Driven to Last Ditch, Dodgers Have Only a Dying Chance to Capture Baseball's Crown---Must Win Three in a Row

BOSTON SCORES THIRD VICTORY OVER BROOKLYN

Fourth Game in World's Series Goes to Red Sox, 6 to 2.

SUPERBAS MAKE FINE START, BUT SOON WILT

Stop After First Inning—Leonard Yields Only Five Hits.

By DANIEL.

Defeat—dismal, discouraging and long drawn out—again was the share of the Brooklyn Nationals yesterday afternoon in their quest of the absolute in baseball. Confronted with the opportunity to equalize the world's championship series with the Boston Americans at Ebbets Field the National League's standard bearers failed even more signally than is indicated by the score—6 to 2.

Having been victorious in three of the four games played, the American League representatives have only to triumph at Boston to-day to earn their fourth world's title and all the financial and other emoluments that go therewith. Despite the tremendous task ahead Brooklyn players and their well wishers still hope for ultimate success. The feat is possible. Its probability hinges on to-day's contest.

Brooklyn came in like a lion yesterday, but soon took on the appearance of a sheep going to the shearing. For just one inning, in which they scored both their runs, the Superbas looked more formidable than ever and threatened to outdo their exhibition of batting power that hurled Boston back only the day before. For just one inning the Superbas acted like worthy representatives of the league in which they won the pennant.

All Crumbles Under Fire.

Then they wilted. Their potency on attack, their strength in the pitching department, their effectiveness on defence—all crumbled under the fire of a counter rally that gave Boston the advantage by a run in the second inning and a sustained attack that kept adding to the total.

The great and lefthanded Rube Marquard set out to outdo himself at his best. For one inning he gave a most impressive exposition of speed and deceptive art as he turned the first Boston batsman back with an easy infield out and the next two on strikes. Marquard was the Marquard of his heyday as a member of the New York club. Surely victory was to be his.

But Boston was not to be denied. Ability to rise to the occasion had been one of the biggest factors in its success in the American League and again it was to come to its salvation. Marquard's first misstep came in the form of a pass to Hoblitzell in the second inning. It was suspected that the "Babe" was riding to a fall when he yielded a two base hit to Lewis, and the suspicion was vindicated when Gardner followed with a home run to the farthest confines of centre field and three runs were registered on the Boston score.

Rucker Enters Battle.

The next three men were retired in easy fashion and in the third inning Marquard disposed of the Red Sox in rather convincing fashion. Perhaps his lapse was only momentary. Yet adversity again knocked on the Rube's door in the fourth inning and two more hits gave the Red Sox another run. The retreat was sounded for Marquard and the fifth inning found Larry Cheney pitching for Brooklyn.

Though Cheney and his sharp breaking spit ball proved fairly effective, he was not destined to finish the task. Boston victory was assured almost beyond all doubt and here in the thick of battle and the lust for success came a tinge of sentiment.

Out yonder on the bench sat the veteran Nap Rucker. For ten years he had been a member of the Brooklyn club—its lone commanding figure in the years that had been so barren of victory and so fruitful of finishes in the lowest tiers of the league standing. His youthful vigor, his most powerful efforts and his famed slow ball had been wasted in the years of Superba failure.

His Ambition Realized.

For years Rucker had been one of the really great pitchers of all time, but never had he dared hope for a position on the mound in a world's series game. At last Brooklyn had succeeded in making its entry into the baseball classic, but younger arms were there to assume the pitching burden. The once great Rucker sat by idly, perhaps dreaming of his farm down there in Georgia.

In the midst of his revery came a call. Rucker was asked to go out and pitch—to stem the tide of Boston success and keep the score within presentable bounds. The ambition of a decade was finally realized. Rucker at last was on the mound in a world's series. As he wound up for his first effort a smile wreathed his features—he extended to the full majesty of the Rucker of yore, the slow ball king of the major leagues, as he wafted the first ball to Gardner and Umpire Quigley called "Strike!"

