MEMBERS OF SNOW CLEANERS' UNION ARE WORKING OVERTIME TO GET SOX FIELD IN SHAPE

IT'S BAD ENOUGH TO WORK ON 13TH, BUT WHEN NO STIPEND GOES WITH IT THINGS ARE MUCH ON THE BLINK

Aspiring Athletes, However, Are Prepared for the Worst and, if They Don't Freeze to Death, New York or Chicago Will Surely Take the Lead

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 13.

THE hoodoo is with us today. The fateful "thirteen" which ambles along on the calendar once a month made its final October appearance and eighteen ball players, now indulging in the great national pastime for glory, are extremely sad. From now on the athletes will receive nothing for their services. Their four games are over, and they must wait until the series ends to split their divvy. It's bad enough to work on the thirteenth, but when no financial stipend goes with it, things look very much on the blink.

However, the boys are ready for the fifth game of the set and if they don't freeze to death, either New York or Chicago will have a one-game advantage before the sun sinks over Comiskey Park this afternoon. The weather is cold, very cold, and the biting winds from the lake cut through overcoats and furs worn by the fans and fanettes. Early in the morning the active members of the Snow Shovelers' Union, who have been starving to death for almost a year, were hurriedly summoned and they formed the greater part of the early morning throng at the ball yard. The weather guesser in this town is likely to dish out any old kind of an afternoon, and Comiskey thought it best to be prepared. There was considerable snow yesterday, and the white mantle which covered the playing field obliterated the whitewashed foul lines. In fact, everything looked foul last night on the battlefield.

But Chicago today is wrapped in the arms of Boreas, as they say on the ship. The howling wind and the rattling signs, accompanied by creaking doors and swinging gates, make conditions mighty pleasant for a football game or an ice-boating party, but decidedly unpleasant for baseall. Charley Ebbets, who discovered Columbus Day, could deliver a stirring address on the adverse meteorological conditions, but Charley isn't here and no one would listen to him anyway. All we can say is that the world's series should be moved up to some date in July and allow the teams to fight it out after that. It's much easier to watch a ball game in July.

* * *

BOTH contesting clubs arrived from New York last night, and it is 50-50 on the confidence stuff. The Sox and the Giants are just as confident as before the first game, and each side predicts a victory. McGraw is silent, as he has too much work on his hands now and can't devote any time to repudiating interviews. Rowland will talk, but he doesn't say anything. The opposing leaders are pleasant guys to meet on a dark and stormy night.

Collins in Charge of Skull Practice

IT IS difficult to determine who is the real leader of the White Sox these days. Thursday night, before the special train pulled out of New York, we happened to stroll through the observation car. Seated at one end, all alone, his head resting in the palm of his hand and looking sad and dejected, was Manager Rowland. At the other end were about fifteen players, listening to Eddie Collins as he laid down the law to them.

"What's the matter with you fellows, any way?" demanded Collins. "Do you expect to play that kind of baseball from now on?"

"Nothin's wrong with us," said one, "only the Giants got all of the encouragement from the home crowd and because they were playing on the home grounds they ——"

"Encouragement, nothing," interrupted Collins, as he banged his fist in his hand. "You didn't have any encouragement when you won the American League pennant, and if you are looking for that kind of stuff now, you had better quit. It's up to you to win ball games on your own merits and not expect outside help. What kind of men are you, any way? You can't hit, you are sloppy fielders and you look like a bunch of bush leaguers. Those pitchers are not hard to hit. They are southpaws, but you righthanders should be able to bang off a few. When Schupp pitched today, we knew what kind of a ball he was to pitch every time. You had that advantage, but you fell down. I am a lefthanded batter and, while I am not pinning any bouquets on myself, I managed to knock out a couple of hits. Why can't you do the same?

"Another thing," continued Eddie, as he held the players spellbound, "is that you can't alibi yourself because of John Collins's muffed flies or Felsch's bad fielding on Kauff's home run. You haven't got a single excuse to offer for the two games won by the Giants. We didn't score any runs, and how can a ball club win in a case like that? It's up to you to forget all about that encouragement stuff and get out and play some baseball."

* * *

EDDIE evidently is taking it upon himself to restore the confidence of the White Sox, if they really have lost it. His personality dominates everything, and he has the respect of the players. They all know that he has been in twenty-four world's series games in his career, and should know what he is talking about. The players respect him, but it certainly does seem strange to see Clarence Rowland in the background while a player tells the men where they erred.

