

Even if Waite Comes Through With Third Victory, Giants Still Will Have the Big Edge

GIANTS APPEAR NOW TO BE THREATENING WITH WORLD'S TITLE

It Took National Leaguers Seven Games to Take Lead Away From Yankees and McGraw Now May Realize Laurels of 1905

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL
Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger

New York, Oct. 13.—The time has come, as the well-known walrus started to remark, when the New York Giants are threatened with another World's Championship. The same goes for the National League as a whole, for the rough brink of destruction. For the first time since this city series started the clan of McGraw is in front. It took them seven games finally to hurdle over the American Leaguers, but now that they're there everything is changed. The impetus of the climb from the rear is with the Giants. The despondency of that loss of lead and the wasting of good pitching has been the Huggins outfit.

Bob Meusel's binoculars have been whittled to toothpick size. The Giants are odds-on favorites. They have not faltered in the face of defeat and opponent inferiority.

After the second game their chances of being runners-up were just the same as those of a lame sailing ship in a two-horse stake race. But their nerve never flattered and despair seldom touched them when ultimate victory seemed as unlikely as the empire state will never call one wrong.

Even if the star-headed and headbashed Waite Hoyt can come through with his third win today, the Giants still will have the big edge. They will have a couple of pitchers—real ones, Barnes and Douglas—to hurl into the breach in the ninth engagement.

Even the law of chance as well as the baseball possibilities favors the National banner bearers. Hoyt has won two games against odds. He is due to lose. Art Neuf has outpitched a couple of remarkable pastimes, and dropped them both. He has a victory pending his way.

Giants Gain While Yanks Lose Power

IN THE last couple of games the Giants have been improving, the Yankees slipping. Frisch, Young and the rest of McGraw's flack are running the bases again. Barnhart and the other Giants have been showing the right defense that was supposed to figure in the opening spasm. Balls hit into the Yankee outfield have been kicked around and the senseness of the inner defenses is gone. The Giants' strategy this time does not exploit their way into the front, but has been a good bluff.

The Yankees, since Ruth was retired, have been using their power. Waite out the Big Threat prospect with the aid of the line men always a probable ally when the long ball may be used as a means more useful for the Giants' shufflers.

Shuffler Phil Douglas, the most shuffliest bird that modern baseball has known heretofore, has made of himself one of the great World Series heroes. He lost his first game after valiant and brilliant pitching, but he has won a pair since—the sort of performance that nobody expects possibly Phil himself ever believed possible.

Phil has more than made up for what portion of his extreme was misused. He will now be the result of the land as a shining example of a lost sheep brought back to the fold. Phil isn't exactly lamblike, but he certainly has lurled himself into a fat content for next season and chucked the Giants closer to the glory than they have been since their first series, in 1905, when the other league didn't discovered how easy it was to beat them.

Hondo Carl Mays, the great pitcher who has won more games than any other pitcher in the history of the game, has just pitched a perfectly pitched game. But for a couple of bad outings he might have gone on turning sack the Giants into fifties.

Luck was again a bit and he was asked, but he will be ready to go in again tomorrow if the Phil grounds are still entertaining customers at that time. He is the starbird in baseball and doesn't worry himself about anything. Undoubtedly he will be asked to pitch through a tough old battle, but he's the hard-balled type that could deliver another game with a day's rest, and be just as good as ever.

Everything Favors Art Neff Today

HE WILL have to talk over his chances, but he has a good chance today. These two looks like the pitching staff good for anything except downing the women out in the center field billers.

NEFF goes in today with everything favoring him. Twice he has gone to the hill, and with any luck at all should have won both contests. He knows how to pitch to the Yankees and they cannot dirt with his stuff any more than the other teams. The Douglass splitter.

Southern Artie is a tough bird when he knows he should beat a team. His record proves that he will be ready to go this afternoon, and his brother Giants will be equally anxious to show him they can bat out a few runs for him once in a while.

Young Mr. Hoyt, in addition to a shaky team, has a further handicap. He is wearing a split finger, which he admits prevents his throwing as many fast balls as usual. The split-finger moved up with curves and the slow one, beat the Giants twice.

Knowing that Waite has a bandaged finger will be waiting for the docters all the time. Because the injury is a case of that propaganda stuff, but the fact remains that Hoyt's hand has been in a mean position the other day and out the finger. He'll not be wanting to take on the ball, being that sort of a bird, but the second day is a different matter. And that will be more or less fatal. A shoulder injury is a serious one, and a broken steering wheel.