Rucker did yeoman's work in his two inning stay in the box. Only six men faced him and one, Hooper, in the ninth inning, got a single, but he too was soon swept off the paths. Three men were retired by the strikeout route. They could hardly be blamed. After the pitching of Marquard and Cheney, the main factor in which was speed, Rucker's slow ball, that floated up to the plate like a lazy zephyr, presented a most deceptive antithesis.

Leonard Comes Through.

It was probably Rucker's last effort in professional baseball. Well provided with worldly goods, possessor of a big farm in the South, he yearns for the rest and calm of the family circle and will most likely retire when the series is over. It was not so magnanimous for Wilbert Robinson to give Rucker his chance. It was Rucker's due, and he responded nobly.

Boston's pitching task was entrusted to Hubert (Dutch) Leonard, and while he had many an uneasy moment and in the early innings appeared to be in danger of recall he managed to squirm through all threatening situations after the opening session. His left handed delivery held the Superbas to five hits, with nary a safety in the last four innings.

Jimmy Johnston opened the game with a three base hit and was scored by a single by Harry Myers. Fred Merkle was passed. Perhaps those murmurs about Leonard's being out of condition were, after all, well founded. Truly the wondrous Leonard was being treated harshly. Bill Carrigan, the Red Sox manager, who was catching, signalled for Vean Gregg to become more industrious at his warming up work.

Wheat forced Merkle at second and advanced on a wild pitch. Janvrin juggled Cutshaw's bounder and Myers scored. The Brooklyn burghers went wild with enthusiasm. The despised and lowly Dodgers were to even the series!

A Lack Lustre Contest.

But Leonard tightened. Cutshaw's double in the fourth inning and singles by Merkle and Wheat in the fifth made Leonard look shaky, but always he emerged with flying colors. Always it was fast fielding or his own ability to recuperate that shattered Superbas' hopes.

Except for the continued brilliant and almost miraculous work by Everett Scott at shortstop and the batting features provided by Gardner and Johnston the game was devoid of high lights. It was in the main a slow, lackadaisical exhibition.

Scott kept his clean fielding record for world's series untarnished. He provided the fielding gem of the game in the eighth inning, when Merkle shot a hot bounder past Gardner. It looked like a certain hit, but rushing into deep short Scott did what has come to be the usual with him. He made a great stop and got Merkle at first. In the same inning Cutshaw performed a similar feat to the discomfiture of Gardner.

The game dragged along for more than two hours and a half—only a few minutes less than were required to play the remarkable fourteen inning battle at Boston on Monday. A good deal of the blame may be laid on Leonard. Never was a pitcher as dilatory, as deliberate and as exasperatingly slow as was Leonard.

Crowd Again Disappointing.

True, he had a lot depending on his efforts and it was his privilege to take as long as he liked. But it seemed he wasted altogether too much time. Every pitch was accompanied by a preliminary scraping up of dirt in the box. Leonard always stepped around several times in a complete arc. He stroked his hair, fixed his cap, pressed his trousers and examined the ball. If all these were signals, then Leonard is a superexpert in inside baseball.

The slowness was increased when Cheney mounted the rostrum, but dilatory as he was, Cheney looked like a tyro in wastefulness when compared with Leonard.

Many an onlooker wended his way out as early as the sixth inning, when it was seen that Boston's fine defence promised to hold the Superbas at bay to the end, and Brooklyn appeared unable to break into any more scoring. In the late innings Brooklyn's actions breathed the spirit of hopelessness. Not that the Superbas quit. They just looked very weak by comparison.

Again the size of the crowd was disappointing. The attendance mounted only six hundred higher than that of the disappointing home inaugural on Tuesday. Less than twenty-two thousand persons were present. This time the weather could not be blamed. It was almost an ideal day for baseball. Not a cloud flecked the sky. There was hardly any wind to speak of and the suggestion of autumn in the air was tempered by an Indian summer sun. Old Sol never smiled any brighter or more congenially on an October day.

Scalpers Again Hit.

Once more the ticket speculators were impressed with inadvisability of depending on the gullibility of the public, especially the Brooklyn public. Here and there in the stands were long rows of vacant seats. Here and there a vacant box told its own story. Even after a Brooklyn victory the citizens refused to muster enough "civic pride" to dig into their jeans to purchase tickets at what many regarded were exorbitant rates.

