

PETEY ASKS WHY OWNERS LET THEM QUIT-PLAY

Says He Saw Only Eight Real Innings of Baseball and One of Comedy.

NO ONE SEEMS TO BLAME Doesn't Care for Runs Gained by Legislation—O'Brien Also Bored.

By GEORGE FITCH. (Copyright, 1912, by the Adams News-paper Service.)

"I don't see why the umpires let them quit playing when they did," said Pete Murray as he sprinted for the subway after the sixth inning between the Giants and Red Sox.

"But it did," I objected. "Marquard and Collins were betting them out so fast that you must have overlooked a few sudden deaths at first."

"Nary a funeral," said Pete decisively. "But there were only eight innings of baseball just the same. There was one inning of city wabbles, mollycoddies, blind staggers, yellow fever and farce comedy. It was very interesting, but I wouldn't go so far as to call it baseball. They ought to have played another inning to make up for it."

"Funny how a little nervousness will get into a baseball game for a short space of time and reduce it to a state of beastly intoxication," Pete continued. "It was always that way at St. Louis College. We generally had a neat, orderly baseball team which could play nine innings without more than two or three jungle fingered spasms, but sometimes while it was sailing along peacefully stacking up the sky clear and the rosters doing their full duty, it would explode suddenly with horrifying bang and scatter pieces of its fielding average all over the lot."

Then Harvey Nowlan, the catcher, would discern some foe stealing second in the din and he would throw the ball at the court house clock with all the carelessness for which he was noted, after which Allen would hit him in the ribs and the second baseman would stop a batted ball with his many chest and ruin would arrive in vast masses.

"That's what happened to Boston today. Of course in the big leagues they don't do things in just this childish manner. But they mislay their heads just the same. You couldn't point a long frowning forefinger at any one Boston man and tell him that he made a wall-eyed hippopotamus of himself in the shocking second half of the first inning. But you could say without fear of contradiction that the reason why New York scored five on two full grown hits and a number of infantile pekes was because the Boston men suddenly began to do their thinking with their hands and feet instead of with their large throbbing dimps of reason."

Now, they have the most highly educated hands and feet in the business and could beat almost any team without using their heads at all. But when you get a collection of racing model jackrabbits on bases those ankle thoughts are not quick enough.

"O'Brien is a good pitcher. The reason he showed yesterday was because he was in the game without his speed, his curves, his control or his head, but otherwise he was in fine shape, and the game would have gone on until election 2 to 2, if the real Boston team had been playing it. And then O'Brien made a balk and everybody moved up one station. As for me, I don't care to see runs made that way. Making legislation doesn't interest me. I could see that if I heard O'Brien too."

"That's what you insist on calling baseball. But I say it wasn't baseball. It was absent treatment—absent mind-treatment. Anyway, it was the only interesting part of the game. Boston made a couple of runs in the next inning before Marquard became serious, and after that it was swat-blop—out, one, two, three, until time to go home. And just because of that inning several million people will have to dangle in suspense for another day or two before telling their friends what they knew all the time regarding world's champions."

