Greatest Gathering in History of American National Pastime Sees Red Sox Win World's Baseball Title

BOSTON DEFEATS BROOKLYN; WINS WORLD'S TITLE

Record Crowd, 42,620 Fans, Sees Dodgers Humbled in Fifth Game, 4 to 1.

RED SOX TAKE SERIES, FOUR GAMES TO ONE

Carrigan Finishes Career by Gaining Highest Honors in Baseball Universe.

By DANIEL.

BOSTON, Oct. 12.—Brooklyn's civic pride suffered its supreme setback this afternoon. In the fifth and what proved to be the final game of the world's championship baseball series the Brooklyn Nationals were as clay in the hands of the Boston Americans and were forced to accept another and all conquering defeat. The score was 4 to 1.

Having won four contests the Boston players were once more proclaimed champions of diamond domain, the acquisition of which has come to be a habit with the local American League club.

Braves Field, the biggest baseball arena in the country, had never before played host to a gathering as large as that which witnessed the humiliation of Brooklyn and the National League this afternoon. A crowd of 42,620 saw the final struggle in the classic revival. This established a one game attendance record for professional baseball.

Day of Records.

It was a day of records all around—even to the lack lustre, lackadaisical, helpless way in which the Brooklyn club attempted to forestall the inevitable. The occasion demanded that the National Leaguers put forth their most powerful efforts on attack and their cleanest and speediest strokes in defence, but in all they failed.

The batting prowess that made the Superbas leaders in the National League was put to shame by Ernest Shore, who allowed them only three hits, one of which was of rather doubtful lineage. Their fielding ability, never formidable, sagged a bit. Their pitching, delivered chiefly by Edward Pfeffer, one of the best exponents of the art in the older league, yielded seven hits for a total of ten bases. Pfeffer was not in his regal form. He had plenty of speed, but it seemed to be to the liking of the Red Sox, for invariably they struck the ball squarely. Weiser Dell pitched in the eighth inning.

The somewhat frequent meeting of horsehide and willow chanted a doleful requiem for Brooklyn hopes. For sixteen years Brooklyn had waited for a pennant and a chance to enter the tilts with the American League champions. The pennant aspiration was fulfilled, but the hope of world conquest had only once before been crushed in quicker and more convincing fashion.

Uphold Honesty of Sport.

One thing may be said about the undeferred decision. It speaks volumes for the honesty of baseball, which from time to time has been the victim of aspersion. It might have been possible to draw the series out, perhaps to the limit of seven games, but since 1913 short series have been the rule.

With Shore working with might and main to avenge the indignity heaped upon him last Saturday when Brooklyn drove him from the mound in the ninth inning and organized its four run rally, the Superbas had little chance. Shore was in one of his rare moods—as deceptive as a master of legerdemain, as powerful as an Alexander, as ungenerous as a miser over his hoard, as steady as Plymouth Rock.

Shore never faltered. Inability to sustain good form had been a rather frequent failing with the North Carolina student, but that Superba slap on Saturday developed a determination that Brooklyn could never break down. Instead of showing signs of weakening Shore gained in effectiveness as the contest and the series waned.

Shore Complete Master.

Shore spun his shoots even better than Sid Babe Ruth, the left hander in that memorable fourteen inning battle Monday. The first Brooklyn hit this afternoon did not come until the fifth inning, but even that was a creature of fortune. Chief Meyers spanked a bounder, which carromed off Shore's glove and eluded both Scott and Gardner. It was one of those freak, scratchy hits and even the slow footed Indian got to first base before the return could be made.

The initial honest-to-goodness Brooklyn hit was registered in the seventh inning, when Mike Mowrey rammed a single to left field. Then another barren inning and in the ninth Charley Stengel opened with another one base hit to Duffy Lewis's territory. Just those three hits and nothing more.

It was one of the most brilliant exhibitions of pitching yet flashed in a world's series. How those folks down at Guilford College in North Carolina will talk of their star baseball product and how he had made series history. And let it be whispered in passing that John McGraw was first to see the big league possibilities of Shore, when he was still a collegian. It will be remembered that Shore pitched only one inning as a Giant, and the Boston Nationals made ten runs off him.

Pfeffer Only Ordinary.