Certainly the number of individuals willing to give up $5 for the satisfaction of seeing the representatives of proud Brooklyn in action was not very great. The series here has preached a gospel more powerful than any uttered in the magic tones of a Beecher or a Phillips Brooks.

A good many fans saw the game, but contributed nothing to the box office. Either they mounted the summit of Crow Hill, beyond centre field, or patronized some of the twenty-five cent bleachers erected on neighboring roofs.

There was plenty of Brooklyn enthusiasm, from the Royal Rooters and unorganized forces, whenever there was any call for demonstration. The Royal Rooters from Boston were there, too, and this time it was their turn to parade around the field and refer to "three to one." Earlier in the afternoon they had jeered at the Boston legions—hardy enthusiasts who had paid something like $39.54 each for the privilege of encouraging their favorites and showing their "civic pride."

There were murmurs of protest against the prices charged for sandwiches and score cards. The cards, under the guise of souvenir programmes, were sold for twenty-five cents each, as compared with ten cents in Boston. Sandwiches of wafer proportions sold for fifteen cents each. Still, the National Commission was not responsible for the prices of those third cousins of a real sandwich or the "souvenirs."

A Trio of Old Giants.

When the Superbas took the field there was a resemblance of the group around the infield to that which so often went into battle for the Giants not so long ago. At first base was Merkle, unexpectedly taking the place of Jake Daubert. Behind the bat was Chief Meyers and in the box stood Marquard.

Merkle was sent into the battle because, it was said, Daubert had met with ill success against left handed pitchers. It was whispered that Daubert had volunteered to retire in favor of a man who might have better success against southpaw shoots. During the league season Daubert did well against left handers. However, it's a truly good man who knows when he is beaten.

The umpiring, as served up by Ernest Quigley at the plate, could have been much better and still have been regarded as poor. Quigley's judgment on balls and strikes was very much off color.

Connolly Starts Mystery.

Tommy Connolly, who umpired in right field, organized a little mystery in Boston's fifth inning. Cheney had just gone to the mound. Connolly suddenly stopped the game and stood gazing at the roof of the grand stand behind third base. Quigley and Dineen joined him, and all peered anxiously into the atmosphere. Some thought there was a fire in the stand or outside the grounds. It developed that a venturesome photographer had mounted to the tip of the grand stand roof and that the umpires suspected him of being a signal tipper. Suspicion always springs afresh in umpires' breasts.

When Pfeffer went in as a pinch hitter for Marquard in the fourth inning he was expected to pitch in the next round. However, he worked no more. Evidently Robertson feared to risk using Daubert or Stengel, who would have been sent into the game if Leonard had given way to a right hander. Later Getz and O'Mara were given chances as pinch hitters and opportunities to tell their grandchildren of how they had played in a world's series back in 1916.

The Brooklyn and Boston clubs left for Boston last evening at 6.15. Brooklyn may win to-day. It's a great team for coming back.

COMPOSITE BOX SCORE OF THE WORLD'S SERIES

BROOKLYN.

	AB	R	H	TB	2B	3B	HR	BB	SO	SH	SB	Bat. Ave.	PO	A	E	Field. Ave.
Johnston,rf	10	1	3	5	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	.300	1	0	1	.500
Myers,cf	18	2	4	7	0	0	1	0	2	1	0	.222	9	1	0	1.000
Daubert,1b	13	1	3	5	0	1	0	2	3	0	0	.231	30	2	0	1.000
Merkle,1b	3	0	1	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	.333	9	1	1	.909
Stengel,rf	7	2	3	3	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	.429	3	1	1	.800
Wheat,lf	15	2	4	6	0	1	0	2	0	0	1	.267	9	0	1	.900
Cutshaw,2b	16	1	2	3	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	.125	17	10	2	.931
Mowrey,3b	14	2	2	2	0	0	0	3	2	0	0	.143	7	12	1	.950
Olson,ss	13	1	4	6	0	1	0	2	2	2	0	.308	7	9	2	.889
Meyers,c	7	0	1	3	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	.143	17	6	0	1.000
Miller,c	8	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	.125	8	3	0	1.000
Marquard,p	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	.000	0	2	0	1.000
Pfeffer,p	2	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	.500	0	1	0	1.000
Smith,p	5	0	1	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	.200	1	7	0	1.000
Coombs,p	3	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.333	0	2	0	1.000
Cheney,p	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	1	.000
Rucker,p	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	.000
O'Mara	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	.000	0	0	0	.000
Getz	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	.000
Team	139	12	31	46	2	5	1	13	15	5	1	.223	118	57	10	.952

BOSTON.

