . . By BRIGGS

Sherrod Smith Comes Within Heart-Breaking Ace of Vanquishing Babe Ruth and His Team Mates

Dame Fortune Again Refuses to Smile on "Robbie's" Gallant Crew.

By W. J. MACBETH.

Boston, Oct. 9.—Brooklyn to-day lost the greatest world's championship game ever played—lost it in the fourteenth inning by a score of 2 to 1.

One of the largest crowds that ever watched the diamond sport packed Braves' Field and was held spellbound up to the very last play. Thrill followed thrill in such rapid succession, through this long-drawn, heart-breaking tussle of baseball titans, that a great sigh—almost a murmur of thankfulness that it was over—was exhaled at the end, instead of the customary partisan cheers.

To cheer the victors in this afternoon's contest would have been a sacrilege. Brooklyn did not deserve the cold, cruel buffet of fate that left it reeling and blinded against the ropes, helpless before Boston's preparation for a knockout in Brooklyn.

A victory over the Red Sox to-day would have left the tide of battle even. The task now confronting the Dodgers against a team of such supermen of baseball as the world's champions is almost too great to be overcome.

That the Dodgers were forced into extra innings was due to unfortunate coaching on the part of that grand soul of honor, Jack Coombs—usually one of the most reliable and cunning directors of play to be found in the country.

Coombs made two snapshot judgments and guessed wrong both times. At least, such is the humble opinion of the writer. Early in the game, before Ruth settled down to the baffling skill that marked his later labors, Brooklyn should have scored a winning tally.

The home run of Hi Myers in the first inning upset Ruth greatly. Through the second he was rapped hard, but not safely.

Sherrod Smith, with one out in the third, dropped a double down the right foul line. He was coached on to third, and to certain destruction, by Coombs, who was at third base. This cleared the bases and made the second out. A moment later Johnston singled cleanly to centre.

Two were out when Myers faced Ruth in the first. Babe shot over a fast ball which missed the mark a foot. He came right back with another fast one that found the groove.

Myers was ready with a toe-hold this time. He lashed out with a snappy wrist motion, connecting fairly. Walker turned his back with the swing and tore back toward the fence, edging toward right field a bit, since he had played over toward left for the right-handed hitter.

Harry Hooper burned the ground in an effort to cut in behind Walker, but neither could reach the ball. It struck, glanced up five feet and then rolled faster than the fielders could sprint till it came in contact with the fence.

The first home run of the 1916 series was as pretty and clean a wallop as any ever seen.

Duffy Lewis Again.

Duffy Lewis, hero of many world's series and championships, got the first hit off Smith. He singled to centre with one out. With the count one and one the Native Son hopped upon a curve.

Larry Gardner hit at the first pitch. It was a curve ball and Gardner met it fairly; but Mowrey stuck out his mitted paw and broke down the smash. He could never have fielded it in time, but he turned the ball into Olson's way, and Ivy, making a most wonderful recovery from a start toward second, reversed quickly, pounced upon the spinning leather and whipped it to Cutshaw at second in time to force Lewis.

As Scott fouled off a fast one Otto Miller noticed that Gardner had strayed a trifle wide at first. Miller called for a pitch-out, but Larry beat it back ahead of the throw. This same strategy was attempted on the very next pitch, and this time it worked. Miller's throw was perfect and aptly played by Daubert.

A Great Chance.

Then came the big chance of the third. Otto Miller pushed out a fast grounder and gave Scott an easy chance. Sherrod Smith watched a curve cut the heart of the plate, then lashed at a fast one. He spun a twisting spiral down along the right foul line, which Hooper could not quite reach and which bounded away into foul territory after lighting three feet fair.

That hit lost the game.

Coombs passes the buck to Smith. He says he tried to stop the big pitcher at second, but that the latter tore around the bag with head down. Brooklyn players substantiate the story.

But, from the press box, it surely looked as if Colby Jack were waving the runner on.

It was most foolish base running, whoever is to blame. Hooper had finally chased down the crazily jouncing leather by the time Smith got within ten yards of second. A rifle shot peg to Walker, who had sprinted in, gave the centrefielder the ball before Smith had left the middle station five steps behind him.

A Wasted Bingle.

Jimmy Johnston carried Ruth to three and two. He figured on a fast one next and guessed right. As pretty a single as was seen this season shot away to Walker, in centre field.