Pfeffer, the powerful, who had been expected to be the Superbas, mainstay in the box, worked along at an ordinary gait for seven innings. He pitched well by fits and starts and was unable to deceive consistently, so when the eighth opened and it was the pitcher's chance to bat Fred Merkle appeared at the plate. In its final turn at the bat, in the eighth inning, Boston faced Dell, whose dingdong delivery was located for a base hit by Hal Janvrin. The next three locals went out in order—none too fast for everybody concerned.

It was cold. Old Boreas blew in approved autumn form and the temperature fell below that which marked the opening game at Brooklyn Tuesday. Fur coats were apropos. Far above the populace, on the roof deck, the poor scriveners froze and stamped their feet.

It was an ideal day for a Yale-Harvard football game. The air was clear as with frost and in the background the Charles took on that fascinating color that presages early ice. Across the river the chimney pots and factory stacks of Cambridge smoked defiance of the holiday and the momentous event hard by. Columbus Day is a big occasion here and no doubt was responsible for the record attendance. It was that probably more than Boston's tribute to the formidability of Brooklyn.

Representative Gathering.

If it was a big gathering, it was also a typically American crowd. Here a Harvard professor, with thoughts perhaps turning to the equation for an outcurve, sat cheek by jowl with a huckster enjoying the lone extravagance he allowed himself during the season. And pretty girls were there too. They were yellow chrysanthemums, as on a football holiday, and waved crimson pennants for the Red Sox.

There was a surfeit of flag waving, yelling and the overworked "Tessie." The Royal Rooters made the most of the occasion, especially when the last Superba had been retired and the title was again assured to Boston. Then, headed by their band, they went through the time honored routine of celebration. As pathfinders for the procession marched Charles H. Ebbetts, president of the Brooklyn club, still chuckling over the receipts, and Joseph J. Lannin, head of the Boston club, none the less jubilant—either financially or perhaps over his team's triumph.

They shook hands. Bill Carrigan, manager of the Red Sox, in the exultation of the moment tossed several balls to the fans. Together the Red Sox and the Superbas marched into the dressing rooms, while the erstwhile antagonists slapped each other on the back and congratulated each other—perhaps on the size of their checks.

The crowd slowly filed out—another world's series had gone down into baseball history. The field was deserted except for a snow white dove. All through the game that dove had hovered over the diamond, making its headquarters near the Boston bench. It skimmed low and peacefully, presaging an early cessation of hostilities, while the Superbas worked so valiantly to make the prophecy true.

Few Rare Moves in Game.

Of high lights there developed few. Everett Scott, whose work at shortstop had been the glittering feature of previous games, finally suffered the inevitable. He cracked under the strain—in Wilsonesque language, overwhelmed by his own effectiveness—and played only an ordinary game. He was guilty of two errors.

The one scintillating play was a great catch by Zack Wheat—a flash that relieved the dull monotony of the famous outfielder's disappointing work of the series. In the fifth inning Shore, regardless of the time honored batting weakness of pitchers, took it upon himself to make a three base hit. He wou'd have succeeded but for a lightning dash and a shoestring catch by Wheat. In the eighth session Duffy Lewis retired Merkle in a play that resembled Wheat's effort.

Then there was Lewis's three base hit which Wheat handled so poorly in the second inning that evened the score when Gardner lifted a sacrifice fly to Wheat. Otherwise the exhibition was as barren of sensations as a Sunday in Boston.

Two Errors on One Play.

There was a rather unusual monopoly on errors by Ivan Olson in the third inning, when he gained the doubtful distinction of being charged with two misplays on one misguided effort. Janvrin rammed a shot at Olson, and in his haste to get Hooper at second Olson not only fumbled the ball, but threw wildly, with the result that Janvrin was safe at first, Cady scored and Hooper reached third base. That was the break in the game, as Hooper crossed the plate later on Shorten's single.

Shore's success made the Superbas suspicious in the early innings, and on several occasions the batsman requested the privilege of examining the ball. Evidently the horsehide was behaving strangely—perhaps the Brooklyns suspected Shore of using the emery ball. But they saw nothing out of the ordinary on the sphere, and even Tommy Connolly, who called the balls and strikes, could not suppress a grin. When Tommy grins there's a master opportunity for a comic paper.