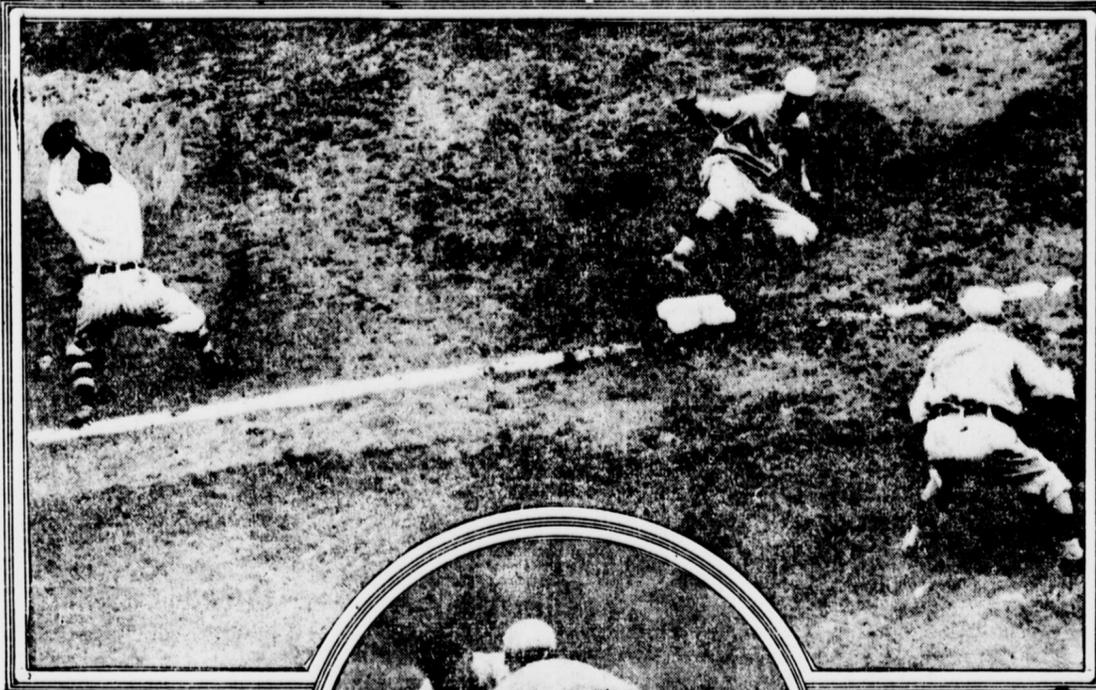
"I don't see why McGraw doesn't turn on his pitchers earlier in the game," said Pete, skillfully removing himself from the subway express at Forty-second street. "He's got into trouble several times by this absent mindedness. He sent out Tressau the other day after forgetting to turn him on until the fifth. He sent Matty in on Saturday and left him pitching watermelons until the fourth, and to-day everybody was busy manufacturing batting averages off Marquard until McGraw suddenly said, 'Bless my soul, I forgot to turn on the pitching' and long in the fourth inning. After that there wasn't a hit. There never is after McGraw remembers to turn on the steam. Pity he's so absent minded."

BOSTON FANS GET IN LINE. Try to Buy Tickets for To-day Long Before Game Is Over.

Boston, Oct. 14.—An indication of the interest in the series here is the fact that before this afternoon's game was over, there were a hundred people on the street waiting to buy reserved seats, owing to the uncertainty about there being another game here, the Red Sox management could not sell tickets in advance, but now was sent out through the newspapers that tickets would be ready for sale at 4 P. M. If it was known then that a fourth game here would be necessary, it was almost 6 o'clock when the result in New York became known at the grounds and the box office began disposing of seats to the waiting patrons. Then came a rush from down town and soon the line extended from the entrance to the park nearly to the city street. At 6 o'clock more than 1,000 were waiting to get their seats and the management kept up the sale until 10:30 o'clock and will renew it the first thing to-morrow morning.

Wonders of stunts for seats during the first three games here will be permitted to purchase an equal number of seats for to-morrow's game, but this policy is being carried out at a price which seats left unsold will be disposed of to the first comers.

PLAYERS "HIT THE DIRT" GOING INTO EVERY BASE



Stahl reaching third base from first on Cady's single to right field in the fourth inning. Murray's throw was wide and Herzog is seen kicking the ball many yards from the base. Stahl took no chances, however, and slid anyway.



Wagner goes to his knees to tag Merkle, stealing in the third inning. There seemed to be a mixup of signals and Wagner started late to take Cady's perfect throw, with the result the camera caught.

TESREAU AND WOOD TO PITCH FOR THIRD TIME

McGraw Says His Team Surely Will Solve Twirler for Winning Runs.

BOSTON CLUB DOWNCAST

Want Ray Collins to Start Game but McAleer Insists on O'Brien Going In.