While we think of it, it's pertinent to remark that Mays, in pitching his three games, gave the world's best known example of control. He didn't walk a single batter in the whole parade, his one slip from grace being a close one that popped Johnny Rowlands in the first pastime. Johnny doesn't do anything often than he has to.

CARL and Douglas pitched a worthless game Sunday and Phil had another yesterday, but not Snyder dropped a foul tip on Miller with two gone in the eighth. It looks like you better hope the umpire else that the team boys have done some remarkable job of keeping in this series, which was supposed to be mostly a slugging jamboree, or something like that.

Hoodoo Has Been Following McGraw

AS THIS series draws to a close, the old timers are beginning to get nervous and predicting some grand old McGraw. These sprones, but that something is going to happen to ruin the Giants' chances to win the World Series since 1905. There is the old saying, "The hoodoo is in the McGraw." In former years McGraw has been so good after losing with sound money because, no matter what happened, as it was the best manager in New York, and the folks in this city would have it no other way. The winning team usually was lucky, and things like that. During the winter the Gotham authors explained everything to the fans. Now, however, there are two New York teams and the lower must retire to the background. The winner will get all of the glory and the lower must retire to the background.

PENN SCRUB BACK SURPRISES VARSITY

Monaghan, From Union College, Scores Three Touchdowns in Scrimmage

HARRIS OUT FOR FRESHIES

The life of the scrub football player and the coach of the same griddle is anything but a merry one. Day in and day out the coach must tutor his charges in the play of the opposition and after that send them out to meet the varsity. If one of the number shows ability that stamps him as a likely looking prospect for the varsity, he is immediately invited to the scrubs and placed in the regular squad. That means more work for the scrub coach, who must train another man to replace the one who has been promoted.

Sometimes the scrub makes the varsity team, other times and more frequently he doesn't. Take the case of Babe Monaghan, the Western player who was promoted to the varsity last year and spent the year with little for his scrub but plenty. Then he was assigned, Norman Gowdy, the former Central High School player, for three seasons told as a member of the much-lauded scrubs and never scored a varsity point. Others have done the same thing.

The Diamonds in the Rough

This year the University has been different. As soon as a player is recognized as having the capabilities of a varsity player he is removed from the scrubs and taken on by the varsity. At the University, the former varsity player, the last year, has earned him the commendation of those and older coaches, though he is still a scrub at the University. He was named as a candidate for the varsity in the first game, and he has been named as a candidate for the varsity in the second game.

Monaghan, who hails from Massachusetts, turned up on Franklin Field last week unheralded and untried. He played a uniform and put to work. It has been earned the right to call the signals for the first scrimmage.

Scores Three Times

Yesterday Monaghan capped his week's work by scoring three touchdowns against the second and third varsity eleven in a bitter scrimmage. Armed with Swathmore plays, Monaghan made the varsity at times look like schoolboys with his tricky running with the ball and his ability to call the right play at the right time.

He scored his first touchdown when Pat Riley, a hattering, smashing fullback, tipped a pass over his head. He caught it and ran for a touchdown. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal.

He scored his second touchdown when Pat Riley, a hattering, smashing fullback, tipped a pass over his head. He caught it and ran for a touchdown. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal.

He scored his third touchdown when Pat Riley, a hattering, smashing fullback, tipped a pass over his head. He caught it and ran for a touchdown. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal.

He scored his fourth touchdown when Pat Riley, a hattering, smashing fullback, tipped a pass over his head. He caught it and ran for a touchdown. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal.

He scored his fifth touchdown when Pat Riley, a hattering, smashing fullback, tipped a pass over his head. He caught it and ran for a touchdown. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal.

He scored his sixth touchdown when Pat Riley, a hattering, smashing fullback, tipped a pass over his head. He caught it and ran for a touchdown. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal.

He scored his seventh touchdown when Pat Riley, a hattering, smashing fullback, tipped a pass over his head. He caught it and ran for a touchdown. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal.

He scored his eighth touchdown when Pat Riley, a hattering, smashing fullback, tipped a pass over his head. He caught it and ran for a touchdown. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal.

He scored his ninth touchdown when Pat Riley, a hattering, smashing fullback, tipped a pass over his head. He caught it and ran for a touchdown. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal.

He scored his tenth touchdown when Pat Riley, a hattering, smashing fullback, tipped a pass over his head. He caught it and ran for a touchdown. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal.

He scored his eleventh touchdown when Pat Riley, a hattering, smashing fullback, tipped a pass over his head. He caught it and ran for a touchdown. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal.