Jake Daubert almost broke his hitless spell with a Texas League foul that fell so close to safe territory that it broke just outside of the whitewash mark. Then Jake missed a haymaker on an attempted hit and run play and Johnston was an easy third out, Thomas to Janvrin.

Sherrod Smith, after his futile "race with death" to third base, had scarcely time to gulp a drink of water before he was called out to pitch again. Scott passed up two wide, fast ones. Smith then tried a curve, which found its mark unmolested. Next the flinger laid a speed ball over the inside.

Scott fell away as he swung. He met the offering on the end of his bat. The long fly carried safely between Wheat and Myers and brought up against the left centre field fence. It was a clean three-bagger.

This drew in the Brooklyn infield. Thomas hit at a curve and rolled to Cutshaw, who held Scott on third while he got the catcher at first. Ruth, too, went after a hook. He also rolled Cutshaw's way. This was as easy a chance as the preceding one, but this time Scott dashed for the plate.

Cutshaw, instead of grasping his great opportunity, became flustered in the pinch. He fumbled so badly that the chance to cut off the run was lost, though he did recover the ball in time to save himself an error by retiring Ruth.

Hooper hit the first pitch through Cutshaw—a bad error this time—but Janvrin tapped Smith's first offering to Olsen, who tossed to Cutshaw for the force-out.

A double play in each side half of the fourth wiped out passes by the rival portsiders. Daubert drew his base with none out and tried twice, unsuccessfully, to work a hit-and-run with Myers. Then the latter hit to Scott for an easy double killing. Hoblitzell drew the first of his four passes with one gone. Mowrey smothered a wicked grounder from Lewis. Cutshaw relayed a pretty peg to first in time.

Ruth Strikes Out.

Olsen found Ruth for a single to left in the fifth. But two were out, and Miller flied to Hooper. In the second half of this inning Smith had to strike out the slugging Ruth, with a runner waiting at the near corner.

Gardner and Scott both proved easy enough, but Thomas tripled down the left line. Wheat played the ball poorly. The drive should have been good for nothing better than a double. Zach went after the ball with his feet instead of his hand, and missed blocking it.

Thomas succeeded in getting only as far as second, but as he was bumped heavily and spilled by Olson as he rounded second base Umpire Quigley, with just cause, allowed him to move to third.

The Sixth a Thriller.

The sixth inning furnished a series of thrills. First off, Scott made a wonderful play that ruined a hit for Smith. This was a slow, lazy hopper that took a false bound to the shortstop as he tore in at top speed. It took a lightning stab, while off balance, for Scott to block a freak hit.

Johnson, who walked immediately afterward, was caught stealing. Wilbert Robinson was making good his threat to open up the throttle. Jake Daubert clipped a fast one right on the snout. It was a grass cutter that sped toward left almost too quickly for the eye. But Gardner jumped back and over and raked it in with a lightning stab; then, half off balance, he whipped the ball to Hobby as Jake slid in vain for the decision.

Myers on the Job.

Two great plays, these—but paltry in comparison to the one Hi Myers had in reserve. Hooper, first up in Boston's half, fouled off two and watched two wide ones sail by before he picked out a fast beauty and connected with all his might.

He started a low line drive, like a well-hit golf ball, to deep centre. It looked like a sure single; it seemed madness that Myers should be so reckless as to try for the catch. Had the drive gone through him it meant a home run.

Hi not only tried, but succeeded. He made a beautiful shoestring catch, turned a double somersault, but came up with the ball.

There wasn't much action in the seventh. Brooklyn failed to get a man on, though it looked as if Myers, first up, beat Janvrin's throw, following a fumble.

Hoblitzell, who led off for the Sox, drew his second pass. Lewis sacrificed. Gardner popped to Olsen. Mowrey plucked Scott's wicked shot and tagged out Hobby on the line.

"Nobody Home!"

In the eighth, for the last time, opportunity rapped loudly on the barred door of the Dodgers. Brooklyn had opportunities later, but lost out because of the marvellous defensive skill of the world's champions. In this eighth a run was spurned when that run would have been ample.

Mowrey singled past Gardner and Olsen sacrificed. On the second ball pitched Miller hit safely to centre. Mowrey had a good break; nothing but a perfect peg on the part of Walker could have shut off the winning run.

It had become evident that a run off Ruth would be mighty hard to get. The hour was growing late. But Coombs stopped Mike at third.

