

Boston Red Sox Retain Their Title as Baseball Champions of the World

RECORD CROWD SEES BROOKLYN LOSE LAST GAME

Ebbets Team Outclassed in All Departments of Game—Score 4 to 1

WHEAT AND OLSON FACTORS IN DEFEAT

Shore Opposes Pfeffer in Concluding Contest—Allows Only Three Hits

By GRANTLAND RICE.

Boston, Oct. 12.—Forty-two thousand six hundred and twenty shivering souls, the greatest gathering that ever filed through turnstiles in the history of the game, paid \$83,873 here to-day to see Brooklyn play 83 cents worth of baseball, as the Red Sox made it four out of five.

The last game ended as the series ended, 4 to 1, the same being the comparative merits of the American and the National leagues.

In this closing affair, which tasted like cold onion soup replete with cheese, Ernie Shore supplanted the Robins with two clean singles and a pale green scratch, while Jeff Pfeffer's moth eaten support was blowing right and left almost every other chance.

Wretched fielding by Zach Wheat and Ivan Olson, the latter establishing a world series record by absorbing two errors on one batted ball, tossed Big Jeff to the wolves before the combat was three innings old.

This double spasm the Robins sank back to the same moribund grotto which sheltered their forgetful slumber of the day before, which is merely another way of saying that they curled up like ignited feathers and let the Red Sox play out the game.

The score was only 4 to 1, but it happened to be one of those 4 to 1 games that looked as close as 19 to 0.

Robins Outclassed. And yet it might be distinctly unfair to say that the Robins were beaten because they quit. They were beaten because they were utterly and absolutely outclassed in every department of the game, man for man and club for club.

They were beaten because they represented a league that is a major league in name only compared to the other. Proof of this stands in the figures of the last fortnight.

Out of fourteen post-season games played in Boston, Brooklyn, Chicago and St. Louis, the American League won twelve and the National League won two. In the last two years of the world's series the American league has won two games out of ten—a .200 clip against an .800 clip, which pretty well throttles any further debate.

Outside of that one wild autumnal flurry by the inspired Braves of 1914, the National League has been outclassed since 1909, if box scores and final results mean anything at all.

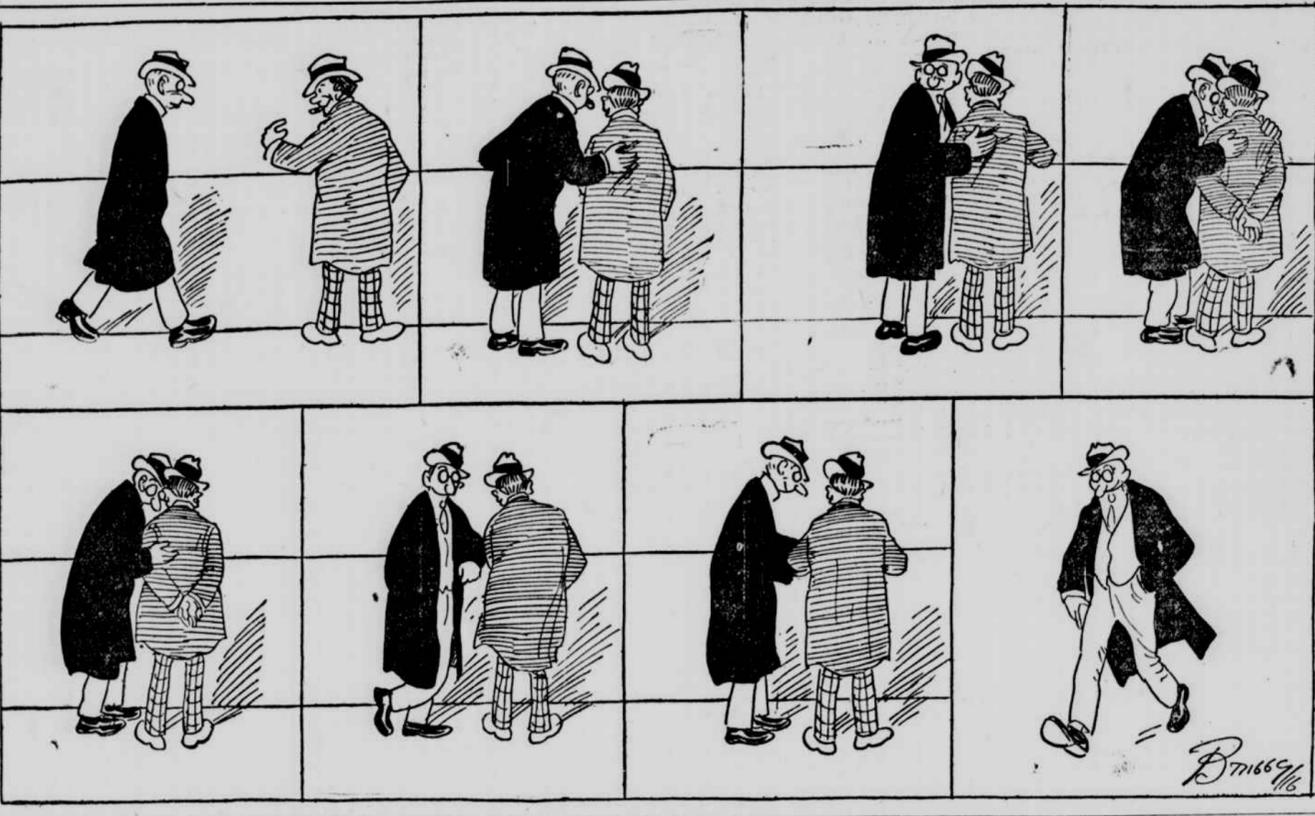
To-day's great crowd was merely another tribute to the unbroken fame of the game, when over 42,000 are willing to pay over \$83,000 to sit and watch in a raw October gale merely to shiver in a fine club romp and trample on an outclassed rival.