Joe Wood and Jeff Tesreau will pitch for the Red Sox and Giants respectively in the seventh game of the series at Fenway Park, Boston, this afternoon, and it may be said that both managers, Stahl and McGraw, are confident of victory. The Giants believe that they will hit Wood this time and will tie up the Bostonians in games won, so that the championship will be decided in another game to-morrow. When McGraw and his plucky team climbed into the special train for Boston at 6 o'clock last evening they did not attempt to conceal their belief that they had the Bon-caters on the run.

"Marquard took the heart out of the Red Sox to-day," said Manager McGraw, "and put them in a batting slump from which they will not recover. I do not believe that Wood can compare lack strong enough to beat us, for Tesreau, though beaten in two games, showed me enough last Friday to warrant a prediction that he will turn the trick to-morrow. Nobody can say that the Giants are quitters. They are in this fight to stay and are going to win the series. I said before the game to-day that we would win three straight and I spoke by the card. We are going into the game to-morrow with increased confidence and in our opinion there is no such thing as defeat. Luck was against us in at least two of the games last week, but we got the breaks today."

Marquard, who rushed off the field like a professional sprinter to avoid the happy fans, was as proud as a peacock over his second victory. He said that in the early innings his arm bothered him a little, but that his speed came back to him in the last five innings, during which the Red Sox made but one scratch hit. Marquard had words of praise for Snodgrass and Murray, whose wonderful catches probably prevented at least two runs. The other Giants were in rare good humor when they piled into the dining car as hungry as wolves.

There was some grumbling among the Red Sox when they left for the Hub. Most of them regretted that Ray Collins did not pitch the entire game, for they said Collins was at his best and might have made the game much closer. The selection of Buck O'Brien was most unfortunate, said the Bostonians, but it appears that President McAleer alone had the say in picking him to face the Giants. McAleer decided upon O'Brien Sunday night, and although some of the Boston critics and players demurred McAleer was so confident that O'Brien would deliver the goods that he offered in wager hats, cigars and money on his judgment. McAleer himself was chagrined when asked to say something.

"There is one thing to be thankful for," he said, "and that is that we didn't pitch Wood, who might have been beaten. The fact that we didn't make more than two runs off Marquard and probably would have been shut out if it hadn't been for his error in the second inning will convince anybody that the saving of Wood for to-morrow was a wise move. There are no excuses for O'Brien. He was in good physical condition and anxious to pitch. But as it turned out he had nothing at all when he got into the box. For some unknown reason he couldn't control his spitball and soon became rattled. Those little dinky infield hits that the Giants made in the first inning proved his undoing. But we haven't lost the series by any means, and you'll hear from us to-morrow."

Brush III: Unable to Attend. President John T. Brush was unable to see the game in his automobile for the reason that it was reported he was seriously ill at his hotel. Mr. Brush, who is suffering from a broken hip, received the news of the Giants' victory over the Red Sox as soon as the struggle was over.

How the World's Series Rivals Compare in Various Departments in First Six Games.

Table titled 'NEW YORK GIANTS' comparing statistics for various players across categories like AB, R, H, 2B, 3B, HR, TB, SH, SB, PC, O, A, E, PC.

Table titled 'BOSTON RED SOX' comparing statistics for various players across categories like AB, R, H, 2B, 3B, HR, TB, SH, SB, PC, O, A, E, PC.

