

VIEWING IT ALL FROM THE OUTSIDE LOOKING IN

Thrill of the Game Felt There as Tensely as by Those in the Arena.

HE OR SHE, BIG OR SMALL Every Type in Human Creation Wends Its Way Into Place of Heart's Desire.

This is the tale of great things told from the rim of them. It is the song of Adam out of Eden, the saga of the outsider.

One of the first things that the watchers of a city of men, women and children on its way to a holiday asked was "What of the Monday prophets?"

At 8:22 o'clock the gates were open and for just a crowded moment there was a recollection of last year's jam.

The lofter souls, holders of boxes and reserved seats, who entered from the Speedway side, didn't get along as well as their brethren in the valley.

Stand over here by the street entrance on Eighth avenue and watch them come along. It's 9 o'clock now and those who prefer having their breakfast in comfort are climbing off trolley cars and out of taxis.

Of course some of "the people" that all politicians are getting so hot over about this time of the year do drift along.

At ten twenty-six and one-half o'clock the first souper arrives. Who's the little fellow standing wistfully over there by the elevated pillar looking with longing eyes at the sign that says One Dollar in big letters?

At 10:27 o'clock the souper comes out, though it does say that once you've heard it you can't come out. What's that bright light coming up the line? None other than I. Cobb, who writes pieces and has enough medals and badges strung across his chest to make a South American Major-General attempt envious suicide.

They give some of their team that have come in on a ticket a shrieking reception and then paid for the long run after them, dragging clanking cowbells in their wake.

But the crowd is getting thicker every minute and every automobile that howls along the Speedway is adding to it.

The one special officer at the Speedway gate tries to worm his way down to the gate to find out what's the matter. Those two soups have their seats arranged in a great noise inside and it exasperates those on the runway who have their tickets and feel they are missing something.

Now with the two light young men in the lead, they start to move on.

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Of course some of "the people" that all politicians are getting so hot over about this time of the year do drift along. Two sailors from the Rhode Island, a Swede, a Jap and an American from Essex street are in one group. Notice how many clothes are coming out. The sight of the cloth is so frequent that it seems as if one in every one hundred, to put it mildly, was wearing it.

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SCORE OF FIRST GAME, 35,000 TO 3,456,879

Don't Think It's a Ball Game —It's a Contest of Getting In to See It.

WINNERS BOAST LOUDLY "Of Course I Saw the World's Series," They Ejaculate, Puffed Up.

By GEORGE FITCH. (Copyright, 1912, by the Adams Newspaper Service).

The greatest contest in sporting history ended yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the National League Baseball Park, the score being 35,000 to 3,456,879 or thereabout.

Let no one rashly infer that this was a baseball game. Far from it. It was the game of getting in to see a baseball game—a pastime in which vast numbers of Americans passionately engage for several weeks at the end of each summer.

This latter game has been going on with more than its usual frenzy for three weeks. It is being played by most of the citizens of New York and Boston, together with several thousand selected fans from Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Baraboo, Wis., and other points.

At 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon the victorious 35,000 were firmly seated with such looks on their faces as new made saints wear in the concrete ball park in heaven after a long and usually uncertain journey.

These tickets were for sale, however, although no one seemed anxious to buy them. One man was caught with a poor counterfeit and sent to the West 152d street police station and twenty-one speculators, most of them garnered by the police, were taken to the station.

Secretary O'Brien of the Giants spoke thus, and then they departed to board the auto that took them to the station.

As the players were hurrying into their clothes some of them made remarks about the game. "The noise of the crowd in the ninth inning didn't rattle me at all," said Fletcher. "I was too busy watching Wood and didn't hear it."

Manager McGraw was silent. "Just like any defendant, nothing to say," declared the game little leader, and he smiled, a rather melancholy smile, but that seemed to say "You just wait until to-morrow."

While the players were hustling to get into their street clothes the club officials worked on the official program of the game. Secretary Heydler of the National League, President Brush, Secretary O'Brien and Treasurer Whalen of the Giants and President McFarmer of the Red Sox, together with several assistants, puzzled themselves with the mathematics, and it was after 5:30 before they finished the task.

flat trajectory and a cross-compound double reverse rifling which causes the projectile to change its mind about its destination about every four feet. Moreover, he has a water cooled disposition which enables him to load and fire five shots a minute without heating up.