	AB	R	H	TB	2B	3B	HR	BB	SO	SH	SB	Bat. Ave.	PO	A	E	Field. Ave.
Hooper,rf	18	4	6	9	1	1	0	2	1	0	1	.333	7	2	0	1.000
Janvrin,2b	19	2	3	5	2	0	0	0	6	1	0	.158	8	15	2	.920
Walker,cf	11	1	3	5	0	1	0	1	2	0	0	.273	4	1	0	1.000
Walsh,cf	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	1	0	0	1.000
Shorten,cf	4	0	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.750	0	0	0	1.000
Hoblitzell,1b	14	3	4	7	1	1	0	5	0	0	0	.286	55	3	0	1.000
Lewis,lf	14	2	4	6	2	0	0	2	1	3	0	.286	8	1	0	1.000
Gardner,3b	15	2	3	9	0	0	2	0	1	1	0	.200	7	13	2	.909
Scott,ss	13	1	2	4	0	1	0	1	1	0	0	.154	7	22	0	1.000
Thomas,c	7	0	1	3	0	1	0	0	1	1	0	.143	10	4	0	1.000
Cady,c	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	.000	7	0	0	1.000
Carrigan,c	3	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	.667	3	1	0	1.000
Shore,p	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	.000	0	3	0	1.000
Mays,p	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	.000	0	4	0	1.000
Ruth,p	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	.000	2	4	0	1.000
Foster,p	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	.000	1	2	0	1.000
Leonard,p	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	0	0	.000	0	1	0	1.000
Gainer	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1.000	0	0	0	.000
McNally	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	.000
Henriksen	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	.000
Team	137	17	32	54	6	5	2	16	22	7	1	.233	120	76	4	.970

Games won—Boston, 3; Brooklyn, 1. Pitchers' records—Games won, Shore, 1; Ruth, 1; Coombs, 1; Leonard, 1. Games lost, Marquard, 2; Smith, 1; Mays, 1. Sacrifice hits—Olson (2), Janvrin, Scott (2), Lewis (2), Thomas, Gardner, Carrigan, Myers, Stengel, Miller. Double plays—Janvrin, Scott and Hoblitzell; Hooper and Cady; Gardner, Janvrin and Hoblitzell; Scott, Janvrin and Hoblitzell (2); Mowrey, Cutshaw and Daubert; Myers and Miller. Stolen bases—Wheat and Hooper. Left on bases—Boston, 24; Brooklyn, 25. First base on errors—Boston, 4; Brooklyn, 2. Struck out—By Marquard, 9; by Shore, 6; by Smith, 2; by Ruth, 4; by Coombs, 1; by Pfeffer, 3; by Mays, 2; by Foster, 1; by Cheney, 3; by Rucker, 3; by Leonard, 3. Bases on balls—Off Marquard, 5; off Shore, 3; off Pfeffer, 2; off Smith, 4; off Ruth, 3; off Coombs, 1; off Mays, 3; off Cheney, 1. Hits—Off Marquard, 12 in 11 innings; off Shore, 11 in 8 2-3 innings; off Pfeffer, 1 in 3 1-3 innings; off Mays, 8 in 5 1-3 innings; off Smith, 7 in 13 1-3 innings; off Ruth, 6 in 14 innings; off Foster, 3 in 3 innings; off Coombs, 7 in 6 1-3 innings; off Cheney, 3 in 3 innings; off Rucker, 1 in 2 innings.

LEONARD'S PITCHING FEATURES GAME

After Poor Start Boston Pitcher Holds Superbas at His Mercy.

SCOTT STARS IN FIELD

By GEORGE B. UNDERWOOD.