For it was generally understood before the last game began that the Robins had faded out of the picture and that one more punch to a vital spot would leave them sprawling, face down in the rosin, dreaming only of the loser's end.

Eight Triumphs for Boston. It would hardly have been the appeal of victory that turned the big crowd into the nipping cold. For, with this crowd concluded, successive world series triumphs, the first dating from the Snodgrass miff of 1912. This game, too, meant that five world's series champions had come to Boston since 1905, without a single losing year to mar the record of the town.

Any Man Can Supply Conversation for the Picture

By BRIGGS



Story of Final Game in Figures

Table with columns for BOSTON (A. L.) and BROOKLYN (N. L.), listing player statistics such as runs, hits, errors, and totals.

*Batted for Pfeffer in the eighth inning. Score by innings: Brooklyn 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0-1 Boston 0 1 2 0 1 0 0 0-4

Two-base hit—Janvrin. Three-base hit—Lewis. Sacrifice hits—Mowrey, Lewis, Shorten. Sacrifice fly—Gardner. Left on bases—Brooklyn, 5; Boston, 4. First base on errors—Brooklyn, 2; Boston, 1.

Bases on balls—Off Pfeffer, 2; off Shore, 1. Hits and earned runs—Off Pfeffer, 6 hits, 2 runs in 7 innings; off Dell, 1 hit, no runs in 1 inning; off Shore, 3 hits, no runs in 9 innings.

Struck out—By Pfeffer, 2; by Shore, 4. Wild pitches—Pfeffer, 2. Passed ball—Cady. Umpires—At plate, Connolly; on bases, O'Day; left field, Quigley; right field, Dineen. Time—1:43.

wasn't even the pretence of a ball game left. When Shore broke up Brooklyn's attack, moving on through inning after inning, allowing a hit, the Robins had nothing left except their uniforms and the losers' end.

Shore, after his Saturday ascension, pitched the best game of the series. The Carolina Cammer allowed but three hits, and one of these was a rank scratch, an infield tap that bounded off his glove to safety.

There were two out in the seventh frame before Shore gave up his first clean hit, a line drive by Mike Mowrey, while Stengel added Brooklyn's closing wallop in the ninth. Shore had the Brooklyn batters so utterly at his mercy that all interest in the battle soon died out.

Third Victory for Sox. So the Red Sox gathered in their third world championship within five years, collecting this time about \$4,000 to the man through their ability to play all angles of the game. And so Brooklyn, after waiting sixteen years to win a flag, had the unmet fortune to meet a club that had her beaten every way.

