The Times Dispatch
SPORTING SECTION
THE TIMES FOUNDED 1886.
THE DISPATCH FOUNDED 1850.
RICHMOND, VA., MONDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1910.

Athletics Win Baseball Championship of the World

COFFIN LID NAILED DOWN BY J. COOMBS

Patient Threatens to Kick Him Over Cemetery, but Fails.

WAKE IN PHILADELPHIA

Chicago Struggles Hard, but Now Is Dead as "Ram, Old Boy."

BY C. E. VAN LOAN.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

Chicago, October 23.—The King is dead. Long live the Jack!

At exactly seven minutes after 4 o'clock this afternoon, a young man named Barry reached down, nipped a ball off the ground, galloped over to second base, touched it with his spikes and by that token there passed into history the world's championship series for this year of grace, 1910, won by the Philadelphia Athletics by the score of four games to one.

A great baseball team, gentlemen! All credit and honor to them, for they won fairly on their merits, whacking their way to fame with many a long hit. Philadelphia may well be proud of them. We do not deny that for seven innings we believed our illustrious patient to be doing well. You will recall that on Saturday Charles Albert Bender stepped out to nail the lid upon the coffin, but the ceremonies were indefinitely postponed. The patient objected to being buried alive.

Coombs Gets Hammer and Nails.

Cornelius McGillicuddy, the undertaker of our hopes, then handed the hammer and nails to one J. Coombs, who had already driven two nails into Chicago's sarcophagus. Mr. Coombs may now be mentioned reverently in the same breath with Christy Mathewson and "Babe" Adams, two pitchers who scored three victories in world's series. Coombs beat the Cubs three times inside of six days, justifying the confidence of his now famous chief, the aforementioned McGillicuddy. The patient was not entombed without a struggle. There were several times when he seemed about to break out and kick Mr. Coombs all over the cemetery, and he was still struggling valiantly as late as 3:30 in the afternoon.

The score, remember, was 2 and 1, with the undertakers leading by an ace. Dr. Mordecai Brown, who assisted in reviving the patient on Saturday, was sent out to administer oxygen and digitalis, and for seven innings he seemed to be fairly abreast of his duty.

Then came the fatal eighth, when the patient blinked, rolled his eyes a few times and settled back as dead as Rameses I.

Ray, old boy, may have been dead a lot longer, but you can take our word for it that if he stays dead for the next million years he will never be any deader than the Cubs were after that eighth inning.

The entire batting order of the Athletics marched against Mordecai in the eighth inning, and with three doubles, a single, two bases on balls and one large, juicy error, the patient was neatly handstitched into his shroud and the lid clamped down for keeps. Five runs went up on the scoreboard after that inning, and nothing but respect for the dear departed kept the mourners from leaving in a body.

And nothing was added to the pleasure of the occasion by the singing of the Doxology, a bit of gratuitous impertinence contributed by the Philadelphia rooters in the grandstand.

Wake in Quaker City.

The wake, as we understand it, is to be held in Philadelphia, an excellent location for the service.

Now we get down to business.

The banner crowd, from the Chicago viewpoint, turned out to-day. The game battle put up Saturday insured standing room only, if nothing else, and long before the teams took the field for practice the park was packed to overflowing. It was rumored that some of the Philadelphia pitchers were in open rebellion against Connie Mack for his intention to start Jack Coombs for the third time inside the week, and there was a suspicion that the job might be turned over to Plank, but it was Coombs who took his place in the line-up at batting practice, and it was Coombs who lazily uncoiled himself in front of the Philadelphia bench just before the game started. This big, rawboned fellow from Maine thrives on hard work and does his best upon that diet. There was never any doubt as to the pitcher Chance would select, and when the game opened the aged Mr. Mordecai Brown, accompanied by his long farmer stride and his chewing tobacco, appeared in the box, with Archer working behind the bat.

Topsy Hartsel was the first Philadelphian at bat, Mack having made a switch in the outfield, benching Strunk, putting Hartsel in left and Lord in centre. Topsy whacked the fourth ball through short for a single, and Mr. Brown, tightening up his belt, made Lord miss two bunts, and then whipped in the third strike. Lord swinging over it by inches. On the third strike Hartsel stole second, and Archer, drawing back for the throw, discovered that neither Zim nor Tinker was covering the bag. This crossing of the signals led to the first run, for Collins—and we wish we had some ball players like this same Collins—smoked a liner into centre for a single, and Hartsel scored.