The mighty Tyrus Cobb, Christy Mathewson, Buck Herzog and other diamond celebrities hobnobbed with the press. In the sixth inning Scott presented Cobb with a souvenir of the occasion by popping a foul into the press stand. A scribe muffed it, but Cobb was right there to clutch the ball with the avidity of a ten-year-old.

Among even the most ardent of Brooklyn adherents there are mighty few to-night who are not glad the series is over. It always was apparent that the Boston club classed far above its National League rival, and that Brooklyn victory was only postponing the inevitable.

Robby Praises Victors.

Wilbert Robinson, manager of the Superbas, was sorry that his team had failed so dismally, but was all praise for the Red Sox. "The better club won" was the crux of Robinson's statement as he prepared for his flight back to Baltimore and duck shooting on the Chesapeake. In the dressing room there appeared to be only one downcast Dodger. He was Pfeffer. The pitcher had been confident of at least one victory in the series, and he too had failed.

For Carrigan it was the last game in professional baseball. The leader of the Red Sox was stoutly insistent that he would retire with this season, and tonight, as he made ready for an automobile tour with Mrs. Carrigan, he reiterated his determination to resign the managership and membership on a club which he had piloted so ably. Carrigan is rated at $75,000 and Mrs. Carrigan is reputed to be worth even more. He yearns for rest, and deserves it.

The feast, such as it was, is over and the guests have departed. Baseball followers here look for another world's series in Boston next year, but expect more severe opposition, with the New York Nationals again facing the Red Sox. It is conceded that the Giants are superior to the Dodgers—but let that take none of the lustre from the achievements of the Boston Americans, world's champions for 1916.

Summary of Final World's Series Game

Attendance	42,620
Receipts	$83,813 00
Each club's share	37,742 85
National Commission	8,387.30

Figures for five games:

Attendance	162,830
Receipts	$383,560.50
Players' share (four games)	167,972.45
Each club's share	92,052.07
National Commission	38,050.03
Each Boston player gets	3,833 94
Each Brooklyn player gets	2,715.41

In 1915 the fifth game figures were:

Attendance	20,306
Receipts	$82,029.00
Each club's share	23,413.05
National Commission	5,202.90

In 1915 for five games it was:

Attendance	143,341
Receipts	$320,381.50
Each club's share	71,112.93
National Commission	32,036.15

Previous to this year the record receipts for five games was $325,080, taken in at the series between the Giants and Athletics in 1913. The receipts this year exceeded the best previous record by almost $60,000. The record for a series is $490,883, taken in at the eight games played between the Giants and Red Sox in 1912.

ROBINS FAIL TO EXTEND RED SOX IN FINAL GAME

Brooklyn, Outclassed by Boston, Succumbs Without Protest and Quietly.

SHORE SHOWS DODGERS HIGH CLASS PITCHING

By FREDERICK G. LIEB.

BOSTON, Oct. 12.—An ardent Brooklyn fan, who had travelled to Boston to watch the Brooklyn Superbas be counted out in the 1916 world's series, spoke harshly of the Flatbush team after today's defeat. "I am ashamed of them," he declared.

"There is nothing to be ashamed of," we informed him. "Brooklyn was outclassed from the start and helpless against a team that excelled it in all departments."

That is the entire story of the 1916 world's series, which ended here to-day when the Red Sox slammed the Dodgers in the fifth and deciding game by the score of 4 to 1. Brooklyn clubbed its way into a National league pennant, but the kind of ball it played from September on could hardly be expected to get it much in a series with such a crack team as the Boston Red Sox.

Before the series started we called attention to the fact that Brooklyn won the pennant despite the fact that it lost seven of its last eight games to Philadelphia, its leading rival. The Red Sox, on the other hand, won their pennant by beating the White Sox and Tigers five out of six games on alien fields.

Failed at Critical Time.

Brooklyn in the bigger test played the ball it showed in the critical games with the Phillies and the Red Sox played the ball that enabled them to run their steam roller through the West. Brooklyn in an important series seems to be at its worst. Under the same conditions the Red Sox are at their best.

After Brooklyn won its lone victory Tuesday the Red Sox aroused themselves to their highest pitch. The last two games of the series were walkaways for the Back Bay boys. In to-day's game as in yesterday's Brooklyn got off to a momentary lead, but it soon was frittered away. By the third inning there was little doubt that the Red Sox again won'd be world's champions.

