HAD HEINIE PLAYED IN CHICAGO IT IS LIKELY GIANTS WOULD HAVE MADE HIM WALK HOME

IM A FASTER MAN THAN YOU ARE, HEINIE ZIM," SAYS EDDIE COLLINS, AND THEN GOES OUT AND PROVES IT

"He Ain't Got No License to Spring That Stuff on Me, He Ain't," Grunts 1917 Merkle, and Another German Atrocity Was Perpetrated

NEW YORK, Oct. 16. THE latest German atrocity was perpetrated on the Polo Grounds yesterday afternoon when Helple Zimmerman willfully and maliciously and with malice aforethought and everything deliberately torpedeed the frait Giant craft. All hands on board perished in full view of 33,000 men, women and children, who tated upon the scene in horror. Heinie alone was saved because of the cargo of trory it floats. The only lucky break for the Dutchman was that the game was Blayed right here in New York. Had the context been staged in Chicago and the some stuff pulled by the alleged guardian at third base, he would have prepared

his feet for a nice, long walk. His teammates never would have allowed him to

John Arderson was out-Andersoned. Fred Merkle was out-Merkled, and even John McGraw was out: McGrawed when Heinie pulled his famous play. Twas in the fourth act and the home-town bugs were enjoying a nice, closely fought game. Heinie was there, respiendent in his glory, for there were no angry roars from the grandstand mob, as was the case in Chlcago. He was treated like a real player, But the only thing that worried him was a remark spilled by Eddie Collins in the first inning. Eddle walked by third base, stopped before the Great Zim and orated in ominous tones: "I'm a faster man than you are, Heinie Zim." Heinie is not a poetic soul, so the remark riled him somewhat.

"He ain't got no license to spring that there stuff on me," he confided to him "I ain't no race horse, but I can best that guy if one of my legs was broke. He ain't got no right to pull that, he ain't."

In the fatal fourth Eddie bounced a merry grounder to Heinie at third, "Aba," chortled Zim, "Here is that there fast bird. Watch me get him.

TAKING deliberate aim, the Great Zim hurled the pill toward first base. It was only toward the bag, for in some manner Heinla got Holke and Robertson mixed up and the ball sailed into right field. Collins went to second, and when he stopped the third baseman again heard those doleful words: "I'm a faster man than you are, Heinie Zim,"

The Plot Thickens as Heinie Sinks Into Deep Thought

THE plot thickened, as we novelists are wont to say. Collins meandered to where he chided the guardian of the Bag in a polite but gentlemanly This was too much for Heinie, so he remarked in cutting tones and with

Who was you alludin' at when you sprung that fast stuff? You ain't got no w a-tall with me when it comes to speed. I'm a fast guy, I am, and

Just then Felsch hit a sickly anemic bounder to Benton. Rube fielded the eripple with tears in his eyes, for it was a shame to take advantage of such a weak Collins was off the bag at third and Ben on quickly threw to Zimmer-

"You're a faster man in I am, eh!" repeated the third baseman as he grabbed the ball. "This is the biological moment for me to show up this here gent." Clutching the ball in his good right fist he started. Eddle also started and

the race to the home, plate commenced. The other players looked on in amazement. The men, women and children in the grandstand sat with bated breaths as the men sped on. On and on tore the athletes through the October ozone, with the advantage on neither side. Heinie made a remarkable run through a broken field. No football player ever duplicated the feat. Jim Thorpe turned green with enty as he watched the wonderful work.

Half way down stood Pletcher, ready to take the throw or tackle the runner. Heinle easily sidestepped him. A few yards further crouched Benton, but he too, can sidestepped without difficulty. The last barrier was near the home plate, where Bill Rariden was on his knees, as if praying for Heinie to throw the ball or fumble for something. But Heinle did nothing like that. Eluding Rariden was as easy so dodging the City Hall on a bright moonlight night, and the race continued.