Mordecai Not Pleased.

Mordecai was not particularly pleased at this stage, but he showed what was in him when he forced Baker to foul the third strike to Archer and struck out old Harry Davis with four pitched balls. Following the usual custom of the sporting coroner, we rise to remark that but for Tink and Zim there would have been no run in that inning. All right, boys, no hard feelings.

One, two, three—just like that for the Cubs in their first session. Mordecal had something besides the trademark on the ball in the second, and he pitched but three times to get Murphy and Barry, but had to go the limit to get Lapp, the change catcher. Lapp waited for three and two and then swung wild at the big one.

Here we have the P. L. leading off in the second. The managing editor of the club overlooked the first strike, took a mighty wallop at the second, and then proved himself no piker by whaling the third strike into the left field stand for a double.

Coombs then threw a ball at Zimmy's chin, but Zim got his bat up in time and spilled a neat bunt at Coombs for a sacrifice.

Harry Steinfeldt then edged his way into the limelight by whanging the second ball off Baker's glove for a single, scoring Chance, but here Coombs began to call on his terrific speed, and Tinker fouled and Archer flied.

Brown was given a great ovation after the fourth inning. He had Collins, Baker and Davis on his hands and these three men have put the fear into the hearts of the Chicago fans. The best the demon Eddy could do was a cheap bounder straight at Chance. The hard-hitting Baker went after three perfect strikes, and did not so much as tick one for a foul, and Davis took two giant swings and went out, Zimmerman to Chance. The Chicago rooters stood up here and bellowed their relief, and Brownie grinned as he ambled back to the bench.

Why Coombs Was Picked.

In the fourth inning we began to see why Connie Mack sent Jack Coombs back on the hill. The big fellow has literally pitched himself into form in this championship series. He was wild the first time out, ineffective on his second attempt, and to-day he was the Jack Coombs who pitched his way through the American League this season. Enough said.

Artie Hofman opened the fourth inning and drew a base on balls. Chance bunted at Coombs, and the big pitcher whirled and caught the sole survivor of the Nile Valley League at second base. Heinie Zim then beaned one into left for a single, and Chance was held on second. Steinfeldt took two strikes and then hit Baker's shins with a hopping liner, and the bases were filled and only one man down. Loud cries for Joe Tinker and a two-base hit. And where was Joseph then? One whack right on the piccolo were worth 10,000 men. Coombs deliberated for several seconds, and then made up his mind that the joke had gone far enough. He began to cut loose with his fast ball, and Tinker fouled two and then went away back on a roundhouse wallop at the third. Arche, whose long hit helped to win Saturday's game, also went against Coombs's terrific speed with a like result. He fouled two, and, being in the hole, was forced to go after a swift curve, and the inning was over.

The pitcher who can fan two men with the bases full is worth more than passing mention, and the few Philadelphians present woke up long enough to sing a few stanzas of a perfectly proper and polite little song, the burden of the chansonette being that J. Coombs was all right, all right, ALL RIGHT. Certainly. Nobody said otherwise. But, for the sake of our patient, we could have wished for a three-base hit, there or thereabouts.

Again in the Lead.

Again, an unfortunate circumstance gave the Athletics the lead. Murphy biffed a third strike down at Harry Steinfeldt, and the ball hit the aged warrior upon the knee, instead of in the glove. What made this still harder to bear was that Brownie had made Murphy swing twice, like a garden gate, and a clean play at third would have retired him by miles and miles.

Brownie went after Lapp with all he had left in stock, and finally broke the third strike across the corner of the plate.

The seventh saw Coombs begining to use his great drop curve, and Tinker, Archer and Brown were easy victims.

The Death Scene.

Now we come to the death scene. Turn the lights low.

Professor, a few bars from the "Dead March in Saul."

It was Jack Coombs, who opened the eighth inning. Jack Coombs, in his big blue sweater, and up to this point you will note that the hits were six and four, the Cubs leading by two singles.

