

BENNY KAUFF WAS A WHILE GETTING STARVED, BUT ONCE UNDER WAY HE SURE DID HIT

THE BOOB OF THE SERIES, THE BABY WHOM GOTHAM ABUSED, THE STAR WHO WASN'T COMES INTO HIS OWN

Blushing Benny Kauff, With His Pair of Circuit Clouts, Travels From His Position as Spear-Holder to the Very Center of the Stage

ON BOARD BASEBALL SPECIAL, SOME PLACE OUT WEST, Oct. 12. UNLESS there is a reason, the big stuff that makes us sit up and take notice never occurs. There is a reason for everything, as the fellow says, and there was a very big one yesterday which aided, abetted and otherwise assisted the Giants and Benny Kauff to smear the whitewash over the aspirants from Chicago twice in the same place in as many days. The reason introduced itself as the special train pushed its way through the gloomy darkness last night and is as follows: Yesterday morning, while Mr. Kauff was strolling to the Polo Grounds, his glance fell for a moment on the pebbled pavement on which he was resting his shoes. It is seldom that Benny looks down at anything, but this time he broke a long-standing rule and probed greedily thereby. He stared for a moment and then uttered a gasp of surprise, for there, right before his eyes, was a hairpin resting comfortably on its side.

"Ha, ha!" muttered Benny in his modest, Kauffesque manner. "Here is where the hoodoo what has been on my neck is broken. I'm gonna get a hit," and he picked up the twisted wire from the dusty pavement. Now, baseball players are not superstitious. True, they always tip their hats when they see a load of hay or a cargo of empty barrels, they never walk under a ladder, always ignore a stray pin with the point before instead of behind, never place their hats on the bed, shun the railroad hoodoo number "13" like the plague and when they see a hairpin, well, that means all kinds of base hits and all around luck.

Thus Benny was in a happy mood as he crossed the abandoned ornament or whatever it was, and when he saw another, yes, two in the same place, he couldn't restrain himself. He was sure he would come through with the goods, and with the pair on his person he jauntily walked in the clubhouse and neglected to ask the boys how he looked in his new suit.

THE good news was spread around and the other players, notably Heinie the Zim, cast envious eyes on the cherished possessions. Fabulous amounts, some in real money, were offered, but Benny scornfully turned them down. He needed all of the luck the cans brought and he would keep them.

Started Poor, But He Finished Big

IN THE first inning the talismans were not properly warmed up and Benny was disappointed when he hit a grounder to McMullin and was thrown out by a mule. He sadly shook his head when he trotted out to his position in center field, and the bleachers made things more pleasant in their own unforfeitable way. He wondered if he had the wrong dope when he stepped up in the fourth stanza, and still wondered when Red Faber waded a beautiful twister in the groove. Then he knew he was the victim of good luck.

At this juncture it looked extremely sad for the Giants. Eleven batters had been up and not one had connected safely. Faber was twirling in his very best vein and the sluggers were stopped before they started. But the flosser in the groove changed the aspect, gloriously as it was. Taking a mighty swing, Benny leaped against the horseshoe and sent it sailing far over Felsch's head. Happy started after the ball, stopped and started again. By that time the pellet was sailing toward the bleacher wall and Kauff was rounding second. Felsch finally got his hands on the ball, but was so excited he couldn't hold it. The pill bounced over his shoulder and when he relayed it into the infield, Kauff had crossed the plate, while the New York fans suddenly went mad with joy. That walloper won the game, but Benny was not through. In the eighth inning Danforth was on the mound and shot a perfect strike over which fooled every one but Empire High. The next looked good, so Benny took a mighty swing and missed by inches—about twenty-four—then came another groove ball which showed beyond all shadow of doubt that the pitcher held Benny in supreme contempt. But the modest violet cared nothing for that. He swished his bat around, met the ball fairly and the pill did not stop going until it rested in the lap of a cash customer in the right-field pavilion. It was a wonderful home run and again the hero, who appeared on the scene in the fourth act, received an ovation.

BUT the ovations were the cheapest things Benny received yesterday. His day's work netted him \$500 cash. Before the game he was presented with \$50 for hitting the ball in Brooklyn. His two homers netted him four Liberty Bonds presented by a New York newspaper, and Clara Kimball Young and a bug in the grandstand handed him a \$50 bill when he came back to the bench after his eighth-inning walloper.

Series Now Even Stephen

THE series now stands "even Stephen," with two games won on each side. Hard as it may seem, the White Sox were outclassed to a greater extent in New York than the Giants in Chicago. In two games they didn't score a run and only one man reached third base. Buck Weaver got to second twice on Wednesday, and Eddie Collins got to second once and to third once in yesterday's game. You can dope the games any way you see fit, but the first thing to be considered is the fact that Chicago was unable to score while New York pushed over seven runs. Comparisons favor the New York club.

