

BROOKLYN SAVED FROM DEFEAT BY THE RETIREMENT OF JOHN COOMBS IN THIRD BATTLE

COOMBS'S SELF-REMOVAL FROM WORLD'S SERIES CONTEST A BIZARRE BASEBALL EVENT

Colby John Saved Game for Dodgers by Retiring When He Felt He No Longer Had His Accustomed Speed and Curves

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 11.

JACK COOMBS'S action in taking himself out of yesterday's game after Larry Gardner had smashed a terrific drive over the right-field fence for a home run was never done in a world's series game before and was responsible for the first triumph of the National League champions...

Instead of being eliminated the Dodgers are very much in the running and really look every bit as good as the Red Sox. There are not many pitchers in baseball who would have exercised such judgment, as the natural tendency is for a hurler to try to cover up his weakness...

Yesterday Coombs was watching Ed Pfeffer warm up and several times glanced back over his shoulder in the direction of the center-field fence, in front of which several hurriers were warming up. When he saw that Pfeffer was in good shape he walked out of the box, having made up his mind not to remain in the game until the tying run had been placed on first base...

It was a typical Pfeffer day, the darkness making it extremely hard for the Red Sox to see his fast ball until it was almost on top of them, and the giant right-hander looked better than at any time since June. If Pfeffer can give another exhibition like that of yesterday he is almost sure to win.

A lot of the fans and critics here are inclined to criticize Manager Robinson for his failure to start Pfeffer in the first three games, but we believe that the Brooklyn pilot is handling his staff perfectly. In the last two months of the season Pfeffer weakened in the closing rounds of almost every game after having pitched brilliant ball for six or seven innings, and it is no sure thing that he will not blow up against the Red Sox.

Pfeffer Good at Finishing Games

ROBINSON figured that Pfeffer can finish up at least three games in the series, whereas if he goes the full route he may not be of any value for the rest of the games. With Marquard, Smith and Coombs to start games and Pfeffer and Cheney to finish them up, the Dodgers appear to be well fortified...

The nervousness that was so noticeable among the Brooklyn players in the games at Boston has vanished and Robinson's men have shown plenty of fight. In fact, they appear to be a gamier team than the famous Red Sox, which team generally is referred to as the greatest in baseball...

Olsen is not a natural shortstop and never will be as graceful as Scott, but he has proved a good man for Robinson. When the Dodgers were wobbling and apparently lacking in confidence, it was Olsen who kept the team on the jump, encouraging the pitcher and keeping the fighting spirit of the team at top pitch.

It is possible that the former Cleveland manager may go to pieces, but it is hardly likely, as he is a seasoned veteran. He also is an inspiring kind of player, who will take any kind of a chance to win. Yesterday he believed that none of the four umpires was watching, and he tripped Thomas as he rounded second. Olsen did not get away with this play, however, and Thomas was permitted to take third. It was not a gentlemanly trick and he was hoisted by his own fans; but it was possible that this play might have turned the whole game if he had got away with it.

All Contests Have Been Close

THE scores of the three games have been unusually close and low considering the number of terrific smashes. We do not recall seeing such hitting in a world's series since the famous Athletics-Chicago battle in 1910; but invariably something turns up to keep the score down. The size of Braves and Ebbets fields no doubt is responsible for the number of long drives, as the pitchers are taking chances in putting fast balls right through the groove, which would be improper in smaller fields.

Any time there are two men out the pitchers really have taken foolhardy chances considering how close the games have been, but they have been lucky enough to get away with it until yesterday, when Coombs fairly handed Gardner a home-run drive. The Red Sox third baseman is not a long-distance hitter as a rule, so Coombs decided to take a chance with a medium change of pace ball. Gardner smashed it over the fence for a home run, and the drive was as long as the one made by Fred Luderus in Philadelphia two weeks ago.

While speaking of Jack Coombs it is well to mention that we watched him dress for the game yesterday and were amazed at the way it is necessary to strap and bind him so that he may take no chance of bringing back the old injury that kept him out of the game for almost three years.

Coombs first bandages his legs from the knee up with rubber braces and then wraps yards and yards of bandages around his body. After this is done he adjusts a steel brace that encases his body from his waist to just beneath the armpit. How he manages to pitch ball is a mystery, as he finds it impossible to get any freedom of action excepting in his arms. With it all Coombs is a fine all-round player. He hits as well as many regulars, and can run despite the way he is strapped, and has no trouble fielding bunts when the opposing batters are lucky enough to get a ball that can be bunted. National League batmen contend that Coombs is the hardest man to bunt in the league, because he does not pitch many balls over the center of the plate, and the Red Sox also found the Colby collegian hard to bunt.