It is likely that the White Elephants began interpreting battery signals in this inning. Up to this time they had not been able to do any great damage to Brown, and but for the two unfortunate circumstances aforementioned, they would have been runless. At least, that's what we think. Coombs hammered the first ball for a line-drive into right field, and it would have been a double, but for Schulte's quick handling. Schulte held Coombs on first base, and he stayed there until Hartsel hit to Tinker and forced him at second.

Again, Mr. Sheridan earned the left-handed applause of the crowd. Hartsel started down on the first ball pitched to Lord, and the play at second was very close.

Sheridan flattened both palms and shook his head, whereat there was a great demonstration in which the Cub infield participated.

Steiny said it wasn't even close, Tinker said Sheridan was a gray-haired old assassin, Zim sputtered, and the peerless leader screamed like a wolf. Nothing to it. Safe as a government bond, because Sheridan said so. Had the Cubs known what was coming they could not have been more anxious for Topsy Hartsel's scalp.

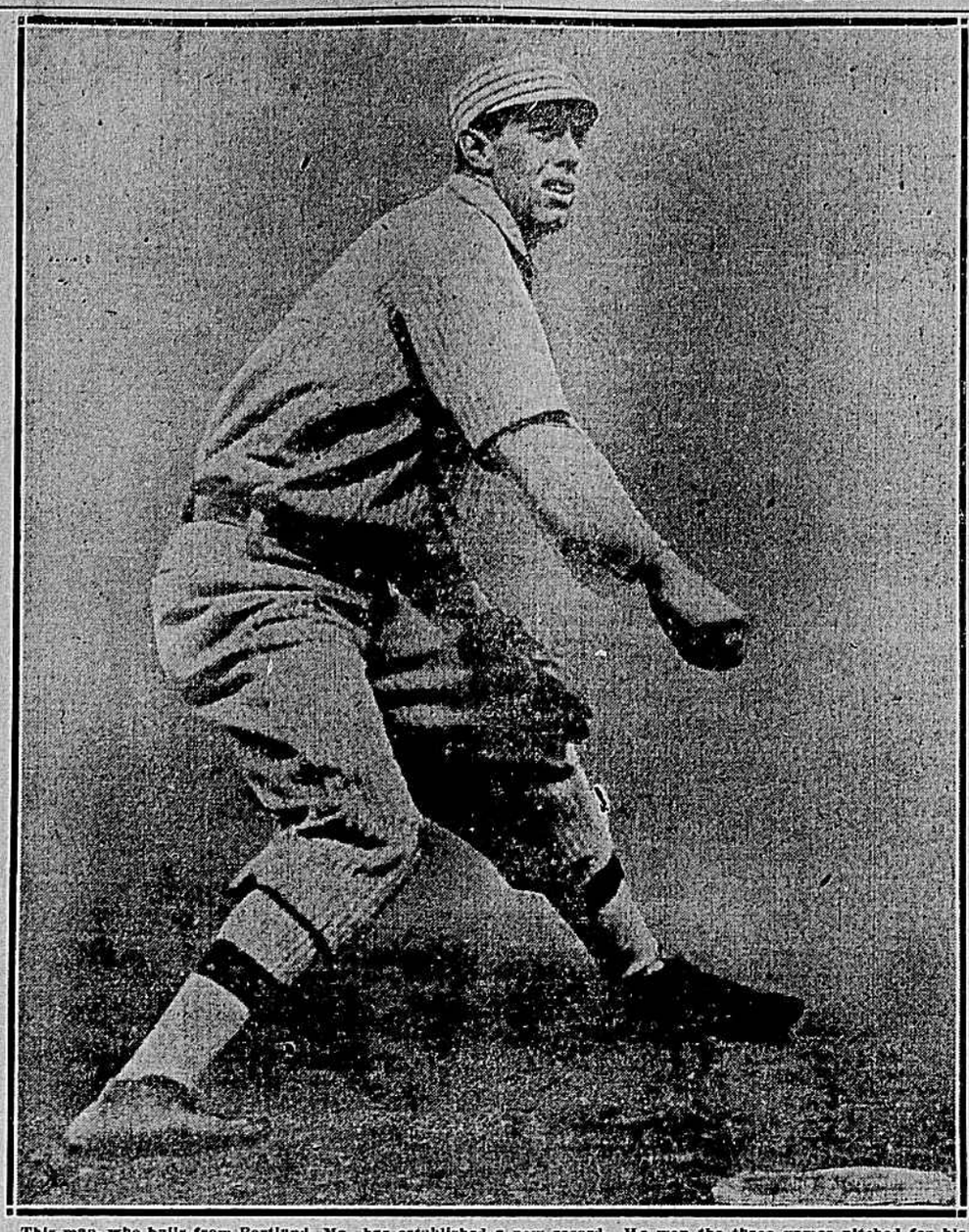
One strike on Lord. Two strikes on Lord, on then Bam! a double on the right field foul line, and Topsy Hartsel scored.