A bad guess it proved. Walker's throw to the plate was very faulty. Miller moved to second on it. Sherrod Smith hit a sharp grounder, but it went right at tScott and Mowrey was trapped off third.

While Mike was being run down Miller took third and Smith second. The blow fell when Jimmy Johnston tapped harmlessly to Ruth.

Scott walked with only one out in Boston's half of this thirteenth. Thomas forced him, and Ruth rolled to the box. Brooklyn was retired in order in the fourteenth, though it was the top end of the batting order.

Then came the fatal second half. Smith had the misfortune to pass Hoblitzell, the first batter. It was the fourth time during the afternoon that he had lost the slippery first-sacker. Duffy Lewis sacrificed. Playing desperately for the run, Carrigan figured the game probably would not be prolonged if he failed to score. So he sent McNally in to run for Hoblitzell and ordered Del Gainer, a right-handed hitter, to bat for Larry Gardner.

Smith was game to the core. He went right after the pinch hitter. He teased Gainer with a curve to the inside; then fooled him with a fast ball right over the middle, which Del missed by a foot.

The next was a curve. Gainer met it fairly and it shot past Mowrey like a cannon ball. McNally was off like a deer. Wheat came in fast and handled the ball quickly. His throw was fast and true, but it bounded a trifle high, and McNally was able to flash over with the winning run a foot ahead of Miller's belated though desperate thrust.

How Champions Won Second Game

BROOKLYN (N. L.)	ab	r	h	po	a	e	BOSTON (A. L.)	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Johnston, rf	5	0	1	1	0	0	Hooper, rf	6	0	1	2	1	0
Daubert, 1b	5	0	0	18	1	0	Janvrin, 2b	6	0	1	4	5	0
Myers, cf	6	1	1	4	1	0	Walker, cf	3	0	0	2	1	0
Wheat, lf	5	0	0	2	0	0	Walsh, cf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Cutshaw, 2b	5	0	0	5	6	1	Hoblitzell, 1b	2	0	0	21	1	0
Mowrey, 3b	5	0	1	3	5	1	†McNally	0	1	0	0	0	0
Olson, ss	2	0	1	2	4	0	Lewis, lf	3	0	1	1	0	0
Miller, c	5	0	1	4	1	0	Gardner, 3b	5	0	0	3	7	1
Smith, p	5	0	1	1	7	0	‡Gainer	1	0	1	0	0	0
							Scott, ss	4	1	2	1	8	0
							Thomas, c	4	0	1	5	4	0
							Ruth, p	5	0	0	2	4	0
Totals	43	1	6	*40	25	2	Totals	42	2	7	42	31	1

*One out when winning run was scored.
†McNally ran for Hoblitzell in the fourteenth inning.
‡Batted for Gardner in the fourteenth inning.

The score by innings:

Brooklyn	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Boston	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—2

Two-base hits—Smith, Janvrin. Three-base hits—Scott, Thomas. Home run—Myers. Sacrifice hits—Lewis (2), Thomas, Olson (2). Double plays—Scott, Janvrin and Hoblitzell; Mowrey, Cutshaw and Daubert; Myers and Miller. Left on bases—Brooklyn, 5; Boston, 9. First base on errors—Brooklyn, 1; Boston, 1. Bases on balls—Off Smith, 6; off Ruth, 3. Hits and earned runs—Off Smith, 7 hits 2 runs in 13 1-3 innings; off Ruth, 6 hits 1 run in 14 innings. Struck out—By Smith, 2; by Ruth, 4. Umpires—At plate, Dineen; on bases, Quigley; left field, O'Day; right field, Connolly. Time—2:32.

Cheers for Victors Are Noticeably Absent as Big Crowd Disperses.

Del Gainer's Single Ends Record Contest

Winning Hit Comes in Fourteenth Frame, When Speeding Darkness Threatened to Halt Game at 1-to-1 Tie.

By W. O. M'GEEHAN.

Boston, Oct. 9.—When Del Gainer's bat crashed against the second ball pitched by Sherrod Smith in the fourteenth inning Wilbert Robinson's head rolled forward and his chin sank to his chest. It was the detonation that was expected any second in the longest world's series game. It ended the harassed suspense of forty-odd thousand at Braves Field with the score: Boston, 2; Brooklyn 1.

