

HERE IS A CONSIDERABLE SECTION OF THE STAY AT HOMES THAT SAW THE SERIES GAME FROM "THE SUN'S" SCORE BOARD



QUESTION: WHERE DID ALL ROADS LEAD TO?

To the Polo Grounds, of course. Say Writers Collier and Hopper.

BUT "MECCA" DISAPPOINTS No Mention of It, Even by Writer Ty Cobb, Who Was in the Amongst.

By speaking a glance over the shoulders of Special Writer DeWolf Hopper and Special Writer Willie Collier at the Polo Grounds yesterday and so stealing their sharp opening sentences one learned that it was the simultaneous opinions of these two eminent literateurs, each after the other, that had picked the much more than right out of his own head—that "all roads led to the Polo Grounds yesterday, where the Giants and the Athletics played the opening game of the world's series.

Of the two well-known Cobb lads, I and Ty, only Ty was on hand in the press stand to represent the family. I, however, by an unerring instinct, another glance toward Ty's pad of copy paper when he was on his guard one learned that he was in beginning by stating without equivocation, "Thousands upon thousands of fans yesterday visited the Polo Grounds to see the New York Giants play the opening game of the world's series against the Philadelphia Athletics for the championship of the national game. Baseball.

Authors Hopper, Collier and Cobb were dead right, too. Reporter Ty Cobb, however, was the only one of the three whose opening sentence was next door to lawless. If he had added that some of the thousands that visited the Polo Grounds merely made a perfunctory call long enough to learn that they couldn't get in for free, pull on money, his statement would have been the perfection of truth. And Authors Hopper and Collier should be severely censured by their managing editors for not explaining that, so far as thousands of comparatively late comers were concerned, the particular roads they had selected led right up to the Polo Grounds and turned around and led right back again.

Supposing Builder Paul Poiret of Paris was right in saying that we should choose our neckties to match our souls, there wasn't a soul barred out of the gates when all things were taken into account round yesterday but would have grabbed for the heated sootiest affair that Lord Northcliffe spotted around his collar down in the first row right back of Big Jim Meyers' broad back.

There were moments too when thousands of Giants' glansmen who had managed to grab off good seats would have had to do some lightening calculations for their exasperated to keep step with M. Poiret's dictum. When Merkle scored in the third inning, for instance, on Doyle's hit, the Giants fans, their souls had settled back to normal, would have had to do some lightening calculations for their exasperated to keep step with M. Poiret's dictum. When Merkle scored in the third inning, for instance, on Doyle's hit, the Giants fans, their souls had settled back to normal, would have had to do some lightening calculations for their exasperated to keep step with M. Poiret's dictum.

The cheer that greeted to select but one cheer from the vast master of cheers, the efforts of young Mr. Ecker at a memorable moment yesterday afternoon rolled right across the continent, past newspaper bulletins and ticker tapes north, east, south and west and never stopped rolling until it landed into forenoon and the Pacific Ocean. Doubtless you heard it, not to mention the cheers that had gone on before and followed after with so much religious regularity that afternoon was just one solid cheer. Wherefore, even without getting the information straight from Ty and William and De Wolf, already you know that many thousands of people were on hand yesterday to see the giants get the lining knocked out of them.

Coogan's Bluff, Brooklyn Style

A NEW Coogan's Bluff was established for the world's series game yesterday on the Flatbush avenue station of the Brighton "L". The station overlooked Flatbush Park, where the series plays were being reproduced for a paying crowd at a quarter a head. There were about 200 persons in the park, and a few more than that number, mainly composed of school children dallying on their way home, occupied standing room on the station and grumbled at every train that cut off their view.

The source of information worked badly and some weird situations resulted. In the fatal fourth, for instance, Baker and McInnis were disposed of in a double play, but later the home run hitter was reinstated on second base, and the fans had a fit when the three runs were scored that put the Athletics in the lead for the first time. The juggling became so bad toward the end that the management announced that the rain checks would be good for to-day.

into the saloon on the northeast corner of Eighth avenue and 15th street via the side door on 15th street entrance, stable feet such in passing and come out the front door on Eighth avenue inside the police lines? Why not indeed? One reason why not was that after you had secured the free luncheon and then started to amble out the front door, you would find a large Irish gentleman, several of them in fact, wearing a blue uniform, was found out in front of the saloon, and the con wouldn't listen to reason. Adventurous folk explored the banks of the Harlem far to the east, sneaked through coal and wood yards and back of the saloon, but they were not there. Bluecoat stationed at the only gate leading from the coal or wood yard to headquarters.

Jumping from the viaduct down over the heads of the police and then making a dash for it was not tried, but from the upward glances that seemed to be measuring the distance it is probable that they were mentally debating here and there along the line and discarded only because it seemed a bit impracticable. Ah, to stand out there in the dulness of a drab day and not even to know that they were being watched by the police, that was the idea when all things were taken into account round yesterday but would have grabbed for the heated sootiest affair that Lord Northcliffe spotted around his collar down in the first row right back of Big Jim Meyers' broad back.