We have here Mr. Collins. Two balls. Two strikes. Bingo. And now we have Mr. Collins on second base and Mr. Lord crossing the plate.

Impatient fellow, that Collins. He couldn't wait. We would bet that Collins looks at every card as it is dealt to him in a poker game. Nervous fellow. He was afraid that he wasn't going to have any assistance from his teammates, so he stole third base and slid away from the tag. The infield crept in on the grass for Baker, and that noble hero tried to kill H. Zimmerman with a line drive. Nasty disposition. Zim is a hard man to kill. He snatched the ball and whistled it to Archer in time to make Mr. Collins

(Continued on Sixth Page.)

JACK COOMBS WITH A NEW RECORD



This man, who hails from Portland, Me., has established a new record. He won the three games pitched for his team in alternate days in the world's championship against a team rated as the best in the world. He first began his career as a pitcher at Colby College. Connie Mack landed him in 1906, trying to make an outfielder of him. His batting fell down and he was given a trial at the mound. He has made good and his performance in the series just closed stamped him as one of the greatest pitchers in the world.

Shafts From Sportland

BY G. MALBERT

'Tis a sad, sad tale, Horatio. An able effort, an heroic try, and it all ended.

The Mackmen won, not because they were favored of the gods, but because they had their weather eyes open and swatted the pellet when hits meant runs.

The light fingered gentry, meaning of course, pitchers of the three-fingered variety, shone by contrast. Mr. Brown lasted just a little while too long. When the real sluggers began pounding in the eighth it kept all nine of the Cubs busy chasing the ball. Five runs resulted, and incidentally the world's championship was cinched.

Jack Coombs has a perfect right to throw his chest out just as far as he wants to. When a pitcher wins three straight games, with but a single day's intermission, he has earned a right to be proud. Many people thought that he was a great pitcher, but few had confidence enough to believe that he could pull off what he has.

Remember that Mack used but eleven men in winning this series. This alone is a new record. Other teams have won the championship, and one teamling why the crowd laughed.

at least won it in four straight tries, but it required more than eleven men to do the trick.

Altogether the present series has been a remarkable one. Never before have the teams achieved such a high average in batting. Never has any single man batted with the persistency and success of Baker. Never in any series has any one pitcher won three games. Mack may smile. He has set a new standard in the baseball world.

Just before the eighth inning a friend of Squire (Lonnie) Graves walked up to him and announced the score, 2 to 1, in favor of the Athletics. The squire is a past master at the game of baseball. He has watched the game more years than one is pleased to remember. A little dialogue ensued which may be interesting.

"The game isn't over," said the squire, "and I pick the Cubs to win."

Just at this juncture the Athletics were credited with five runs.

"I knew they couldn't hit Coombs," said the squire, and he is still marvel-

Lapp, who caught Coombs, showed that he is not far behind Thomas in handling the large mitt. He caught a good game and made a hit. Lapp has many friends who hold that he is just as good as Ira, and much surer with the stick.

Up to the eighth the game was as interesting as one wants to see. Both pitchers were at their best. Neither was giving a single inch. Then Brown weakened and two two-baggers, two singles, a wild pitch and a base on balls netted five runs, which broke up the game.

Still the world goes on. The Cubs lost because Mack had the best team. It was not so much the pitchers as it was the slugging ability of the Mackmen. They hit at a terrific clip, and it is doubtful if any one could have stopped them.

Chicago turned out by far the best crowds, but wait until the team returns to Philadelphia, and watch the reception given the men. It will be worth a week's salary to see the turnout.