Rumor That the Dodgers Are Sold

IT IS said that President Ebbets and the McKeever brothers, who are the sole owners of the Brooklyn team, have sold the National League champions to Charles Feltman, a millionaire coal operator, the announcement of the sale being withheld until after the series. Ebbets is one of the last of the old school, and it is rather surprising that he should sell at this time.

While the fans here idolized Ebbets for years, he no longer is popular, as the recent raising of prices for the world's series and several other incidents which showed only too plainly that Ebbets was tiring of the game and thought only of money. It is only natural for Ebbets to want to get everything possible out of the game; but there was a time when he apparently cared nothing about the financial end.

Feltman will not admit that he has purchased the team, but close friends declare that he has been trying to purchase a major league team for several seasons and that he cares nothing about the financial end of the game. The selling of the Brooklyn club is only a forerunner to a sensational announcement that probably will be made soon after the series ends.

After going hitless in the first two games of the series, Jake Daubert came back yesterday with a vengeance. He had three hits out of four times up, one of which was a triple. All of which shows just what confidence will do for a player and a club.

That the pitching on the whole in the present world's series is below the average is shown not only in the number of hits by each club, but in the time it has taken to play the games. Although Brooklyn did not take her half of the ninth round at bat, the contest was waged over two hours. Bad pitching invariably takes the snap out of a game, making errors more frequent, as well as safe hits.

Although it has been reported in the camp of the Red Sox that George Foster was not in perfect condition, the hurling hero of 1915 looked to be in fine form yesterday. Of course he did not go the full route, as he went in to do relief duty. Nevertheless his work indicated that he would be able to start if necessary.

CARTOON IMPRESSIONS OF EBBETS FIELD BATTLE



WILLIS E. DAVIS TYPICAL PACIFIC COAST RACQUETER

National Clay Court Champion Deserves Better Rank Than No. 8 on List

SLUMPED LATE IN SEASON

By WILLIAM T. TILDEN, 2D

Philadelphia for several seasons has been represented ably in the first ten by Clothier, Williams and Wallace Johnson, but this year finds another of our stars standing in the sacred circle. Willis E. Davis, California by birth, for three years has been in our city and clearly may be classed with our Quaker City stars.

Davis's record is spotty, for following an early season of nearly flawless tennis, he suddenly slumped and spoiled a possible first five record. Davis won the Sleepy Hollow event, defeating Throckmorton in the semifinals and George M. Church in five sets in the finals. He won the national clay court crown, defeating Doyle, after the Washington star had put out Church most unexpectedly.

Both the Pennsylvania State and western Pennsylvania titles went to Davis. In the former he defeated Dabney, Alexander D. Thayer and myself in the semifinal, and in the final Craig Biddle. Garland was his chief victim in the western event.

Davis twice fell before the fiery attack of George Church, the last of these encounters resulting in an easy 6-4, 6-4 win at Seabrook. He also was defeated by Karl Behr, 6-2, 3-6, 6-1, 4-1, in the Eastern West match at Forest Hills. Watson M. Washburn put him out of the national in the fourth round.

It might be claimed that with a string of victories over such men as Throckmorton, Church, Armstrong, Doyle, Bull, Garland, McCormack, Mikami, Pfaffman and Roberts, Davis deserves better than eighth place. Unfortunately, his defeat by Washburn, in the national, necessarily ranks him below the latter, who cannot, by any chance, get better than No. 7.

So we must put this wonderful player at eight, when his game really merits the upper half of the select company.

Davis is the typical California racquet wielder. His whole game is based on service and volley. His ground strokes, while very severe, are very erratic. His forehand strokes are highly topped drives of great speed, and vicious chops that speed low and deep to his opponent's backhand.

Davis has a highly topped "hooping" backhand hook, and a peculiar slice chop, the latter not unlike McLoughlin's stroke. Neither of these shots is steady, but both are hard to handle.

His volley shot is a straight "smear" of the ball that pushes it with great speed down from his racquet into sharp angles of his opponent's court. He appears to fall all over his shot, covering the ball in much the same manner that the great Hans Wagner fields a grounder.

His service, in the main, is a very fast American twist that carries so much combined speed and spin that it is nearly unplayable. He also has a straight "canon-ball" smash serve of terrific speed that he overhand is severe and ordinarily he shoots for the center line very effectively, steady.

Soccer Champs Touring New England

BETHLEHEM, Pa., Oct. 11.—Bethlehem Steel F. C., national and American soccer champions, has left on a two day trip to the New England States, where on Thursday the New England team, led by the players Ben Chapman, at Fall River, on Friday, and the J. P. Costello team at Pawtucket, R. I., on Saturday. Manager H. W. Trond has taken the following players along: Duncan, Ferguson, Fletcher, standing; Campbell, Morrison, Murphy, Clarke, Kirkpatrick, McKelvey, Pepper, Mitchell, Forrest, Fleming, Butler and Trainer, Mason.

