# ALIBIING OF VICTOR IS THE LATEST IN PUGILISM INTRODUCED BY PUDGY WILLIE MEEHAL

# KAISER'S WISH TO CONQUER WORLD WAS A PIPE DREAM COMPARED TO ZIM'S EFFORTS TO CATCH EDDIE

Heinie, of the Bronx, New York, Crowned King of World's Series Goats as He Turns Ball Game Into a Track Meet.

By GRANTLAND RICE

NEW YORK, Oct. 16. TWAS written in the Book of Fate, as predestined as death itself, that the Great Zim was to come into his own this series as the King Goat of the Herd. And the Great Zim made good for Destiny. In the fourth inning of the sixth game the Crown of the kingdom of Goatdom was gently but firmly pressed upon the Great Zim's clammy but scholarly brow in coronation that will live forever in the memories of 35,000 New York fans who attended the classic pageant. For it was in this inning that the newly crowned Monarch of all Goats there are took the blessed world's series by the scruff of its neck and tossed it kit, bag and boodle. sius the winner's end, into the outstretched hands of Chicago's astonished but highly grateful athletes.

A RESULT of all this goat-infested preamble the White Sox heat A the Giants, 4 to 2, and thereby became baseball champions of the universe, with the American League holding its old place at the crest.

#### Big Smear in the Fourth

THE big smear came in the fourth inning—an inning which this series has made famous, as it has been the decisive round of almost every battle fought. For three innings Rube Benton and Red Faber had rolled back all attacking parties without a sign of trouble. Both were at their best, working easily and smoothly while suppressing all assaults. Then came the fateful fourth, when the Great Zun thought for some mysterious reason that he was a reincarnated Mercury with wings attached to his well-known heels,

Zim, with Eddie Collins caught off third, turned the world's series from a batt game into a track meet by pursuing Eddie over the plate with the first run of the rame. As the entire game, and possibly the entire series, was crowded into this one stanza of Giant despair and White Sex triumph, it is worthy of further note. Collins first opened the coronation with a tap to third. Heinie, fielding the ball easily, pegged low into the dirt around Holke's feet, the ball bounding on its way as Collins rustled on to second. That slip was a physical misplay, and such often happens in our best baseball families.

Joe Jackson, failing on two attempts to bunt, finally lifted an easy fly to Dave Robertson, who had batted over .500 and fielded with fine effect up to this one chance. Dave here pulled a Fred Snodgrass by muffing the chance, with Collins afe on third and the thankful Jackson established at second. Here were two men up and on who should have been the easiest sort of outs, as neither chance should have offered any trouble.

 $B_{
m refused}^{
m ENTON}$  was fussed a bit, but the Rube was still game and willing. He refused to lose his poise, even with Hap Felsch sauntering up. Felsch took a swing and tapped one to the box. Benton, whirling toward third, caught Collins fifteen feet off the bag. The Rube, taking no chances, rushed over and surrounded Collins in a chase.

#### The Charge of the Light Brigade

MOLLINS, working his way carefully in order to give Jackson and Felsch a Chance to move around, danced back toward third with his head up and his eyes open. Benton then tossed to Zimmerman, with Collins a step or two from the bag, and it was here that Heinie made his wild charge that will live in history with the Charge of the Light Brigade. He started for Collins, who in turn wheeled and started back for home. Disregarding Bill Rariden, who had moved up the line to take the throw, Heinie swept on in unfaltering pursuit. The two threw up a cloud of dust as they dashed by Rariden, who stepped nimbly out of the way to keep from being run over and badly mangled. Farmer Bill is a good, game effizen, but he had no desire to remain in front of a human avalanche sweeping down the line. As the two passed Rariden, the last Giant picket between Collins and the plate, Eddie saw an open highway before him unguarded by either outpost

Back of him just a stride the Great Zim's flying hoofs were thudding down the line, but when Eddie saw that open and unguarded sweep to victory he put on added speed in a mad dash for the plate. Zim, still dreaming that he was a Berney Wefers or an Arthur Duffey, persisted in the wild chase although he might have nailed his man at any stride by an old-fashioned football dive upon his prey. The open gap between the hunter and the hunted remained unchanged, but Heinie never took the chance. He had transformed the ball game into a track meet but he drew the limit at a Kellermann.

THIS play was the decisive factor of the contest, but give Heinie credit I for this-he picked out the fastest man on the White Sox team and gave him six feet start in an eighty-foot dash,

#### Kaiser Is a Piker Alongside of Heinie

THE Kaiser, in believing he could whip the world, was comparatively modest in his big ambition. Compared to Heinle he is a violet of purest ray serene. The orld isn't going to be whipped by any one, man or nation, but neither is any living ball player going to give Eddie Collins two strides and catch him over an eighty-foot route. Not unless one of Eddle's legs files off in transit or something alse happens to bar his way.

As Collins slid safely over the plate the end of Giant hopes was plainly Walble to the naked eye. For Jackson had reached third on his maneuver, with Pelsch resting at second, all on a ball tapped to the pitcher's box for the easiest hay of the game. Chick Gandil then rapped a single to right, scoring Jackson and Felsch, and three runs had scored that should never have reached first.