Boston's clean cut victory again made it a complete sweep for Ban Johnson's teams in the interleague warfare. In the world's series and the Chicago and St. Louis series the National League got but two victories. The Red Sox won from Brooklyn four games out of five; the White Sox beat the Cubs in four straight games and the Browns beat the Cardinals four games to one. In the fall series of 1915 and 1916 the American League teams won twenty-four games against six for their National League opponents.

Shore's Pitching Stands Out.

The feature of the final game was Ernest Shore's masterful pitching. The long Carolinian, once passed up by the Giants, came back with bells on and pitched a great world's series game. He subdued the Dodgers with three scattered hits, one of them an infield scratch. He had Brooklyn hypnotized. Its only run drifted in on a passed ball.

According to the Red Sox players, Shore felt badly when taken out of last Saturday's game after blowing up in the ninth inning. He had a lead of 6 to 1 when the inning opened. Cady said that Shore had more curves in that busy ninth than at any time in the game, but that a few bad bounding balls, which went for infield hits, put him in trouble. Ever since Shore had been begging Carrigan for another opportunity to get at Brooklyn.

Only six Dodgers reached base, three on singles, one on a pass and two on errors by Everett Scott. After playing errorless ball in nine straight world's series games the sensational Everett marred his clean blue ribbon record with two poor throws to first. His first error came in the opening inning on Stengel after he had handled forty-seven consecutive world's series chances without a slip. However, the fielding marvel had the honor of catching Mowrey's pop for the exit out in the ninth inning.

Shore Evades Trouble.

Only twice in the game was Shore in trouble. Catshaw drifted around to third base in the second inning on Shore's lone pass, Mowrey's sacrifice and Olson's infield out. Before Gardner had a chance to retire Chief Meyers Cutshaw finished the journey on a passed ball.

In the seventh with two out Mowrey knocked a single to left for the first clean hit off Shore. Olson hit to Scott, who first fumbled and then followed it up with a two base wild throw. That put Mowrey on third and Olson on second. But they were left when Scott took charge of Meyers's easy grounder. Especially did Shore show up Daubert and Wheat, the batting stars of the Superbas. Neither gave a fielder a hard chance during the game. Capt. Jake met Shore nine times during the series and the best he has to show for it is a base on balls.

Wheat Falls Down.

Wheat's failure in this series, however, was even more pronounced than that of Daubert. Zack made hits in his first two times up in the first game, and then only two more for the rest of the series. However, Zack did not look as bad at bat as in the field and on the bases.

Considered by many the best all around outfielder in the National League his fielding was as crude as a green busher just entering the league. For some reason he played against the deep left field fence in Braves Field and seemed afraid of the Sox getting them over his knob. Several drives got away from him for triples. His throws to the plate were crude.

Duffy Lewis, the Red Sox left fielder, made Wheat look like a rank busher leaguer by comparison. Whitted, the Philadelphia left fielder, fell down hard a year ago when he made only one hit in five games, but he at least held up his end in the field.

Giving Wheat what credit is due him he made a sparkling catch off Shore in the fifth inning, which robbed the Boston pitcher of a triple. It was a low liner in left centre, a most difficult kind of a catch.

Pfeffer Gets Chance.

Big Jeff Pfeffer, who for two seasons was considered the best bet of the Dodger pitching stable, received his chance to start a game. Pfeffer pitched fairly well. His support was off color. The Red Sox lay back and waited for his fast one, and gave it some long rides. The Bostons cuffed some balls with great vim. Some were stopped, but on others the poor Dodgers offended atrociously.

Poor Ivan Olson, known in Flatbush as Ivan the Terrible, because of his fielding, was the gent who gummed things up for Pfeffer. Olson selected the worst possible time to insert a double jointed error into the box score. But perhaps there is no real beneficial time to make double errors.

Cady was on first and Hooper on second in the third inning, one out, and the score 1 and 1, when Janvrin hit to Ivan. Olson juggled the ball and then made a frantic throw into right field, trying for a late force play at second. That let Cady over and Hooper on third. Hooper scored on Shorten's pretty line single to centre.

