

CRUCIAL PLAYS IN GREAT GAME, AND THE RED SOX PITCHER

In a negative way. His delivery came through as swiftly and his spitball broke as sharply as in any of the preceding innings, but the Boston men just hit him. Just hit him—that is all the explanation there is.

In the first five innings the Boston didn't make a hit off Big Jeff. He was a brand of pitching they hadn't seen before and they couldn't fathom it. The big fellow came up to requirements in every way and it looked as if he were going through to a shutout game.

Against the more experienced Wood, Tesreau, young in years and in big league experience, pitched a game which is to his credit, even if he did lose. Wood, however, was his superior; there is no doubt of that. He may not be next time, but he was this time.

So far as this game went there was little choice between the two teams in the matter of ability. In physical proficiency they were on a par and neither was upset by the bluntness of the occasion to a serious extent.

For the most part, the game was straightaway playing. The Red Sox either depended on the sacrifice or stood up and slugged. The Giants were faster on the bases; that is, they took longer chances on batted balls and played with their usual aggressiveness in that respect.

The fielding was steady, sometimes natty, but with nothing brilliant arising. There were several attractive points in the fielding, however, to close observers. One of these was the sharp way in which Speaker and Hooper of the Boston outfield pounced on base hits which were so bounding that they easily might have shot away and been more damaging.

Most of the outfield play was easy, fielders on each side showing judgment in playing for batters. There were two outfield mistakes, and in passing it may be mentioned that the Boston suburban plebeians didn't outline those of New York.

The air had a touch of winter, but it was warm in the sun and little wind to disturb the players or affect pitching arms. A thin canopy of clouds was not enough to bother fielders when looking upward for flies.

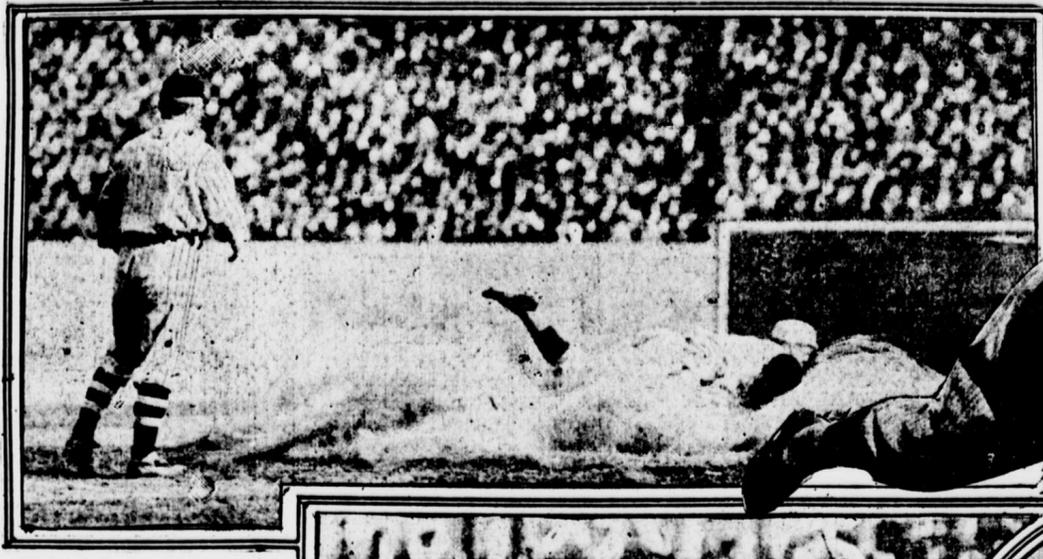


Photo by SUN Staff Photographer.

JOSH DEVORE, sliding safely into third in the third inning. The impact knocked LARRY GARDNER, over and in falling he landed squarely on the young Giant. Devore afterward scored. MANAGER McGRAW is seen on the coaching line.

position, threw to Fletcher for a force. Wagner was the third to arrive at first, doing so on balls. Prior to that Meyers had caught Stahl stealing, and when Cady fled to Murray, a pretty robust drive, the home folks breathed easy again.

Herzog fled to Stahl in the second half of the second and Meyers and Fletcher didn't get a good look at the ball so speedily did Wood shoot it through. Both struck out. In the third, and for the third time, the first man up reached first base. Wood was a beneficiary of four balls from Tesreau.

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HOOPER scoring on YERKES'S single in the seventh inning with what proved to be the winning run. MEYERS is seen taking the late throw. UMPIRE KLEM is giving his verdict of safe and SPEAKER is watching the play as he advances to the plate.

THE CRUCIAL INNINGS.

SEVENTH INNING—RED SOX. Stahl was tossed out, Fletcher to Merkle. Wagner singled and took second on Cady's hit in centre. The latter was forced by Wood, Doyle to Fletcher, Wagner going to third. Hooper's two bagger in right scored Wagner and sent Wood to third. Yerkes's smash in left scored Wood and Hooper and the hitter got to second on the throw in. Tesreau struck out Speaker. Three runs.