There was class about the rest of that box party also, which included E. C. Wall, Harry Akim and Bill Heilmann, but nowhere on the grounds, not even at the spot where Lord Northcliffe sat surrounded by his scarlet cravat, did really was a scarlet cravat and a pair of spurs, and they were not there. Bluecoat stationed at the only gate leading from the coal or wood yard to headquarters.

None the less the gentleman pushing his way past close crowded shins. On most days the tall person is noted as Guy Tenor of Pennsylvania. Yesterday his chief claim to fame was that once he was a ball player, and a crackerjack at that. Mrs. Tenor was with him. A man named Addams now was carefully explaining to Arthur Guterman, perhaps the greatest poet in all West 17th street, that the bag off to the right was called first base and that the object of the game was to strike the ball severely enough to enable the batter to reach this first base (initial sack). People near by looked and listened with amazement. "What is possible that a young man of seeming intelligence had to be told these things?"

And that's Meyers, the Mr. Addams was continuing, "he's not only a good catcher but kept on pictures. Between games when on the road he spends a lot of time in art galleries, especially up in Boston, where he looks at Abbey's 'Holy Grail' pictures by the hour. And they say that one day when some one asked him what was his favorite work of art he answered promptly, 'My favorite picture are Abbey's 'Holy Grail' pictures and 'Custer's Last Charge.'"

BIG MEN IN ALL LINES LEND CASTE TO SCENE

City and State Officials There Hobnobbing With Figures of Organized Ball.

In the boxes and the lower grand stand seats were hundreds of men prominent in various walks of life. The National Commission, which had a section to itself, was there in all its glory. August Herrmann, chairman, who is the owner of the Cincinnati Club, Baneroff B. Johnson, president of the American League, Thomas J. Lynch, president of the National League, Deputy State Executive Commissioner Thomas P. McAvoy, John J. Dietz, Tammany candidate for Sheriff, Alvan I. Elkus, Tammany candidate for Associate Justice of the Court of Appeals, Fire Commissioner Joseph Johnson, Jr., Police Commissioner Rumlender, Wald, Street Cleaning Commissioner Big Bill Edwards, Charles P. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall, James J. Connelley, president of the Boston National club and Andrew Freedman.

John H. Day, once owner of the Giants, was there, also smiling James Murray, formerly secretary of the National League, John M. Ward, another former leader of the Giants, and George Davis, who played under him. John Tenor of Pennsylvania, John A. Drake, A. B. Hudson, E. E. Smathers, Frank Kenney, leader of the Brooklyn club, Edward J. McKeever and Stephen W. McKeever, also Secretary Charles J. Harvey, John Griffin, the noted California referee, Julio Fleisemann, former Mayor of Cincinnati, Max Fleisemann and William R. Fleisemann, Jesse Burkett, manager of the Worcester club, Joseph Tucker, manager of the Cincinnati Reds, Diamond Jim Brady, Ernest John Kelly, Capt. Jim Churcill, George Condit, Joseph Joseph, Max Blumenthal, Edward Burke, Larry Fisher, Casey Stengel and Patrick Don Carlos Ragan of the Dodgers, former Police Commissioner William H. Baker, president of the Philadelphia National club, business manager of the Philadelphia National, President Frank J. Farrell, Secretary Thomas G. Davis and Scout Arthur A. Ivers of the New York Americans, Clark Griffith, Walter Johnson, Chick Galloway and Eddie Foster of the Washingtons.

Edward J. Barrow, president of the International League, was seen, and so were Ty Cobb and Hugh Jennings of the Detroit, P. T. Powers, Jack Dunn, president of the Baltimore, Thomas Fogarty of Jersey City, Mike Donlin, Jack Hendrix and William McMill, the new owners of the Indianapolis club, Samuel Liebowitz, Willie Ritchie, last world champion of the world, was noticed. So were William Gibson, State Athletic Commissioner, James R. Price and John J. Dixon, also Secretary Charles J. Harvey, John Griffin, the noted California referee, Julio Fleisemann, former Mayor of Cincinnati, Max Fleisemann and William R. Fleisemann, Jesse Burkett, manager of the Worcester club, Joseph Tucker, manager of the Cincinnati Reds, Diamond Jim Brady, Ernest John Kelly, Capt. Jim Churcill, George Condit, Joseph Joseph, Max Blumenthal, Edward Burke, Larry Fisher, Casey Stengel and Patrick Don Carlos Ragan of the Dodgers, former Police Commissioner William H. Baker, president of the Philadelphia National club, business manager of the Philadelphia National, President Frank J. Farrell, Secretary Thomas G. Davis and Scout Arthur A. Ivers of the New York Americans, Clark Griffith, Walter Johnson, Chick Galloway and Eddie Foster of the Washingtons.