Shorten surely is entitled to much glory in this series. A kid fresh from the minors, in two games he has hit four singles and a sacrifice in seven official times at bat. Two of his hits drove in runs. Shorten in two games had as many hits as Wheat produced in five games and one more than Daubert got in four games. That is some batting for a youngster. Every one of his hits was as clean as a whistle, all vicious drives to the outfield.

Lewis Still Great.

Lewis and Hooper closed their 1916 world's series counts with almost as high averages as they had in 1915. Hoblitzell walked so often during the series the Lewis was called upon to do more than his share of sacrificing. Hobby only walked once to-day, so Duffy had to sacrifice only once. When he got a chance to face Pfeffer he belted him for a triple and a single. Lewis closed the series with a batting average of .353, almost as good as his ratio of .444 last fall. Lewis also made a corking catch of a line drive from Merkle's bat in the eighth inning, the feature play on the Hub side.

Hooper finished his day with a single and a pass, and two runs. He completed the series with a batting average of .333, against .309 last year. He has hit safely in each one of the ten world's series games the Red Sox have played in the past two seasons, a record not to be despised, as he faced what are supposed to be the two best pitching staffs in the National League—Alexander of the Phillies and Robbie's pitching wonders.

Hy Myers started to be the Brooklyn hero, but he rather petered out. After getting two hits in the first game and a home run the first time up in the second game, he made only one hit for the remainder of the series. He closed the series with an average of .182. He fell down on his first fielding chance to-day, and fell down may be taken literally as figuratively. Myers actually tripped. He was going after Janvrin's smash to left in the fifth inning, stumbled and fell just as he was about to get under the ball. The sphere dropped safely for a double, and Hooper scored from first. Had it not been for the great fielding behind Babe Ruth and a fatal slip by Cutshaw Brooklyn would have won that game.

Cagey old John Coombs worked the third game and won it with Pfeffer's assistance. The best scheme seemed to be to come back with Marquard, but the Rube could not come back. He is not a world's series pitcher. He has been in four series and won only two games. Those he took from the Red Sox four years ago. Rube won the first of these games when Devore saved him in the ninth by a miracle catch, and in his second game he was propped up by a five run lead which the Giants piled up at Huck O'Brien's expense in the first inning.

Hobby might have used Smith to-day, but it is doubtful if anybody on Robby's staff could have defeated Shore.

Boston Gains Batting Laurels.

Brooklyn, which had outbatted the Red Sox in the first three games, folded up in its attack in the last two, getting only eight hits off Leonard and Shore, against seventeen for the Red Sox in the same contests. The Boston men closed with a team batting average of .258, against .200 for Brooklyn. Boston's sterling pitching staff surely held up its end, as far as the Dodgers are concerned.

Brooklyn fans may blame Olson for to-day's defeat. The Brooklyn fan we started to tell about was ready to drop Ivan into the Charles River. However, the magnates have reason to be thankful for Ivan, as his triple in the third game was responsible for each owner collecting an extra $35,000.

Brooklyn won its lone game, 4 to 3, and Olson was responsible for three of the four runs scored by the Flatbushers. Had Ivan been dormant that day Boston would have swept the series in four games. Olson is one of the poorest shortstops in the big league, but deserves credit. He was the hero of Brooklyn's lone victory.

Robinson Figured Wisely.

Some National League partisans were grumbling about how Robby worked his pitchers. They were second guessers. Robinson could not have worked his pitchers better than he did. Pfeffer and Cheney failed him against the Phillies, and Marquard and Coombs came to his rescue. Marquard kept Brooklyn in first place by vastly beating Alexander after Brooklyn had lost seven straight to Philadelphia.

Marquard was the logical man to start, especially as Carrigan presented a lineup full of left handed batters. Robby tried to cross Boston by pitching Sherrod Smith in the second game, and almost got away with it. Had it not been for the great fielding behind Babe Ruth and a fatal slip by Cutshaw Brooklyn would have won that game.

COMPOSITE BOX SCORE OF THE WORLD'S SERIES

BROOKLYN.