Zimmerman Is a Happy Person

HEINIE THE ZIM, Harvard '06, is a happy person today. His three-cushion carom off Danforth in the eighth inning Thursday has brought sunlight into his young life, and from now on he expects to slam the pill with zest and fervor. In fact, he says so himself. Heinie did more talking than batting in the first four sets and always got the pitcher's goat with his bright sayings and cutting repartee. He admits this himself. On Wednesday he scratched his first hit of the series early in the game, and when he roosted on first yelled to Cicotte in his polite Harvard manner:

"Hey, Cicotte. You may be a good pitcher, but you ain't showed me nothin' yet." This was a terrible thing to say, and it got Eddie up in the air. He tried it again on Red Faber, and Red suffered silently. Zim reveled in the pitcher's suffering, and when he grounded to short he yelled, "Hey, Faber, you may be a good pitcher, but you ain't showed me nothin' yet."

Heinie insists on pulling the same speech because it took him a long time to memorize it. He realizes his effectiveness when he starts talking to the opposing pitchers and is likely to ask McGraw for a raise or something before the next season starts. He has proved his value in unnerving Cicotte and Faber with his verbal threats. He says so himself.

But Heinie made one grave mistake on Thursday. In some way he got his signals mixed and when the umpire called a strike he looked around disdainfully as only a world's series athlete can look and said:

"Hey, Rigler, you may be a good umpire, but you ain't showed me nothin' yet."

This was a terrible blunder, and Heinie realized it as soon as any one. After delivering his famous speech, he ducked, for Rigler is a bad man to trifle with. Charley's best stunt is putting the same man out twice. First he knocks him out and then they carry him out of the game. Charley Herzog will bear this out.

* * *

BUT Heinie is very important now, and his big stick is expected to play an important part in the series. The athlete from Harvard feels that he will be one of the stars and is ready to produce from now on. He says so himself.

The Series Now Is An Old Story

THE novelty of the world's series apparently has worn off. No longer do the crowds hang around the hotel to annoy the players nor do the faithful fans line up for an all-night stand in front of the bleachers. The ball game today is just a ball game with slightly inflated prices and, while the park is expected to be crowded to the water's edge, the cash customers began to arrive about 10 o'clock this morning for the bleacher section. Ticket speculators are doing some business, but exorbitant prices no longer are asked. After two games here and those two wallops the team received in New York, the edge has been taken off, and now it is an old story.

The players are not at all joyous over the slender turnout in New York Thursday. Yawning gaps in the bleachers and lower grandstands utterly devoid of spectators acted like a red flag waved in front of a bull. They saw many dollars wasted and imagined that luck was against them. The receipts of that game fell $10,000 below the figures in Chicago, and Gotham was supposed to be a great baseball town. It is believed that the baseball fans imagined that all of the seats had been taken, and the stories in the newspapers about the all-night crowds turned them back. But there were plenty of seats at noon, and when the fifth game of the series is played Philadelphians can leave at 9 a. m. and procure seats at the Polo Grounds.

Fans in Chicago today are commenting on Rowland's pitching selections in the New York games, and they believe that a mistake was made. Cicotte never should have started on Wednesday, and Faber had no license to go in on Thursday they argue. Had Russell been used on Wednesday, the Sox had an even chance to win, and then Cicotte could have come back on Thursday. Now Rowland has to gamble with his pitching staff, and it was rumored before the game today that Cicotte would be used again. If such is the case, it looks bad for the White Sox entry. Russell still is available and Williams can be called upon to do some good work.