Outside of pitching and an attack that was hard, but blind and dumb, the Robins had nothing to show in the way of competition. Their defence was miserable, their base running worse and their aggressive qualities were at a still lower ebb.

"RED SOX VICTORY BIG TRIBUTE TO BILL CARRIGAN"

Ban Johnson Says the Boston Machine Classes with Best in History.

Boston, Oct. 12.—After the concluding world series game here to-day Ban Johnson, president of the American League, said: "The Red Sox won, as I was sure they would. Carrigan deserved the greater part of the credit. He built up this great machine, which now takes its place with the wonderful ball teams of former years—Orioles, Cubs and Athletics."

"The manner of Boston's rapid victory is a tribute to the integrity of the game. I will make a prediction that Carrigan will be seen at the head of the Red Sox next year."

Joseph J. Lannin, president of the world champion Red Sox, said: "The Red Sox came out as I expected, but in no manner disgraced. Wilbert Robinson's club proved a formidable foe for one of the finest teams of modern times. I never saw greater defensive play than Boston showed."

Even August Herrmann, chairman of the National Commission, said: "As a National League club owner I was pulling for the Dodgers. As chairman of the commission I was absolutely neutral. I acknowledge the Boston Red Sox one of the best ball teams I have ever seen. Its play throughout was the nearest to perfection that one could imagine."

"The attendance to-day, which broke all records for world series games, was a flattering tribute to baseball. It proves to my satisfaction that the sport is more firmly established than ever."

"BETTER BALL TEAM BEAT US," SAYS ROBINSON

A sad and dejected flock of Robins arrived at Grand Central Station last night and fled silently away into the darkness. They were sore at heart over their defeat at the hands of the Red Sox, and few of them were willing to talk.

Wilbert Robinson lost his smile under the weight of the defeat. He said: "Well, it is all over, and we were beaten. We were beaten by a team that played good, sound baseball in the last two games, even if they did it the best of luck in the opening two. Our boys couldn't hit Shore, and the Red Sox did hit our pitchers. Then, they didn't make errors, and we did. It is too bad, of course, but we have to take our hats off to the champions, and my hat is doffed with the rest."

Greenwich, Conn., Oct. 12.—A special race for a holiday cup was held among Arrow class and one-design yachts this afternoon over the five-mile course of the Indian Head Yacht Club. In the Arrow class Commodore Clifford's Mallory's yacht Rani, sailed by E. Burton Hart, was the winner.

RANI WINNER IN ARROW CLASS YACHT RACE

The Yacht, owned by Francis H. Page and W. Hamilton Busk, won the one-design class. She was sailed by M. Page.

Final Composite Score of World Series Contests

Table showing final composite scores for BOSTON (American League) and BROOKLYN (National League) across various statistics like runs, hits, errors, and totals.

*Batted for Gardner in fourteenth inning of second game. †Ran for Hoblitzell in fourteenth inning of second game. ‡Batted for Mays in sixth inning of third game.

Zach Wheat Makes Costly Errors Behind Pfeffer's Good Pitching

Pfeffer started like a wolf in a sheep pen. With the count on him and Hooper and Meyer's throw to Olson caught Shorten stealing.

Hoblitzell walked to start the fourth. As Gardner and Scott rolled to the plate, Lewis sacrificed. No damage resulted as Gardner and Olson, respectively, Zach Wheat made a wonderful shoestring catch of Shore's liner for the second out of the fifth. This looked like an extra base hit. It saved one run, but through Daubert, Jake giving the ball the old college try.

Janvrin then hoisted to centre. This was a very fine hit. Myers misjudged badly. He ran back behind it five feet, evidently fooled by the strong wind, which was blowing in. Hooper scored on this lucky double. A wild pitch sent Janvrin to third, but Pfeffer fanned Shorten.

Boston never threatened seriously thereafter, perhaps because the Sox realized that all was over with one out in the sixth to be forced by Gardner. Larry got to second on a wild pitch. There he stayed, as Mowrey threw out Scott. Pfeffer got the side in order in the seventh. Janvrin greeted him with a double. Janssen sacrificed, but both Hoblitzell and Lewis waited gently to Wheat.