THE SIX GAME SUMMARY. First base on errors—New York, 3; Boston, 7. Left on bases—New York, 33; Boston, 34. First base on balls—O'Brien, 6; Wood, 2; off Hall, 4; off Bedient, 4; off Marquard, 3; off Ames, 1. Struck out—By Tesreau, 9; by Wood, 19; by Marquard, 6; by Collins, 6; by Bedient, 5; by Marquard, 9; by O'Brien, 4. Double plays—Stahl and Wood; Speaker and Stahl; Fletcher and Herzog; Fletcher and Merkle; Wagner, Yerkes and Stahl; Hooper and Stahl; Fletcher, Doyle and Merkle. Hit by pitcher—By Bedient (Snodgrass, Herzog) by Wood (Meyers). Hits—O'Brien, 17 in eight innings; off Tesreau, 10 in fourteen innings; off Crandall, 1 in two innings; off Collins, 13 in fourteen and one-third innings; off Hall, 2 in two and two-thirds innings; off Bedient, 5 in eleven innings; off Marquard, 9 in thirteen innings; off Marquard, 13 in eight innings; off O'Brien, 12 in nine innings; off Ames, 3 in two innings. Wild pitches—Tesreau, Marquard, Balk—O'Brien.

FLIP OF A SILVER DOLLAR GIVES BOSTON EXTRA GAME

Should Giants Win To-day Final Struggle Must Be Waged at Fenway Park.

If the Giants win to-day they will have to play in Boston to-morrow. This point was settled by the tossing of a coin immediately after yesterday's battle at the Polo Grounds. According to the rules that govern the world's series the choice of grounds for the seventh decisive game, if it is necessary to play it, must be decided by lot before the sixth contest. Yesterday morning McGraw believed that this toss should take place before yesterday's game, for he included the drawn battle in Boston last Wednesday in his calculations. He was quoted as saying that if he carried his point and had any luck there was a chance to make the Bostonians play the rest of the series at the Brush stadium. But when the members of the commission were appealed to it was quickly learned that this tie game did not enter into the matter. Yesterday's game, therefore, was the fifth of the series, and McGraw was notified that the toss of the coin would take place immediately after it, while the rival managers still remained on the field.

Special Police Busy Collecting. Stories of petty graft were told by several persons in the grand stand. They said that after paying admission to the bleachers they were tipped off by gray coated coppers that for an extra half dollar they could slip down under the left wing of the grand stand and reach the 42 seats without trouble. The gray coats, it was said, carried on a lively business before the game.

THROUGH SMALLER THAN PREVIOUS GAMES HERE

Still 30,622 Persons Pay High Tariff to See Giants Vanquish Sox.

SPECTATORS GET STUNG

Sir Thomas Lipton Watches the Fun From Safe Box Back of Wire Netting.

While the gates were opened at 8 o'clock yesterday morning, only a few hundred fans were ready to buy tickets at that time. All the reserved seats had been purchased in advance and with six hours to elapse before game time there was no crowding or confusion. At 1 o'clock many blocks of seats were vacant in the lower grand stand, under the same conditions prevailed in the open bleachers. But within the hour it is said that more than 12,000 tickets of admission were sold. The crowd was small in comparison with others of the series, but 30,622 persons paid to see the combat.

The Boston rooters, 600 strong, headed by the band, marched in shortly after 1 o'clock. Each of them wore a red band around his hat inscribed in white letters with the words "Oh You Red Sox." Each poster carried a red flag and a megaphone. After the party had reached the section reserved for them the Boston mascot, a mascot wearing a Red Sox uniform, stood up before the delegation and sang "Give Me Back My Kintucky" and "Going Back to Dixie." Then he took off his cap, which soon was overflowing with silver and greenbacks.

A few speculators had reserved seat tickets, but they found no market for them. Some worked the elevated trains. At Forty-second street they offered a reserved ticket for \$1.40. At Forty-third the price had dropped to \$2.50, while at 155th street, the end of the journey, the scalpers were glad to get rid of their wares at cost price.

The pitching of Ray Collins was all the more remarkable when it is considered that he faced the Boston batsmen in practice for almost half an hour before the game.

Matty and McGraw were singled out by the fans when they came on the field. Matty received an ovation in recognition of his great pitching in Boston on Saturday. When he had taken a seat on the bench McGraw walked across the field and handed him a rousing welcome. McGraw nodded pleasantly to the crowd and then got busy with his men. He was all business and had the Giants on their toes when Empire-Klem called play.