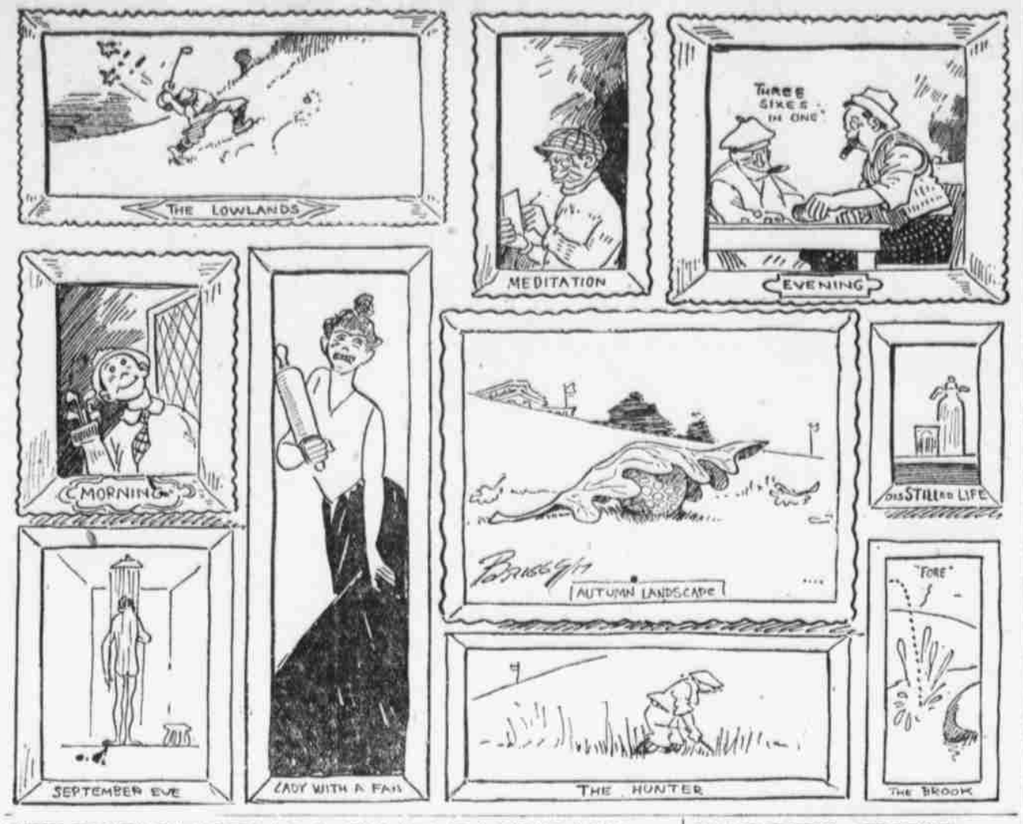
* * *

MCGRAW says he is ready to use Sallee, but if the weather continues cold Pol Perritt will get the call. However, Jawn Jay has great faith in his lefthanders, and may use Sallee any way, with Benton and Schupp in reserve for the next game.

ROBERT W. MAXWELL.

[illegible] during the World [illegible] will be devoted to comment on the [illegible] Maxwell, Sports Editor of the [illegible]

THE GOLF SALON



SELECTION OF ALL-STAR BASEBALL TEAM WOULD GIVE GREAT MAJORITY OF PLAYERS TO AMERICAN LEAGUE

Duffy Lewis Says the Red Sox Have Always Regarded World Series Games as Ordinary Everyday Affairs and Nothing More

By GRANTLAND RICE

"I'VE contended," writes a bystander, "that the American League, as a league, is far stronger than the National. To prove this, I claim that if an all-star club were selected at least two-thirds of these would be American Leaguers."

This latter arrangement would hardly prove the claim, though it might be used as stout circumstantial evidence.

In regard to the other, well, here's one selection from both leagues:

American League		National League
Schalk	catcher	———
Cicotte-Ruth	pitchers	Alexander-Cooper
Sisler	first base	———
Collins	second base	———
Chapman	shortstop	———
———	third base	Groh
Cobb-Speaker	outfield	Rousch

Of the twelve men selected here the American League gets eight and the National League draws four, the odds being precisely two to one.

There might be some question of Cooper's selection as one of the pitchers, but with a tail-end, fading ball club he made one of the best showings of the year.

It might also be noted that from the above twelve selections no fewer than ten come from western clubs—Alexander and Ruth being the sole representatives out of the East.

Duffy's World Series Dope

During the first few world series games we ran into Duffy Lewis, who was engaged in his first capacity as a world series spectator. Duffy has been too busily engaged before playing in these post-championships to watch them.

"Our Boston club," remarked Duffy, "always figured each world series game as nothing but an ordinary ball game. If any of us were ever nervous or wrought up or excited I never noticed it. I know I wasn't. One reason may have been that we had great faith in our pitchers. This makes a mighty difference. We knew that a run or two would generally be enough to win. We were never trying to play better ball than we knew how. We stuck to about the same system and the same pace we had used all year. The White Sox followed this system at the start. The Giants in those first games were overanxious."