If you accompany the Dodgers through this play by play account of the game the road at the start leads right up the heights of success and then—Blooey!—a sudden pitch over the cliff into the depths of defeat!

With these few remarks to break the news gently to the Flatbush fans and to ease the distressful shock that followed the exhilarating first inning let us proceed. It's a sad tale, matles, but we're off.

Hooper up. Marquard's first offering to Hooper was a ball. So was the next. Then Rube steadied and pitched two strikes. Marquard sent the next one curling up to the platter and Hooper tapped a bounder to the box, Marquard fielding and throwing Harry out at first.

With the count "three and two" on Janvrin Rube turned on the juice and Hal almost broke his back swinging at a fast one with a hop on it. "Three strikes; yer out!" After pitching one ball to Walker Rube burned over three straight strikes, the first two swung at and the third called. And every one remarked that Rube had a lot of stuff on the ball.

The Red Sox took the field. Jimmy Johnston led off for Brooklyn. On the first ball Leonard pitched Jimmy leaned into it and hit it an awful wallop, sending it between Hooper and Walker to the centre field exit gate. Hooper and Walker pursued it and before the ball could be relayed back to the infield Johnston was perched on third. With two strikes on Myers Hy slapped a clean single past Janvrin into right, scoring Johnston. Gee, what a start!

Leonard pitched two balls to Merkle, then a strike. Watchful waiting gained Fred two more balls and his base. Out in the bullpen in centre field Gregg started to warm up. None out, Myers on second and Merkle on first. Wheat up. Oh, didn't things look rosy for Brooklyn! With one called strike on Wheat Huck smashed a bounder to Gardner. Larry couldn't get Myers steaming into third, but he threw to Janvrin, forcing Merkle at second. Shucks!

Sox on the Run!

With two strikes and three balls on Cutshaw George grounded to Janvrin. Hal mussed the ball all over the landscape, finally falling on his face in his frenzy to field the ball, Myers scoring. Wheat taking third and Cutshaw getting a life.

Well! well! well! didn't things break right for Brooklyn? But wait. With two balls and a foul strike on Mowrey Mike swung again for a second strike, Cutshaw and Wheat starting a double steal and Wheat getting trapped off third, Carrigan to Janvrin to Gardner. A foul, a ball, another foul, and then Mowrey took his third strike. The rally was spiked.

Second inning. Here's where the beans were spilled and Brooklyn hopes went glimmering. With the count two and two on Hoblitzell Marquard pitched two more balls and presented Dick with first base. With a strike and two balls on Lewis, Duff "took hold of one" and bounced it off the right field fence for two bases, Hoblitzell going to third. Cheney started to warm up for Brooklyn. Marquard pitched three straight balls to Gardner, then two strikes. Larry fouled two into the grand stand, and then——BOOM!!!

Gardner's Hurricane Homer.

Like a shell from a 52 centimeter gun the ball whizzed over second and went over Myers's head in centre field and ricochetted along the ground to the centre field flagpole. Hoblitzell and Lewis raced home, and Gardner too circled the paths before the relay, Myers to Merkle, back to Chief. Meyers, could head him off. Gardner had banged out a hurricane homer with two on ahead, and with one fell swoop of his bludgeon changed the score to read, Boston 3, Brooklyn 2.

Scott followed Gardner's homer with a long drive to deep left, which Wheat got under after a hard run, but muffed the ball for a two base error after catching it. Manager Carrigan sacrificed Scott to third, Marquard to Merkle. Then Rube got rled and fanned Leonard. Hooper grounded out to Merkle, leaving Scott stranded on third.

In Brooklyn's half of the second inning Gardner made a good "fall over" block of Olson's grounder and tossed Ivy out at first. Chief Meyers walked and took second when Leonard was tossing out Marquard at first. Scott made a good stop of Johnston's wicked bounder and he was out, Scott to Hoblitzell, leaving Meyers marooned.

Cutshaw took Janvrin's grounder and tossed Hal out at the start of the third inning. With two strikes and two balls on Walker Clarence laid down a bunt between third and the box. Mowrey expected Marquard to field it and Marquard looked for Mike to do the trick. When Mowrey finally did get started for the ball it was too late. He missed his pickup anyway. It went for a hit. After it was three and two on Hoblitzell Dick lifted a long fly to Hy Myers. Marquard pitched two balls to Lewis. Walker attempted to steal and Chief Meyers killed him with a rifle bullet peg to Cutshaw.