NINTH INNING—GIANTS. Murray fled to Hooper. Merkle singled in centre. Herzog dropped a safe one in right. Meyers doubled to the right field wall but Hooper's throw held Herzog on third. Becker went in to run for Meyers. Fletcher struck out. With the count 3 and 2, Crandall fanned for the last out of the game. One run.

hands and only the fact that Fletcher was there to pick it up resulted in the runner from first being put out. Still there were two out and the outlook was not alarming. Hooper had been foul with the stick, but with two strikes staring him in the face he took a toe hold, pulled a screamer around to right and it raced past Merkle so fast that it whined like a bullet.

The Giants perished in the seventh on Herzog's strikeout, the forcing out of Meyers, who had been hit, and McCormick's fly to Lewis. McCormick was in the game long enough to win his varsity letter. After Fletcher had made a piquant gather of Lewis's thrust in the eighth and duly thrown out his man, Crandall struck out Gardner and Stahl. Wagner mopped up smartly hit balls by Devore and Doyle in the eighth and his fine throws outstripped each of those fast movers.

The only hit off Crandall was a two bagger by Wagner in the ninth. The ball hit the highway for second, but in sliding missed the sanctuary and was touched out by Wagner, who took Gardner's throw. It was in the sixth inning that the Red Sox first enjoyed a hit off Tesreau, and that after Yerkes had fled to Snodgrass. It was no less a personage than Tristram Shandy Speaker who fashioned the maiden base hit, and a fluke it was in the bargain.

Table with 10 columns: Player Name, AB, R, H, P, A, E. Rows include Hooper, Yerkes, Speaker, Lewis, Gardner, Stahl, Wagner, Cady, Wood, and Totals.

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(a) Ran for Meyers in the ninth inning. (b) Batted for Tesreau in the seventh inning. Boston 0 0 0 0 0 1 3 0 0-4. New York 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 1-3.

PARK ROW READS BULLETINS. Fills Street Around Score Boards and Almost Stops Traffic. For once the tide of homegoers down Park row was stemmed. The steady stream that lists bridgeward around 4 o'clock stopped dead yesterday at Newspaper row.

WOOD IS MAN OF HOUR; HIS NERVE STANDS TEST

Nervous at First, Young Boxman Soon Becomes Veritable Pitching Machine.

TRYING MOMENT IN NINTH With One Out, Two on Bases and One Run Needed for Tie, He Fans Two.

"Joe Wood for a time was a trifle nervous," said President McAleer of the Red Sox on the way to the train for Boston after the game, "and then again he became too confident. But he steadied down and showed the real true grit when he struck out Fletcher and Crandall in the ninth inning, leaving two Giants on bases."

There is much truth in McAleer's review of the work of Boston's great pitcher. The rooting of the crowd, the responsibility placed upon his shoulders, the world of gossip going on for several weeks all combined to make the smokeball artist a bit unnerved. This was apparent when Snodgrass made the first hit in the opening inning.

Wood was staidier in the second inning, although still finding some trouble with his control. When he hit Herzog's bat handle and the latter tried to make out that he had been struck on the arm, the Boston critics in the press stand remarked: "Wood isn't right. He'd never do that if he was."



Photo by SUN Staff Photographer.

JOE WOOD, the winning Red Sox pitcher, in action.

Chief Meyers. It was a peach, right over the dish, and the big catcher, with a sweep of his warclub, belted the leather to the wall in front of the right field grandstand with a resounding whack. Merkle dashed home on this hit, putting the Giants one behind. Herzog sprinted around to third and Meyers sprinted to second on the throw. Here was a desperate situation which Smoky Joe had to face. All around him he saw men throwing hats, canes and seat cushions into the air or onto the field. In his ears were the wild shouts of 35,000 frenzied rooters.

McGraw, ablaze with excitement and realizing that victory was almost within his grasp, took Fletcher to one side and filled him with encouraging advice. All over the grandstand came cries that indicated renewed hope and confidence in the Giants' ability to turn defeat into a glorious triumph. "A base hit will do it," was the cry heard incessantly. "Oh, for a passed ball, or a wild pitch, or a long sacrifice fly that will let Herzog come in and tie the score."

Standing erect in the box with jaws set and ashen face Joe Wood realized he was the man of the hour. It was up to him to baffle the Giants in their desperate ninth inning rally. Jake Stahl and Wagner and Cady shouted words of encouragement to him, but he heeded them not. He looked Fletcher squarely in the face. He rubbed the ball tenderly in his glove, hitched up his trousers, wiped his nose with his right hand and glanced neither to the right nor to the left. Fletcher was his mark and as the smokeball champion wound up, he seemed the very picture of confidence and iron nerve.