The Careless Tribe

Among the leading batsmen of late years Joe Jackson and Nap Lajoie have excelled in careless and carefree attitudes at bat. Cobb is a trifle nervous and Walter Speakes is more or less tense and watchful. Roush faces a pitcher with determination and watchfulness. Sisler is on guard and set for the blow, but Jackson, like Lajoie, is loose jointed, careless, nonchalant and all the rest of it, denoting a mixed attitude of serenity and contempt. Both Jackson and Lajoie have always seemed to grip the bat loosely. Neither was ever in any sense tense or overly expectant. The tightening-up process arrived only at the actual moment of stepping into the pitch with the wallop on its way. Zim has this attitude at times, but when Heinie becomes harassed he shows it, whereas Lajoie once went eleven games without getting a hit and at the end of the eleventh game was just as carefree and careless as he was when getting two blows a day.

This is the first year where a losing football coach can point with pride, not so much to the scores, but to the list of his 1916 stars serving at the front. This is the first year in football history where overwhelming defeat may be a greater badge of honor than overwhelming victory. It is hardly a season for boastful acclaim upon a gridiron showing made through the return of veterans.

WORTHINGTON IN SHAWNEE FINAL

Defeats Behr and Qualifies to Meet Alex Coles for Golf Crown

GARDINER WHITE LOSES

SHAWNEE-ON-DELAWARE, Oct. 13.

R. S. Worthington and Alex Coles, both of Shawnee, qualified for the final round on the annual invitation fall tournament of the Shawnee Country Club here today by defeating respectively Ivan Behr, of Somerset, and Gardiner W. White, of Baltusrol. Worthington won easily, 5 up and 4 to play, but Coles had a terrific match with White and had to play the game of his life in order to win.

White got off to a fine start and won the first hole with a four to a five and the second hole also with a four to a five. On the third hole Coles got off a fine drive, and followed it with an equally good brassie shot. White was little behind him, but Coles holed out a mashie shot for a bird three to White's four.

On the fourth hole Coles was on in two, but White mixed his second shot and went into the creek and Coles easily won with a four to a six. This squared the match, but on the fifth hole White was on in two to the three of Coles, and won with a four to a five. Both had fives on the sixth and seventh holes, and the eighth was halved in threes. Coles missed a putt for a five on the ninth hole and lost when White was down in five. White was two up at the turn, both had sixes on the tenth and fours on the eleventh, but it took White two to get on the twelfth, and Coles won with a three to a four.

Both had par three on the thirteenth, and on the fourteenth they holed out for bird fours. Coles drew level with his opponent on the fifteenth by running down his putt for a par four to a five. On the sixteenth Coles had a chance to take the lead, but just missed a putt for a two, and the hole was halved in three. Coles missed his drive on the seventeenth and went into the road, and with his second he was nearly out of bounds, but he followed it up with a magnificent brassie shot and finally halved the hole with a five.

Both were short of the green with their tee shots on the eighteenth and they followed it up by missing their second shots. White was away about 30 feet from the hole and nearly holed out. Coles followed suit and the hole was halved in fours. The match was thus all square at the eighteenth. On the nineteenth Coles got off a fine drive, but White sliced into the rough and with his second he was in the rough to the left.

Coles was a trifle lucky with his second and only just missed going into the bunker, but his ball finished up hole high. White's third was well past the hole, but he only just missed holing out for a couple of inches. Coles ran his approach up dead and won the hole and match with a four to a five.

Their cards:

Coles—
Out ...5 5 3 4 5 5 5 3 6—41
In ....6 4 3 4 4 4 3 5 4—37—78 (extra hole 4)

White—
Out ...4 4 4 6 4 5 3 3 5—40
In ....6 4 4 4 4 5 3 5 4—39—79 (extra hole 5)

Worthington always had the better of the argument in his match with Behr. He was 3 up at the turn and 4 up at the tenth, and after this there was never any doubt about the result and he cantered home an easy winner. The weather was perfect and the course in grand condition.

Summary:

FIRST EIGHT
Semifinal Round
R. S. Worthington, Shawnee, defeated Max Behr, Somerset, 5 up and 4 to play.
Alex. Coles, Shawnee, defeated Gardiner W. White, Baltusrol, 1 up and 19 holes.

SECOND EIGHT
Semifinal Round
E. M. Sawtelle, Englewood, defeated G. W. Statzell, Jr., Aronomink, 4 up and 3 to play.
H. H. Newton, Frankford, defeated George Rodenbaugh, Shawnee, 2 up.

THIRD EIGHT
Semifinal Round
R. Devens, Scarsdale, defeated Edward White, Frankford, 1 up.
J. C. Snyder, Aronimink, defeated M. F. Hauser, Shawnee, 2 up and 1 to play.

