

Ninth Inning Rally Brings Dodgers Within One Run of Tying Red Sox in First Game of World's Baseball Series

BOSTON VICTOR IN FIRST GAME OF BIG SERIES

Brooklyn Makes Spectacular Attempt in Ninth, but Fails, Losing 6 to 5.

RALLY OF SUPERBAS GIVES THRILL OF GAME

Crowd of 36,117 Falls Several Thousands Below Expectations.

MIGHTY SHOUT GREET'S CLIMAX OF CONTEST

Original Pitchers of Each Club Forced Into Retirement by Batters.

By DANIEL. Boston, Mass., Oct. 7.—There were no thumbs-downs in the modern Coliseum by the hordes of the Charles this afternoon. Like gladiators in the old arena by the Tiber, amid the shouts of a citizenry that was as mad for home success as were the lustful legions of Rome, the Boston Americans and the Brooklyn Nationals argued in the opening contest for the World's baseball championship—and Brooklyn was beaten. The score was 6 to 5.

Brooklyn was defeated, but it was neither outplayed nor outmaneuvered. Not until Jake Daubert was retired for the twenty-seventh out was Boston assured of victory.

Entering the ninth inning with the Red Sox leading by 6 to 1 and apparently outclassed in every department, the Superbas rose in righteous wrath, organized a rally that swept four runs across the plate and came closer than the score would indicate to producing a Brooklyn triumph.

It was an exhibition of power and coolheadedness that impressed even the most partisan supporter of the home club, and made the issue of the series more doubtful than expert forecast had conceded it to be.

Thrills for Great Crowd.

There has been many a stirring rally in the shadow of the huge stadium at Braves Field, but rarely has there been a climax so intensely dramatic, so fraught with the thrills that make baseball the game of games. For eight innings Ernest Shore had held the Brooklyn batmen in submission while his teammates had experienced no very serious difficulty in battling the delivery of Duke Marquard.

Then came the Brooklyn rally, the onslaught accompanied by a sudden loss of effectiveness on the part of Shore that nearly turned certain victory into a rout, and a wild triumph into a debacle in that huge amphitheatre as, with two men retired and the bases full, Jake Daubert strode to the plate in the ninth inning. Four runs had already been registered, and now came one of the strongest batmen in the National League. The situation presented a world of possibilities, most of them contrary to Boston welfare.

Mighty Is Lowly.

But as is often the case when the big ball comes, the weak become strong and the mighty lowly. Daubert stood before Carl Mays, who a few moments before had believed Shore, spun a strike across the plate. Still there was yet time for Brooklyn. It famous field leader had just obtained a hit in four previous attempts and in the vernacular of the diamond he was "due."

Idly Daubert stood by while Mays sent a wild over, and then another that was too wide of the rubber. The fourth pitch was met, but not squarely. Daubert topped the ball in a vicious swing and the horseshoe sped on to Everett Root at shortstop. The blow carried speed and sting, but Scott made a fine stop and whipped the ball to Dick Holtzcliff. Holtzcliff had to stretch for it, but he got it before Daubert reached the bag. For Brooklyn the day was lost.

It was a close play and a close shave for Boston. Had there hit come safely two Brooklyn runners would have found their way into the score and Boston might have been beaten.

Crowd Looks to Itself.

A mighty shout reverberated across the Charles. Thirty-seven thousand throats voiced the exultation of release from tension, but no one jumped into the field to offer consolation to the losers. All were too much concerned with the problem of getting in a few more runs before the game was over. Some came to offer consolation to the losers. All were too much concerned with the problem of getting in a few more runs before the game was over.

Like a bolt out of the blue came that early rally of Brooklyn, which started, as it ended, with Daubert at bat. Facing a man who had proved the easiest kind of a victim in three previous times at bat, Shore suddenly lost his control. The Boston right hander gave an inkling of the trouble to come for him when he failed to locate the plate once for Daubert, and the Superba captain walked. Charles Stengel sent his second hit of the day to right field for a base and Brooklyn adherents began to talk some of the proceedings.

Bill Carrigan, manager of the Red Sox, viewed the situation with apprehension. The veteran had seen many a victory turned into defeat and Mays, who had been tossing the ball to Chester Thomas with apparent leisure, got word to begin some real warming up.