	G	AB	R	H	TB	2B	3B	HR	BB	SO	SH	SB	Bat. Ave.	PO	A	E	Field. Ave.
Stengel,rf	3	11	2	4	4	0	0	0	1	1	0		.364	3	1	1	.800
Coombs,p	1	3	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0		.333	0	2	0	1.000
Johnson,rf	3	10	1	3	5	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	.300	1	0	1	.500
Merkle,1b	3	4	0	1	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	.250	9	1	1	.909
Olson,ss	5	16	1	4	6	0	1	0	2	2	2	0	.250	9	12	4	.840
Pfeffer,p	4	4	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	.250	0	2	0	1.000
Wheat,lf	5	19	2	4	6	0	1	0	2	2	0	1	.211	14	0	1	.933
Smith,p	1	5	0	1	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	.200	1	7	0	1.000
Meyers,c	3	10	0	2	4	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	.200	21	8	0	1.000
Myers,cf	5	22	2	4	7	0	0	1	0	3	1	0	.182	9	1	0	1.000
Daubert,1b	4	17	1	3	5	0	1	0	2	3	0	0	.177	40	3	0	1.000
Mowrey,3b	5	17	2	3	3	0	0	0	3	2	1	0	.177	8	15	2	.920
Miller,c	2	8	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	.125	8	3	0	1.000
Cutshaw,2b	5	19	2	2	3	1	0	0	1	1	0	0	.105	19	13	2	.941
Marquard,p	2	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	.000	0	2	0	1.000
Cheney,p	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	1	.000
Rucker,p	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	.000
Dell,p	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	.000
O'Mara	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	.000	0	0	0	.000
Getz	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	.000
Team	5	170	13	34	49	2	5	1	14	19	6	1	.200	142	70	13	.942

BOSTON.

	G	AB	R	H	TB	2B	3B	HR	BB	SO	SH	SB	Bat. Ave.	PO	A	E	Field. Ave.
Gainer	1	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1.000	0	0	0	.000
Carrigan,c	1	3	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	.667	3	1	0	1.000
Shorten,cf	2	7	0	4	4	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	.571	3	0	0	1.000
Lewis,lf	5	17	3	6	10	2	1	0	2	1	4	0	.353	9	1	0	1.000
Hooper,rf	5	21	6	7	10	1	1	0	3	1	0	1	.333	8	2	0	1.000
Walker,cf	3	11	1	3	5	0	1	0	1	2	0	0	.273	4	1	0	1.000
Cady,c	2	4	1	1	1	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	.250	11	1	0	1.000
Hoblitzell,1b	5	17	3	4	7	1	1	0	6	0	1	0	.235	69	4	0	1.000
Janvrin,2b	5	23	2	5	8	3	0	0	0	6	1	0	.217	8	16	2	.909
Gardner,3b	5	17	2	3	9	0	0	2	0	1	1	0	.176	7	18	2	.926
Thomas,c	2	7	0	1	3	0	1	0	0	1	1	0	.143	10	4	0	1.000
Scott,ss	5	16	1	2	4	0	1	0	1	1	0	0	.125	9	25	2	.944
Walsh,cf	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	1	0	0	1.000
Shore,p	2	7	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	.000	2	6	0	1.000
Mays,p	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	.000	0	4	0	1.000
Ruth,p	1	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	.000	2	4	0	1.000
Foster,p	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	.000	1	2	0	1.000
Leonard,p	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	0	0	.000	0	1	0	1.000
McNally	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	.000
Henricksen	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	.000
Team	5	161	21	39	64	7	6	2	18	24	10	1	.238	147	90	6	.975

SCORES BY GAMES.

						Total
Brooklyn				5	1	4	2	1—13
Boston				6	2	3	6	4—21

Games won—Boston, 4; Brooklyn, 1. Pitchers' records—Games won—Shore, 2; Ruth, 1; Coombs, 1; Leonard, 1. Games lost—Marquard, 2; Smith, 1; Mays, 1; Pfeffer, 1. 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. Left on bases—Boston, 28; Brooklyn, 30. First base on errors—Boston, 3; Brooklyn, 4. Struck out—By Marquard, 9; by Shore, 10; by Smith, 2; by Ruth, 4; by Coombs, 1; by Pfeffer, 5; by Mays, 2; by Foster, 1; by Cheney, 3; by Rucker, 3; by Leonard, 3. Bases on balls—Off Marquard, 3; off Shore, 1; off Pfeffer, 1; off Smith, 4; off Ruth, 3; off Coombs, 1; off Mays, 2; off Cheney, 1. Hits—Off Marquard, 12 in 11 innings; off Shore, 14 in 17 2-3 innings; off Pfeffer, 8 in 11 1-3 innings; off Mays, 8 in 5 1-3 innings; off Smith, 7 in 13 1-3 innings; off Ruth, 6 in 11 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. Wild pitches—Leonard, 1; Foster, 1; Pfeffer, 2. Passed balls—Meyers, 2; Cady, 1. Hit by pitcher—By Mays (Myers); by Shore (Cutshaw).