The result was as might be expected. Opposed to the long calibred wirewound Mr. Wood was Jeff Tesreau, who is good in his way, but has never pricked out designs in armor plate or demolished conning towers.

That's the kind of a super-dread-nought Wood is. Tesreau, a modest youth no bigger than a fighting mast, did wonders and held the Boston men to one hit in six innings, while Murray and Larry Doyle banged Wood's dum dum balls into two runs.

Even at that those Giants, who die harder than a rattlesnake with a damaged backbone, fought on and on and in the ninth they got three hits and a run. Meyers and Herzog palpitated on second and third respectively, and seven acres of temporarily unbalanced citizens gave a close imitation of a thousand steam sirens in a gale of wind.

Among those present yesterday were a loyal little band of Bostonese who filled a small section of the grand stand at the extreme end with scarlet flags and made feeble sounds like a red ant infurating against the universe all afternoon.

BOSTON FLUSHED IN VICTORY. Stay at Home Get Thrills by Wire —Tickets Go Astray in Mail.

BOSTON, Oct. 8.—Old dame Boston is in a fair way to require the services of a straightjacket. The night, so overjoyed is she over the victory of the Red Sox today, and on every hand one hears nothing but praise for the great work of Joe Wood in striking out the last two men in the final inning with second and third bases occupied by eager Giants.

There must be reform in the disposal of world's series tickets. There must be evolution or there will be revolution. Let the fans arise as one would expect and demand that series tickets be issued as a reward of merit to the bug eyed backer of the home team who can produce a certain number of attendance coupons accumulated during the summer.

B. Altman & Co. HAVE IN STOCK A CHOICE SELECTION OF Afternoon and Evening Dresses modeled in the fashionable styles and materials, at \$32.00, 38.00, 45.00, 75.00 to 175.00 ALSO TAILOR-MADE SUITS AT \$28.00, 45.00, 68.00 and upward Afternoon and Evening Dresses and Tailor-made Suits to Order

B. Altman & Co. MISSES' AND GIRLS' APPAREL (IN STOCK OR SUPPLIED TO ORDER) IN THE LEADING STYLES AND MATERIALS FOR AUTUMN AND WINTER INCLUDED ARE DRESSES AND WRAPS FOR AFTERNOON AND EVENING; DRESSES, COATS AND TAILOR-MADE SUITS FOR SCHOOL, COLLEGE AND GENERAL WEAR; AND MILLINERY APPROPRIATE FOR ALL OCCASIONS. RIDING HABITS AND COMPLETE EQUESTRIAN EQUIPMENTS; MOTORING GARMENTS; RAINCOATS, COAT SWEATERS AND UMBRELLAS. ALSO IMPORTED AND AMERICAN-MADE LINGERIE; BLOUSES, GUIMPES AND PETTICOATS; NEGLIGES AND BATH ROBES; CORSETS, CORSET WAISTS AND SHOULDER BRACES; KNIT UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, SHOES, GLOVES, NECKWEAR, ETC.

B. Altman & Co. BOYS' AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS.

Murray cracked the leather safely and sent Devore and Doyle home with a two run lead.

Hopes were raised when the wires tickled the account of Speaker's smacking triple, and almost every one thought that, the ice having been broken by the one tally scored by Tris in the sixth period, the Sox would get to Tesreau eventually.

Now for the lucky seventh! everybody shouted as Stahl came up to the plate. The fans had seen the local players bat out a victory in that inning in many a game and once more they had their expectations and hopes gratified.

Then came the thrilling finish in the ninth and there were not many who did not expect the Giants to at least tie the score. Joy was unconfined when Fletcher and then Crandall struck out.

Every one is wild over to-morrow's game. Reserved seats are in great demand. Pairs of \$3 tickets good for three games are quoted at \$40, while seven seats together sold for \$200 last night. The larceny of letters from the mails containing notices covering some 110 tickets reserved for the world's series and which were later secured by the larceny of letters from the mails received the attention of the Boston postal officials to-day.

Wall Street went to the baseball game yesterday. The big exodus began shortly after noon. Brokers, bankers, the corporation lawyers were all in the crowd that dropped everything for the afternoon and went to the Polo Grounds. The Stock Exchange was sadly depleted in attendance. The floor soon after 12 o'clock looked like a wind swept Kansas town. Trading was almost at a standstill in the afternoon session and the market lagged along with the listlessness of a summer afternoon with the thermometer at 85.