One reason for the slump of the Sox is the poor stickwork of Jackson and Felsch. These sluggers are as useful as a commutation ticket to Port Indian, Pa., in December. Felsch laid down on the job and Jackson couldn't knock the ball out of the infield. These cops in the attack were very much to the bad and their poor work affected the other members of the team. Eddie Collins got on twice, but received no help. He was caught off second because Felsch ignored the hit-and-run signal and allowed a perfect strike to drift by. It is seldom that a good base runner like Collins is caught so far off the bag, but he had a reason and a good one. In four innings the Sox led off with a hit and had a man on base with none out, but the pinch hitters couldn't connect with Ferdie Schupp's slants, and the bingles went blooie.

SCHUPP pitched a wonderful game and seemed to have everything. At the start he was laying them over without difficulty and had the aliens up a tree. He struck out seven and allowed six hits, no two coming in one inning. He waded quite a few balls, however, as can be seen by the following table prepared by Charley Heeb, the Sherlock of Port Indian:

Table with 10 columns: Innings, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, Total. Rows for Schupp, Faber, Danforth.

When Benny Started, Faber Stopped

FABER did well until he grooved one for Kauff and then hit some hard luck. In the fifth, McGraw returned to the old army game and instructed his men to hunt after Fletcher led off with a single. Robertson beat out a tap down the third-base line. Then Holke hunted and Faber tried to make a play at third. McMullin was not on the bag, however, and all hands were safe. That loaded the bags and one of the cheapest double plays ever seen on a ball field followed. Hariden took a mighty swipe, but hit Faber who threw to the plate, forcing Fletcher. Schalk quickly relayed the ball to Gandil and Hariden was out. Robertson, however, made third and Holke second on the play. With two out and Schupp at bat, it did not look like a score, but Ferdie crossed the dope by dropping a single into right, scoring Robertson. Holke tried for the plate, but was an easy out. This break in the game settled things for the Sox. After disposing of a regular batter the pitcher came up and broke up the ball game.

Heinie the Zim got a regular hit—his first real one of the series—in the eighth after Kauff made his home run. He walloped the ball to right center for three sacks, but prosperity was too much for him. He tried to steal home and was an easy out. However, Heinie can be excused, because it was the first time he was on third for weeks.

MANAGER HOWLAND now is up against it for pitchers. His two aces failed him and he must do some deep thinking for the game Saturday. The chances are that he will not use Cloutte, and Faber is out of it for a time. His only hope is Russell, and if he blows up—farewell to the championship hopes.

Sox Wonder What Will Happen Next

THE club today is not such a joyful place as on the trip to New York. The White Sox players are not so happy and confident and are wondering what will happen next. Those two defeats were a sad blow to their hopes. After tomorrow, the players have no share of the receipts. The club owners and the National Commission will take the coin and they probably will need it. John Collins made up for his blunders by playing an errorless game and splashing two hits. The team has turned.

ROBERT W. MAXWELL.

PLAYS IN FOURTH GAME IN WHICH COLLINS FIGURED



"MARINE DAY" AT PENN TOMORROW

Sea Soldiers Guests When Red and Blue Opposes Swarthmore Eleven

TRIO OF NEW PLAYERS

Pennsylvania, still sporting under the defeat administered a year ago, goes into the game with Swarthmore tomorrow determined to reap revenge from the little Quakers from the Main Line. And so an extra color to the annual game it is called "marine day" with about 400 sea soldiers in the stands.

The half thousand marines from the navy yard, together with the famous band and the officers of the War Emergency Unit, will be the guests of the University, and a gala occasion will be made of the annual clash between the two friendly rivals.

After Penn defeated the Garnet so unmercifully in 1914, the Main Liners were not scheduled for a return game the following season, but relations were renewed last year, and just to get even for dropping them Swarthmore handed Penn's powerful eleven a neat trimming.

Miller After Revenge

Heinie Miller played in that game last season and it was one of the best games of his career, but even he could not bring victory to the Red and Blue. Being captain this season, Heinie is naturally anxious to wipe out the stain of the reverse, and those who travel to Franklin Field tomorrow will see Heinie, rated by many as the greatest and of the day, at his best for Penn and his quest for Swarthmore.

There will be three new faces in the team lineup when the Red and Blue takes the field against the Garnet. They are Joe Van Ginkle, an end who has shown great promise during the last week, Mitchell "Cherry" a full guard from last season, and Eddie Lerch, the snappy little quarterback.

These three reported for practice for the first time last Monday and already they have shown enough stuff to warrant placing them on the first team. Van Ginkle in playing his first year in Penn varsity football he has proven himself an excellent wing man in the scrimmage this week. "Cherry" needs no introduction to Red and Blue fans. He was a first-class substitute guard last season.