Robbie did not look to see what had become of the ball. It bounded just out of the feverish clutch of Buck Wheat, and McNally, running for Hoblitzell, came in from second with the winning run. There was little cheering by the natives. Even the drum major of the Royal Rooters' Band sat motionless for nearly sixty seconds.

The deadlock had lasted from the third inning, and it seemed impossible that it could be broken. Deeper shadows were crossing the leaden sky. It was evident that the umpires were getting ready to call the game at the end of the fourteenth.

The crowd believed that a halt would be called on account of darkness when Bill Carrigan began to change the gearings of his machine. Hoblitzell, whom young Sherrod Smith seemed to dread, was given a base on balls. Duffy Lewis, the wrecker of world's series games, sent him to second with a beautifully placed bunt.

Wilbert Robinson began to look worried. The anxiety in his face and attitude became more apparent when Carrigan halted the game at this point. The Red Sox manager sent McNally in to run for Hoblitzell and Del Gainer, the right-handed batter, was sent to bat in place of Gardner.

"They'll call the game at the end of the inning," said the wise ones. "Carrigan wouldn't be tearing that team apart unless he knew something."

The National Commission would not have been averse to having the game called on account of darkness, neither would the rival club owners. It meant another gate of $80,000, and the darkness was descending rapidly enough to have almost justified the cessation of hostilities. Also a few drops of rain fluttered down to the field.

Probable Line-Up for To-day's Game

Third game of the world's series between the Boston Red Sox and Brooklyn Robins will be played at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, this afternoon, play to begin at 2 o'clock.

Monsignor E. W. McCarty will throw out the first ball.

Boston (A. L.).	Brooklyn (N. L.).
Hooper, rf	Johnston, rf
Janvrin, 2b	Daubert, 1b
Shorten, cf	Myers, cf
Hoblitzell, 1b	Wheat, lf
Lewis, lf	Cutshaw, 2b
Gardner, 3b	Mowrey, 3b
Scott, ss	Olson, ss
Cady, c	Meyers, c
Leonard, p	Coombs, p

Umpires—Connolly and Dineen, American League; Quigley and O'Day, National League.

Magnates and Fans Expected to See Long Battle End in Deadlock.

Gainer took a heathy swing at the first one and missed by a wide margin. The National Commission looked on complacently. Certainly there would be enough grounds to call the game at the end of the inning. Mr. Lannin, of the Red Sox, was just contemplating building a new wing on his hotel with his share of the extra game, and Mr. Ebbets, of the Robins, was thinking up something safer than Steel in which to invest his earnings.

The crowd was pretty well satisfied to see it end in a deadlock. It had been one of those pitchers' battles that pleased. In fact, the whole assemblage was in favor of a tied game. The only dissenter was Del Gainer.

Young Sherrod Smith, with the southpaw's reckless contempt for the man with a normal wing, shot the second ball straight down the groove. Gainer, with his feet dug into the dirt near the plate, met the ball squarely. The suspense was shattered, and the Brooklyn ball club became the most dejected gathering of young men in the world.

They slunk from the field, silent and flabby. They blended into the descending darkness of the gloomy afternoon. It was their supreme effort, and it had failed.

That Gainer's blow not only ended the longest world's series game, but in addition morally ended the current series between the Robins and the Red Sox, was apparent from the attitude of the Brooklyn team after the game. Their bolt had been shot, and it had fallen just shy of the mark. The sad part of it is that their weakness, as President Wilson said, is "purely psychological."

The Brooklyn team showed that it possessed some fine crude strength, but its gearings grind badly. On the defensive it broke and spluttered. Sherrod Smith pitched a wonderful game, but his defence seemed to wabble, or, what was just as disconcerting, show signs of wabbling in critical stages.

With one exception, a mistake of over-confidence, the support behind Babe Ruth was startlingly near perfect.

It was a murky afternoon to begin with, and Carirgan chose his southpaw fast ball pitcher, Babe Ruth. Wilbert Robinson showed good judgment in resorting to young Sherrod Smith, also a left-hander and a fast ball pitcher. The gray light gave the fast ball pitcher an advantage.

There were few vacant seats in the field this afternoon, and the crowd seemed more inclined to take something better than a polite and perfunctory interest in the proceedings.