With tremendous speed he shot the first ball over the plate and Fletcher swung at it. It was a foul and a strike and a croon came from thousands of throats. Again Wood without a moment's hesitation curved the leather squarely at Fletcher's head, only to have it shoot downward waist high into Cady's mitt. Umpire Klem threw up his arm and droned the painful words: "Strike three. You're out."

As if suddenly struck dumb the multitude ceased yelling. The retirement of Fletcher was a heartbreaker and a body blow. Yet there was hope left as "S-t-r-i-k-e-t-w-o-o."

Everybody was yelling now. The rattles and horns and bells were making additional tumult. For the third time he blazed the ball over the plate so swiftly that the Giant shortstop could not see it. Up went Umpire Klem's right arm as he grunted: "Strike three. You're out."

Otis Crandall, the broad shouldered slugger who saved the Giants in one of the battles with the Athletics last fall, walked to the plate swinging his heavy bat. "Walk him, Joe. Don't let him hit it," shouted several Boston players who knew how dangerous Crandall was. But Wood was the master of his own game. He knew what he could do.

At no ball game ever seen in this city was there a greater attempt by the Giants' rooters to unnerve a skilled player.

Wood maintained the same stolid expression that he wore when he fanned Fletcher. The first ball he delivered was wide of the platter. The second was a called strike. The third had so much steam behind it that Crandall fouled it among the spectators and the result, a strike, was recorded. Then came two called balls, placing Wood in the most trying predicament of the afternoon. It was either a base on balls, a hit or an out.

Many thought that Wood would decide to pass the big slugger. But instead he changed his tactics entirely. Instead of using a curve on the outside corner or a fast ball over the middle of the plate, he put on extra speed and drove an inshoot directly under Crandall's chin. A swish of the bat and the ball was missed. It smacked into Cady's glove and for the first time since the opening of the game a broad grin appeared upon Smoky Joe's face. Jake Stahl rushed across the diamond and threw his arms around the pitcher, who could not conceal his happiness and his relief that the trying ordeal was at an end.

FANS COME FROM SAVANNAH ONLY TO MISS THE GAME Southern Enthusiasts Most Loyal Their Urbanity When Accident Makes Ship Late.

Fifteen cheerful Southerners from Savannah on their way North for the world's series found it hard to maintain their native urbanity yesterday afternoon when the Savannah liner City of Montgomery crawled into port several hours late and they missed the game.

The City of Montgomery, twelve hours out from Savannah struck some sort of obstruction off Cape Lookout, which scraped her bottom and lammed a little. The vessel was stopped and an examination made, but the extent of the damage couldn't be learned. So she steamed on her way. After her cargo has been landed she will proceed to dry dock to-day that a thorough examination of her injuries may be made.

In the party of fifteen Southern fans aboard the City of Montgomery were Dr. W. F. Bruner, health officer of Savannah; Nicholas P. Corrish, president of the South Atlantic Baseball League, and other prominent citizens of the Georgia town. They were at the Imperial last night. They were more or less sore that they'd missed the game, but said they'd been sworn to secrecy not to tell what had happened to the City of Montgomery. They said she was "by of course, and they'd missed the game."

Mr. Corrish had some seats being held for him by John McGraw, and at 11 o'clock yesterday morning he sent a wireless to the Imperial telling McGraw not to hold them, as the steamer was late and they couldn't get to the game in time.

OUR LINE-UP for to-day's sale is a series of world-beaters. MEN'S \$24.95 SUITS, made of worsteds and chevots, in every fashionable shade, cut in the latest Fall models, at \$18.50. MEN'S SWEATER COATS, HAND-FINISHED, pure worsted, closely woven, in gray, white, navy and dark Oxford combinations; buttons to match two pockets. Value \$4.50, at \$3.19. MEN'S PLEATED SHIRTS, in a range of well-selected patterns, hand-ironed throughout, attached cuffs, coat styles, sizes 14 to 18. Value \$1.25, at 85c. Half-dozen for \$4.90. MEN'S CAPEKIN AND MOCHA GLOVES, in tans and grays, equal to any gloves sold elsewhere at \$1.15. Complete assortments of Fowles, Dents and Meyers Stuffs. MEN'S IMPORTED STUTTGART UNDERWEAR, all wool, made in Germany, all sizes, including long-sleeved shirts, drawers, and pajamas. \$1.50. Other finer grades of Men's Underwear up to \$2.98 per garment. MEN'S PURE THREAD SILK SOCKS, full weight, full fashioned, made with cotton spliced soles, variety of colors and black and white. 50c. Others with silk stockings, \$1.00 to \$2.98. MEN'S FALL SHOES, the latest styles in English models, effects, very best of welted oxford styles, built on flax receding toe lasts, either of tan Russia Calf, Gun Metal or Patent Calcuttan, laced or blucher. \$4.00.

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