FOURTH EIGHT
Semifinal Round
G. F. Handel, Glen Ridge, defeated H. J. Sheble, North Hills, 4 up and 2 to play.
H. H. Stephens, Essex County, defeated C. M. Horrocks, Frankford, 6 up and 5 to play.

DEFEATED FOURS
FIRST EIGHT
Semifinal Round
D. P. Healy, New York, defeated H. H. Ivison, Cherry Valley, 4 up and 2 to play.
F. C. Hall, Montclair, won from C. E. Van Vleck, Jr., Baltusrol, by default.

SECOND EIGHT
Semifinal Round
F. J. Sheble, North Hills, won from G. A. Fogarty, New York, by default. C. M. Hicks, Philadelphia Country Club, defeated C. C. Wortmington, Shawnee, 4 up and 3 to play.

THIRD EIGHT
Semifinal Round
R. Y. Bernard, Pine Valley, won from D. S. Murphy, Elmira, by default. Percy Thomas, Atlantic City, defeated J. J. Ferrick, Seaview, 4 up and 19 holes.

FOURTH EIGHT
Semifinal Round
M. T. Jones, Whitemarsh, defeated H. H. Cornish, Aronomink, 5 up and 3 to play.
E. A. Crowe, unattached, won from C. V. Murphy, Shawnee, by default.

MAHONEY VICTOR OVER JACK TOLAND

Johnny Mahoney, of Hazleton, did not work under full steam in his bout with Jack Toland at the Cambria Athletic Club last night, and although the up-State youngster was entitled to the verdict at the end of six rounds his margin of advantage was not a big one. Mahoney waged a cautious battle and appeared to be holding himself in check so as to be in condition for his bout tonight with Jack Brusse.

Plenty of blows were exchanged, but Mahoney concentrated his attack on a knockout. His blows were the harder. He succeeded in staggering Toland in the second round and again in the third, when he whizzed over hard right swings to the jaw.

Tommy Carey earned the decision over Harry Boyle, of Syracuse, in six hard rounds. Carey did most of the forcing and landed the greater number of blows. Billie Billington and Joe Toland boxed a draw in the third encounter. Jimmy Golden lost to Charley McKee. Joe Wright defeated Oscar Welsh.

MARINES CRUSH PENN FRESHMEN

Score Five Touchdowns to One, Final Count Being 34 to 7

MAHAN AGAIN IS STAR

Freshmen		U. S. Marines
Farmakis	left end	Bradley
Bula	left tackle	Budd
Supplee	left guard	Bale
Mooney	center	Rima
Haggerty	right guard	Gardner
White	right end	Wilson
Billick	quarterback	Owens
Zucker	left halfback	Williams
Ernest	right halfback	Ayrault
Rosetsky	fullback	Mahan

Officials — Referee, Jourdet, Penn; umpire, Lieutenant Kreimer, U. S. N.; head linesman, Captain Hogan, U. S. N.

FRANKLIN FIELD, Oct. 13.

Lon Jourdet's Freshmen team of the University of Pennsyvania was no match for the sturdy United States Marine eleven on Franklin Field this afternoon. The Marines got five touchdowns against one for the Red and Blue yearlings. Score, Marines, 34; Freshmen, 7.

As usual, Eddie Mahan, famed for All-American play at Harvard, was the star of the game. The big crimson fullback threshed through the Freshman line, skirted the ends, ran off tackle, punted and threw forward passes with the same ease, grace and success that crowned his efforts when he was a member of the Haughton machine.

His first touchdown was the result of nipping at the line, but his second and last came on a sensational 65-yard run after he had scooped up a Freshman fumble. Besides scoring two touchdowns, he kicked four of the five chances for goal from touchdown.

Gravy Williams, former Penn fullback, was right beside Mahan in the spotlight. The Red and Blue star of yesterday played a remarkable defensive and offensive game. He was credited with one of the Marine touchdowns. Ayrault and Bradley were responsible for the other two.

The only Freshman score was made at the beginning of the third period. Ernest, a promising young halfback on Jourdet's eleven, failed twice on line plunges and then swung wide around the Marines' right end. He shook off a couple of would-be tacklers and sprinted unmolested down the field with a flock of Marines in his wake, going 55 yards for the touchdown. He then added the extra point by kicking the goal.