Wilson Mizner announced heatedly that he would take Dick Carle's bet on the Athletics, the bet being that if the Athletics won they would have to speak to Arnold Daly the next time he met him on the street and if the Athletics lost Bill would have to speak to Paul Armstrong and George Bronson Howard again. If, however, the game was called on account of rain—

But here comes Spud Hennessy right out onto the field. Spud is only the small but boy, but as Spud's hard job requires him to wear the champions' size Giant uniform the appearance of that uniform, even in little, was the cause of much uproar.

The Polo Grounds now was a great bowl solidly paved with humans around the bowl and with a nice clean green center. If there was a vacant seat any place around the big circle it was unoccupied. Also there was much evidence that no spot on earth held so much genuine happiness as that particular part of Manhattan held yesterday as the thousands twisted their legs around bench supports tenaciously, and held their own own ribs to ward off all danger of exploding.

What happened from all this time until dusk is told elsewhere. All of it was too essential for a reporter to remember in detail. A memory still lingers, however, of the rocks of Coogan's Bluff awaying dangerously back and forth, of chunks of concrete being torn right off the grand stand by the concussion of Harlem collisions falling and gas houses blowing up. For them Jints had cavorted onto the field.

Pessimistic Giant Loses His Wager

WHEN the officers of the New York club were announcing in the clubhouse the official figures on the opening game attendance and receipts, Charley Herzog stood among the group of reporters, pencil in hand, and recorded them all. Then he asked one of the newspaper men to swap notes with him to make sure he was right.

"Why are you so interested?" he was asked. "One of the fellows," he answered, "noticed the cloudy sky this morning and then bet the crowd would be so small the players' share would be less than \$30,000."

"The players' share was \$10,637.97. 'He loses his bet,' concluded Herzog as he hopped up the steps to the dressing room to break the news to Giants who are slower dressers than he.

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NOISY GREETING FOR MACKMEN, BOTH SORTS

Athletics Do Heavy Hitting in Practice, a Promise Made Good of Later Like Activities

A mighty roar went up at 12.50 o'clock when the big gate right center field swung back and the old Giants came into view. They wore their white uniforms, which had been carefully washed and pressed, and they looked and span as they trudged out upon the green grass to group themselves for a hurried snapshot, which was taken a few yards in front of the bleachers and an indication of its loyalty to McGraw's men. A wild shout of joy greeted the appearance of the conquering Quakers.

The Athletics wore their gray traveling uniforms and blue sweaters with the famous White Elephant emblem on their chests. They hurried past the Giants and proceeded straightway to their benches. Studly McInnis was the ringleader and Indian Bender, the cratty pitcher, brought up the rear. Bender was many yards behind the bunch until half way across the field, when he suddenly broke into a run and joined his companions. With the Athletics was the little malformed mascot, who has brought them luck for half a dozen years. The little fellow wore a uniform and carried a leather bag filled with practice balls.

Soon the Giants came walking toward the grand stand and up-leaped the happy thousands, waving hats, canes and umbrellas, at the same time cheering themselves hoarse. Leader McGraw and Coach Robinson looked about them with an air of perfect contentment. The greeting filed the New York players with renewed confidence and incidentally showed the Athletics that a noisy afternoon was in store for them.

But where was Connie Mack? Thousands looked in vain for the tall manager of the American League champions. They were rather disappointed that he did not let himself be seen on the field of battle, but Mack, who doesn't like the limelight, had made his way around underneath the grand stands to a runway near the Athletics' bench, where he waited until the crowd began cheering the arrival of his Honor Mayor Kline. Then Mack quickly jumped upon the field and disappeared in the dugout, where he remained until the battle was over.

Mayor Kline, accompanied by Gen. Thomas H. Barry, U. S. A., and a police escort, received an ovation as he marched toward the band, which played "Hail to the Chief." He waved aloft a blue and gold pennant inscribed with the word "Giants," and when he arrived at a point near the New York players' bench, McGraw, Marquard, Meyers and several other Giants greeted him cordially.

"Where is Matty?" asked the Mayor of Police Lieutenant Kennel. "He's warming up there, your Honor. Here, Matty, shake hands with the Mayor." Matty dropped a ball he was about to pitch and hurried over to the city's Chief Executive for a hearty handshake.

Meantime the Athletics had treated the crowd to an exhibition of heavy hitting, which owned everybody's eyes. Pitcher Honck, who occupied the box, lobbed up a straight ball and the Mackmen popped

THE WAY TO THE WORLD'S SERIES

in Philadelphia, is via the New Jersey Central

One hour and forty-two minutes to Huntingdon Street Station (the nearest to the grounds).

SPECIAL SERVICE The days the Giants play in Quaker City, Huntingdon Street trains leave Liberty Street at 10 and 11 a.m. and 12 noon—ten minutes of the hour from West 23d Street.

Returning trains leave Huntingdon Street at 4.08, 5.08 and 6.08 p.m. Diners de Luxe on 11 and 12 o'clock trains going; and on 5.08 and 6.08 p. m. trains returning.

Your Watch Is Your Time Table