Lerch at Quarter

Lerch is the man who has come in the stead of the quarterback situation. Folsch was without a pilot after Bert Bell got hurt down at Atlanta. Lerch appeared on the field and he was given the post immediately. Lerch is a native of New York and is an experienced and clever field general.

The game will start at 2:30, and ten minutes before starting time the spectators and their band will gather in parade form outside the field and march through the gates and around the field. After passing the review in front of Provost Edgar P. Smith, the sea soldiers will file into the stands to their reserved sections.

SOME AFTERMATHS OF THE BIG GAME

Tad Comments in Humorous Way of Players and Spectators Alike

FANS RAZZ 'E. COLLINS

By TAD NEW YORK, Oct. 12. Zimmerman is like a parrot these days. He yells at every one on the Sox team, men on his own team and even the poor cops in Chicago Zim didn't peep.

Another windy lad is Mr. Fletcher. Some of the things he says in the dug can be heard plainly in the press box. There are wads of money of Indian wear, too; but it bothers him not.

John Collins has an ailment after dropping two flies from the hat of the blushing violet, Kauff. He says that Bill Farnum's canary colored coat was the cause of both flies.

If Bill Farnum would only wear a green cap his camouflage as a carter would be complete.

Wild Bill Hariden is one of the surprises of the series. Bill has had eight putouts, seven assists, bats .500 and has not made an error. Mr. McCarty is not missed at all.

Rube Benton tried to put the bee on Harry Hempstead for a chunk of world's series money in advance. Hempstead gave Rube the \$100, then chirped: "It's really surprising the amount of money you need, Rube." The latter blushed and then smilingly piped: "It ain't me, Gee, I don't need it, but the taxi drivers, the restaurant men and the tailors do."

Red Murray is in danger of losing his record. You remember that Red once went through a world's series without a hit. Others are trying to do the same thing, but not Violet Benny.

The Sox simply will not put on their traveling uniforms. The superstitious old things. Having won two games with the white suits, they threw the traveling scenery away and swear it has been lost.

Abie Attell had a waiter's apron in the press stand yesterday. On the day before he wore a messenger boy's kelly. You can't keep that Abie boy out of a good place.

The bleachers warmed up early, giving Eddie Collins the rag again yesterday. When Matty blew in from Cincinnati he drew an awful hand.



In the top illustration Eddie Collins, the White Sox second baseman, is shown sliding into his favorite bag after his two-bagger in the fourth inning of the fourth game. In the lower picture Collins is shown being caught at third, after being trapped off second by Herzog and Zimmerman.

WATER-HOLE DISCUSSION SETTLED DEFINITELY BY THREE EXPERTS, CHICK EVANS, CRUMP AND BUXTON

Point Has Been in Dispute for Some Time and Trio Decides It Is a Parallel Hazard Problem and Easily Answered

By PETER PUTTER

TWO New York golf writers a short time ago got into a discussion over a ball played into a water hazard. Briefly, the case was something like this: A player had played safely over a water hazard, but in playing back the ball fell into the hazard again. The point was where he should drop the ball. One of them maintained that the player would have to drop on the far side of the hazard, so that the hazard was between the player and the green. The other maintained that it was absurd to do this and that the ball could be dropped so that the water hazard did not intervene so long as the ball was not nearer the hole. That seemed to be the common-sense view of it.

Three Experts Settle It

At Pine Valley last Sunday I ran the problem as it appears up to Chick Evans, George A. Crump and Cameron E. Buxton. They all declared the water hazard should be treated as a parallel hazard and the player could drop the ball so there was no water intervening, but not nearer the hole. They brought out the point that inasmuch as the shot in dispute was not played over the hazard there was no reason why the player should drop a ball on the other side.

In order to make the point plain to them I mentioned the sixteenth hole at Shawnee. This hole is about 125 yards, with the Bunkerhill between the tee and the green. If a golfer played over and overran the green and in playing back the ball went into the creek the player would have to go to the tee and drop a ball, but he could drop a ball on the green side, but not nearer the hole. In this case the water hazard does not figure, as the shot which went into the water was

Another for Harry Greb

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 12.—Harry Greb, the Pittsburgh sensation, won his thirty-sixth straight battle last night, what he all but stopped Gus Christie in a ten round battle before the Queensbury Club.

Advertisement for Newark Shoe Stores Co. featuring 'Newark Shoe for Men' and 'Our New Standard Values for Fall'. Includes list of Philadelphia stores.

GIANTS, FIGURED OUT FOR COUNT, SHOW FIGHTING SPIRIT AT HOME THAT MAKES THEM FAVORITES

Ferdie Schupp, the Pitcher Who Had Nothing But a Glove, and Benny Kauff, the King Goat, Share Honors in Second Shut-Out

By GRANTLAND RICE

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.