Penn Freshmen kicked off to the 20-yard line and Eddie Mahan ran the ball back 15 yards. Mahan punted to Billick on Penn's 15-yard line. The Penn quarterback fumbled and Budd recovered the ball for the Marine's 25 yards from the Freshman goal post. On two plays Gravy Williams advanced 15 yards. Owens smashed the line for 8 yards on two plays and with the ball within 5 yards of a touchdown the oval went to the Freshmen on downs. Billick dropped behind his own post for a punt, but it was blocked by Ayrult, who recovered for a touchdown. Mahan kicked the goal.

Score—Marines, 7; Freshmen, 0.

After an exchange of punts, Mike Wilson gave a clever exhibition of end running. He beat one of Mahan's boots down the field, waited till Billick made the catch and then dropped him in his tracks. After a few more plays the first period ended with the ball in the Freshmen's possession on their own 15-yard line.

SECOND PERIOD

Billick punted to Owens, who was brought down by Supplee without gain at midfield. Williams made 3 yards on an off-tackle play, and then Mahan's forward pass grounded. Mahan punted to Ernest on the Freshman 5-yard line and the yearling halfback ran back to the 20-yard mark. Rosetsky piled through the line for 3 yards. Rosetsky added only 3 yards on two plays and then Billick punted to Mahan at midfield and the former Harvard all-American fullback was not downed till he reached the Freshman 17-yard mark.

On two plays Mahan advanced 7 yards. Ayrault dragged the Freshman line back to the 7-yard line and the Marines got first down. Once again the Freshman line held like a stone wall when the Marines were threatening, and for the second time they lost the ball within the 5-yard mark. Billick got off a poor punt that went out of bounds on the Freshmen 18-yard line. On two plays the Marines carried the ball to the Freshmen 5-yard line. Mahan slipped through the right side of Penn's line for a touchdown just as the period ended. Score: Marines, 13; Penn Freshmen, 0.

THIRD PERIOD

Mahan kicked the goal from touchdown that was scored in the second period. Score: Marines, 14; Penn Freshmen, 0.

Mahan kicked off to Ernest on Penn's 10-yard line, who returned it to the 20-yard line. Ernest made two cracks at the Marine line and on the next play he skirted right end for 55 yards and a touchdown. Ernest kicked the goal.

Score: Marines, 14; Penn Freshman, 7.

Supplee kicked off and the ball went in play on the Marines' 15-yard line. On the next play Ayrault crashed through Penn's line and was not brought to the earth till he reached midfield.

Ernest got one of Owens's punts and ran 30 yards to his own 40-yard line. Rosetsky pounded the Marine line for a first down. A freshman forward pass was intercepted by Owens on the Marines' 35-yard line. Ayrault and Williams made three yards each. The Marines fumbled on the next play and Supplee recovered for the freshmen. At this point the period ended.

Score: Marines, 14; Freshmen, 7.

FOURTH PERIOD

Rosetsky fumbled at the beginning of the fourth period and Mahan snatched up the ball and ran 65 yards for a touchdown. Mahan kicked the goal. Score, Marines, 21; Penn Freshmen, 7.

Mahan kicked off to Zucker on the Freshman 10-yard line and Gravy Williams made the tackle after an advance of 10 yards had been made. Rosetsky's punt was blocked by the Marines and it was recovered by Gravy Williams for the Marines on the Freshman 10-yard line. Mahan and Williams took turns at line smashing and Williams finally carried the ball over. Mahan kicked the goal.

Score, Marines, 28; Penn Freshmen, 7.

Mahan kicked off to Zucker on the Freshman 5-yard line, the ball was run back to the 18-yard mark. Rosetsky made 5 yards and then Billick fumbled, Dale recovering for the Marines on the Freshman 22-yard line. A forward pass hit the ground. Another forward pass followed suit. Mahan threw a forward pass into Bradley's arms and the latter ran 15 yards for a touchdown. Mahan failed at the goal from a difficult angle.

Score, Marines, 34; Penn Freshmen, 7.

The game ended before another kick-off.

Final score, United States Marines, 34; Penn Freshmen, 7.

Laurel Entries for Monday

First race, two-year-olds, colts and geldings, maidens, 5½ furlongs—Punma (imp.), 114; Rockaway, 114; Svengali, 114; Bill McCloy, 114; Man o' The Hour (imp.), 114; Rewple Quell, 114; El Plaudito, 114; Blasonry, 114; Juanita III (imp.), 114; Whipperwill, 114; Jim Rosy, 114; Seafarer (imp.), 114; Jack of Spades, 114; Uncle Sand, 114.

