

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

"I'M 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

THE latest German atrocity was perpetrated on the Polo Grounds yesterday afternoon when Heinie Zimmerman willfully and maliciously and with malice aforethought and everything deliberately torpedoed the frail Giant craft.

John Anderson was out-Andersoned. Fred Merkle was out-Merkled, and even John McGraw was out-McGrawed when Heinie pulled his famous play.

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

TAKING deliberate aim, the Great Zim hurled the pill toward first base. It was only toward the bag, for in some manner Heinie got Holke and Robertson mixed up and the ball sailed into right field.

The Plot Thickens as Heinie Sinks Into Deep Thought

THE plot thickened, as we novelists are wont to say. Collins meandered to third, where he chided the guardian of the bag in a polite but gentlemanly manner.

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

Just then Felsch hit a sickly anemic bouncer to Renton. Rube feined the cripple with tears in his eyes for it was a shame to take advantage of such a weak wallop.

"You're a faster man than 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. Eddie also started and the race to the home plate commenced. The other players looked on in amazement.

FINALLY the home plate hole in view and Eddie Collins saw it first. Heinie 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.

Once Is Enough—the Bone Needs No Encore

PERHAPS 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.

"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. "Heinie is placed out there as a camouflage. When the angry mob storms the field after this game has been lost, they will get Heinie first. Then, while they are beating him up, Muggsy and his men can escape. I know the system."

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 gallant work of the White Sox in the series, we must pause for a time and sob a few tears with Jawm McGraw. Jawm certainly is an unlucky guy.

Throughout the series the White Sox showed that they had the punch and knew when to use it. Time and again in the four games which they won they came through at the opportune time and bunched their wallops where they did the most good.

THE outcome of yesterday's game was a victory for baseball. It was asserted before the series that seven games would be played because the magnates were facing an uncertain year and there was no telling what would happen in 1918.

Perhaps the one player who got the most joy out of the whole game was Buxton. He 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 Pine Valley.

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THUS ENDETH THE WORLD'S SERIES OF 1917!



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

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

THREE have been three famous golf matches staged at the Whitemarsh Valley Country Club. The first was in the summer of 1913 when Edward Ray and Harry Vardon played against Gil and Ben Nicholas.

Yet of the three the greatest was the Sunday battle of golf giants, and never was there a match which went so far and which was so chock full of thrills and sensations. There was scarcely a hole in the whole forty-two in which one of the four did not shine brilliantly.

On the seventeenth tee of the afternoon round George Klaunder, who has a knack of picking winners, said to me: "That is the end of it." At that time Loos and Maxwell were one up and two to go.

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 Whitemarsh Valley Country Club, Mr. Berry, the president; Mr. Dawson, the secretary, and to Mr. Halton in making the match such a tremendous success.

Callahan and Loadman Win. Telegrams received by the Sports Editor of the Evening Ledger today announced that the team headed by Callahan and Loadman defeated Eddie Wheeler at Pittsburgh.

Tillman and McAndrews Matched. Johnny Tillman, 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.

Maxwell's Plucky Golf. Norman Maxwell was also decidedly under the weather when the afternoon round began. He caught a chill and only stayed through the long afternoon round through sheer pluck.

Buck's Cup of Joy Runs Over. Perhaps the one player who got the most joy out of the whole game was Buxton. He 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 Pine Valley.

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Boners and Heroes of World's Series Game

Charles Comiskey has presented baseball history with two famous world's series heroes.

George Baker, undrained before the White Sox and Cubs met in their clash of 1905, appeared in that world's series with such brilliance that he defeated the powerful machine almost single-handedly.

Today Comiskey presents another hero—Red Faber, the red-headed youth from Cananda, Pa., who joined the Giants three times in their history for the 1917 world's championship.

And now McGraw presents the greatest bonerhead—Heinie Zimmerman—the man who tried to run down Eddie Collins for a out-out and chased him across the plate with the first run of the deciding game, paving the way for the Sox victory.

PRESTON BROWN IN STAR CONTEST AT NONPAREIL

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

Preston Brown, local colored flash, is in great shape for his bout with Eddie Beecher, of New York, at the Nonpareil A. C. tonight.

Beecher is a brother of Willie, who at one time shaped up as a championship contender. Eddie is a former amateur champion and has had a consecutive winning streak since turning pro.

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 Kramer, of Milwaukee.

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

Fat and Flabby, Naturally and as Before, Frisco Fighter Outpoints the Hoosier and Cave-man, Who Fails as Giant Killer

WILLIE MEEHAN, the same pudgy pug who made his reappearance in the East last night at the Olympic Club, and as in his other enjoyable knock-out bouts here, he was a large scream.

Never before has a boxer been known to admit a victory, yet between rounds and after the bout Meehan, fat and flabby, blamed overtraining for his exhibition. He said he was trained down too fine, and that he had left most of his fighting in the gym.

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Advertisement for Atlantic Polarine motor oil. The text reads: 'Cold Weather Doesn't Affect Atlantic Polarine'. It describes the benefits of the oil in cold weather, such as preventing engine oil from thickening and gumming up. The ad includes the Atlantic Refining Company logo and contact information for Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.