Zack Wheat, one of the most formidable outsmen in the game, might have delivered a conquering blow, then, but the best he could do was to force Dau-

SCENES AT BRAVES FIELD AND HEROES OF FIRST GAME.



Harold Janvrin, Zach Wheat, Harry Hooper. Top picture shows part of bleacher crowd at Braves Field. In center Red Sox practicing before game. Below three players whose work featured first game of series.

Summary of Opening Game of Series. Official paid attendance 36,117. Total receipts \$76,489.50. Players' share \$1,304.33. Each club owner's share \$17,304.11. National Commission \$748.00.

first ahead of the relay. Again the bases were full. Again Mays took to the warming up task with renewed vigor. Chief Meyers, who had produced telling hits in past world series, tried hard, but his anxiety worked against him like a boomerang and he lifted a foul to Holtzcliff.

Two were out and Jeff Pfeffer, who had entered the box in the eighth inning, was scheduled to come to bat. As was expected, Wilbert Robinson chose to send in a pinch hitter in the person of Fred Merkle, whose experiences in world's series as a member of the Giants, had not been fraught with too many fond memories.

Nary a swing did Merkle take at the ball, while the count mounted to two strikes and three balls. Still he stood passive while Shore's sixth offering sped by him. It was a ball and Merkle was passed, forcing home Cutshaw.

CARDINALS DEFEAT BROWNS.

Win Third Game of City Series by 5 to 4 Count. Standing of the Series. Browns, 2-1; Cardinals, 1-2. St. Louis, Oct. 7.—The Cardinals defeated the Browns in the third game of the city series here today, 5 to 4. Dave Davenport, who defeated the Nationals last Wednesday, was found for hits at the right moments, while Steele and Ames managed to check the Browns when the score was in danger of being tied.

WHITE SOX RETAIN TITLE.

Defeat Cubs, 4 to 3, and Hold City Championship. Chicago, Oct. 7.—Comiskey's American Leagueers for the sixth consecutive time defeated their National League rivals for the championship of Chicago today, winning the fourth straight game, 4 to 3. Total receipts for the series were \$36,227.50, of which the players receive \$19,881.88, on a basis of 50 per cent to the winning team and 40 to the loser. The American League club carries the larger playing list of the two and each player's share is approximately \$300, while the National League players will receive approximately \$400 each.

Merkle Is Passed.

One of these sudden and dynamic onslaughts which had carried Brooklyn from the rear by several battles for the league supremacy was in the making. The Superba began to evidence new vigor, but not the kind of enthusiasm a club like the Braves or the Giants would have developed under similar circumstances.

Marquard Teles Strategy.

Gardner laid down a sacrifice bunt, Mowrey and Chief Meyers both attempted to field it, and they missed it. Mowrey threw to Davenport, who got to the base and was safe. Mowrey then tried to get Gardner, who got a life and Lewis made to second on the bunt.

Superiority of Red Sox Shown by Game's Details

World's Champs, Displaying a Stone Wall Defence, With Exception of One Inning, Have Edge on Dodgers—Sensational Fielding.

By GEORGE B. UNDERWOOD.

Boston, Oct. 7.—The headlines have trumpeted to you the triumph of the Red Sox. You have read how the Superbas, driven to the last ditch in the first 8 1/2 innings, apparently hopelessly vanquished by the score of 6 to 1, suddenly rallied and crashed four runs through the vaulted defence of the Carrigan clan, falling by the proverbial whisker of turning ignominious defeat into glorious victory.

OFFICIAL BOX SCORE.

Table with columns for Brooklyn and Boston, listing runs, hits, errors, and individual player statistics.

As the umpire, Hank O'Day, Bill Emmer, Tommy Connolly and Bill Quigley, came on the field Managers Carrigan and Robertson left their pitchers and strolled to the plate for the before game consultation. There was shouting and then the bunch around the plate separated. The Red Sox came trotting out on the field amid a bedlam from the stands. The announcer exclaimed to the crowd that the batteries are:

Shore and Cady for Boston; Marquard and Meyers for Brooklyn. While the fans were shouting and thinking things over Empire Connolly dusted the plate and then, turning toward the Brooklyn bench, roared: "Batter up!"