Box Score of Deciding Contest in World's Championship Series

Philadelphia.	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Hartsel, lf	5	2	1	2	0	0
Lord, cf	4	1	1	5	0	0
Collins, 2b	5	0	3	4	4	0
Baker, 3b	5	1	0	0	0	0
Davis, 1b	3	1	0	9	1	0
Murphy, rf	4	2	2	0	0	0
Barry, ss	2	0	0	2	4	0
Lapp, c	4	0	1	4	2	0
Coombs, p	4	0	1	1	3	0
Totals	36	7	9	27	14	0

Chicago.	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Sheckard, lf	4	1	2	1	0	0
Schulte, rf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Hofman, cf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Chance, 1b	4	1	2	13	0	0
Zimmerman, 2b	3	0	2	1	6	0
Steinfeldt, 3b	4	0	2	0	1	1
Tinker, ss	4	0	0	1	1	0
Archer, c	4	0	1	10	0	0
Brown, p	3	0	0	0	7	0
*Kling	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	34	2	10	27	15	1

*Batted for Brown in ninth inning.

Score by innings:		R	H	E
Philadelphia	1 0 0 0 1 0 0 5 0	7	9	0
Chicago	0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 0	2	10	1

Summary: Two-base hits—Chance, Murphy, Lord, Collins 2, Sheckard. Sacrifice hits—Zimmerman, Barry. Stolen bases—Hartsel 2, Collins 2, Zimmerman. Left on bases—Philadelphia, 6; Chicago, 7. Bases on balls—Off Coombs, 1 (Hofman); off Brown, 3 (Davis, Barry, Lord). First base on errors—Philadelphia, 1. Struck out—By Brown, 7 (Lord, Davis, Lapp 2, Coombs, Baker, Hartsel); by Coombs, 4 (Tinker, Archer 2, Hofman). Wild pitch—Brown. Time, 2:05. Umpires—O'Day, behind the plate; Sheridan, on bases; Connolly, in right field; Rigler, in left field. Attendance, 27,371. Receipts, $37,116.50. Players' share, $20,042.91. Clubs' share, $13,361.94. National Commission, $3,711.65.

CURTAIN ON W

NO ONE WI HONEST

Philadelphia World's Fairly

HOW THE

Athletics Get $1,375 G Chic

Chicago, Ill., O ball championship to the Philadelph can League. It nant fast to-day Chicago Nationals in the big overfl it had not been wi ly. Five games w Eastern youngsters by outbatting, out ing the veteran C "got the jump" a though Chicago pu gress with a defeat didn't change the The Philadelphia won the American 1902, but there was that year. Five y York Nationals w them. So in this y not in the cards denied.

What the

While the seri profitable ever pla plify the high cost confronting even suc Philadelphians, to say Chicagoans, with winter players' share of the m to $79,071.93. Of this, 60 $47,443.15, goes to the w $31,628.77 to the losers. As twenty-three players on each eligible to participate, each of the Philadelphians is entitled in round numbers to $2,062, and each Chicagoan to $1,375.

The players shared in to-day's receipts by courtesy of the managements of the two clubs, who conceded that if to-day's receipts should be larger than those of any previous day, the smallest receipts should be considered as accruing to the fifth game, and the Sunday receipts accredited to the fourth contest, the last in which the players had a financial share.

The total receipts for the series were $173,980. The clubs receive $33,755 each, while $17,398 goes to the National Commission. The total paid attendance was 125,310 persons.

Coombs's Great Record.

The performance of Coombs in pitching and winning three of a five-game series is probably unequaled. He had but one day's rest between the second and third games, but two days intervened between the third contest and to-day's exhibition. He had better control to-day than in the previous contests, and fooled the opposing batters when hits meant runs.

Brown, for Chicago, pitched excellent ball except in the locally disastrous eighth, and the holocaust of that inning was by no means entirely his fault.

The day was bright and the weather of the summer variety. Ground rules, as usual, were necessary.

Philadelphia took the lead at the outset, when Hartsel singled. The Philadelphians present cheered, for that was exactly the reason that "Topsy" was played instead of Strunk. He stole second while Lord was striking out, and brought in the first run when Collins hit to centre for one base. Brown struck out Lord and Davis in this inning.