He scored his twelfth touchdown when Pat Riley, a hattering, smashing fullback, tipped a pass over his head. He caught it and ran for a touchdown. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal.

He scored his thirteenth touchdown when Pat Riley, a hattering, smashing fullback, tipped a pass over his head. He caught it and ran for a touchdown. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal.

He scored his fourteenth touchdown when Pat Riley, a hattering, smashing fullback, tipped a pass over his head. He caught it and ran for a touchdown. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal. He also scored a touchdown when he kicked a field goal.

THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT



DECIDE P. R. R. BASEBALL TITLE HERE SATURDAY

Thousands of Visitors Coming From All Sections to See Final Game

The deciding baseball game for the 1921 championship of the Pennsylvania Railroad system will be played at Shibe Park on Saturday afternoon between Philadelphia Terminal Division, representing the East, and the Columbus Shop team, representing the West. The final game of the Railroad "World Series" will determine the holder of the W. W. Atterbury trophy.

It is estimated that 20,000 fans will be in attendance, as 15,000 tickets have already been disposed of. Officials of the line from all sections of the country will be here and occupy boxes. Special cars will be attached to the trains coming from Pittsburgh, Columbus, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Williamsport, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and New York.

The Philadelphia Terminal team will practice at Shibe Park this afternoon and the visitors will arrive tomorrow and work out at the P. R. R. Y. M. C. A. at Forty-fourth street and Parkside avenue. Included in the roster of the Columbus team are a host of former Western and Southern League stars.

The teams have played twice before, the Philadelphia team losing at Lancaster on September 24, 7 to 3, and winning October 1 by 7 to 4. The Philadelphia team has a line-up composed of local players, who are practically the best at their position hereabouts.

The line-up:
PHILADELPHIA: Catcher, J. M. ...
COLUMBUS SHOP: Catcher, J. M. ...

VILLANOVA IN SHAPE

Main Line Eleven Will Tackle Fordham Next Saturday

The Villanova gridgers, after their two successive victories over Ursinus and P. M. C., are confident of being in the condition for Saturday's game against Fordham at New York City.

Mikey Bianchi, the diminutive halfback, was the only one who had to leave the game against P. M. C. because of a slight twist in his ankle received when he made a flying tackle at the end of the game.

The practice scrimmage showed that the varsity line had benefited by the lesson they learned in the first quarter of Saturday's game, when the P. M. C. tackle-half came plowing through the center until they succeeded in making a touchdown.

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Tim Dronney Seeks Bout with Chaney

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Bill Tilden Twice Winner

New York, Oct. 13.—William T. Tilden, 29, world's tennis champion, and Mrs. Molla Buerstedt Mallory, national woman champion, took two sets out of three from Venus Hutchards and Miss Eleanor Goss in an exhibition match at the Irving Skating Country Club. The scores were 4-6, 6-2 and 6-2. In a similar match which followed, Tilden defeated Hutchards out of three by scores of 2-6, 6-2 and 7-5.

HASTY STROKES NEVER PRODUCE GOOD TIMING

Over-Eagerness to Deliver Punch Puts Blow In Too Soon—Real Foundation of Proper Rhythm Is to Maintain Mental Poise and Control

By GRANTLAND RICE

As it was in the Beginning (After considering the physical bulk of most champions now ruling the game.)

The clock moves back When depth of chest and breadth of neck and back Brought ancient stars their share of name and fame. Brown ruled the race When Hercules and Ramson in their Navy. Found that big forearms got the leading space Upon the turn of any sporting page.

As it was then So now we turn to face the ancient scheme, Where brown comes back to rule the race again And scufflings have but little chance to dream. You know the lot, Brown's contrary, strong and mostly deep of chest, Big hand, stout thigh, or Dempsey-Gulford rivalry Waiting to put raw power to the test.

Concerning Timing

"A. M. I ask you," writes F. H. Dames, "to put down what you consider the most important thing to work out in good timing, whether it is kicking a football, hitting a golf ball, striking a tennis ball, or what you will. The subject I know is too big to be at least a foundation to start from."

There is. The foundation of proper timing is taking your time. Eliminating hurry, not hitting or kicking or striking too soon.

You may or may not recall Charlie Brickett at his best. Even with the Yale line surging upon him he worked as if he had all afternoon in which to make his drop-kick. He right foot came back evenly and steadily—and then shot forward.

The natural over-eagerness to deliver the blow puts the punch in too soon, and there is nothing left for the "speed area."

Timing is rhythm that reaches its top speed at the moment of impact and that holds this speed a short distance on beyond.

The Break

WHEN one is worried or upset, or his mental grip has slipped, timing usually goes astray.

