

THE CALL'S PAGE OF SPORTS

EDITED BY WILLIAM J. SLATTERY

Jake Stahl's Machine Overthrows McGraw's Jets

THE VICTORIOUS PITCHER IN THE FIRST GAME OF THE WORLD'S SERIES, AND THE BATTERY OF THE LOSING GIANTS.



TESREAU OF THE GIANTS PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD

WOOD OF THE SOX PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD

GRANDALL OF THE GIANTS

NEW YORKEANS CHEER WINNERS MAGANIMOUSLY Ovation Given Victorious Red Sox by Those Who Had Bet Their Rolls on Giants

Greatest Rooters' Carnival the Polo Grounds Ever Heard Makes Stands Shiver

Continued From Page 1 portion of the grandstand was packed to the last available seat. When the teams came on the diamond every available inch of the great field was occupied.

The grandstand was a vast sea of living, breathing color and change. Across the deep green of the diamond the bleachers towered back against the bright yellow fence like a giant gabled roof, crammed to the ridge with myriad, multicolored flies.

As a potential play was made, from the vocal chorals of throats in the stands the diapason notes of joy or gloom went forth to fill the inclosure and carry to the crowds without voice offerings of victory or the dire dirge of defeat.

Major Hooper was accompanied on the diamond by Mayor "Honey" Fitzgerald of Boston. The oracular executive of Manhattan invited the chief magistrate of the "Hub" to share his box and "witness the defeat of the Red Sox by the Giants." "Honey," not to be outdone by the most famous letter writer since the days of Epilettus, replied to Mayor that it would "give him pleasure" to be his guest "as the Red Sox begin their onward march to the world's championship." Honors even.

Boston's ball fans were represented by the cream of life at the Hub, the "royal rooters," headed by a band which dined into the ears of the homesters the famous "winning" tune of the Red Sox to the air of "Tammammy," while the Boston glee singers led the rooters in the strident words of the melody.

When Devore and Doyle scored for the Giants and never a run for Wood's merry men, "Tessie" was worked to the last tonal; but from the turning of the tide in the seventh it was "Carri-gan, Carri-gan" and "The Good Old Summertime," varied by spasms of "Knock Wood."

From the vocal standpoint the bean eaters put the celebrated New England "song folio" clean over the home fans, silencing them in the tonic tank of glorious glee.

Gotham Police Swoop Down On Scalpers at Polo Grounds

NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—Speculators with tickets to sell at exorbitant prices were active outside the Polo grounds today. Few of the "scalpers" had any great number of the valued postboards. The police were observant and the speculators had to work craftily to dispose of their wares.

Seventeen men alleged to be "scalpers" were arrested. Thirteen of them were fined \$10 each and the others discharged for lack of evidence. One man from Hoboken said he waited in line eight hours for a ticket and thought he was entitled to sell it for a fancy price.

Another claimed he had been refused admittance on a ticket he bought from a speculator and was trying to make the speculator take it back when he was arrested. Another prisoner admitted he sold two tickets for \$24.

The annual track and field meet of the B'nai B'rith will be held at the Stadium next Sunday. The meet is to be contested in four weight classes, the small loads of 80 pounds being catered to with a good program.

Managers and Pitchers Issue Statement on Great Contest

Special Dispatch to The Call

NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—The following statements were given out tonight by four of the really interested parties before the Red Sox and Giants started in special cars for Boston tonight:

By JAKE STAHL, Manager of the Red Sox.

The game, I think, clinches the series for us. Joe Wood was not at his best—if he had been pitching the brand of ball of which he is capable New York would have been blanked.

He showed his wonderful reserve power in the ninth, when he fanned Fletcher and Crandall, the latter one of the most dangerous pinch hitters in the country.

Collins tomorrow will pitch better ball than Wood did today, and our team will have the confidence of once having defeated the Giants and of having driven McGraw's best card out of the box.

By JOHN MCGRAW, Manager of the New York Giants.

Losing the first doesn't bother us in the least. We showed that we could hit Wood, and we will hit him harder when we face him again. Tesreau was nervous in his debut in such an important game, but he's over that now, and his magnificent physique will enable him to come back and win his next start.

We still have Matty and Marquard, and I fully expect the great veteran to make good against the Red Sox tomorrow. I have not lost confidence in Tesreau, and told him after the game to be ready to pitch again in his regular turn.

By JOE WOOD, Victorious Pitcher.

I pitched a bad game, only seeming to find myself in the ninth inning, when the Giants had two men on bases. At that I had had harder fights in the American league, and I tremble to think of what might have happened had that howling bunch of Washington fighters been against me.

I want to hand the credit to the boys for their great support and to the men who batted in the runs. I am tickled to death over Steve Yerkes' work. He has been called our weak spot, a great injustice to him, and his dandy hit that scored two runs in the seventh was enjoyed by me more than any hit I have ever seen made.

Lewis rose to the occasion by scoring my pal, Tris Speaker. Hooper came to the front by scoring a double, and, in fact, everybody hit—and they'll hit harder before the series is over. We have batted the other Giants' pitchers hard in our former series, and Tesreau, the mysterious, is the only man we hold in doubt. The boys did not fear him—that ball club does not fear any pitcher on earth.

By JEFF TESREAU, The Losing Pitcher.

Speaker did the trick. Up to the time that he hit that triple things looked easy for me. Then Lewis came along, and I tried my best to fan him. He apparently was not making any effort to get that hit—he held his bat straight across the plate and was the most difficult man to handle that I ever pitched to.

He seemed intent only on getting the ball far enough away from the plate to score Speaker.

It was the greatest example of a player sacrificing his own chance for glory I ever have seen. Had Lewis taken a healthy swing, I might have fanned him, but he held his bat in such a way that he had me powerless. Then he deliberately tapped the ball between Merkle and myself to Doyle—just enough to let Speaker score.

Later, with two on bases, I tried to fool Hooper with a curve ball, one of the few I used, and he stepped into it for a double. It was Lewis and Hooper that beat me; but I have had my first taste of world's series baseball, and if McGraw wants to put me in again there will be a different story.



MEYERS OF THE GIANTS

FAMOUS BASEBALL PLAYER IS DYING

"Cupid" Childs, Great Second Sacker of the Eighties, is Nearing Home

BALTIMORE, Oct. 8.—Clarence L. Childs, known familiarly by baseball fans as "Cupid" Childs, is dying of Bright's disease at his home here. Childs was one of the greatest second basemen of the eighties and nineties and was a member of the Cleveland "Spiders" of the National league. He is 45 years old.

LOUISVILLE ENTRIES

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 8.—Entries for tomorrow's races are as follows: First race, five and a half furlongs—Cherrill 112, Spanlan Queen 112, Cutie B 112, Capartha 111, Ickle 113, Ark Ma 112, Ickle Talk 112, Hock Mar 112, Ames Best 112. Second race, selling, five and a half furlongs—Sainza 102, Frander 102, Cash on Delivery 104, Fies 106, McVior 107, Gold of Ophir 107, Cohort 107, Royal Tea 107, Dorothy Dean 108, Merrick 108, Barz Oct 100, Theodore Cook 110. Third race, handicap, six furlongs—Flying Tom 100, El Palomar 108, Cream 108, Star of Dunbar 108, Fical 104, 110. Fourth race, mile and a sixteenth—Sheetz 96, Buck 98, Melips street 105, White Wool 105, Sus Queen 107, Mary Davis 107, Voltorpe 112. Fifth race, selling, mile and a sixteenth—Corenda 97, Wildfire 97, Madam 98, Jack Ellis 100, Danson 100, Pierre Dumas 100, Moonlight 100, My Lad 100, Fry O 100, Explicit 110, Tom Higgins 112, Barn Dance 112. Sixth race, selling, mile and an eighth—Sir Satchley 97, Hally 100, Louis Katz 102, Dick Baker 103, John Louis 100, Feather Duster 107, Conote 107, Flying Feet 100, My Fellow 110.

BIRMINGHAM SIGNS UP

CLEVELAND, Oct. 8.—Joe Birmingham, who managed the Cleveland Americans during the last part of the season, has signed today to a contract as manager for 1913.

Box Score Analyzing Especial Features of the Initial Game

Table with columns for BOSTON and NEW YORK, listing player statistics such as AB, R, BI, 2B, 3B, HR, SH, SB, BB, SO, PO, A, E.

Full Summary of the Opening Conflict of Series by Innings

NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—Here is a complete detailed summary of the opening game of the 1912 world's series at the Polo grounds this afternoon—point by point, inning by inning:

FIRST INNING

First half—Murray threw the ball out to Hooper. Hooper walked. Tesreau being summoned, Hooper struck out. Tesreau, Hooper taking second on the play. With Speaker on first, Tesreau pitched to Doyle. Doyle struck out. Hooper went to third on the play. Lewis flied out to Snodgrass. No runs, no hits, no errors.

SECOND INNING

First half—Devore fanned. Wood's speed was terrific. Doyle was out. Wagner to Stahl. Snodgrass singled to center. Murray walked. Merkle flied out to Wagner. No runs, one hit, no errors.

THIRD INNING

First half—Gardner was safe on Fletcher's error. It was a ground ball and Fletcher fumbled it badly. Gardner was forced at second when Tesreau took Stahl's grounder and threw to Fletcher. Stahl was out, Hooper to Doyle. Wagner walked. Speaker was out, Doyle to Merkle. Wood took third. Speaker was purposely passed to first. Second half—Tesreau came in for liberal applause when he was given the ball. Tesreau struck out. Wood struck out the last three batters who faced him. Devore was given a base on balls. Doyle got a double to left. Devore taking third. It was a high ball and fell near the left field foul line. The fat in for Lewis to reach it. Snodgrass struck out. Devore and Doyle scored on Wagner's single. Murray went out trying to stretch his hit. Speaker to Cady to Cady. Two runs, two hits, no errors.

FOURTH INNING

First half—Gardner went out on a high foul to Herzog. The stands were now cheering every play that was made. Stahl struck out, and the crowd yelled. Tesreau's spitball was breaking sharply over the corner of the plate. Wagner flied to Merkle. No runs, no hits, no errors.

FIFTH INNING

First half—Murray was given a great ovation as he came in from the dugout. He was to make a hit in the world's series. Merkle was safe on a ground ball. Wood was forced at second on Fletcher's grounder, which he threw to Wagner. McCormick went to the bat in place of Tesreau. Meyers hit a pitched ball bounding over Wagner's head. Meyers went out, Wood to Stahl. Herzog took second.

TURILL CHASES THRILL AS THE BATTLE WAGES

Game Puts Goose Pimples on the Gothamites and Beaneaters Alternately

Smoky Joe Wood Justifies the Wildest Hopes of His Boston Boosters

By WALTER MARCHAND

[Special Dispatch to The Call] NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—First blood for Stahl! His Red Sox today put a crimp in New York's hope of winning four straight and got a start on the world's series which may never be overcome.

It was a great game of baseball. From the time Jeff Tesreau wafted his first spitball over the plate up about the level of Hooper's cap until Otey Crandall struck out in the ninth the great crowd of more than 40,000 fans were kept on tiptoe. Life at the Polo grounds from 2 o'clock until the game was over was just one blazed thrill after another.

They were progressive thrills, too. The Giants took the lead in the third, only to lose it in the seventh; and in the ninth, with one run in, two men on bases and only one out, it seemed certain that McGraw's men would at least tie the score, if not win the game.

But Smoky Joe Wood tightened up, struck out Fletcher and Crandall in succession and ended the agony.

New York lost, but McGraw has no reason to be ashamed of his men. The veteran was against the youngsters. Both men had had innings. Wood was able to tighten up in the final pinch, and Tesreau did not. That tells the story.

JEFF STARTS RAGEDLY

An encouraging feature to the game for McGraw was the fact that his men could hit Wood, and hit him hard. Doyle, Merkle, Snodgrass, Meyers and Fletcher all connected with the unshittable one. It may not be denied, however, that Wood is some pitcher in the pinches.

Tesreau started the game a little bit raggedly, walking the first man up and all the fans except the Bostonians looked sad. On a prettily executed hit and run Hooper advanced to second, Yerkes being thrown out by Doyle.

Then came the mighty Speaker to bat. There was a general cranking of necks and the Boston contingent began to let it be known they were on hand. Tesreau did not show any signs of terror. He tightened up a bit and the best Tris could do was to send one to Larry Doyle, who shot it like a flash to Merkle. Hooper went on to third and New York was on the anxious bench. Then came the first real start of fielding in the game.

Duffy Doyle was on the plate smiling. He smashed viciously at a waist high ball right over the plate and hit it squarely. Straight as a bullet it went into center field. Hooper started leisurely home. With the crack of the bat Snodgrass came racing in and grabbed the ball like a youngster taking a stick of candy. Then the New York fans had a chance to roar—and they did.

WOOD ACTS NERVOUS

Wood seemed more nervous than Tesreau when he walked to the mound, but he fooled little Josh Devore with his fast ones. Believe me, they were fast, too!

Doyle was an easy victim. Wagner getting the assist. Then Snodgrass started the bleachers by smashing out the first clean hit of the game. It bounded over Wood's head and rolled into center field. This seemed to rattle Wood for a while for he walked musingly. There was a short conference between Wood and Cady, which seemed to have made any one who had had could do was to lift an easy one to Wagner.

In the second Fletcher achieved the distance to the plate with a sacrifice. Larry Gardner opened the inning for Boston. He picked a good looking one and sent it red hot to Fletcher. He was a youngster, but he was over anxious and fumbled so he could not get the ball over to Merkle until Gardner was safe on the sack.

Stahl's first effort was a club, along with a sacrifice was disastrous. He was only able to send a weak roller to Tesreau, who tossed it to Fletcher at second long before Gardner had a chance to have a slide. Stahl tried to make up for the failure by stealing second, but Mr. Meyers' good right arm was working right and Jacob would have made any one who had had Wagner drew a pass, but it did him no good. Cady lifting a skyscraper right into Red Murray's hands, retiring the side.

FANS BAIT THE UMP

The crowd had its first real opportunity to do a little umpire baiting in the Giants' half of this session. The first ball thrown to Herzog hit him on the arm, but Klem called it a foul strike. Then the bleachers told Mr. Klem what they thought of him, but the foul strike went wide of the mark. New York whooped when Chief Meyers, shouldering for him, fanned Wood. The Bostonian grinned and shot two over the plate so fast Meyers couldn't see them. Another over the outside corner and the chief probably would have made any one who had had Wood. The Bostonian grinned and shot two over the plate so fast Meyers couldn't see them. Another over the outside corner and the chief probably would have made any one who had had Wood. The Bostonian grinned and shot two over the plate so fast Meyers couldn't see them.

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