Brooklyn went down three in a row in the third, Hy Myers on a long fly to Walker in deep centre, Merkle on a Texas leaguer to Scott in deep short and Wheat on a fly to Lewis.

With two and two on Lewis in the fourth Duff lined one past Mowrey to Wheat, Buck's rapid fielding holding Lewis to a single on a hit that looked like a two bagger. Gardner's sacrifice bunt, Mowrey to Merkle, planted Lewis on second. Scott grounded to Mowrey, who chased Lewis back to second and then threw Scott out at first.

With two balls and a strike on Carrigan Bill injected his first world's series hit, clouting a clean single over second and sending Lewis across the pan Myers's relay to Marquard came with Carrigan well off first, but Merkle also ran over to intercept the throw and the bag was uncovered. Leonard walked. A minute later he fell asleep off first and was killed, Meyers to Merkle to Cutshaw.

It was one and one on Cutshaw in Brooklyn's half of the fourth, when George drove a demon double to the right field corner, Hooper's quick fielding limiting George to two bases on a clout that generally would have netted a runner three bags. Mowrey walked, and Brooklyn's hopes started soaring. Olson threw cold water on proceedings by popping to Hoblitzell. With the count three and two on Meyers the Chief died hard, laying three fouls into the stand before lifting a high pop to Scott. Pfeffer was injected into the fray to bat for Marquard, and—oh, horrors!—Jeff fanned.

Cheney Starts Pitching.

Cheney took up the Brooklyn pitcher's burden in the fifth. Before the inning started "Technical Tommy" Connolly spotted a boy on the roof of the grand stand, and play was halted until the lad was "shooed" off. Larry opened by passing Hooper. With a strike and three balls on Janvrin, Larry found his range finder and struck Hal out, Hooper stealing second as Janvrin whiffed.

With Walker up, Cheney caught Hooper off second with a peg to Cutshaw, but Hooper, sliding back into the bag, knocked the ball out of George's hands. Cheney made Walker pop to Olson. Hoblitzell up. With Cheney pitching Dick changed his stance at bat, moving as far forward as the batter's box would permit instead of standing far to the rear and as close to the plate as possible, as he did when Marquard was pitching. On the first ball pitched Hoblitzell maced a single past Mowrey to Wheat, scoring Hooper. Then Cheney showed his mettle by fanning the slugging Duffy Lewis.

Johnston opened Brooklyn's half of the fifth with a high fly to Lewis and Hy Myers skied out to Hooper. Merkle landed on the first ball pitched and rammed a roaring single into right. Wheat followed with a sharp smash past Gardner, Larry diving for the ball in vain, into left. With the count 3 and 1 on Cutshaw, Quigley called a second strike on George that was a foot wide of the plate and below the knees. Then George lifted a long fly to Lewis in left centre, leaving Wheat and Merkle to languish.

Larry Fans Three.

Cheney struck out Gardner and Scott in the sixth, and then, after Carrigan drove safely past Mowrey, fanned Leonard. In Brooklyn's half of the inning Mowrey sent a long fly to Lewis, Olson grounded out to Scott and Chief Meyers popped to Hoblitzell.

Starting the seventh, Hooper, with two strikes and two balls on him, singled past Olson. Janvrin tried to sacrifice, but Mowrey fielded his bunt and whipped to Olson, forcing Hooper at second. Walker expired on a slow grounder to Olson, Janvrin taking second. Hoblitzell fouled one into the boxes back of third and then bunted to Cheney. Larry's throw to Merkle was a good one, but Hoblitzell knocked the ball out of Merkle's hands, Dick getting a life and Janvrin scoring. Mowrey scooped up Lewis's grounder and threw to Cutshaw, forcing Hoblitzell at second.

O'Mara batted for Cheney in Brooklyn's half of the seventh, and after two strikes waited and drew three balls. Then Ollie took a savage third strike. Johnston filed to Lewis and Hooper gobbled up Hy Myers's long fly in right centre.