Second race, the Brookdale Purse, two-year-olds, 5 furlongs—(a)Dreamer, 115; Payment, 108; Comsoro, 105; (a)Lyntes, 105; Nevanboy, 109; First Troop, 104; Reveler (imp.), 113; Valerius (imp.), 108; Wichaka, 104. (a)Belmont entries.

Third race, claiming, three-year-olds and up, 6 furlongs—King Worth, 118; Tom Caro, 114; Cardome, 111; Rose Finn, 105; *Milberry, 110; Costumer, 114; Canto, 114; Cuddle Up, 111; *Early Sight, 106; *Lantana, 106; Salon, 114; Meelicka, 111; Felicidad, 108; *Golden Bantam, 100.

Fourth race, The Red, White and Blue Liberty Bond Handicap, all ages, 1 1-16 miles—King Neptune, 109; Damrosch, 118; (a)Wakong, 105; Hauberk, 107; (a)Hubbub, 116. (a)Captain W. J. Press entries.

Fifth race, claiming, three-year-olds and up, 1⅛ miles—Maxim's Choice, 116; Napoleon, 110; Defender, 105; *Bar of Phoenix, 99; G. M. Miller, 116; Quisansabe, 110; *Tactless, 108; Bachelier, 111; Lonstad, 107; *Cousin Dan, 103.

Sixth race, selling, three-year-olds and up, 1 1-16 miles—Fairly, 111; Baby Lynch, 108; Mandreasor, 108; Angelon, 111; Madame Curie (imp.), 100; *Greatness, 106; Pestilas, 111; Rita Rian, 108; *Cheer St.

Seventh race, selling, three-year-olds and up, 1 1-16 miles—Ben Carlin, 116; Pilgrim, 107; Sarah Ann, 104; Sir Dixon, 107; Sir Cyrus, 107; Ogre, 107; Jack Atkins, 111; Grace Lee, 104; Ben Ali, 111; Ben Ali, 111; Ben Ali, 111.

GIANTS RULE FAVORITES AS TEAMS PREPARE FOR FIFTH GAME OF SERIES; SOX ROOTERS LOSING CONFIDENCE

Football Weather Conditions May Cause McGraw to Use Perritt Instead of Sallee Against Chicago—New Yorkers Anxious to Play

By GRANTLAND RICE

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CHICAGO, Oct. 13.

THE WHITE SOX and the Giants continue their big home-and-home jubilee this afternoon, and the present indications are that Mr. E. Cicotte and Mr. H. Sallee will resume for the fifth game, precisely where they gave each other battle just a week ago.

The one thing to check this arrangement will be a spell of weather. The two big town rivals drifted Westward through a whirling snowstorm yesterday, where the wintry occasion seemed to call more for a demonstration of skiing than an exhibition of the national frenzy.

The complex and highly tangled situation in this world series outburst between New York and Chicago has now reached three stages.

The first stage favors the Sox. For it means they are back amid their South side entrenchments again, with Cicotte ready to work.

The second and third partitions favor the Giants. For in one instance the Giants, having come from the rear, carry all the psychological advantage which belongs to any entry who can turn an impending rout into something a trifle better than an even chance to win.

The Sox(considering the series virtually concluded Sunday night, are now facing desperate conditions, a change and a shift that may have a telling effect upon their morale, as game as we know them to be.

Pitching Favors Giants

THE third stage, taking in the pitching, is all in favor of the Giants. McGraw now has Sallee, Benton and Schupp to work, with Perritt in the wings, while Rowland must min today with Cicotte to have any sort of chance.

Eighteen runless Sox innings in a row have also proved that Chicago's attack isn't any too powerful against high-grade left-handed work.

The Sox have now faced Giant lefthanders through twenty-nine innings since the series started, a week ago. The other seven innings were spent against right-handers. In these twenty-nine innings the Chicago offense has scored exactly four runs, or only about one run to the game. The one big killing was made off Anderson and Perritt, both right-handers. This means the Sox are now carrying a heavy burden, where only four days ago they were breezing into port with the winners' end in easy reach.

So far as the elastic and incomparable dope is concerned, the Giants now have the big edge all their way. They have all the best of the pitching, and their confidence, ripped into shreds on Sunday, has returned with a rush.

The Sox must win today with Cicotte or they are doomed beyond debate. If Cicotte is beaten on his native mound there will be very little left. And even if the Sox win today they must still face better pitching at the Polo Grounds on Monday, where the series will almost certainly go to seven games.