The Seventh Regiment Band graduated from the temporary stand near the left field bleachers for a section in the lower tier directly behind the netting. The reason given was that the band did not relish a position too near the Boston musicians. The Boston band played "Tessie" incessantly in spite of vigorous protests from weary persons who near nothing but the refrain either awake or asleep.

Just as the umpires were consulting with the rival managers Sir Thomas Lipton tossed the coin above his head, and Stahl cried "Heads."

There was a scramble to see the result of the toss and Stahl had called the turn. This bit of luck apparently wasn't polished by McGraw, whose gestures and suppressed remarks indicated bitter disappointment. According to this arrangement if the Giants win to-day they will have played five games in the Hub to three at the Polo Grounds. The only possible chance for a contest lies in the playing of a tie to-morrow. Then there will be another toss, with an even chance for the choice of diamonds.

Speaker showed that he knew how to wait for a base on balls the first time he was up. He fouled the first two balls and the crowd shouted "Strike him out, Babe!" The next ball was high and wide, the fourth was fouled into the grand stand, the fifth was outside the corner, the sixth was another foul, while the seventh and eighth were wide and the big bitmouth walked. Speaker was in the act of stealing when Lewis, carrying out the hit and run play, drove a sizzling liner squarely into Devore's clutches.

Marquard worried the crowd in the second inning. He was steadily unmade by the maddening four strikes at Larry Gardner's grounder and then threw wildly to Merkle. Gardner therefore received a life when with clean fielding by the Rubes he would have been out. When Stahl followed with a crashing line single to left the Boston rooters cut loose in noisy fashion. The Boston coaches jumped up and down, waving their arms expecting to see the Hoosier baxman go up in the air searching for O'Brien. But Marquard, steadied by Chief Meyers, made a ten strike when he fanned the dangerous Wagner and also put on so much steam that Cady fouled to the Indian.

When Collins began pitching for the

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Burke's Irish Whiskey

The Chairman recommends mild, mellow and delicately flavored whiskey. is mild, mellow and delicately flavored.

In the Giants' half there was a mixup between Gardner and Cady over a foul fly from Herzog's bat. The ball dropped at a point nearer third base than the home plate. It looked as if Gardner could make an easy catch, and at first he told Cady to keep it and when the big catcher to take a chance. Cady had stopped running and had stopped looking up at the falling leather, but promptly he told Cady to keep it and when the ball came down for it and the pill bounded over his mitt. But the error wasn't costly, for the reason that Herzog a moment later popped a cinch fly for Yerkes.

Seven pitched balls retired the Red Sox in the seventh inning, and choked off the remaining of "Tessie" by the Boston musicians. Marquard, incidentally, stopped a fierce smash from Wagner's bat and tossed him out at first.

"Lucky seventh! Lucky seventh!" roared the crowd, "everybody up" as the Giants faced Collins in that period. But Collins was at his best and there was nothing doing. Collins, by the way, before the game was over grabbed a slow boundary from Meyer's bat and was compelled to make a quick throw to head of the Indian Chief. The ball traveled like a bullet, and although Stahl managed to hang on to it for an out he actually ducked his head, explaining afterward that he didn't see the flying leather at all.

As the end drew near 20,000 New York fans became intensely nervous. There was a wall of distress in the eighth inning when, with one out, Yerkes scratched a hit on a slow bouncer that Devore tried to stop with one hand. But a booming cheer went up when Murray caught fly balls from the next two batsmen.

Seven pitched balls settled the Giants in their half of the eighth. The hit made by Snodgrass was a sharp grounder that Yerkes partially stopped, but couldn't field. A wonderful throw by Cady, however, cut Snodgrass down at second base when he tried to steal.

The cheering was deafening during Boston's ninth. Every ball pitched by Marquard, whether it was a strike or not caused pandemonium, and when the Red Sox had been retired in order the crowd poured down upon the field too late, however, to embrace the fleeing Giants.

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