Lawyers who handle a good many of the corporation reorganizations that are now pending in the courts for the game and reorganizations generally were held off for one day more. The invariable reply to inquiries for some of the biggest bankers, lawyers and heads of houses in Wall Street yesterday early in the afternoon was that they were out.

Over at the Missouri Pacific President Bush was on from St. Louis for a meeting with the directors at 2 o'clock. Baseball was in the air and the directors had the meeting set an hour earlier to allow time for getting off to the game.

Speculation in tickets for the game rivalled trading in stocks on the curb for a while in the morning, and bid and asked quotations were being bandied about in lively style right up to 1 o'clock. A lot of messenger boys in curb brokers' offices were among the principal gainers. They had the speculation for themselves and had got their tickets standing in line at the Polo Grounds Sunday night for the Monday sale.

The price of seats for the game ran from \$20 to \$35 a pair during the liveliest part of the selling in the morning. Shortly before 1 o'clock prices began to fall to \$12 and \$10 a pair, and there was one man with ticket left on his hands after the time for the game. It was estimated that fully 500 tickets were sold on speculation in the financial district.

B. Altman & Co. WATCH FOR JOHN T. McCUTCHEON THE cartoonist whose grasp on the intimate, humorous aspects of American life has made the nation sit up and smile, will present his satires on men and events in The Evening Sun

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WILL HOLD A SPECIAL SALE THIS DAY (WEDNESDAY), OF SPANGLED GAUZE FANS, USUALLY SOLD AT \$3.50 AT \$2.00

A CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF ARTISTIC FANS IS ON HAND, INCLUDING REAL LACE, FEATHER AND SANDALWOOD FANS; VERNIS MARTIN CABINET FANS; IRIDESCENT PEARL FANS OF UNIQUE DESIGN AND CLEVER REPRODUCTIONS OF ANTIQUE FANS, OPERA GLASSES AND BAGS.

MEN'S AND WOMEN'S HOSIERY AN ASSORTMENT OF POPULAR GRADES WILL BE OFFERED THIS DAY (WEDNESDAY), AT SPECIAL PRICES, AS FOLLOWS:

WOMEN'S BLACK COTTON HOSE AT 22c. PER PAIR USUAL PRICE, 50c. WOMEN'S BLACK LISLE HOSE, AT 35c. PER PAIR USUAL PRICE, 50c. WOMEN'S BLACK SILK HOSE, AT 95c. PER PAIR USUAL PRICE, \$1.50. MEN'S BLACK SILK HALF-HOSE, AT 70c. PER PAIR USUAL PRICE, \$1.00.

WOMEN'S, MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S KNIT UNDERWEAR, COAT SWEATERS AND SPENCERS THE ASSORTMENTS COMPRISE ALL THE POPULAR MAKES, IN SEASONABLE WEIGHTS AND QUALITIES, INCLUDING ENGLISH GARMENTS OF WOOL, SILK-AND-WOOL MIXTURES, AND PURE SILK, ALSO UNDERGARMENTS OF FRENCH GAUZE AND ITALIAN SILK.

ATTENTION IS DIRECTED TO THE BETALPH UNDERWEAR SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY B. ALTMAN & CO. THE DEIMEL LINEN MESH UNDERWEAR IS ALSO IN STOCK. COAT SWEATERS OF WOOL, SILK OR SILK-AND-WOOL IN A VARIETY OF ATTRACTIVE STYLES.

B. Altman & Co. HAVING GREATLY ENLARGED THEIR STOCK IN THE RUG DEPARTMENT, ARE NOW SHOWING THEIR AUTUMN SELECTIONS, INCLUDING THE MOST DESIRABLE MAKES OF AMERICAN RUGS THE REGULAR STOCK PRICES OF DOMESTIC WILTON RUGS OF THE BEST GRADES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

6x9 FEET : \$23.50 to 35.00 EACH 8.3x10.6 FEET : 34.00 to 51.50 EACH 9x12 FEET : 37.50 to 57.00 EACH INSPECTION AND COMPARISON ARE INVITED. Fifth Avenue, 34th and 35th Streets, New York.

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