A Different Machine

THE Giants at the Polo Grounds looked to be an entirely different machine. Back home, working with high-class pitching, they rallied and proved their class. They picked up a terrific impetus in those two New York contests, and unless Cicotte is at his best and the Sox machine is with him to a jump, this Giant impetus is likely to crash through again to a third successive triumph.

You can enter this in your dope, however. Both clubs, all through the year, have proved their gameness and aggressiveness. Neither is liable to curl up and surrender without a bitter struggle. The Sox are determined to regain their lost ground with a victorious counter-charge, while the Giants, now lifted from the depths, are equally determined to drive straight through.

White Sox Base Hopes on Cicotte

The Sox still believe they can win with Cicotte—that no ball club is going to beat their star in two straight starts. They are banking heavily on Cicotte to win his next two games, if the series goes the seven-game route, as it very likely will.

McGraw, now that Sallee, Benton and Schupp have all turned in flawless pitching, naturally feels that he has all the better of it with three stars to throw in against one. Cold weather today may find Benton instead of Sallee working, but if conditions are anywhere near right the Sheriff of Higginsport will take another left-handed shot at the South Side premier.

Another detail favoring the Giants is that Kauff and Zimmerman, McGraw's two main hitters, who were utterly suppressed in the first three games, have broken through at last and recalled their wandering goats from the trail. Heinie and Bennie have perked up vastly since they left Chicago, and this means more that a trifle for the Giant attack.

Bill Rariden has also shown conclusively that McCarty's absence was no sort of a blow, as the veteran has been at his best, apparently just the quiet, unruffled and serene type needed to steady McGraw's pitching flock.

Neither Town Is Quitting

The two clubs reflect the battling spirit of the two big cities. New York didn't quit on the Giants after two defeats, and Chicago hasn't quit on the White Sox. Despite the double blow back East, several hundred fans gathered at the station Friday and waited in the cold and clammy drizzle to cheer up their returning clan. Most of the Sox had left the train at Englewood, so the fanatics were forced to be content with observing the arrival of a large flock of New O. Henrys, Modern Mark Twains and Second Victor Hugos, much to the aforesaid fanatics' discontent.

These fans indicated, howsoever, that Chicago will be back of their club in the fifth canto with all the aroused loyalty there is to be found. They have been jolted and rocked a trifle in one or two vulnerable spots, but they believe the Sox tide is about due to turn, and that Cicotte is the boy to do the turning.

They also expect Joe Jackson and Hap Felsch, among others, to readjust their wavering batting eyes and strike off a few popular blows for the western cause. Jackson had one big outburst in the second game, but outside of that the Greenville howitzer has gone hitless. Felsch, too, has slipped a bit and is once more due.

Another great crowd is expected today, since this is the most vital game yet played. If the Sox win, the series will very likely go seven games. If they lose, the carnival will almost surely end in New York Monday. This is one battle the Sox must win. If they lose now the buoyant hopes that rose to such colored heights last Sunday will be as gray as the snow sweep and the fog banks through which their special rode back home.

BOYER LEADS FIELD IN COBB'S CREEK TOURNEY

Sixty Golfers Entered in the Annual Championship of Public Links

Harry C. Boyer was the early leader in the qualifying round of the Cobb's Creek golf tournament today. Up to noon sixty men had left the tee and as the tournament is open to all those who have ever played over the course it is expected that the entry list will exceed 100. There will be four sixteens and some of the early cards follow:

	Out	In	Tot.
H. C. Boyer	46	44	90
Max Strauss	53	49	102
M. A. Greer	50	42	92
J. A. Carrodus	59	56	115
R. S. Hamilton	58	52	110
J. A. Barry	49	48	97
W. Mease	50	53	103
G. Harkness	51	56	107
E. J. Callant	73	72	145
H. R. Stackhouse	72	68	140
J. Cotter	47	44	91
C. M. Baker	54	57	111
J. Walker	73	56	129
E. M. Stephens	72	76	148
E. H. Caston	53	50	103
G. Gilmour	72	71	143
F. M. Trucklinger	57	54	111

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Joe Tuber vs. Johnny Ritchie
Jack Dillon vs. Willie Meehan
Adm. 25c. Bal. Res. 50c & 75c. Arena Res. $1

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SATURDAY EVG., OCT. 13th
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Jack Boyle vs. Ben Carlin
(LARGE CONTESTS)