By Meyers, the Brooklyn lead-off man, strode up to the plate. Just then Hank O'Day, who was back of third base, ordered the pitcher to throw a ball out of the field. A squad of police came to Hank's aid and the bluecoats sent the battery of cameras men to fall retreat off the field. Then an umpire signalled the pitcher to cross the diamond and throw the ball back of first base.

Connolly dusted the game behind the plate. Davenport was out in right field and Quigley in left field. The stage was all set now for the opening of the fray and Empire Connolly sternly roared: "Strike one!"

After a strike and a ball had been called on Meyers the chief growled to the box and Shore tossed him out. Then the Red Sox twirler struck out his rival Marquard. Meyers gave the fans a thrill long, high fly soaring into right center. Daubert came up, but swish! swish! swish! For the second time Daubert swung on three straight strikes.

Shore wound up again and sent the ball zipping toward the plate. "Swish! swish! swish!" Three strikes, three outs, yep! Connolly roared, and pitched shamelessly back to the dugout.

Stengel, the mighty Stengel, advanced to the bat. Casey swung at the first one and missed it. The next was a slow curve that broke high and outside, and the umpire yelled "Ball one!"

Connolly's next delivery Stengel connected solidly, but drove homelessly straight into Janvrin's hands and was tossed out at first.

The Red Sox came trotting in off the field and the Dodgers took a cup of coffee and the batter's box. Hooper poked his way club from out of the Red Sox bats and the Red Sox roared, "Strike one!"

Marquard's first delivery was a ball, and so was his second. Then Hooper stepped up and on the plate with a beautiful called strike.

Hooper tried to connect with a wild breaking drop near his knees and missed. He swung and missed. Again Marquard sent a ball that was a fast one sailing up to the plate. It had a hop on it and Hooper's swing failed to find it. "Strike one!" roared the loud little croaker of Brooklyn boosters as he fanned.

Janvrin up! He swung at the first ball and missed. He swung at the second and again missed. The empty air was filled with the sound of Marquard's Boston second swat and again Janvrin swung in vain. It was three strikes and out.

Walker connects for triple. Clarence Walker, the next Boston batsman looked over the first ball Marquard pitched to him and calmly called for a strike. Walker caught the next one of Marquard's shooing and sent it zipping like a Marner bullet over Mays' head and right between Mays and Wheat. Buck and his two boys chased to it. The ball rolled near to the left field fence and Walker raised all day to third before the ball was relayed to Mowrey.

Two straight. Rubie pitched two wild balls to Hooper and then attempted to sneak one across the plate. Harry Hooper, leaped into it and sent a long fly soaring into right center. By Meyers a great run got under it for the catch and put Marquard out of a bad hole. His catch turned the Red Sox back to square.

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INSTANT LATE, DAUBERT FAILS TO TIE UP GAME

Only Remarkable Fielding Saves Boston From Defeat in Ninth.

By FREDERICK G. TIER.

Boston, Oct. 7.—The Red Sox defeated the Dodgers today by a fraction of a second. It was a mighty tight squeeze for the champions of the universe. With four runs in, two out, the bases full and only one run needed for a tie, Jake Daubert stepped one down to Everett Root in deep short that had all the war marks of a base hit. The fast Jacob, backing from the left side of the plate, was straddling down the first line, while Mowrey was tried to follow him and at the same time keep Scott within their grasp.

SCOTT RESCUES SOX WITH DANGER AHEAD

Dodgers, Outplayed From Start, Make Sensational Finish Without Avail.

Daubert made a dash toward a beautiful throw and with a swing the same motion whirled the ball across the diamond. Holtzcliff was forced to cross and himself a hit to save the throw, but he clipped the hands of the runner, and a foul ball was the result. Holtzcliff, who was a few feet from the plate, was a bit of a moment of uncertainty. What would it be? Hank O'Day quickly settled the question. "Well, that's a foul ball," he roared. "You're out!"

Daubert was possessed level, but when the ball swooped down he held on to the ball and put Marquard out for the catch and put Marquard out of a bad hole. His catch turned the Red Sox back to square.

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