It was Hi Myers, of Brooklyn, who furnished the punch to put the dramatic interest into the game in the very first inning. With two out, Myers drove the ball out to the centre field corner of the grounds. Walker made a desperate attempt to get it as it bounded past, but sprawled on the grass, while the ball continued to roll toward the flagpole. Before the Red Sox centre fielder could start his throw in, Myers was rounding third on his way to the plate with the first home run of the series.

The drive seemed to unnerve the temperamental Babe Ruth for a moment. He dug savagely at the dirt with his feet, and he palmed the ball nervously, shuffling about the box before he could turn to face Buck Wheat, always a dangerous hitter.

Disconcertment came to young Sherrod Smith in the third inning. Scott sent one in to far left field, and Wheat pounded heavily along the left field chalk line to gather it in as it rolled. But Buck misjudged it, and before he could field the ball Scott reached third.

It began to look like the breaking up of the ball game right then and there. The Boston contingent started to stamp on the stands. But, although the young Brooklyn southpaw was sick at heart inside, he did not show it. He settled down to his work cool outwardly, at any rate.

Cutshaw a Vivid Example of the Psychological Weakness of Dodgers

Cutshaw fielded a rap from Thomas and had it down to first at such a rapid gait that Scott did not even make a move from third. Then, as the parodists have frequently observed, "along came Ruth." The temperamental southpaw is about as frequent a fence buster as anybody on his team. But he was not in hitting form yesterday. He tapped one to Cutshaw.

The ball went right back to the Robins' second baseman, but Cutshaw, a vivid example of the psychological weakness of Brooklyn, juggled the ball nervously. When he recovered it was too late to throw to the plate, and he saved himself from a technical error by throwing out Ruth at first.

This tied the score, and the long wait began. The crash seemed impending more than once. The fuse for the big explosion flickered again and again, but then spluttered and went out. Brooklyn was showing fight in this game.

From that period to the moment of the great detonation, the gruelling duel between young southpaws was fought steadily. There were intermittent sideshows of fielding melodrama that made the watchers gasp at times. The Brooklyn team, which bared its weakness in the first game, played with uncanny steadiness.

In the fifth it began to look as though the break had come. With two out Thomas cracked a two-bagger to left centre. It went for a three-bagger when Ivan Ivory Olson interferred with him and caused him to trip on his way to third. And then along came Ruth But he fanned harmlessly before the rival southpaw.

In the eighth it seemed that Wilbert Robinson would be presented with an opportunity to tell Borough Hall how a victory had been won. Mowrey drove out a beautiful single and was sacrificed to second by Olson. Miller drove a single to centre and sent Michael to third.

It looked like a run, the run that would have given Brooklyn a victory and perhaps a new mental attitude. Sherrod Smith rapped one to Scott and Mowrey started for the plate a little slowly. With a bullet throw Scott cut him off, and Michael found himself trapped between third and the plate, where Babe Ruth, catching the final relay of throws, pinned his quivering form to the dirt about midway between the bag and the plate. Michael was like a man in a trance.

The feathers of the Robins were rumpled with anxiety in the ninth when Janvrin cracked a two-bagger past Buck Wheat. Walsh, batting for Walker, tapped one to Smith, who threw to third. Janvrin slid into Mowrey, who was hauled backward, dropping the ball. Hoblitzell tried to score the run with a long fly, but Hi Myers nailed the ball and pegged Janvrin with a perfect throw to the plate.

The clams of Long Island came near having something to rejoice at in the thirteenth. Mowrey rapped one to Scott, the perfect fielder. Scott waited a little too long in his self-confidence as Michael sped toward the bag. Too late he realized the necessity for speed and threw wildly. The ball hit the dirt and bounded over Hoblitzell's head.

Mowrey had expected to be caught out at the base and was not prepared for the emergency. Michael wheeled uncertainly. By the time he reached the conclusion that it might be advisable to dash for second it was too late. It took Olson's sacrifice to drive him to second.

After Miller had popped harmlessly up to Thomas, Sherrod Smith came within the length of Duffy Lewis's arm of winning his own game. Smith drove one to left that would have been hard enough to have scored even Meandering Michael Mowrey, but Lewis, the buster of world's series games, made an impossible catch, and Robinson's best chance to have a claim instead of an alibi when he reached Borough Hall, flopped right into the mitt of Lewis.

The newly found stamina of the Robins seemed to ooze after that. They became as sombre as the leaden colored afternoon. The infield and the outfield seemed to be shifting nervously as they settled to meet the drive of the Red Sox in the fourteenth.