

VICTORY SLIPPED FROM FISHER'S HAND WHEN HE WILDLY TOSSED SALIVA-SOAKED PILL

REDS AND SOX HAVE CONSUMED LESS THAN 5 HOURS IN 3 GAMES

All Skirmishes Have Been of the 31-2-Inning Variety and Required Only 4 Hours 56 Minutes, and as Time Means Money the Boys Are in Haste

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL

IT IS the consensus of expert opinion that the world series will last longer than five games. This was unanimously announced at a meeting of the press last night and seems to be based on a still larger for a full nine-inning ball game. Up to the present writing the spectators who handed out huge gobs of coin for world series seats have been disappointed by the managers. Incomplete performances have been put on and the last act has been a calamity. Furthermore, the players act as if they had a date every night and hustled through the games like the Palmyra, N. J., fire department stepping to the nearest fire.

In these games only four hours and fifty-six minutes of western time have been consumed. Of this, two hours and twenty-four minutes have been captured by the Reds and only one and one-half hours by the White Sox. This it can be seen that the game from Cincinnati are leading two to one any way you wish to figure it. It also must be remembered that time means money in this series.

However, the Sox are happy today and will endeavor to make the fourth fifty or even Stephen, or something like that, in the fourth period this afternoon. All they have to do is to win another ball game and they are just as good as the Reds. If they lose one they will be three times as bad, which shows you never can depend on figures.

At any rate, the whole town is dipping over the unexpected victory, which was administered painlessly through a coat of whitewash. Not since Eddie Collins won the sprinting championship of the world from Heine Zimmerman at the Polo Grounds in 1917 has this long near the lake been so hot up. One little victory has turned the tide and the folks will not admit they are likely to be licked. Far be it from that. Nothing in the world can convince them that Pat Moran's men will get more than a loser's share and their new uniforms.

Richard Kerr, whose every move reminds one of the strenuous kick in 2.75 lager, put over the brown derby yesterday afternoon. He looked like a half-pint pitcher, but appearances proved to be deceitful. He had nothing but some curves, a hop on his fast one and swell control, and for that reason was slammed for three hits in nine innings.

INCIDENTALLY, he joined the ranks of low-bit hurlers, and can hobnob with Mathewson, Derrill, Joe Bush and the other nifty gems of the past.

Gleason Looks for Easy Going in Future

BUT yesterday's game is over and the tough rub comes from now on. Gleason's two best acts were showed under in two starts and a third-string pitcher turned in a victory. Cicotte and Williams have lost their games, and the only ones remaining are Bill James, a fair pecker; Erk Mayer, not considered very good, and Red Faber, who lost all of his stuff and shines only in batting practice.

On the other hand, Moran has Jimmy Ring, whom he says he will start today, and Hod Eller, the shine-ball marvel. If these guys work in turn Pat will be able to start all over again with Saltee and Roether.

We stopped Kid Gleason as he was leaving the ball park last night. "What are you going to do tomorrow about a pitcher?" we asked. "What am I going to do?" shouted Gleason aggressively. "Why should I worry? Anybody can beat the Reds now and I don't care whom I start. But just listen to this: I am going to shoot Eddie Cicotte back at them tomorrow, and what do you think of that? He goes back, and he will beat them. That talk of his sore arm is all bunk."

We were very much relieved to hear this, because we just had received a wire from Frank Mackin which read as follows: "Moran will use Rube Waddell, Matt Kilroy or Amos Rusie in the box and still beat the White Sox. Please find out if Eddie Collins is playing."

That shows what the average fan thinks of the Reds when they were winning. "We can't win all of the games," said Moran this morning. "Fisher did not pitch bad last yesterday, but was unfortunate in having the breaks go against him. His error in the second, when he made that wild throw which placed Chicago in position to score, was excusable because he is a spitball pitcher and grabbed the moist part of the ball when making the throw. Ray did well, but the other players failed to hit and drive in any runs. The best pitcher in the world could not win under those conditions."

"TODAY I expect to start either Jimmy Ring or Hod Eller, with the odds favoring the former."

Barrel of Money for Players

THE noble athletes now have settled down into their regular playing form, realizing from the receipts of the last three days that their share will be the greatest in the history of the prosperous pastime. Their bit out of the pot, that already amounts to \$285,000 or so, will be big enough to make them forget their dislike of paying the war tax when they go to the movies, whenever they don't get passes.

That fray yesterday was a mighty finely played affair, with star performances coming along in startling rapidity. Both infielders played great baseball, and there wasn't a thing wrong with the outfielding, either. It was a game that showed the teams were very evenly matched—that the once despised Reds pack as much class as the A. L. lions.

But for the break that came when Fisher hurled a ball into center field, the heroes might be playing yet, which wouldn't worry the managers any, as it would mean an extra game and \$300,000 more. What looked like an easy double play was manufactured into two scores, because Feisch happened to bunt a spitball after Jackson had clouted out a hit to left.

Fisher grabbed the ball and heaved it in the general direction of Eddie Roush. Shoeless Joe danced to third and Happy perched on second, where he remained just long enough to give Chick Gland a chance to hit a one-shot to right. It was the first time fortune favored at the Reds during this hectic season, and it meant the game.

To be sure, the White Stockings tacked on one more run in the fourth, but the Reds were behind them and facing perfect pitching. It would have been another story had the score been tied.

The Sox pitchers in the last two games have been shooting at the weaknesses of the Reds, and it looks as if the Gleason board of strategy had things doped out pretty shrewdly.

Much Hard Luck Trailed Williams

UMPIRE BILLY EVANS, who was back of the plate Thursday when Claude Williams base-on-balled himself to disaster, told your faithful correspondent that Claude really pitched magnificent ball and that the bad ones were only missing the plate by fractions of inches all through the game. It was Billy's opinion that Williams was trying too hard not to give the Reds anything good to hit, and that if he hadn't been so careful he might have come through with a win. And the eminent author-arbiter knows a few things about the dear old game.