HERE and there in this shell-shattered, gore-drenched, embittered and embattled universe an old-fashioned dream has a way of coming true. Where other men have dreamed of fame or power or wealth, or maybe the Victoria Cross for distinguished service on the battlefield, Benny Kauff has limited his highly modest dream to driving out a home run in a world series contest while 15,000 of his friends cheered his merry canter from base to base. Yesterday Benny's rose-tinted dream broke out in two separate and distinct places: for the chunky, hard-working little Giant broke all past records by crashing out two home runs in one game, thereby shattering the White Sox defense and lifting the Giants up neck and neck with their rivals from the West.

Two Mighty Wallops

BY VIRTUE of Kauff's two mighty wallops to center and to right for the four-base route and the dashing return of Ferdinand Schupp the Giants crushed the White Sox, 5 to 0, and today are favored to win a series which three days ago they were rolling down hill like a barrel loaded with lead. There are certain dynamic temperaments, which, like gun cotton and nitroglycerin, can be pressed just so far. At this point the moment is about right to get out from under, while the getting is good. Mr. Kauff apparently has one of these highly explosive temperaments. For three games he had been the most distinguished goat of the series, the King Goat of all hollow-horned ruminants who are wont to wander far from home. Thirteen times he had come to bat without a hit. They had him batted and brooding, blighted, unbeced and bereft. The harder he lunged and lashed, the easier they nailed him on an infield grounder or an outfield fly.

Tide Turns for Benny

IT WAS upon Benny's fourteenth appearance at the plate in the fourth game of the Big Show that the tide of fortune suddenly veered his way. Ferdie Schupp and Red Urban Faber for three innings had been pitching with steady and telling effect. There were two Giants out in the fourth when Benny came to bat, giant supporters still gave him encouraging calls, while Chicago rooters continued to emit the old raspberry cheer. Five seconds later Benny had swung and Nap Felsch, in deep center, after one wavering look, had swerved back at top speed toward the fence. The drive, although fairly high in the air, dropped far beyond Felsch's reach. The big crowd, suddenly lifted to its collective feet, had a twirling circus to watch. One was Kauff, dashing madly around the bases on his way to third. The other was Nap Felsch, juggling the elusive missile in the flower patch against the fence.

Hap tried the single and double grab, handling the ball as coyly and as gingerly as if it had been a hand grenade loaded to the brim. By the time his third grab for the ball had been successful, Kauff was rounding third on his way to home, fanned and a \$50 Liberty Bond that was justly named. For by this long-distance walloper Benny had hammered the shackles of bondage from the Giants and made them free men, entitled to health, happiness and the pursuit of the winner's end.

The King Goat Routs Sox

WITH this blow packed away, Benny arrived in the eighth, again with Herzog on first, and here, to display his daring versatility, he shifted his range from center to right, hammering one of Danforth's left-handed shoots over the right-field wall. The man who hadn't made a hit, the King Goat of the Tribe, had in one day surpassed all the mighty hitters of all time in world series play with a brace of home runs in one game. Such, as the saying goes, is life. The last ball he hit and the goat one day shall be a lion the next. Side by side with Kauff's offensive onslaughts were the careful, cunning pitching of Ferdinand Stuedel Schupp, the Kentucky barrage. In Chicago on Sunday the Sox chased Ferdie of the bleak reservation within two rounds. Yesterday he came back with his left elbow thoroughly reanointed and tuned.

Giants Hold Advantage

THE big Giant advantage now rests in the pitching. Rowland met either ruff Cloutte back on Saturday with only a brief rest after two hard games of gambler with Tex Russell's arm, whereas McGraw now has Sallee with a week's rest to work Saturday. Rube Benton reserved for Monday and Schupp again for the final test if the war continues that long.

Large advertisement for Girard Cigarettes. Features a drawing of a hand holding a cigarette and text: 'A wee bit nervous, eh? That won't do. Success in life today requires steady nerves. Why not follow the lead of thousands of other wise smokers all over the country? Smoke the Girard—the cigar that brings you all the pleasure and none of the drawbacks of smoking. The Girard Cigar Never gets on your nerves. And it's a man's smoke, too. Made from genuine Havana—mellowed by age alone—fragrant and full-flavored. Smoke Girards whenever you please and as often as you please. There is no come-back, no "dopey" sensation, no "hang-over." Nothing but satisfaction. And you can see the difference in your feelings right away. Doctors recommend Girards—and smoke 'em, too. Real Havana. 10c and up. Shade-Grown. For the sake of a clear head and steady nerves smoke Girards—you can get 'em at most any cigar counter. Antonio Roig & Langsdorf. Established 1871. 315-21 N. Seventh St.'