Chicago came right back in the second, when Chance doubled to left, took third on a sacrifice, and scored when Steinfeldt delivered a belated hit. In the third and fourth stanzas the Philadelphians were not threatening, but the Easterners assumed the lead in the fifth and were never headed thereafter.

Goes to Pieces.

The Chicago team went to pieces in the eighth. Brown held Coombs too lightly, and the latter singled, but later was forced by Hartsel. Lord doubled, and Hartsel scored, following which Collins rapped out another two-bagger, and Lord crossed the plate. Collins, taking advantage of the confusion in the Chicago camp, stole third, but was out at the plate when Baker hit weakly to Zimmerman. Davis was allowed to walk, placing runners on first and second. Then Chicago blew up. Murphy singled to centre, and Baker scored from second. Davis was at Baker's heels, and Hofman, who retrieved the hit, threw a block away from Archer, and Davis scored. Murphy had reached second and stopped, but Umpire O'Day invited him to take another base under the ground rules, Hofman's wild heave having bumped the grandstand. Just to top off the farce, Brown delivered a wild pitch, and Murphy came home. A moment later Brown gave Barry a base on balls, but Lapp ended the hilarity with an easy grounder. In their half of this inning the Chicagos took a desperate brace and added a run to their score, but that was all.

Coombs tightened up in the ninth. Steinfeldt and Tinker hoisted to Lord. Archer made his first hit, but was forced at second for the last out of the series, when Kling, who batted for Brown, sent an easy grounder to Barry.

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h, October 23.—
Dupuy Holladay,
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this morning, and filled the
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rly this fall the Rev. Mr. Holla-
will wed Miss Evelyn Glenn,
ghter of Mr. and Mrs. John Foster
nn, of Richmond. Mr. Holladay and
is bride will enter the mission field
n China.

Belled Buzzard Alights.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

Harrisonburg, Va., October 23.—The famous belled buzzard, which has been seen at dizzy heights at various parts of the Valley for several years, came to earth Friday a mile south of Bridgewater, Rockingham county, alighting on a limb of a tree in the front yard of Peter W. Roller's home, where the visitor was closely inspected. The buzzard is a huge bird, and the bell looks like a small sleigh bell.

Jury Cannot Agree.

Durham, N. C., October 23.—After deliberating thirty hours to reach a verdict in the case of Rufus Suitt, on trial for the murder of Ed Garrard, the jury to-day reported to the court that it was unable to agree. Judge Lyon sent for the attorneys in the case, one of whom is a nephew of the accused man, and it is believed the jury will be discharged. Suitt shot Ed Garrard, mistaking him for his brother, Jetter Garrard.

ON INSPECTION TRIP.

President of Virginian Knows Nothing of Negotiations for Sale of Road.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

Norfolk, Va., October 23.—Urban H. Broughton, president of the Virginian Railway, who arrived here yesterday on the first quarterly inspection he expects to make of the Virginian system, declared he had absolutely no knowledge of any negotiations looking to the sale of the Virginian to the New York Central, or any one else. Mr. Broughton is accompanied by W. E. Benjamin and H. D. Spears, of New York. He and his party left by special train going West over the Virginian lines to-day.

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will become the bride of Archer Branch Crooks. The marriage will be celebrated at the home of the bride's parents, 901 Perry Street.

Personals and Briefs.

The fancy sale to be given by the Lend-a-hand Society of Bainbridge Street Baptist Church will take place November 11 at 8 o'clock, in the church.

Miss Edith Holt left last Friday for Clarksville. She will take charge of a school there as assistant principal.

Mrs. Edwin F. Fenner, of Henderson, N. C., is at St. Luke's Hospital for treatment, under Dr. Stuart McGuire. She is accompanied by her husband.

Mrs. Susie Sampson is back from Henderson, N. C., where she was the guest of her daughter.

Auction Sales, This Day.

High Constable's Sale

I will sell by public auction, on MONDAY, THE 24TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1910, at 3 o'clock P. M., at my storehouse, No. 1306 East Franklin Street, the following property to satisfy distress warrants and executions in my hands: Bureaus, Washstands, Hat Racks, Grocer's Refrigerator, one Horse, in class condition, etc.

TMS: Cash.

W. H. WYATT, JR.,
H. C. C. R.