FUNALLY the home plate hove into view and Eddie Collins saw it first. Heinle was right on his heels, but a couple of yards back. A flying tackle would have saved the day, but Zim did not attend Harvard the day they studied that subject. Eddie left his feet, however, slid over the bag as the great Zim still pursued him. The runner was safe by a mile, and en Collins brushed the dust from his uniform he looked into Heinie's downcast eyes and said: "I'm a faster man that you are, Heinie Zim. Heinic said nothing, but from last reports, he has admitted that such is

Once Is Enough-the Bone Needs No Encore

DERHAPS a bone like this will be perpetrated again, but the chances are that it will stand no encore. Once is enough in any well-regulated ball park. John McGraw almost drowned when he fell into the water bucket and was revived with much difficulty. The other players with weak hearts burriedly sent for medical attention, and the players on the field looked vainly for a hole to crawl into. It was an inspiring sight to all but the Giant players and the 33,000 men, women and children in the stands. It was the break of the game, and it was SOME break. It cracked and shattered every semblance of hope that surged in the breasts of the Gotham wise guys and ruined the chances of "the best team I have ever ded." It was an utter collapse.

Zim's work, however, evidently made a hit with McGraw. In the minth finning, when the Giants were at bat, Heinie was discovered on the coaching lines

"McGraw's gonna pull some deep, inside stuff and wants to let Heinie in on it." remarked one of the scribes.

Nothing like that," retorted another. "Helnie is placed out there as a ouflage. When the angry mob storms the field after this game has been lost will get Heinie first. Then, while they are beating him up, Muggsy and his men can escape. I know the system."

But they were wrong. Heinle performed his duties nobly, because he had nothing to do. One man got as far as second, but that was all. The Great Zim stood the ordeat like a gallant soldier and when it came time to escape met with no opposition.

BUT Eddie Collins, Ted Meredith or any one else could not have caught Heinie in that dash for the clubhouse. He galloped across the field like Arthur Duffey in his prime, and the only reason he did not go through the fence was because the gate was open. He was the fastest man on the field when the game was over. Perhaps he is running yet.

Muggsy McGraw Is a Very Unlucky Person

WHILE not attempting to cast any aspersions on the gailant work of the White Sox in the series, we must pause for a time and sob a few tears with Jawn McGraw. Jawn certainly is an unlucky guy. Three times he has been frustrated by bonehead plays and robbed of a chance to grab the championship. Fred Merkle cutted his foozle and deprived the team of a chance to appear in the series, and sen came Fred Snodgrass, who dropped an easy fly ball in the Boston series in This year Heinle Zim and Benny Kauff put on the boners, and even Jawn elf pulled a few. He has himself to blame as much as any one else, for, ording to the expert dope spilled by the Deans, two battles should have been instead of lost. The first was the Sunday game in Chicago when he went on his pitchers, and last Saturday in Comiskey Park it was worse than that. He allowed Slim Salies to stick in the game when he was entirely unnecessary, and forced the pitcher to take a Joe Grim beating, with the accent on the Grim. leaterday he worked well, but his stars failed him.

Throughout the peries the White Sox showed that they had the punch and new when to use it. Time and again in the four games which they won they me through at the opportune time and bunched their wallops where they did the good. They never quit. Urged on by Eddie Collins, who was the real star of he series, they played harder and harder until all opposition was overcome. When w took the lead there was no let-down, and they kept fighting for more scores

Rauff, despite his pair of home runs, was a fullure. Herzog did not class with alling. Pletcher was outplayed by Weaver, and we know how McMullin comwith Zimmerman. The only man who stood out on the Giants team was Robertson. True, he made a miserable error, but his hitting was the feature.

THE outcome of yesterday's game was a victory for baseball. It was a secreted before the series that seven games would be played because magnates were facing an uncertain year and there was no telling at would happen in 1918. The additional gate receipts would help conably if they had a had year, it was said. But the victory of the is Bug, which ended the 1917 season, ended all of this kind of talk. The most \$55,000 each because of the failure to stage the seventh as we have another argument for the fairness and square ROBERT W. MAXWELL.



THUS ENDETH THE WORLD'S SERIES OF 1917!

