SECTION FOUR
EIGHT PAGES

THE NEW YORK HERALD

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SPORTING NEWS
AUTOMOBILES

+++ NEW YORK, SUNDAY, JUNE 12, 1921.

BELMONT PARK RACING --- BASEBALL --- HOME RUN FOR RUTH

GREY LAG FIRST IN BELMONT STAKES

Beats Sporting Blood, Leonardo and Quecreek in Historic Turf Classic.

50,000 SEE THE CONTEST

William A. Leads Home Juveniles in Keene Memorial—Last Straw Scores.

Man o' War's Brother Is Insured for $100,000

PLAYFELLOW, the three-year-old brother of Man o' War, was insured yesterday afternoon for $100,000. Last week three different sportsmen offered $100,000 for the colt, but his owner, who races big strings of thoroughbreds under the name of the Quincy Stable, refused to sell him for less than $125,000. Playfellow is by Fair Play and Mahubah. He was bought for $1,800 as a yearling.

After Grey Lag won the Belmont Stakes yesterday Jim Fitzsimmons, the veteran trainer, who watched the contest from the trainers' stand, said Grey Lag was a good colt, but that he would make him look cheap when he sent Playfellow against him.

By HENRY V. KING.

Harry Sinclair and S. C. Hildreth, who race their thoroughbreds under the name of the Rancocas Stable, won two coveted stake races yesterday afternoon at the Belmont Park track. Their three-year-old chestnut colt Grey Lag, which they bought last season for $50,000, won the historic Belmont Stakes, and their two-year-old black colt William A., which they purchased a fortnight ago for $30,000, won the Keene Memorial. Grey Lag won galloping, four lengths in front of Arnold Rothstein's Sporting Blood, which stuck his neck home in front of Edward Sim's Leonardo.

William A. utilized every ounce of speed and stamina he possessed to win the Keene Memorial, and he earned the major portion of the purse by only an inch or two. Mrs. A. R. Lawson's Sweep By was second, a length in front of J. S. Cosden's Big Heart.

To see these two classics decided the largest crowd that ever saw a race in New York was present. It was much larger than it was last Saturday or Memorial Day. Secretary Earlocker said there were more than 50,000 persons at the course. Almost every seat in the giant grand stand, which measures more than a quarter of a mile, was occupied, thousands and thousands stood on the lawns and there were thousands in the Turf and Field Club enclosure and in the club house. Society was out in force, and filled every box. Despite the dusty road to the paddock thousands, including a host of well known social lights, visited the horses while they were being groomed for their contests.

Belmont Stake the Magnet.

The Belmont was the feature. It is a test for three-year-olds and usually decides the championship. It is at one mile and three furlongs, all the contestants carrying the stake weight of 126 pounds. The stake is one of the oldest on the American turf, having been inaugurated at Jerome Park in 1867, in honor of August Belmont, father of the present chairman of the Jockey Club. It has a guaranteed cash value of $10,000, and, beginning in 1923, will be the richest turf event in America, for beginning that year the Westchester Association will add $50,000 to it.

Although more than a hundred colts and fillies were nominated for yesterday's event only four colts, Leonardo, Grey Lag, Sporting Blood and Joseph E. Davis's Quecreek competed. Leonardo, Grey Lag and Sporting Blood were so evenly matched in the opinion of the racegoers that they went to the post at almost the same odds. Quecreek was not seriously considered either by the public or his stable. He went forth in the rich stake so that Dr. Davis would be represented in it. This sportsman loves to see his silks in a contest and starts his horses whether he believes they have a chance or not.

The race was a good one but not a record breaker. It showed that Grey Lag is probably the best three-year-old in the country. Only Playfellow now stands between him and the title. Grey Lag ran an entirely different race than he did in the Withers a week ago, when he was beaten by Leonardo and Sporting Blood. In that event he showed a flash of speed and then quit like a plater. Yesterday there was no quit to him. He followed close behind the terrific pace set by Leonardo until the middle of the bend. There he went to the front, and from then to the judges romped to win in the easiest possible fashion.

Leonardo displayed all of his great speed and led his opponents a merry chase for seven furlongs. Then his weak ankles began to burn him and he slowed down. Despite the pain from his ankles he fought on as best he could and gave Sporting Blood a hard fight for second honors.

Sporting Blood's Game Effort.

Sporting Blood had a little bad luck in the race. He was pinched in between Grey Lag and Quecreek in the long run up the backstretch and couldn't get going at his best until Quecreek dropped out of it rounding the turn. Making the bend Sporting Blood made a bid for the lead, and entering the homestretch looked like the probable winner. But when Grey Lag went past him he faltered and Kummer had a hard job getting him home in front of Leonardo.