Official Box Score.

Fourth game of the world's series, played at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, October 11, 1916.

BROOKLYN.

	ab.	r.	h.	o.	a.	e.	th.	so.	bb.
Johnston,rf	4	1	1	0	0	1	2	0	0
Myers,cf	4	1	1	1	0	0	1	0	0
Merkle,1b	3	0	1	9	1	1	1	0	1
Wheat,lf	4	0	1	0	0	1	1	0	0
Cutshaw,2b	4	0	1	3	2	0	2	0	0
Mowrey,3b	3	0	0	1	4	0	0	1	1
Olson,ss	3	0	0	2	2	0	0	0	1
Meyers,c	3	0	0	11	3	0	0	0	1
Stengel†	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Marquard,p	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0
Pfeffer*	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
Cheney,p	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
O'Mara‡	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
Rucker,p	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Getz§	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	32	2	5	27	14	4	8	3	4

BOSTON.

	ab.	r.	h.	o.	a.	e.	th.	so.	bb.
Hooper,rf	4	1	2	3	0	0	2	0	0
Janvrin,2b	5	0	0	1	2	1	0	2	0
Walker,cf	4	0	1	2	0	0	0	1	0
Hoblitzell,1b	3	1	2	8	0	0	2	0	1
Lewis,lf	4	2	2	6	0	0	2	1	0
Gardner,3b	3	1	1	1	2	0	4	1	0
Scott,ss	4	0	0	2	2	0	0	1	0
Carrigan,c	2	0	2	3	1	0	2	1	0
Leonard,p	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	1
Totals	32	6	10	27	10	1	14	11	2

*Batted for Marquard in fourth inning.
†Batted for Cheney in seventh inning.
‡Ran for Meyers in ninth inning.
§Batted for Rucker in ninth inning.

Boston	0	3	0	1	1	0	1	0	0	6
Brooklyn	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2

Two base hits—Lewis, Cutshaw, Hoblitzell. Three base hit—Johnston. Home run—Gardner. Stolen base—Hooper. Sacrifice hits—Carrigan, Gardner. Left on bases—Boston, 5; Brooklyn, 7. First base on errors—Boston, 1; Brooklyn, 1. Bases on balls—Off Leonard, 4; off Marquard, 2; off Cheney, 1. Hits and earned runs—Off Leonard, 5 hits, 1 run in 9 innings; off Marquard, 5 hits, 4 runs in 4 innings; off Cheney, 4 hits, 1 run in 3 innings; off Rucker, 1 hit, no runs in 2 innings. Struck out—By Leonard, 3; by Marquard, 3; by Cheney, 3; by Rucker, 2. Wild pitch—Leonard. Passed ball—Meyers. Umpires—At plate, Mr. Quigley; on bases, Mr. Dineen; left field, Mr. O'Day; right field, Mr. Connolly. Time of game—2 hours and 20 minutes.

Rucker Trots to Mound Amid Cheers of Fans

The stands broke into a cheer when Nap Rucker, the old Brooklyn hero, trotted on to the mound at the start of the eighth. With "2 to 2" on Gardner Larry grounded to Cutshaw back of first, George making a great stop and throw. After two balls had been pitched to Scott Everett lifted an easy foul to Merkle, which Fred dropped for an error. Another strike, another ball and then Scott grounded to Olson. Rucker pitched one ball to Carrigan and then fanned him on three straight strikes.

Scott killed off Merkle's bid for a hit with a corking stop in deep short in Brooklyn's half of the eighth. On the first ball pitched Wheat sent a fly to Walker. With two strikes and a ball on Cutshaw George lashed a long, low liner to right, Hooper coming in for a shoestring catch.

Leonard swung at Rucker's first offering in the ninth. The next was a ball. Dutch punctured the ozone attempting to land on a dinky drop for strike two. Then Nap curled one right across the platter for the third strike. Hooper singled to right on the first ball pitched and took second when Johnston fought the ball all over the outfield. With a strike and two balls on Janvrin Nap curled over the second strike, and Hooper, attempting to steal, was killed, Meyers to Mowrey. Then Nap put over the third strike on Janvrin, retiring the side.

Mowrey came up with a do or die thrust of his jaw in Brooklyn's half of the ninth. After lacing a foul to right Mike hammered a long drive to left centre, Lewis making a great catch near the extra bleachers. Mike's wallop was a regular man sized one and Duffy's coral was a corker. Olson looked over three straight balls. Then came a called strike. Ivy then was awarded his fourth ball and a ticket to first.

When Chief Meyers drew three straight balls some of the Dodger fans who remembered how Shore aeroplaned in the ninth inning in Boston last Saturday scented a belated ascension by Leonard too. Leonard, however, grooved the next one and Meyers grounded to Janvrin, forcing Olson at second, Janvrin to Scott. Meyers managed to reach first ahead of Scott's throw to Hoblitzell for an attempted double play.

Uncle Robbie sent Stengel in to run for Meyers and Getz was ordered to bat for Rucker. Leonard's first offering to Getz was a called strike. Gus fouled off the next one. Again Gus lifted a foul into the press stand. Then he sent a bounder skipping down to Gardner, Larry throwing Gus out at first and ending the agony.

Brooklyn Outclassed by World's Champions

Red Sox, in Field, at Bat and on Mound, Display Brand of Baseball Far Superior to That of Dodgers in Fourth Game of Series.

By FREDERICK G. LIEB.

In no previous game of the 1916 world's series did the Red Sox show the all around class they displayed on Ebbets Field yesterday. The Sox made the Brooklyn Dodgers look bad in contrast while flopping them for the third time in the series. The score was 6 to 2. The Hub men led Ebbets's employees yesterday in every department—batting, pitching and fielding. Yesterday's game did not hinge on any breaks. The Red Sox won by too big a margin.

The writer spoke yesterday of the salubrious effect a defeat often had on the Boston team. It has been a habit of the Red Sox to come back strongly after each setback. Last Tuesday's defeat in Brooklyn seemed to have spurred on the Carrigan tribe, and after the second inning yesterday Brooklyn never had a lookin.

For one inning it looked mighty rosy for the clan of Robinson, as the Superbas opened on Dutch Leonard, the crack Boston southpaw, for a pair of runs. But it looked shaky in the first inning, but after that he had the Brooklyns at his mercy. He pitched almost as good a game as he did last fall when he held the Phillies to three hits and beat the great Alexander in a pitchers' battle, 2 to 1.

Shake Off Prosperity.

The Superbas evidently could not stand prosperity, and they followed Tuesday's splendid exhibition by a game which showed the Robins at their worst. They got poor pitching early in the game and the errors again piled up in a most annoying way to Wilbert Robinson.

With the exception that there was no hair raising ninth inning rally, the Brooklyn public saw a replica of the opening game played in Boston last Saturday. It will be recalled that Boston led in this game, 6 to 1, until Shore blew up in the ninth inning, when a four run Brooklyn rally cancelled a lot of inferior playing of the preceding eight innings. But there was no ninth inning round to raise gooseflesh on Charley Ebbets yesterday. Leonard was too strong for the Superbas.

Boston's one sided victory snapped the chain of one run victories which have been the rule during the past two world's series. Prior to yesterday eight straight world's series games had been decided by one run.

It now looks as though the Red Sox have the Dodgers on the run and that by to-night they will have won the right to retain their world's champion title for another year. Brooklyn is now very much up against it. All it needs to do now to win the series is to beat the Red Sox in three straight games, which is a mighty tough assignment, inasmuch as the Bostons have won seven of their last eight world's series games.

Red Sox Turned Trick in 1903.

Only one club as bad in the rut as the Dodgers are this morning succeeded in winning the biggest slice of the spoils. Pittsburg had the Red Sox three victories to one in 1903, but the Bostons rallied and took the series by winning four straight games. But this isn't exactly a parallel case. The 1903 series was for the most games out of nine, so after losing three out of four Boston still could lose one game and have a chance to win. With Brooklyn one defeat is fatal.

The Red Sox of 1912 had the Giants in as bad a fix as the 1916 Boston model has the Dodgers, and the Hub boys came mighty close to blowing the series. After a great reversal of