SUNDAY'S MATCH AT WHITEMARSH ECLIPSES OTHER MATCHES PLAYED ON ANY COURSE HERE OR ABROAD

POL PERRITT GOT A

CHANCE TO STRETCH

Has So Many High Lights That It Is Impossible to Relate Them All-Four Golfers Perform in Sensational Style

By PETER PUTTER

or abroad

The Whitemarch Valley Country Club is

generously gave the course for the mate

and while the members were put to som

congestion, there was not a member at the

atch had been played on the home links

The club members were even more ge-

erous in their contributions to the Red Cross than the gallery. All over the course could be seen three and four ball matches

and every one of the players had a badge flying from the lip top part of his cap. Some of the gallery, in spite of the fact that it was distinctly understood that the

match was for the benefit of the Red Cross would not come across and this despite the further fact that they saw one of the

hest matches ever played in this country

were delighted with the results. The Nor-riations branch said it had taken in more sunday than it had in the three days of the patriotic open under the auspices of

the best professional players in the county were playing and all of them gladly gave.

game and he worked like a Trojan keeping

the gallery our of the line of play. He was ably assisted by a number of the club members, and it was also due to him that

the first big golf match played on a Sunday the crowd was a large one. Eddle Loos and some of the women who followed the big

amateur and professional matches on three well-known New York courses said that the crowd was much larger than on any single

day of that tournament, and it certainly

saw as fine a brand of golf as was played during that pro-amateur tournament. Barnes and Loos both gave their services

freely, and it meant dollars and cents to both of them. Personally I owe the greatest obligation to them and Messrs, Buxton and Maxwell, the Whitemarch Valley Country

BORRELL TO BOX KRAMER

Kensington Middleweight Now a Sailor, to Appear at Cambria

In the final bout at the Cambria Friday night Joe Borrell, who is now wearing a uniform of Uncle Sam, will meet Billy Kra-

mer. of Milwaukee. In the semifinal Raiph Erne of Aramingo, will stack up against Rid Sheeler, of North Penn. The prelimi-naries follow: Freedy Turner vs. Denny

Hughes, Tommy Golden vs. Buly Billing ton and Eddie Flynn vs. Willie McCoy,

Tillman and McAndrews Matched

Johnay Tiliman, twice winner over Charlie White, will be seen in action at the National A. C., on Saturday night, when he engages Eddie McAndrews, of Manayunk McAndrews has been going along well in his recent bouts and now feels that he will be able to attend to Tiliman. Leonard has been unable to find much opposition.

een unable to find much opposition an

the talent in this city, but it is believed the winner of this bout will be sent to the front against the champion.

Callahan and Loadman Win

Tolegrams raceived by the Sports Editor of the Evening Labours today state that Frankis Callanan knocked out Harry Donobus in the first round at Rochester K. T. and Fighting Dick Loadman defeated Eddis Wilmer at Pittsburgh.

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Nonparell A. C. Rensington and Ontario PRESTON BROWN **. EDDIE BEECHER Jae Gelger vs. K. O. Cubao Three Other Good Bouts. Gen. Adm., 25c.

Cambria A. C. Burns & Feener, Mara FRIDAY EVENING OF 1921 Another One of Those Grand Murra SELIA BRANCH OF SOR BOLLEY.

us ever see a contest like it.

Halton Handles Match Capably

the United States Golf Am

Still the ladies of the two auxiliaries

inconvenience as the result of occasiona-

femous golf | sionals won nine and the amateurs itemarsh Val. | which is a very fife showing, indeed. I matches staged at the Whitemarsh Valley Country Chip. The first was in the to be congratulated on staging the most sensational and the longest golf much ever placed here or abroad. The club very summer of 1912 when Edward Ray and sensate Harry Vardon played against Gil and Ben Nicholis. The second was one in which Jack McDermett, Ben Savers, Louis Tellier and Wiffred Reid played. The third was on Sunday, when Jim Barnes, paired with Cameron B. Buxton, won on the fortysecond bole from Edward W Loos and Norman Maxwell in the big Red Cross.

Yet of the three the greatest was the Sunday hattle of golf glants, and never was there a match which went so far or which was so chock full of thrills and sendid not shine brilliantly. Of course, Buxton stands out as the

bright particular star by reason of his win-ning putt on the forty-second hole. But Buck himself will admit that he was not the only scintillating player.

Barnes the Golf Siege Gun

When it came to the driving Barness was the real here of the day. Norman Maxwell authove him once on the seventh, and Norman is some long hitter. Lone every now and then would slip one over, but all in all the big long-legged Curnishman was the uniformly long man from the tee. It gave him the advantage on nearly every hole, as playing last be had an opportunity to see what the other fellows had done. With Barnes most of the time it was a drive and a mashle. Only once did he make two consecutive whois with the brassy and that was n the long eleventh, when there was a trong wind in the afternoon

the follinament was the success it proved to be. But, all in all, it was a well-behaved gallery, and in view of the fact that it was But Barnes makes shots with that mashie of his that no one elise would attempt three on the eighth Buxton was only about ten yards short of his mighty wallop. Turning to his partner be said: What do you use here, Jim "A pitching mashie," re-marked Barnes, "That means a cleek for me, I suppose," said Buxton, but he finally chose a midiron.

For the first twelve holes in the morning ound Barnes played the best ball of Loos and Maxwell. Buston won the thirteenth and sixteenth and evened things up. And after that Buxton was a great help to his

On the seventeenth tee of the afternoon Maxwell, the Whitemaran Valley Country Club, Mr. Berry, the president; Mr. Daw-son, the secretary, and to Mr. Halton in making the match such a tremendous suc-cess. It will be a long day before any of On the seventeenth tee of the afternoon round George Klauder, who has a knack of nicking winners, said to me. "That is the end of it." At that time Loos and Maxwell were one up and two to go. But Barnes spilled the beans by holing out from off the green for an eagle three, and he was the only one who had an eagle that afteron, holing another on the long fifth or

the morning round.

Barnes complained before the match started in the morning that he was in for an attack of the grip and when the match was squared at the end of the thirty-sixth hole he was perfectly willing to call it a day's work. But the others wanted to play the match to a conclusion and, while Barnes was feeling miserable, he consented to con-

Maxwell's Plucky Golf

Norman Maxwell was also decidedly under the weather when the afternoon round began. He caught a chill and enly stayed through the long afternoon round through sheer pluck.

Eddie Loos was a bit wild during the first nine holes of the morning round, and many of his tee shots were badly hooked and got him into a lot of trouble. Maxwell played brilliantly this round, winning two holes, with the result that his side was

But Loos made the greatest stand in the welfth hole, Barnes and Buxion were ? up. and going like a house after In many ways the thirteenth was one of the best exhibi-tions of golf of the day. All got long drives, but Loos pitched his within ten feet of the hole and ran down a hird after the other three had tried in vain to do the same from longer distances. Par holes on the fourteenth and fitteenth, both of which were won by Loos, evened the match again, and then Maxwell holed a pair of threes on the sixteenth, Loos a stand was the best consecutive work of the day, netting his side three holes at a time when they were

Buck's Cup of Joy Runs Over

Buck's Cup of Joy Runs Over

Perhaps the one player who got the most joy out of the whole game was Buxton. Ha is the type of player who particularly demands plenty of practice, and ever since he has been Hoover's right-hand man at Washington his golf has been confined to Saturday and Sunday play at Fine Valley. He felt keenly during the morning round of the first nine holes, because he had not been able to help Barnes, but he evened up things when he won two holes later on, and his our of loy brimmed over or that sammus furly-second hole.

Of the buck wen outright the prefer

Boners and Heroes of

DR1669 000 GROS. 17

George Rolle, unheard of before the White Sox and Cules met in their clush of 1906, sparkied in that world's series with such brilliance that he defeated the powerful machine simost single-handed. His defeasive play at third have was astounding. His butting was terrifle.

Christy Mathewson was Metraw's great-est world's series star. He set a record in 1903 when he thrice faced the Athletics and blanked them each time.

And now Metican presents the greates bonehead—Heinie Zimmerman—the man who tried to run down Eddle Collins for a put and and chased him acrass the plate with the first run of the deciding game, paving the an for the Sax victory.

PRESTON BROWN IN STAR CONTEST AT NONPAREIL

Preston Brown, local colored flosic is in

Thomas H. Halton, the very excellent chairman of the greens committee, had charge of the match and he handled it well. He was on the job every moment of the

World's Series Game

Today Comiskey presents another hero-Red Faber, the red-hended youth from Cas-cade. In, who tripped the Giants three times in their builtle for the 1912 world's cham-pinnship. Red also ranks almost with the famous boners of world's series, for on his first uppearance in the series he stole third have with Buck Weaver occupying the bag.

Fred Merkle and Fred Sondarase also cank finally lost the deciding game to Boston in 1942 and clucked the world's championship of that year for the Red Sox by foogling fly balls.

Local Negro Boxes Eddie Beecher, of New York, Here Tonight

with Eddie Boxes Like a Bantam

TRAINED TOO FINE, SAYS MEEHAN. YET HE WINS FROM JACK DILLON IN HIS REGULAR CLOWNISH WAY

JACK! DOYLE -

HE SAID

Fat and Flabby, Naturally and as Before, Frisco Fighter Outpoints the Hoosier and Caveman. Who Fails as Giant Killer

William MEEHAN, the same pudgy pug, made his reappearance in the East last night at the Clympia Club, and as in his other enjoyable knockabout bouts here, he was a large acream. Fars who missed he was a large acream. Fars who missed that Dillon was inclined to hold. he was a large scream. Fars who missed a lot of fun last night by not seeing Mechan in action with Jack Dillon may not believe it, but Wee Willie really defeated

Dillon started out as if he surely would decorate the canvas with the pudgy person of Meshan in the opening round. Only a few seconds after the bell banged, starting hostillies, Dillon hooked a left on Meshan's hostilities, Dilion hooked a left on Meenan's jaw and shot a short right to the chin. Willie's clinching didn't last long, and he got working fast. When the frame finished. Willie had evened up matters.

Meeban boxed like a bantam. He stepped Meelan boxed like a bautam. He siepped around Dillon, jabbing and right-crossing one time shaped up as a championship contender. Eddie is a former amateur champion and hus had a consecutive winning streak since turning pro.

The other bouts will be Joe Geiger veren. Terry Haulon vs. Jack Kennedy and Mika Malone vs. Terry Mitchell.

Meelan boxed like a bautam. He siepped around Dillon, jabbing and right-crossing dupointing Johnny Ritchie. The latter, however, kept plugging away and coming in all the time. He was strong at the fused of even smiling in a single bout in finish and fighting hard, but in no class that the city. Last night, he was made look as funny cleverness that even Dillon had to laugh, showing his gold to the following and sidestep-inclination. He siepped around Dillon, jabbing and right-crossing outpeinting Johnny Ritchie. The latter, however, kept plugging away and coming in all the time. He was strong at the finish and fighting hard, but in no class that over the property of the city. Last night he was made look as funny cleverness that even Dillon had to laugh, showing his gold the city. Last night he was an graceful as Willie Benny Valger again won from Frankle Chark, although Clark put on a much better the town than in their first meeting. Joe Mendell stopped Digger Stanley, Joe O'Donnell's champ, in the second.

THE IF" GANGTHAVA GREAT CHANCE TO! SPILL A LOT PF"IFS!

i lot of fun last night by not teeing let of fun last night by not teeing deban in action with Jack Dillon may not selected it. But Wee Willie really defeated the alleged Giant Killer, and did the job in his regular clownish way.

Never before has a boxer been known to alibi a victory, yet between rounds and after the bout Mechan, fat and flabby, blanned overtraining for his exhibition. He had left most of his fighting in the gymne had left most of his fighting in the gymne had left most of his fighting in the gymne had left most of his fighting in the gymne had left most of his fighting in the gymne had left most of his fighting in the gymne had left most of his fighting in the gymne had left most of his fighting in the gymne had left most of his fighting in the gymne had left most of his fighting in the gymne.

The Real Fight

The stellar scrap of the evening's enter-tainment was that between the brace of Battling bearchis, Murray, of Philly, and Dundee, of Baltimo'. The Maryland youngster came through with a grand rush in the last two rounds, scoring a short knockdown in the final frame, and he earned a draw. Murray floored Dundee in the first round. It was a swell scrap. If it wasn't round. It was a swell scrap. If it wasn't for Mechan, the great little Battling battle would have been mentioned

Joe Tuber went along for six rounds outpointing Johnny Ritchie. The latter

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