Quecreek was outclassed and was never a serious contender. He ran head and head with Grey Lag and Sporting Blood behind Leonardo up the backstretch but stopped badly and finished nearly a sixteenth of a mile behind the winner.

The race was a fast one, but nothing exceptional considering the condition of the track. Leonardo, under restraint, stepped the quarter in 23 3-5, the half in 47, six furlongs in 1:11 3-5, one mile in 1:37. Grey Lag came along and passed the mile and a quarter pole in 2:03 3-5 and the mile and three furlongs in 2:16 4-5, two and three-fifth seconds

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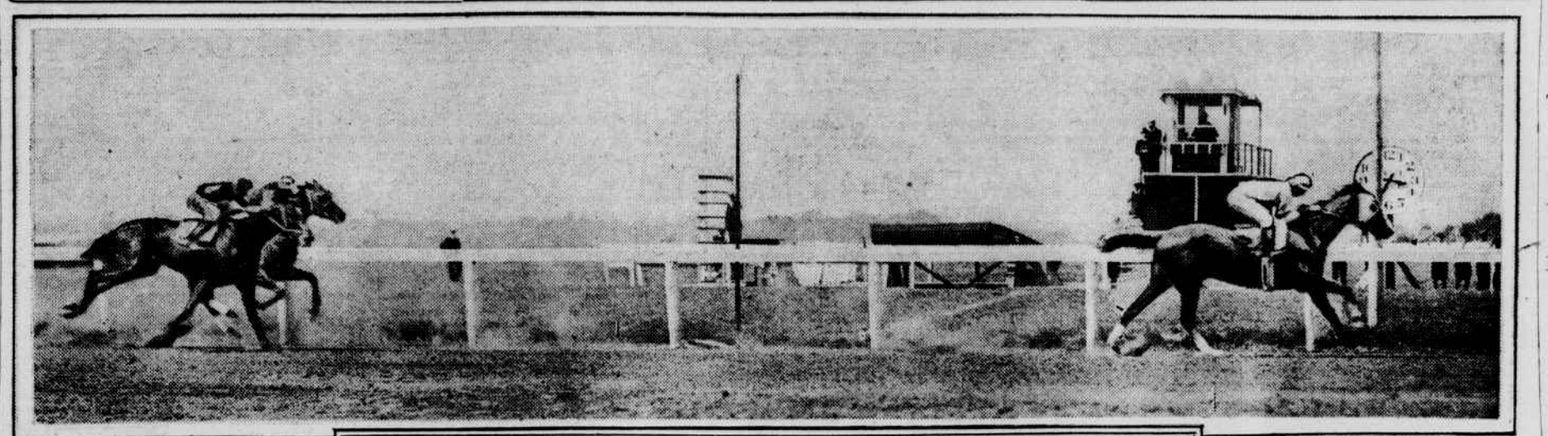
Belmont Stakes a Gallop for Rancocas Stable's Grey Lag



GREY LAG-1ST, SPORTING BLOOD-2ND, LEONARDO II-3RD

Photos by STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

GREY LAG, SANDE UP.

G. W. WHITE TAKES "MET" GOLF TITLE

Closing Rally Gives Nassau Star Victory Over G. A. Peacock by 1 Up.

By KERR N. PETRIE.

Take it from all the imps that ever rode a struggling rubber core into a cup or bunker, from Col. Bogie himself, from the man who invented the royal and ancient game or from the veriest tyro, the only time to be up in a golf match is at the end.

Gardiner W. White of Nassau was never up all the way to the home green in his semi-final match with J. Simpson Dean of Princeton on Friday. Yesterday he repeated the performance in the thirty-six hole final against Grant A. Peacock of Cherry Valley, and it is because of these heart breaking bursts and hair raising finishes that the Nassau Country Club star awakes this morning to find himself metropolitan champion.

Those who had their money on Peacock probably would be justified in saying that White chloroformed fate, sandbagged Peacock and stole the match. He did—to his everlasting glory. And to be such a golfing miscreant thousands in this fair land would give their eye teeth, the family jewels and whatever chances they have of putting in the golfers' happy hunting ground over greens that never bump and where three putts are unknown. White, to reiterate, was never up until the thirty-sixth hole. He was even 1 down at the thirty-fourth and his chances at the thirty-fifth were hanging by a single gossamer strand. But he took the match and title, bowled Peacock over with the last desperate rush and snatched the championship away from him.

Two down to start the last eighteen holes, the Nassau man had gone back to 3 down, had battled gallantly back to 2, to - and finally to an even. Twice from the eighth to the fourteenth he had squared, but take the lead he simply couldn't. He had caught Dean right on the tape, caught him and beaten him, but it scarcely seemed possible that he could duplicate the feat against Peacock, who towards the finish had settled down to play a game that kept the ball as straight as a string against a heavy, treacherous wind.

Gets Match Back to Evens.

White's long, raking, curling drives had been wafted into all manner of troublesome positions. He, in fact, was playing himself as much as he was battling his sturdy opponent. At the fourteenth White got the match back to evens, holding it there through the fifteenth, where his tee shot again left the fairway. Then came the sixteenth and the story it seemed to tell was that fate had turned its back on White and that the Nassau man for the second year in succession was to be metropolitan runnerup.

With the wind behind him White hooked, pulled the ball right around the end of the human wall called the gallery, picking out the worst spot of all, an ingenious trap placed for just such a shot—a group of knolls with grass to the player's knees. White looked it over and then shot a glance in the direction of his opponent, who was weighing up his second shot from a lie on the velvety turf right in the middle of the fairway. It was as if Peacock's ball also were working hard for victory. White's was the imp of mischief, hiding in the grass, striving, it seemed, for the downfall of the man who, after years of patient endeavor and for the second year in succession, again had his hands outstretched for that elusive cup of victory.

So far away that green seemed a veritable lane of victory and defeat, with Peacock's name emblazoned away down there at its far end, White's glimmering indistinctly from the shadows. Peacock by this time was fiddling with his brassie. White read the handwriting. Peacock could just make it, could just get home against the powerful cross win, but for himself White could not even stand to play in the direction of the green.

And so the die was cast. White played out, but here again was misfortune. The Nassau man's ball came to rest in the middle of the roadway. He had lost that precious shot anyway. The lie in the roadway did not so much matter. It mattered even less when Peacock swung, for with unerring aim the Cherry Valley man laid his ball almost hole high right where it meant a sure 4 and a possible 3. The 4 was good enough. White after his Homeric struggle was 1 down with 2 to play. For the second year the title was getting away from him.

White Plays From Rough.

All but a champion, Peacock faced the 445 yard seventeenth as a man with championship aspirations should. Right in the teeth of the treacherous wind the line lay. But the Cherry Valley man never flinched. Everything he had he knew this drive required—length and direction. The shot was made to order, a low flying ball that cheated the wind for

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MISS BOYLE SWIMS IN RECORD TIME

Clips 3 4-5 Seconds Off Mark for 150 Yards at Brighton Beach Contests.

Miss Charlotte Boyle, a member of the Olympic swimming team, created a new world's record for 150 yards in the opening meet of the Brighton Beach outdoor pool yesterday afternoon before one of the largest crowds that ever witnessed a swimming event in the metropolitan district. Miss Boyle covered the distance in the remarkable time of 1:49 4-5, which was 3 4-5 seconds better than the former world's mark of 1:53 3-5 of Hilda James of Liverpool, England.

The bronzed mermaid of the Women's Swimming Association was forced to take second honors to Miss Alice Lord of Brooklyn, however, the latter having a handicap of 20 seconds. Miss Boyle strove vainly to overcome this advantage and was gaining with every turn of the tank, but was beaten to the finish by about three yards. With another length of the pool she might have overtaken the Brooklyn girl. Miss Briscoe was third. The time of the winner was 2:07.

Miss Helen Wainwright, the youthful diving champion of the Olympic team, defeated Miss Eileen Riggin for the senior Metropolitan A. A. U. fancy diving championship with a total of 121 points, which was two in advance of Miss Riggin's total.

Miss Gertrude Ederle, the high school swimming champion, added another title to her list in winning the 100 yard race for the Metropolitan Junior A. A. U. title in the fast time of 1:13 2-5.

The summaries:

Fancy Dive (Senior Metropolitan A. A. U. Championship).—Won by Miss Helen Wainwright, N. Y. W. S. A., 121 points; Miss Eileen Riggin, N. Y. W. S. A., 119 points, second; Miss Helen Meany, N. Y. W. S. A., 111 points, third.

100 Yard Race (Junior Metropolitan A. A. U. Championship).—Won by Miss Gertrude Ederle, N. Y. W. S. A.; Miss Grace Kahn, Barnard College, second; Miss Alice Lord, N. Y. W. S. A., third. Time, 1:13 2-5.

150 Yard Race (Handicap).—Won by Miss Alice Lord, N. Y. W. S. A. (20 seconds); Miss Charlotte Boyle, N. Y. W. S. A. (scratch), second; Miss Florence Briscoe, N. Y. W. S. A. (28 seconds), third. Time, 2:07. Miss Boyle was timed in 1:49 4-5, creating a new world's record for the distance. The former record of 1:53 3-5 was made by Miss Hilda James of Liverpool, England.

100 Yard Race (Handicap)—Won by Miss Claire Juskow, N. Y. W. S. A. (32 seconds); Miss Frances Cooney, N. Y. W. S. A. (30 seconds), second; Miss Isabelle Grandfield, N. Y. W. S. A. (20 second), third. Time, 1:30.

50 Yard Race, for Girls 13 Years of Age and Under (Handicap).—Won by Miss Mildred Whitty, N. Y. W. S. A. (19 seconds); Miss Helen Briscoe, N. Y. W. S. A. (8 seconds), second; Miss Katherine Brown, N. Y. W. S. A. (8 seconds), third. Time, 41 4-5 seconds.

Referee—Alfred Sivori, N. Y. A. C.

Eastern League.

Hartford, 9; Springfield, 0.
Albany, 8; Worcester, 7.
Waterbury, 6; Bridgeport, 2.
Pittsfield, 7; New Haven, 6.

American Association.

Kansas City, 14; Columbus, 9.
Minneapolis, 5; Louisville, 4 (14 innings).
St. Paul, 1; Minneapolis, 0.
Toledo, 9; Milwaukee, 8.

Point Score in Games for Junior Met Title

N. Y. A. C., 37; Princeton, 33; New York University, 17; unattached, 12; Glencoe, 11; Paulist A. C., 11; Morningside, 9; Pastime A. C., 8; Swedish-American A. C., 8; Columbia University, 6; St. Christopher Club, 6; Jersey Harriers, 5; Hungarian-American, 5; Alpha P. C. C., 4; St. Anselm's A. C., 1; Mohawk A. C., 1.

1,000 YARD RECORD FOR PENN ATHLETE

Larry Brown Cuts 1-5 Second Off Mark Set by Mel Sheppard.

Special Despatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD.

PHILADELPHIA, June 11.—Larry Brown, Penn's newly elected track captain, took his place alongside of Ted Meredith to-day as a holder of world's records when he ran 1,000 yards in 2 minutes 12 1-5 seconds in a special match race on Franklin Field this afternoon. The Seattle flyer clipped 1-5 of a second off the former mark, which was made by Mel Sheppard on August 14, 1910. Since that time some of the best runners in the world have had a crack at this mark, but the honor of finally blasting it from the record books belongs to Brown.

Three officials timed Brown in 2:12 1-5, while the fourth timer got him in 2:11 4-5. To make sure that the distance was correct, a number of A. A. U. officials measured the track and actually found that Larry had covered a distance of eight inches more than the necessary distance.

Only two men faced Larry in this race. Walt Irwin, running his last race in a red and blue suit, had a forty yard handicap, while McMullen, the former Central High School middle distance star, was given a twenty yard lead over the Seattle flash. Brown won by forty yards.

Earl Eby, running his last race on Franklin Field as a Penn undergrad, came within four-fifths of a second of erasing Mel Shepard's world record for the 600 yard race by covering the distance in 1:11 3-5.

N. Y. A. C. ATHLETES WIN JUNIOR TITLE

Victors Are Hard Pressed by Princeton Collegians in A. A. U. Championship.

New York Athletic Club and Princeton University had a fine duel yesterday afternoon at Pershing Field, Jersey City, for the junior metropolitan championship. N. Y. A. C. finally won the meet, scoring 37 points to 33 for the Tiger track and field men, but the victory was not decided until the last event was turned in and it was found that the clubmen had scored three places in the pole vault, in which Princeton did not have a man entered. Both teams scored all through the programme and the duel was a close one. Had Halsey, the Princeton weight man, been competing for his alma mater instead of the New York Athletic Club, the result would have been reversed, as Halsey won the shot put with a heave of 49 feet 9¼ inches.

One record was broken, this honor going to Stevenson of Princeton in the 440 yards, when he ran the distance in 49 3-5 seconds, beating the old mark of 50 1-5 seconds made in 1916 by Roche of New Haven A. A. on the Rutgers track. Stevenson had prior to this meet run a quarter in 48 4-5 seconds, but when he did this time it was on a far better track than yesterday afternoon, and the conditions were also better, as in his junior championship he had to fight a stiff wind up the homestretch.

Another Mark Threatened.

One other record was endangered yesterday by Emery of Princeton, who in winning the hammer throw was within four feet of the old mark.

The meet enjoyed large fields in all except the 40 yards low hurdles, and in this race only three men appeared for the heats. Under the rules of the Amateur Athletic Union, this is not enough to warrant a championship race to be run, so it was omitted from the programme. The conditions for the meet were anything but good, and so the performances could be considered first rate. The track was very slow and a breeze blew across

Continued on Third Page.

American and National League Records.

RESULTS OF YESTERDAY'S GAMES.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

New York, 7; Detroit, 6.
Boston, 4; Chicago, 2.
St. Louis, 5; Philadelphia, 3.
Cleveland, 7; Washington, 3.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

St. Louis, 8; New York, 3.
Cincinnati, 10; Brooklyn, 0.
Pittsburgh, 10; Philadelphia, 3.
Chicago, 6; Boston, 3.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	P.C.		Played.	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Cleveland	52	33	19	.635	Pittsburgh	49	33	16	.673
New York	51	30	21	.588	New York	50	32	18	.640
Washington	53	28	25	.528	St. Louis	47	25	22	.532
Detroit	55	29	26	.527	Boston	48	24	24	.500
Boston	46	23	23	.500	Brooklyn	53	25	28	.472
St. Louis	52	24	28	.462	Chicago	45	20	25	.444
Chicago	49	20	29	.408	Cincinnati	51	20	31	.392
Philadelphia	50	17	33	.340	Philadelphia	47	16	31	.340

GAMES SCHEDULED FOR TO-DAY.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Detroit in New York.
Cleveland in Washington.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

New York in St. Louis.
Brooklyn in Cincinnati.
Boston in Chicago.

REDS BLANK DODGERS AND SCORE 10 RUNS

First Time This Season Brooklyn Has Failed to Cross the Plate.

Special Despatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD.

CINCINNATI, June 11.—The falling Dodgers started their series here this afternoon with Pat Moran's Grohless Reds by losing their fifth straight game. The final count was 10 to 0, and that the Brooklyns are not getting better as they go along may be gleaned from the fact that it was the first time this season they failed to score.

Adolfo Luque, the sturdy Cuban, won the distinction of being the first pitcher to hold Uncle Robbie's Flatbush team scoreless. He held the Brooklyns to seven singles, and the ninth was the only round in which they made as many as two hits. Not a Brooklyn runner, however, reached third during the game.

The Reds rolled up a total of seventeen hits off Sherrod Smith and Bill Bailey. Smith started and in the Dodgers' half of the eighth he was removed to allow Neis to bat for him. Bailey finished the game and in the ninth the Reds scored their last tally on a triple by Bressler and Roush's double.

The Reds pounced on Smith for five runs in the seventh chapter after two were out, but long before that inning the result of the contest was not in doubt, as they found Sherrod for two tallies in the second frame.

Roush started the second frame by hitting past Koney for a triple and he scored on Duncan's sacrifice fly. The second run of the inning was the result of singles by Fonseca, Hargrave and Luque. In the third frame the Reds added another tally to their credit after two were out, and they were helped along by the first of five Brooklyn errors. Roush singled, stole second and went to third when Miller threw past the bag. Duncan walked and the pair worked the double steal successfully, Roush scoring.

In the sixth inning Fonseca singled and went to third on Margrave's two bagger. Luque hit to Kilduff, who threw Fonseca out at the plate, and Hargrave moved to third on the play. Bohne then hit to Olson, who fumbled the ball, and Hargrave scored. Luque, however, overslid second and Olson's throw to Kilduff retired him.

The Reds batted around in the seventh. Daubert fouled out and Bressler singled, but died stealing. Then the fun began. Roush singled and while Duncan was at bat Smith caught Roush off first, but when Koney threw wild to second Roush reached that bag safely. He scored on Duncan's two bagger. Kopf hit to Smith, who threw past first, and Duncan crossed the plate, and Kopf pulled up at third. Fonseca came through with his fourth hit, a single that sent Kopf home. Fonseca rode home on Hargrave's triple over Wheat's head and a minute later Luque hit over Zack's head for a double, and his battery mate scored. Bohne brought the busy inning to a close with a pop fly to Olson. The pitching burden was then passed to Bailey and in the last frame the Reds scored their tenth run as related above.

Manager Pat Moran does not know what to do regarding Heinie Groh's latest episode. The third baseman, who must play with no team other than the Reds this season, was out for morning practice to-day, and after it he donned his street clothes and drove off in his automobile without his manager's permission.

The score:

BROOKLYN (N.)	ab	r	h	o	a	e	CINCINNATI (N.)	ab	r	h	o	a	e
Olson, ss	4	0	0	3	2	1	Rohne, 3b	5	0	0	0	2	0
J'ston, 3b	4	0	1	1	1	1	D'bert, 1b	5	0	1	5	0	0
Griffith, rf	4	0	1	3	1	0	Bressl'r, rf	5	1	2	1	0	0
Wheat, lf	4	0	2	1	0	0	Roush, cf	5	3	4	4	0	0
Ko'chy, lb	4	0	0	7	0	1	Duncan, lf	3	1	1	2	0	0
Myers, cf	3	0	0	4	1	0	Kopf, ss	3	1	0	2	4	0
K'duff, 2b	3	0	0	2	5	0	Fonseca, 2b	4	2	4	6	2	0
Miller, c	3	0	2	5	1	1	Hargr've, c	4	2	3	6	1	0
Smith, p	2	0	1	0	2	1	Luque, p	4	0	2	1	2	0
*Neis	1	0	0	0	0	0							
Bailey, p	0	0	0	0	0	0							
Totals	32	0	7	24	13	3	Totals	38	10	27	27	11	0

*Batted for Smith in the eighth inning.

Brooklyn	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Cincinnati	0	2	1	0	0	1	5	1	x	1	0

Two base hits—Hargrave, Duncan, Luque, Roush. Three base hits—Roush, Hargrave, Bressler. Stolen bases—Roush, 2; Duncan. Sacrifice—Duncan. Double plays—Bohne, Fonseca and Daubert; Johnston, Kilduff and Konetchy; Griffith and Konetchy; Myers, Kilduff and Olson. Left on bases—Brooklyn, 5; Cincinnati, 7. Bases on balls—Off Smith, 2. Hits—Off Smith, 15 in 7 innings; off Bailey, 2 in 1 inning. Struck out—By Luque, 5. Losing pitcher—Smith. Umpires—Hart and McCormick. Time of game—1 hour and 40 minutes.

College Baseball Results.

At New Haven—Yale, 13; Syracuse, 6.
At Princeton—Vanderbilt University, 2; Princeton, 2 (six innings; rain).
At Philadelphia—University of Pennsylvania, 8; Dartmouth, 6.
At Worcester, Mass.—Holy Cross, 12; Harvard, 6.
At Providence—Brown, 6; Tufts, 3.
At Amherst, Mass.—Massachusetts Agricultural College, 4; Amherst, 2.
At Selins Grove, Pa.—Bucknell, 14; Susquehanna University, 4.
At State College, Pa.—University of Pittsburgh, 12; Pennsylvania State, 8 (11 innings).
At Morgantown, W. Va.—West Virginia, 18; W. and J., 4.
At Easton, Pa.—Lafayette, 5; Lehanon Valley, 2.
At Chicago.—Chicago, 7; Wasedа, 5.
At Bethlehem, Pa.—Lehigh, 7; Rutgers, 3.

BASEBALL TO-DAY, 3:00 P. M. POLO Grounds. Yankees vs. Detroit.—Adv.

RUTH'S 18TH HOMER HELPS YANKEES WIN

Three Run Drive in Seventh Ties Score—Tigers Are Beaten by 7 to 6.

VICTORY COMES IN NINTH

Peck's Single Sends In Conquering Tally as Storm Breaks.

By DANIEL.

For the Yankees as a club, and Babe Ruth, who hit Home Run Number 18, Roger Peckinpaugh and Tom Sheehan in particular—for the 30,000 who went into wild ecstasies over the Babe's three run drive which tied the score in the seventh, and other scintillating and dashing exploits of their favorites—the cup of joy was filled to overflowing at the Polo Grounds yesterday afternoon.

It was a mighty sweet victory which the New Yorks hammered out over the time wasting, tantalizing Ty Cobb and his Tigers—a triumph as saccharine as drips of honey which struck down the Detroits with the coming of the storm and Peck's single in the ninth inning. The score was 7 to 6.

Never before, this season, had the Yankees scored a success which brought so much satisfaction both to themselves and the home fans. Never before, this year, had Ruth hit a home run which made him feel so strongly the joy of living and the power of his mighty shoulders. Rarely, in the last decade, had a crowd at the Polo Grounds been antagonized and tantalized—driven to wish so keenly for victory—as was the assemblage yesterday.

Behind it all were the continual "goat getting," dilly dallying tactics of Cobb, who sparred for time and hoped that the onrushing deluge would save his team. But all the delay could not prevent Peckinpaugh from striking the blow triumphant in the gathering gloom, and sending Sheehan home with the winning run.

A Homer Par Excellence.

It was a great game, and what a home run, that smash of Ruth's was! The Babe has delivered more telling blows. He has sent the ball among the fans with all the bases filled. He has crashed the leather into the stands to break deadlocks and put the finishing touches on the enemy. But that home run of yesterday gave way to none of these.

The Babe rarely is demonstrative, but when he drove out that four bagger in the seventh inning, sent two runs in ahead of him and tied the score at 6 all he was elation itself. And the major reason? The tantalizing, time wasting Cobb, now a manager as well as a centre fielder, the Tyrus, who has boasted oft and anon that he is more valuable to a team than is the Babe.

That ninth inning denouement, which dealt a death blow to Cobb's methods and his hopes for a tie, was a most dramatic one, perhaps the most dramatic seen at the Polo Grounds this season. What a setting as the Yankees went to bat in the ninth! Sheehan had come in and held the Tigers safe in the eighth in spite of a triple by Bassler, and again in the ninth despite two passes. They were cancelled by a lightning double play started by Baker, who made a flashing catch of Heilmann's liner.

Ruth's home run had whanged Slow Jim Middleton out of the game in the seventh, and in the eighth it was Oldham, left hander, who turned the champing Yankees back. It was Oldham whom they faced in the telling ninth—Oldham, the downpour and a threatening fate. As Schang strode to bat the Tigers held a short confabulation—only about five minutes wasted while Cobb gave his ideas of the catcher's hitting weaknesses and gazed from time to time at the darkening skies. Rain drops as huge as lollypops were falling all over the park.

Sheehan Springs Surprise.

Finally Oldham decided to pitch and he got rid of Schang. Young to Blue. The general expectation was that Huggins would send a pinch hitter in for Sheehan, but the Miller crossed everybody. It was Sheehan himself who came to the plate. He lost no time. Up came a ball with nothing on it, headed for cutting the plate in twain. Oldham no doubt expected Sheehan to let the first one go by. But Tom pasted that pill to right for a base and the park became a madhouse.

When Roth came up there was more time wasting. There was another short discussion, and finally Oldham pitched. Roth took a wicked cut at the ball and singled to right centre, sending Sheehan to third. McNally was rushed in as a runner for Sheehan. With only one gone and the winning run only one station from home the scene became wilder still.

Then came Peckinpaugh. The rain was coming down quite hard then. It looked as if a deluge were headed straight for the Polo Grounds. Cobb the time waster gathered his men about him for the ninety-third conference of the afternoon. That game was just one caucus after another. Oldham received all manner of advice as to what to throw the Yankee captain. There was more talk and more ugly sky gazing, and all the while Bill Dinneen, the umpire in chief, made no serious move to hasten the game along. Dinneen was remiss in that particular all afternoon.

After an age it was decided that Oldham would hurl the ball in the direction of Peckinpaugh. He streaked it over and Peck streaked it right back through short for a hit and McNally scurried over the plate with the winning run. And as the crowd rushed from the park the flood gates were let loose. It was considerable storm.

Ruth's great home run in the seventh was made all the greater because it came with two men on, the Yanks three runs behind and two strikes on the Babe. In the Detroit half Veach had hit a home run into the right field stand with two on, two gone and the score a tie at 3 all. It was strictly up to the Babe to make good, and he certainly did that little thing.

Schang started the seventh with a sin-

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GIANTS LOSE, 8-3, TO CLOUTING CARDS

Douglas's Pitching Meets With Approval of Fans in St. Louis.

VICTORS STRONG IN FIELD

New Yorks Continue in Slump and Drop Fourth Straight.

By WILLIAM B. HANNA.

Special Despatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD.

ST. LOUIS, June 11.—The Cardinals scored their eighth straight victory today. Fair enough! But it was at the expense of the Giants, and by an inconsiderate score of 8 to 3. Moreover, it was the fourth consecutive defeat for the Giants, who not only are losing often but by one sided scores.

The Giants were still in their general decline. Their hits were scattered and generally with two out, and they couldn't produce timely punches. When they did show an inclination to hit the ball earnestly and to some purpose they were thrown back by exceptional play in the St. Louis outfield. The backbone of their attack was broken by this defence and they were lacking in energy and life. Kelly is still in his slump. He made one hit, but it was a scratch. For in and out work the showing of the Giants thus far on this trip is conspicuous.

Doc Lavan obliged with an error at an opportune moment in the first inning and gave the Giants a run. The error was made on Kelly's grounder after Bancroft's bunt and Frisch's single. Bancroft scored from second on the defection of the Cardinal shortstop. King then drove McHenry back to the fence for a wicked liner. Schupp was lucky to get off with one run.

Cards Soon Take Lead.

This narrow lead did not last longer than the flick of a lamb's tail. Smith doubled, Fournier singled and the Cardinals had a run in their half. Then when Stock sacrificed and Schultz singled they had two runs. When McHenry doubled they had three runs. A truly torrid greeting for Douglas—four hits and three runs right off the bat.

Douglas and Burns singled in the second with two out. Once more Schupp was swathed in luck. A shot to centre by Bancroft which appeared to be a sure fire hit was swallowed up in Jack Smith's glove, a brilliant catch and playing hard to beat. McHenry made a sliding shoestring catch off Frisch in the third—more yeggman stuff. Brown and Kelly splashed the pastime with hits, and when Schupp filled the bases by passing King Schupp passed out of the action.

Enter Willie Doak. On the first ball pitched Rapp hit tamely to Stock, whose throw home forced Brown. Earl Smith grabbed a cudgel, batted for Snyder and was thrown out by Doak. The Giants wasted a lot of hits.

The second and third innings for the Cardinals were just a lull in the storm. It broke anew on Douglas in the fourth and forced him to the shelter of the showers. McHenry, Lavan and Clemons made ringing hits; Ryan, who succeeded Douglas, made a wild pitch; Kelly made a full blown error on a grounder and the voracious Cardinals made three large and unlovely runs.

Monroe and Brown Come In.

McGraw supplanted two of his regulars, King and Rapp, with younger blood in the fifth. It was just as well, if not better, for King and Rapp were doing anything but brilliantly in the field. They covered no ground to speak of. Munroe batted in Brown after the latter's hit and steal. Then he went to second base while Frisch shifted to adorn his old place at the third salient.

The first hit off Ryan was a triple by J. Smith in the seventh. He laid the shillelah against a slow ball and right back of him Fournier put the ash to a home run into the right field bleachers. Hornsby tried to ring in on the clouting, but Brown ran back and clutched his liner.

Young was out of the game with his bad leg, but Brown gathered bingles freely as fourth place hitter pro tem. He batted in a run in the ninth. Ryan pitched well after Douglas had been knocked out. The score:

NEW YORK (N.)	ab	r	h	o	a	e	ST. LOUIS (N.)	ab	r	h	o	a	e
Burns, lf	5	0	1	1	0	0	J. Smith, cf	4	2	2	2	0	0
Bancr'ft, ss	5	2	3	2	2	0	Fo'nier, 1b	4	2	2	9	0	0
Frisch, 2b	5	0	1	2	5	0	Stock, 3b	3	0	1	1	4	1
Brown, cf	5	1	4	3	0	0	Hornsby, 2b	4	0	1	2	2	0
Kelly, 1b	5	0	1	9	1	1	Schultz, rf	4	1	1	1	0	0
King, rf	1	0	0	0	2	0	McH'ry, lf	4	1	3	6	0	0
Walk'r, rf	2	0	0	1	0	0	Lavan, ss	4	1	1	2	2	1
Rapp, 3b	2	0	0	1	1	0	Clemons, c	4	1	2	4	0	0
M'nr'e, 3b	2	0	1	1	2	0	Schupp, p	1	0	0	0	0	0
Snyder, c	1	0	0	1	1	0	Doak, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
Smith, c	3	0	0	4	0	0							
Do'glas, p	2	0	1	0	2	0	Totals	34	8	13	27	10	2
Ryan, p	0	0	0	0	1	0							
Benton, p	0	0	0	0	0	0							
*Young	1	0	0	0	0	0							
Totals	29	3	12	24	18	1							

*Batted for Ryan in eighth inning.

New York	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	3
St. Louis	3	0	0	3	0	0	2	0	x	0	8

Two base hits—J. Smith, McHenry, Clemons. Three base hit—J. Smith. Home run—Fournier. Sacrifice hit—Stock. Double play—Lavan and Fournier. Stolen bases—Brown, Bancroft. Bases on balls—Off Schupp, 1; off Doak, 1. Struck out—By Schupp, 1; by Doak, 2; by Douglas, 1; by Ryan, 4. Pitching record—Off Schupp, 6 hits, 1 run in 2 1-3 innings; off Douglas, 10 hits, 6 runs in 3 innings (none out in fourth); off Ryan, 2 hits, 2 runs in 4 innings. Left on bases—St. Louis, 3; New York, 11. Winning pitcher—Doak. Losing pitcher—Douglas. Umpires—Quigley and Emslie. Time of game—2 hours and 12 minutes.

Russell Tops Sluggers in American Association

"Reb" Russell continues to be the Babe Ruth of the American Association. The Minneapolis club bagged four homers in the past week, and Reb made half of them, bringing his string up to eleven, while Brief of Kansas City is trailing with ten. Del Gainer of Milwaukee stole another base during the week and is showing the way to base stealers with thirteen thefts.

Butler of Kansas City continues to top the batters with an average of .441. Hauser, Milwaukee, continues as runner up with .408, while Kirke of Louisville boosted his mark from .398 to .404, which gives him third place.

Other leading batters are: Brief, Kansas City, .400; Lear, Milwaukee, .392; Baird, Indianapolis, .387; High, Columbus, .374; Gainer, Milwaukee, .373; Schrieber, Indianapolis, .368, and Ellis, Louisville, .359.