For the real foundation of timing is mental poise and control. One may be nervous and still keep mental control and concentration.

But there are certain days when the mind has no control over the muscles, and on these days even the Hutchisons, the Coel, Letices and the Tildens become ordinary mortals.

The greatest wrecker that good timing knows is stoniness, a condition that will even beat down a champion against his regular opponents last week, as any opponent near his or her class.

READER—We confess to slipping a peg if we rated the Giant infield on a par with the old Cub or the old Athletic quartet. It isn't. But through the season it was the best infield in either league for thorough going value in all departments of defense and attack. The one infield that came full up to Cub-Athletic quality was that of Tenney-Lowe-Long and Collins, of Boston.

A Few Football Movies

"The Golem."—Don Louis. "Dangerous Curve Ahead."—The Navy. "The Three Musketeers."—Louis, Gharthy and Keck. "Broken Blossoms."—(Interview with any coach.) "Watch My Dust."—Lafayette. "The U. of P. Trail."—J. W. Heisman.

WE NOTICE that on Saturday California University is scheduled to meet the Pacific Fleet. This contest may furnish the answer as to whether football is obsolete, but the test might be a fairer one if played on the Pacific Ocean rather than at Berkeley.

THE one shadow on the season is the absence of George Gipp, of Notre Dame, one of the greatest football players that ever lived. His death last winter took away a worthy rival of Thorpe in no one near his all-around brilliancy on the field today.

IN a year when Gene Sarazen can be 8 up on Jack Hutchinson at the end of 18 holes—when Mrs. Letta can beat Miss Lettich—when Anderson and Rice can defeat Tilden—when Jesse Gullford can beat Chick Evans 6 up and 5 down, you can't well blame a football where the next-act of fate will fall next.

HOLD SECRET DRILL

Bucknell Prepares for Battle With Lafayette Saturday

Lewisburg, Pa., Oct. 13.—Secret practice is being held daily by the Bucknell University football squad in preparation for the meeting Saturday with Lafayette on Tustin Field here.

Coch Reynolds' men came out of the fight against the heavy Mullenberg aggregation at Allentown virtually without injuries and victorious by a 14 to 0 score.

Hall, the halfback who was knocked out shortly after he had scored the first touchdown for the Orange and Blue, is expected to be in shape to hold down his regular berth when Bucknell clashes with the Easton team. Coach Reynolds believes his men could not have been expected to roll up a higher score against their opponents last week, as the game was played on a muddy field and in the rain.

TIM DRONEY SEEKS BOUT WITH CHANEY

Lancaster Battler Wants to Redeem Self Against Baltimore Knockerout

CHALLENGES OTHER STARS

By LOUIS H. JAFFE

For about eight months one Timothy Dronney, who hails from Lancaster, Pa., has been trying to get a match with George Chaney, of Baltimore. To use the words of his manager, Joe Kennedy, Tim has been "pining and whining" for a wallop at the hanging jaw of the Oriole City southpaw.

Here's the reason: Along about last February Dronney and Chaney met in a scheduled twelve-round bout in Baltimore. In the fifth round Tim went down apparently in exasperating pain, but he got up and fought the rest of the bout and he had been struck an illegal blow.

This was the second meeting between Dronney and Chaney. Six months previously Tim stood off George in an eight-round set-out at Lancaster. "He never hurt me that night," said Dronney who is in Philadelphia today. "And I want to fight to the world at large."

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ME-O-MY, HOW YOU'LL TAKE TO A PIPE—AND P.A.!

Before you're a day older you want to let the idea slip under your hat that this is the open season to start something with a joy's jimmy pipe—and some Prince Albert—and get your share of the greatest smoke-sport-on-earth!

Because, a pipe packed with Prince Albert—he-kind-tobacco—satisfies a man as he was never satisfied before—and keeps him satisfied! And, you can prove it! Why—P. A.'s flavor and fragrance and coolness and its freedom from bite and parch

(cut out by our exclusive patented process) are a revelation to the man who never could get acquainted with a pipe! P. A. has made a pipe a thing of joy to four men where one was smoked before! And, you'll say so as soon as you start to cash-in on this smokehunch!

Ever roll up a cigarette with Prince Albert? Man, man—but you've got a party coming your way! Talk about a cigarette smoke; we tell you it's a peach! And P. A. rolls easily and stays put!

Prince Albert is sold in tins, handsome pound and half pound tin has mirrors and in the present crystal glass humidifier with sponge moisture trap that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

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STETSON HATS \$7.00 and up

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PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke