

# ENRAGED FANS CLAMORED AT THE GATES FOR HOURS

## CROWD OF 10,000 RAGED AT POLO GROUNDS GATES WAITING FOR THE UMPIRES

### Secretary Refused to Let Them Enter Until After Weary National Commission Had Been Called Out of Bed to Give Consent.

(By Direct Wire to The Evening World.)

POLO GROUNDS, NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—Exactly at noon today the announcement was made that the fourth of the contests to settle the baseball championship of the world would be started at 2 o'clock. The decision to go ahead with the game was the signal for a riot and a rush through the ticket gates—the rush of ten thousand eager men and women crazy to pay out their own money under any and all sacrifices of time and comfort to see a truly distinguished baseball game.

Just how far that decision was affected by the howl like the lynch-hungry scream of an infuriated populace which roared through the windows of the offices of the New York Baseball Club, at Eighth avenue and One Hundred and Fifty-seventh street, it would be hard to say. But after every possible excuse had been considered and telephoned down to the headquarters of the National Commission at the Waldorf and back, and Umpires O'Loughlin, Klein and Evans had looked over the ground and had gone to police-guard, loudless telephone booths to report as to whether they should or should not give a verdict that the grounds were too wet for a game, there came a shrill, wild scream of rage and murderous willingness from the waiting thousands outside. By this time they were stretched from One Hundred and Fifty-seventh street to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street across to Bradhurst avenue and south again to One Hundred and Fortieth street, which must have been heard through the wires to the Waldorf. The sleepy magnates of the National Commission sat up and took notice. They declared the game on.

After a night of light and heavy rain from midnight until daylight this morning, the Polo Grounds were a misty mystery. The great galleries of the front of the stadium stood out of the fog dimly gray and yellow brown. The grounds were wet, but not soggy. Had it been the day of the routine game in the National League season nobody could have doubted that there was to be a game. But because it was a world's series match did doubt. And when the street lamps were lit, the scene was not a scene of five hundred men and perhaps half a hundred women standing, first on one leg and then on the other, along the huge board fence of Eighth avenue, all of them facing nearly towards the admission gates near One Hundred and Fifty-seventh street. As to what happened after that the National Commission ought to answer, but probably will not.

The degree to which the great American public, and especially the New York public, which is supposed to be the wisest and the most cynical of them all, will stand for being used as martyrs had never a better example than under the circumstances of the Blue in the early hours. Murphy, the groundskeeper, who loves his green lawns of the infield and outfield as a mother loves her first born, went across the field followed by an Evening World reporter at 8 o'clock. Every little while he tried the turf gently, lovingly, with the toe of his shoe. It was soft but firm. "They can play on it, all right," he said, "but I hate to think what it will be like to-morrow and the work it will take to set it right again. Sure, they can play, but oh, me poor grass!"

**BOYS HOLDING PLACES IN LINE READY TO SELL CHEAP.**  
At 9 o'clock the people out on the sidewalk of Eighth avenue reached nearly to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street. The men and boys at the head

of the line, who had been yelling "Want to buy a place, sir? Take this place for five dollars!" were now cooling much more gently and were speaking of dollars and half dollars and were finding few customers. Secretary O'Brien, whose chin whiskers were getting so stiff with excitement that they were making sounds like the rattles of a music box when his fingers twiddled them, walked out over the field. He returned to the club house and allowed as how he couldn't tell a thing about the prospects.

Then came an eavesdropped conversation between Mr. O'Brien and a person named John, presumably Mr. John Heyder, Secretary to the National League. Such parts of it as were unavoidably overheard confirmed the impression that the persons in charge of the Polo Grounds were embarrassed. It ran something like this: "John, how about it?" "Well, you know what I told you. What do they want to do?" "There's about two thousand out here now." "I know, but there is a man here who says it is likely to rain to-morrow too. If it rains to-day he says it is certain to rain to-morrow. Then both games are gone."

"But we have got two thousand people out here now, most three thousand, and more coming all the time. We can't hold them here all day. The Police and the Fire Department and the press, all of them, want to know what they are going to do. Is Mr. Herzmann up yet?"

**HURRIED TO PHONE HERRMANN TO GET THE "DOPE."**  
The two leagues assign four umpires to settle a mooted baseball question through this championship series. They are under orders to be present on the grounds at 11 o'clock each day. There is no self-evident reason why one or more of them should not be here at least as early as the newspaper reporters for the convenience of the public.

At a few minutes after 11 o'clock two umpires, Mr. O'Loughlin and Mr. Klein appeared. They walked to second base and then to third base and then hurried to telephone in apparent haste to learn whether the omnipotent Mr. Herzmann or somebody else had waked from his slumber of last night's inter-reuben excitement between town and Boston sufficiently to tell them what they ought to think about the rally between to-day's wetness of grounds and to-morrow's possible profits. Mr. Evans tried to get up to the gates in a taxicab. Thousands of fans recognized him and assuming a hearty friendliness which no fan ever felt toward an umpire howled "How about it, Ev, Old Boy, does he go?"

Sternly, mysteriously, with beetling brows, Mr. Evans hurried to the fair court where Mr. Murphy's beloved emerald diamond. "How about it?" asked Inspector Sweeney of the Police and several messengers of the Fire Department, as he hurried toward the conference room, where the other umpires

patiently and got four straight balls. Ames now in trouble. Cady hit to Fletcher and forced Wagner at second. Wood drove a home run to right, driving Gardner and sending Cady to third. Hooper lifted an easy fly to Snodgrass. ONE RUN, TWO HITS.

Herzog drove a long fly to Speaker. Meyers fouled out to Cady. Fletcher popped out to Stahl. NO HITS, NO RUNS.

**LOUISVILLE WINNERS.**  
FIRST RACE—Three-year-olds and upward; selling; six furlongs.—Judicious, 112 (Lottus), won; Rose of Judah, 110 (Henry), second; Cash on Delivery, 104 (Buxton), third. Time, 1:13. Island Queen, Tolson O'Connell, Commerson, Fairchild, Compton, Helen Turner, Tillies' Nightmare and Lassie also ran.

Two-dollar Mutuals Paid—Dequenne, straight, \$2, place, \$5, show, \$2.50. Rose of Judah, place, \$4.90, show, \$3.30. Cash on Delivery, show, \$2.50.

**BECKER WITNESS TO GET \$500 AND \$10,000 INSURANCE.**  
It was learned in the District-Attorney's office to-day that Thomas Becker is coming to New York practically on his own terms, without the acceptance of which by Assistant District-Attorney De Ford he refused to judge outside English territory. These are the terms: That Becker shall be allowed \$50 for expenses.

That his life shall be insured by the family of New York for \$100,000, the insurance to be operative from the day he leaves England until the day he again sets foot on English soil.

## Crowd Lined Up at Polo Grounds Gate Waiting for Umpires to Order a Game



WAITING TO ENTER THE POLO GROUNDS

were already talking to the now thoroughly aroused Garry Herrmann. "They could play right now," said Evans, who had not been supplied with what baseball patrons vulgarly know as the inside dope. A moment later a pale-faced youth shot into the group of waiting reporters below.

Everybody had been shut out of the upper office by this time because of ribald comment on the earlier telephone deliberations.

A moment later came that blood-curdling shriek of 10,000 fans stretched from One Hundred and Fifty-seventh street to One Hundred and Fortieth street, thousands and thousands of them. They did not say it in so many words, but with a bright though cloudy sky over head and dry sidewalks all over town that yell meant just one thing, translated into words: "This is a baseball game. Give us a game or tell us why. Give us baseball or give us Garry Herrmann and Ban Johnson and all the rest."

**ANSWER TO CROWD CAME BACK OVER PHONE.**  
Whether the savagery of that cry was heard through the telephone in the Waldorf or whatever other soft places of repose in which the magnates might have been resting at the moment, the consequence could not have been quicker had it been an answer. A hundred gray-coated guards, a thousand of the peasant and sandwich cadets and 900 ushers ran thundering over the passageways to the stadium.

The drumming of the stampeding herds on the plains in the resonant September night has been told of old. One may have seen a Mexican multitude of bullfight-mad rage into the old Plaza in the De Torres and may have heard them hiss bitter Spanish oaths as they fought their way pointily to the Lazconera and El Sol, the shady and the sunny sides of the arena between files of soldiers alert with loaded rifles, bristling with fixed bayonets. He may have marched self-consciously along the aisles of the amphitheatre of a modern, aerolite football game with a girl conspicuously wearing Yale blue or Harvard crimson or Princeton orange and black. But until this day of grace and tumultuous confusion and joy, no man of this generation ever saw such racing and pounding and yelling of diabolical men as pounded along the sloping approaches of the Polo Grounds and began slumping down seats with a mighty snore at one minute past twelve o'clock to-day.

Who shall tell of the thousand and one things between the sudden feverish heat for places at noon and the quiet beginning of the game two hours later? Some man who has three pairs of hands and who can pass copy to telegraph operators with his toes may tell of it.