LEE AXWORTHY CLIPS WAGON TROTTING MARK

Stallion Adds Laurels at Final Day of Lexington Grand Circuit.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Oct. 12.—Lee Axworthy, champion trotting stallion of the world, driven to a wagon by one of his owners, Harry K. Devereaux of Cleveland, lowered the wagon record of 2:05¾ for trotting stallions to 2:02¾ on the final day of the forty-fourth annual meeting of the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders Association here to-day.

The three races on the card were won in straight heats. Locust Rug took the 2:20 trot, Little Frank D. the 2:10 pace and Roseville the 2:12 trot. Valentine held the reins of Little Frank D. and Locust Rug. The summaries:

First Race—2:20 trot; in 3; purse, $1,000:
Locust Rug, b. g., by Sidney Prince (Valentine) 1 1 1
Zoe Dillon, gr. m. (McDonald) 2 2 2
Marie Constant, b. m. (Green) 3 3 4
Alva Coffman, br. g. (Chandler) 5 4 3
Bernice Moore, br. m. (Beard) ..... 4 dis
Altochimes, b. h. (Regan) ..... dis
Roy, b. g. (W. Stout) ..... dis
Peter Patchen, br. h. (Willis) ..... dis
Time—2:08¾, 2:07¾, 2:06¾.

Second Race—2:10 pace; 3 in 5; purse, $1,000:
Little Frank D., b. g., by Little Frank (Valentine) 1 1 1
Hal Leaf, b. h. (Whitehead) 2 2 2
Lady Venus, br. m. (Beard) 3 4 3
Major A., b. g. (Crossman) 4 5 5
*The Deputy Sheriff, b. g. (Thomas) 5 3 4
Dick Sentinel, b. g. (Brown) ..... 6 dis
*Divided fourth money.
Time—2:06¾, 2:06¾, 2:06¾.

Third Race—2:12 trot; two in three; purse, $1,000:
Roville, blk. h., by Bonjolla (Tipling) 1 1
The Proof, b. h. (Spencer) 2 2
Henry Todd, b. g. (Rodney) 4 3
Vanco, b. g. (Murphy) 3 4
*Virginia Burnette, b. m. (Durfee) 4 5
American Girl, ch. m. (Tyson) ..... 6 dr
*Divided fourth money.
Time—2:08, 2:09¾.

To Beat 2:15 Trotting—Tacita (3), ch. f., by Atlantic Express (Dickerson), won; time, 2:07¾.

To Beat 2:06¾ Trotting—Barbara King (3), ch. m., by King Bellini (Dickerson), won; 2:07¾.

To Beat 2:08¾ Trotting—Sulzine (3), b. c., by Worthy McKinnery (Traynor), won; 2:08¾.

To Beat 2:05 Pacing—Ashlock, ch. g., by Ashland A. (Crossman), won; 2:04¾.

To Beat 2:05 Pacing—The Aul, gr. h. (Morris), won; 2:08.

To Beat 2:06¾ Trotting—John Garver (3), ch. h., by Guy Axworthy (Roberts), won; 2:07¾.

ROYALS VS. EMPIRES.

The Royal Giants, Brooklyn's crack colored ball team, will be seen in action against the Empire City nine this Sunday in the deciding game of their series at Beetle Park, Flushing and Wyckoff avenues. The Royals won the first game, but were defeated in the second contest. Since that game, however, the team has been considerably strengthened and expects to find no difficulty annexing the rubber tilt. Johnny Eszmann, star pitcher of the Newark Internationals, will oppose Lefty Harvey on the firing line. In the first game, at 1:30, the Empires will clash with the New London club.