Shiverrick makes hit on Cornell Gridiron. Ithaca, N. Y., Oct. 12.—Making good gains around the varsity ends Ryan and Eilenberger, the scrub, put up the best fight of the present training season against Sharp's first team this afternoon. Less pep was displayed by the varsity than at any other time this year, though the first team scored twice during the last scrimmage before the game Saturday.

Shiverrick was the star, with several pretty runs. Eckley, last year's end, was on the scrub, with Emdenworth as the other wing man. The work of the end-to-day was miserable throughout.

Amusements WILL BE FOUND TODAY ON PAGE 8

Only One Big League; It Isn't the National

Big Ban's Men from Hub Have Walkover in Final Game for Title with Governor Tener's Entry from Flatbush.

By W. J. MACBETH.

Boston, Oct. 12.—Those who sat at the bedside through to the last death rattle of the Dodgers could come to but one conclusion. There is only one major league, and it isn't the National.

The Red Sox, before a Columbus Day crowd which broke all attendance records for another year by humbling the Brooklyn 4 to 1. The score of to-day's contest represented also the score in games won for the greater championship. Of the five games played, Boston took four; Brooklyn could win only once.

The score of the series, as well as that of to-day's sad and sordid wind-up, tells the painful truth more forcibly than word picture could. If the strength of the rival leagues is to be measured by the class of their champions, then the Tener ring will need a whole lot of new material to place it on a par with that bossed by Big Ban. Brooklyn made a miserable showing in the series just closed; a miserable showing because of the fact that it refused to fight when behind.

This striking difference was manifested from beginning to end in the closing game of the field this afternoon. Boston played every shade of percentage to its advantage. Its stars lived the part, offensively and defensively. Brooklyn, when cornered, was ever inclined to give up. Dodger stars of reputation were the very ones that proved the most faint hearted and indifferent.

Boston played as if it realized there was more at stake than a winner's end of the prize money. It played as if the reputation of the American League, as well as its own, was involved. Brooklyn's behavior seemed to say: "Well, we can't beat these Red Sox, so let us get it over with as quickly as possible."

Brooklyn was a beaten club when it stepped upon the field this afternoon. Its last chance for the world championship oozed out through the wreck of Larry Gardner's home run drive of Rube Marquard in Wednesday's game at Ebbets Field. Brooklyn quit cold then. Robinson's team did not attempt to get back its nerve and courage to-day. This final game from start to finish, so far as the Dodgers were concerned, appeared to be a matter of men's formality.

Zach Wheat and Jake Daubert, the heavy guns of Robinson's attack and two of the National League's most prominent hitters, were the most dismal failures of the series that closed to-day. Through the closing game both were as helpless as busters at the bat. Wheat, in left field, was a travesty.

Cady Kicks a Run Brooklyn's Way and It Should Have Won the Game

Ernie Shore, who took the measure of Rube Marquard in the first game here last Saturday, was not in a generous mood this afternoon. He let finger tips on the scattered Brooklyn down with three scattered hits. But as early as the second inning his battery mate, Cady, kicked a run Brooklyn's way and that one run would have been enough if the hearts of those of the Dodgers had been as stout as those of the Red Sox.

When the score of the series it was hoped that Brooklyn's vaunted offence would offset the superiority of Boston pitching. Well, Brooklyn pitching throughout surpassed the best of the world's champions in more expert fashion than the Red Sox. The team lacked a real punch because the usual amount of brain did not accompany the sivo proved a man from second at singles to score. A man from second will not get very far with any team of well balanced power. And Brooklyn's defence—well, the least said is soonest mended.

Jeff Pfeffer, who opposed Shore in the closing game, did not quite up to the form of his rival, but with the lucky break that Brooklyn got against Shore in the second inning he might easily have mastered his more expert opponent. When the Red Sox were in the lead, as large as those of humming birds. Boston got four runs off Pfeffer. Not one of these should have been scored.

Wheat batted up two plays and each of his errors of judgment cost a run. Olson perpetrated a double error with an easy double play in front of him. Then, breezing along at two miles an hour, he hit the wind fool him on a fly ball that carried high enough to permit a remedy for the treachery of the elements. This, which should have been a third out, was turned into a double that scored the winning run.

Brooklyn's fifth inning had been two-thirds completed. Ernie Shore was still pitching for a no-hit game. Chief Meyers batted in then with a scratch.

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