By way of low comedy an actor whose name was said to be Mann strayed also, howling to all persons who were willing to recognize him as "he had bowed first, and sat on the end of the Giants' bench, or rather cave, at the left of the centre of the grand stand

owner of the New York club, had not wheeled into its usual position at the hour when it always does appear. The New York players knew that Mr. Bruce was under the care of a trained nurse with an especially installed telegraph instrument in an ante-room and a physician in attendance to look over each bulletin as they were received, play by play, to say whether or not they should be censored before going to the trembling fingers of the stick owner.

**NO CUB-WHITE SOX GAME.**  
CHICAGO, Oct. 11.—A rain-soaked field and a prediction of showers for the day indicated small likelihood of the Cubs and White Sox getting together in the city championship game to-day.

### Cut Flowers Given Away Saturday

## L. M. BLUMSTEIN,

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**OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS**

## ERLANGER WINS SUIT; OPPOSING LAWYER IS FINED

(Continued from First Page.)

between the lawyer and the Justice's "This is a most outrageous charge. There is no word of truth in it. I am exceedingly shocked at Mr. Bouvier's question. I ask what Mr. Bouvier says be disregarded and that a juror be withdrawn."

"Motion granted as to jury disregarding statements of counsel," ruled the Court. "Motion to withdraw a juror denied at this time. I forbid you to further go into this matter!"

Mr. Bouvier evidently did not realize the serious way in which the Court returned his decision, for he returned to his papers and then asked deliberately: "Did you not in June, 1911, swear that Leonard was the husband of the woman you called your wife?"

Mr. Jerome leaped from his seat and rushed to the jury railing. "I maintain, Your Honor, the Court's ruling has been wilfully disobeyed and I move."

"Motion to withdraw a juror granted!" interrupted the Court, smacking his gavel on his bench. "Now, Mr. Bouvier, I shall hear you as to why you should not be punished for contempt."

**COURT ORDERS A MISTRIAL AND FINES COUNSEL.**  
Bouvier glanced about in a dazed way. The ashen face of Max D. Steuer, who sat quietly during the exciting court scene, assumed a wretched pallor. Jerome was grinning triumphantly.

"I deem this case a mistrial and I fine you, Mr. Bouvier, \$50 for contempt of court," said Justice Page as he arose to leave the court room.

Mr. Bouvier pleaded that the fine be withdrawn because of the stigma it would attach to a reputation. He said that never before in all his years of practice had there been the slightest reflection cast on his reputation. The court declined to grant his request.

"Will the Court grant me an exception?" he pleaded as the Justice left his seat.

"Yes, you may have an exception to my ruling on the withdrawal of a juror, but no exception as to the fine I imposed for contempt of court. Remember, too, you will stand committed if you fail to pay this fine."

Miss St. Clair was seeking to recover \$2,500, first instalment of a \$25,000 contract for her histrionic services made with her by Mr. Erlanger.

This is the second day of the hearing of the case. Mr. Erlanger was on the stand this afternoon and he proved to be an interesting witness. He was led by his lawyer, William Travers Jerome, Erlanger told of Lawyer Max D. Steuer's visit to his office on Aug. 7, 1909, when the contract was signed.

Mr. Erlanger repeated his story of what Steuer, acting for Miss St. Clair, said regarding an alleged contract for life, which Miss St. Clair believed she was working under, and also about the relationship between the producer and Miss St. Clair. As a result of what Steuer said, Erlanger testified:

"I knew that Mr. Steuer had me and I got up."

The witness told of "Little Tim" Sullivan visiting him on Aug. 6 and telling him that a friend, Mr. Steuer, wished to see him the next day "on the St. Clair matter." Steuer and "Little Tim" went to Erlanger's office, Aug. 7, the witness said, and Erlanger and Steuer had their conversation there.

After Mr. Erlanger had stated that "only fear of his home being ruined" induced him to sign the contract, he ad-

mitted that his reputation was also at stake. "You feared the wrong you had done would reach the public?" "That's the idea," answered Erlanger. "Asked if he feared his reputation might be harmed if his relations with Miss St. Clair were to become public, Erlanger answered: "I'm a little too modest to answer that question."

"Well, drop your modesty for the once and answer," demanded Mr. Bouvier. "For a reputation for integrity I am second to no man in the United States and I did not want to lose that."

"Yes; that is, I believed that I had done Mrs. Erlanger a wrong."

"What wrong do you mean?" "I don't want to answer that. I don't think a man ought to be called upon to answer such questions," returned the producer, with a gallant sweep of his hand toward the crowded courtroom.

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