GIANTS AT LENOX OVAL.

Under the leadership of Hans Lobert, who has been given permission by Harry Hempstead to take the Giants on a barnstorming trip, the Giant regulars will take the field against the Philadelphia All Stars in a double header at Lenox Oval, 145th street and Lenox avenue. Eddie Brannick, business manager of the Giants, and Lobert yesterday gave out the official lineup for Sunday's games. The Giants will have Kauff, Burns and Tesreau or Perritt in the outfield; Lobert, Zimmerman, Fletcher and Herzog in the infield; McCarty behind the bat, and Schupp or Benton on the mound.

Pacific Coast League.

Los Angeles, 8; Oakland, 3.
Salt Lake, 12; Portland, 6.
San Francisco, 2; Vernon, 0.

Shore's Effectiveness Stands Out Prominently

Boston's All Around Superiority Also Shown in Game's Details.

SCOTT UNABLE TO KEEP FIELDING SLATE CLEAN

By GEORGE B. UNDERWOOD.

BOSTON, Oct. 12.—If the mourners, pallbearers and the Flatbush friends of the dear departed are ready on with the obsequies, remembering as a sweetening for the cup of sadness that Uncle Wilbert Robinson's Superbas still are champions of the National League. That's one thing Bill Carrigan's raging Red Sox couldn't take away from Brooklyn.

Long Ernie Shore opened the game by whiffing Hy Myers on three straight called strikes. Two strikes and two balls were on Daubert when Jake tapped in front of the plate and was tossed out. Cady to Hoblitzell. Stengel got two balls from Shore and then pasted a grounder to Scotty, the Red Sox shortstop committing his first world's series misdemeanor by throwing wildly to Hoblitzell, giving Casey a life. In the old days the mighty Zachariah Wheat might have brought him in, but the best Buck could do was to expire on a foul pop to Hoblitzell.

Hooper, first up for the Sox, had two strikes on him when Pfeffer dealt out three straight balls. Then Harry grounded to Cutshaw and was tossed out at first. Mowrey scooped up Janvrin's bounder and heaved Hal out at the getaway hassock. Wheat raced in and gobbled up Shorten's aerial lift back of third.

Cutshaw Scores on Passed Ball.

Little Georgie Cutshaw had his ticket to first punched with four balls at the start of the second inning. Mowrey's sacrifice bunt, Hoblitzell to Shore, who covered the bag, put Cutshaw on second. On the first ball pitched Olson wafted a slow roller to Gardner and expired, Gardner to Hoblitzell, Cutshaw taking third. Shore's first offering to Chief Meyers was a ball that got away from Cady and Cutshaw raced in from third with a Superba count. After Cutshaw scored the Chief bashed a high bounder to Scott, and the irrepressible little Sox s ortstop killed the Redskin at first.

With three and two on Hoblitzell in the second inning Dick grounded to Pfeffer and Jeff tossed him out. Lewis swung viciously at Pfeffer's first two offerings and then waited and drew a low ball. Jeff grooved the next one and Duffy lashed a red hot liner into left, the ball taking an ugly bound over Wheat's head for three bases.

With Lewis on third Gardner lifted a sacrifice fly to left centre. It was more Myers's ball than it was Wheat's, but Buck raced over and called for it. He caught it, but Lewis had little difficulty in beating the wide throw to the plate with the tying run. With a ball on Scott Everett lifted a high foul to Mowrey back of third, which Mike dropped for an error. Scott then fouled out to Chief Meyers.

Olson Shocks Brooklyn Fans.

The Dodgers went down three in a row in the third, Pfeffer fanning, Hy Myers pounding to Gardner and Shore tossing Daubert out at first.

In Boston's half of the third Cady slashed a double over Daubert's head. Shore went out on a foul pop to Chief Meyers. Hooper perambulated to first on four straight balls. Pfeffer then tightened up and put two strikes and a ball on Janvrin. Then Hal passed a dinky little tap down to Olson, and great grief seized the Brooklyn rooters when Ivy first missed the ball all over the Back Bay for an error and then threw wildly to Cutshaw for error number two. Olson's combination of misplays scored Cady, planted Hooper on third and gave Janvrin a life. Janvrin died stealing, Meyers to Olson. With two strikes and a ball on Sh