One of the news-bounds from Cincy dug up the illuminating fact that of the last sixteen southpaws who faced the Reds in the National League parade only three were able to go the full nine innings. He gave forth the information while gleefully wagging that Kerr would get hammered around. Of course, Kerr didn't; but facts are facts.

The Red hitters who bombarded Cicotte off the pitching peak and waited out and then hit Williams were helpless with the Kerr party on the job. They tried to force him to aviate by letting as many go by as possible, but the youngster was strong on control and grew steadier as the game went along. His lone pass was given to Groh in the fourth, the pitcher preferring to walk Hines rather than let him hit a good one after a couple of curves had gone wrong.

Only two of the Reds got as far as second base and nary a one of them got only to third. If Kerr can repeat with another good game and Williams pitch as well as he did on the initial start, the Moran attack will have plenty to break through on two more of the hot afternoons we are having this fall.

ON THE HIP



COBB AND HORNSBY BATTING KINGS IN MAJOR LEAGUE CIRCLES THIS SEASON

Sensational Georgian Wins American League Title for Twelfth Time With Rating of .381

Joe Jackson Third Club Batting Averages in American League

Table with columns: Player, Club, G, AB, R, H, SE, PC. Lists batting averages for American League players.

Cicotte American League King Hurler With Record of Twenty-nine Victories

Table with columns: Games Won by Pitchers, Games Lost by Pitchers. Lists win/loss records for American League pitchers.

Cardinal Infielder Noses Out Roush in Final Week for National Title With Mark of .322

MEUSEL IN .300 CLASS Club Batting Averages in National League

Table with columns: Player, Club, G, AB, R, H, SE, PC. Lists batting averages for National League players.

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Table with columns: Games Won by Pitchers, Games Lost by Pitchers. Lists win/loss records for National League pitchers.

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PITT AND COLGATE STRONGEST ELEVENS FOR 1919 CAMPAIGN

Rice Says Teams Coached by Warner and Bankart Are Only Combinations That Stand Out Above Others in These Early Days

IN THE SPOTLIGHT—BY GRANTLAND RICE

WHILE no one can outline with any certainty the football strength of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Penn and others, there are two elevens at least that stand out in fairly bold relief. One is Pittsburgh University and the other is Colgate. With these two entries you have a combination of fine material and fine coaching, which is virtually all you can use on a football field. There may be another important ingredient, but we can't think of it just now, unless you care to enter Luck.

Pittsburgh and Colgate FROM the advance prospectus Pittsburgh and Colgate should be two of the most powerful elevens in the country. Both have experienced athletes back, more than the usual number of veterans, and both have effective systems to carry them along. Glen Warner has had his great machine going steadily for several years, and nothing short of sensational football is going to hold them in check this season.

COLGATE meets both Brown and Princeton this month for the first two hard tests, and with Larry Bankart on the job and Elmer Huntington as field coach the Colgate machine is very likely to win both games, unless Brown and Princeton have more in reserve than early indications show.

Testing Games YOU hear quite a bit as to the comparative amount of speed, strength, stamina, power, etc., required for various games. But when you've finished with them all there are two sports that demand physical condition above all others.

One is football and the other is boxing. For in these two games it is not only a matter of stamina and endurance, but also a matter of absorbing considerable physical punishment, where poor condition will bring a collapse at once.

AN ATHLETE has to be in fair shape after a number of hard scrimmages to have a robust tackle drive a shoulder into the pit of his stomach and still keep going with normal zest.

Broken Field Running THERE have been arguments as to the greatest kicker, the greatest line-plunger and the greatest everything else in football. Another unsettled argument is the name of the greatest broken field runner on record.

Jim Thorpe draws a goodly number of votes in this field, as the fleet Indian had a way of swerving his hip and body without shifting his stride. But Tack Hardwick casts his vote for Eddie Mahan, the Harvard and marine star.

"Mahan was the hardest man to tackle in an open field that I have ever seen," says Hardwick. "He was like an owl who can run 100 yards in 10 flat. You may have noticed that cries across he seemed to use in his stride, when some tackle went after him. That was his most effective system. When you went after Mahan, in place of dodging to one side, he would offer you one of his feet still at top speed. And then when you dived for it, he would merely take it away."

"GIVE 'em a foot and then I take it away," is the way Mahan expressed it.

Heston and Coy HESTON and Coy, in the open field, depended more upon sheer power than any sudden dodging or shifting. Both could frequently run roughshod over the ordinary tackler. Eckersall's son picked up the system in facing Heston of sprinting with him and then taking him from the side. A certain West Point back once told us his experience the first time he faced Coy in the Cambria wind-up last night.

When I saw he had no intention of dodging, but was going to try to run me down, I dived into him, and when I came to about four minutes later I had a broken collarbone."

K. O. FOR MOLONEY Jimmy Brown was returned a winner over Willie McCloskey in the six-round semifinal. In the other bouts Joe Nelson defeated Jimmy Tierney, Jack Morris trounced Port Richmond Mike Gibbons and Martin Judge triumphed over Barney Reilly.

Andy Burns will meet Kid Ennis in next Friday night's wind-up. Willie Davis and Terry Hanlon will clash in the semiwind-up.

Former Amateur Champion Stops Willie Coulon at Cambria Johnny Moloney, former 125-pound amateur champion, registered a knock-out in the Cambria wind-up last night when he stopped Willie Coulon, of St. Louis, in the first round with a right to the jaw. Coulon substituted for Johnny Buff, of Trenton.

Advertisement for Little Bobbie Cigars, featuring a large illustration of a cigarette and promotional text.