BROOKLYN NOW HAS THE EDGE ON SERIES, ASSERT DOPESTERS, AFTER WINNING FROM BOSTON

Every One Satisfied Except Stung "Spec," Who Failed to Unload Tickets on Flatbush Citizens. "Teams Are Rotten," He Says

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL

BROOKLYN, Oct. 11. THE ticket speculator warily leaned against a portion of the strong concrete wall which surrounds Ebbets Field last night and cast withering glances at the crowd as it surged from the third game of the world's series. He also gazed ruefully upon a bunch of tickets in his hand which could have been used at that same game if the quaint and staid citizens of Flatbush had been willing to purchase them. But they didn't, and the "spec" was badly stung.



R. W. MAXWELL

He also was sore at the entire world and did not stop to select his feelings. "I had a terrible day," he wailed. "I never did see such a gang of bum sports in my life. They ain't comin' across with nothin' to see this awful serious between them ham teams, and I'll betcha they wouldn't dig it up even see the battle of Gettysburg put on by the original cast. They're lots of money in this burg and it'll stay here. Nobody has the nerve to loosen up. I had a terrible day. I had just as much chance of sellin' tickets to the mob as a guy sellin' diamond rings at a sale in the five and ten cent store. Baseball at five bucks per copy is too steep for these here hicks from Flatbush."

"Anyway, they ain't gettin' none th' best of it because it's th' cheapest series I ever seen. I went to the game myself, just to swell my sale of tickets. If I hadn't gone, I'd a had just as many as I started with. Talk about high class baseball! Say, they

don't know what that word means. Them guys on Brooklyn and Boston play like champions of the 'chautauqua circuit or a couple teams from th' piano movers' union. 'Class! Maybe, but I ain't seen any. They say th' Red Sox is as good as Connie Mack's old Athletics. Any guy what says that is crazy. In th' old days, Stuffy McInnis could a' blindfolded his eyes, Eddie Collins could get into th' game with a broken leg. Barry could a' had both hands broke an' Baker could a' come out on crutches an' beat that gang. There ain't no comparison, I tell you, an' take it from me, this is the worst bunch of games I ever seen."

"I see both games in Bawston an' I gets th' dope on th' teams. One team is quittin' a lot of th' time and the other is tryin' to quit. Never did see so many nervous athletes in my life. They're like a flock a' chorus girls on th' first nite a' th' show. Th' photographers can't take no time exposures, even when they pose, because they won't keep quiet long enough. I'd hate to see that bunch belin' led out to be shot at sunrise. They'd spoil th' whole party by bein' too nervous."

"Yuh see," continued the orator, "this 'quittin' is gettin' to be the habit, an' th' team what quits first always loses. Brooklyn quit twice in Bawston an' Bawston come right back an' quit today. Th' Bawston guys will get off to a bum start again tomorrow an' put on their quittin' act early so as to lose th' game in th' first couple innin's. I got th' dope all right, all right, and I ain't the guy what keeps it to himself."

"I'm gonna be here tomorrow again and try to goldbrick th' rubes with some more tickets, but I ain't holdin' out no hopes. I gotta sell some, but nobody'll fall. They won't even put up four beans for a five-buck ticket. They're spendin' it, all right, all right. But wait till I get to Bawston, say, mister, want these tickets? They ain't no good to me and yuh might as well use 'em as wall paper. Come aroun' tomorrow an' I'll give yuh some more."

Notwithstanding the diatribe upon by our friend the "spec," the series now looks to be more even than before. In winning the third game, Brooklyn ascended from the utmost depth of darkness to the sunlight and there are many who believe that the Robins have a chance to win the series. At any rate, there is a well-defined hunch going the round in the large town and across the bridge that Brooklyn will win today, tie up the series and then finish with a rush. The wise guys point out that the Dodgers have not received any of the "breaks" as yet, and when they do the Red Sox will be outclassed.

It's funny how the granddope will shift from one side to the other on the result of a single game. Yesterday morning Brooklyn was not even considered, and the experts, to a man, predicted that all would be over tonight. I heard a conversation in the hotel before the game started which showed the true attitude of the "critics." It was between a stranger and a newspaper man.

"Say!" said the stranger, "is Brooklyn playing in the world's series?" "No," was the reply, "they only are assisting. The Red Sox are doin' the playing."

It was a typical home audience that attended the game. Every time there was a chance to make some noise and cheer there was noise and cheering. If a Brooklyn batter knocked the ball to the shortstop and was thrown out by a mile, the Flatbushers were up on their feet yelling their heads off. They were out to boost the team and they did it.