Three runs on one lone single-three runs from three of the safest, easiest mances offered since play began over a week ago. Three runs from two infield taps and a high outfield fly! If that isn't one for the book you can write your own action. For it surpasses even that memorable smear of 1912 when the Red Sox on on an outfield fly and an infield pop-up.

The old game is supposed to be replete with uncertainties and vicissitudes, but this stands well over all world series records ever made.

THIS lone inning showed the main difference between the two clubs. In Chicago on Saturday the White Sox handed the game to the Giants and the Giants refused to take it. Here the Giants handed the game to the White Sox and the White Sox accepted the pleasing gift with three rousing cheers.

#### The Real Hero-Eddie Collins

RED FABER closed out his third victory, but the big star of the series, via the eternal dope, was Eddie Collins. It was his phenomenal play beyond that of any other man which helped to break the Giants. So force of habit rules the world. Collins had first acquired this Giant-killing habit back in 1911.

Collins, in addition to batting more than .400, accepted thirty-four chances at second without a slip. He ran down eleven put-outs and twenty-three assists, Many of these of the hardest type, without a mark against his name. Buck Weaver's play was brilliant but erratic.

But the Giants had few or no 100 per cent heroes to talk about. Dave Robertson led both clubs at bat, with a mark of .500-cleven hits out of twenty-two trips -and a sensational catch of his helped save one game. But Dave left a shadow above his high niche by that costly muff in the fourth, which led to all the trouble

## Some One Had to Be the Goat

THIS 1917 affair looked to be New York's and the National League's best chance A after a long period in the wilderness, but the end came when Eddie Collins slid safely over the plate, softly humming, according to expert testimony, the following refrain:

"Where do we go from here, old dog; where do we go from here? Come on Heinie, run it out, the open way is clear; Although you thought you had me hooked out safely on a limb, I'm a faster man than you are, Heinie Zim, Heinie Zim,

#### JUST BEFORE ZIM "RACED" EDDIE



EDDIE COLLING SAFE AT SED ... WESTERN NE UNION ..

The White Sox second baseman is shown tagging the third base bag in the fourth inning of yesterday's game. He reached second on Heinie's wild throw and went to third when Robertson dropped Jackson's fly. On Felsch's grounder Benton threw to Zimmerman and the latter proceeded to pull the prize bone of the series.

# MRS. BARLOW TOPS Mrs. Edward Worth, Spring Haven 67 69 71 130 and farewell, 1 Mrs. M. Mrs. M. Turner, Spring Haven, 50 71 130 and farewell, 1 Mrs. M. Wetherlit, Spring 67 88 131 in this country. Mrs. Edward Worth, Spring 67 88 131 in this country. WILMINGTON GOLF

Leads Field in First Day's Play for Mary Thayer Farnum Memorial Cup

MRS. FOX IS SECOND

WILMINGTON, Del., Oct. 61. MILMINGTON, Del., Oct. 61.
Mrs. Romald H. Barlow, of the Merion
Cricket Club, led the field as usual in the
first day's play of the sumual tournament
for the Mary Thayer Farnum Memorial
Cup here today with a round of 89. Steadiness rather than brilliancy marked Mrs.
Barlow's golf. She started out rather poorly
with a six on the first hole, despite the fact
that she had a good drive at the third and
another on the sixth, but rounded the turn another on the sixth, but rounded the turn n 45. Coming in she had five fives in a ow, took a sixth on the fifteenth and followed it up with two more fives on the eighteenth. She had a fine drive, put her approach, teed the hole and holed out for three. Her card was as follows:

hole, where she took an eight, she and the leader would have finished on even terms. At the end of the eighth hole Mrs. Fox held a lead of two strokes, but not only did she lose the lead on the ninth, but she was one stroke to the bad.

She picked up a stroke on the eleventh

was one stroke to the bad.

She picked up a stroke on the eleventh hole and another on the twelfth and took the lead again, but 6a on thirteenth and fifteenth and a 7 on the sixteenth put her 2 to the bad. The third stroke was lost on the eighteenth, where she took a 4 to Mrs. Barlow's 3. Mrs. Fox's card:

Out... 5 4 5 4 6 5 5 4 8-45

In... 5 4 4 5 6 6 7 5 4-46-92

Mrs. 62 Henry Stetson of Huntingdon.

Mrs. G. Henry Stetson, of Huntingdon Valley, was only 2 strokes worse than Mrs. Fox. She was out in 46, but after a good start coming in she took 6s on the four-eenth and fifteenth holes. The sixteenth proved a heartbreaker and cost her an 8. and although she had a 5 on the seven-teenth and a 4 on the eighteenth, the last nine holes cost her 48 strokes. Her card: Out... 6 4 6 4 5 6 6 4 5—46 In.... 5 4 5 5 6 6 8 5 4—48—94

In... 5 4 5 5 6 6 8 5 4—48—94
Miss Midred Caverly, of the Philadelphia
Cricket Club, led the field at the end of the
first nine holes with an admirable 44, despite the fact that she had a 7 on the
sixth hole. She began the home journey
with a 7, but followed it up with a 4 and
two 5s. After this, however, she began to
miss shots and went all to pieces and as a
consequence she took 30 strokes for the
last five holes. Her card:

last five holes. Her card; Out... 5 3 5 4 6 7 5 4 5-44

In	car	ds:	ā	5	6	6	6	7	5-	-51-	-95
Mine M Mrs. M Mine W Mine W Mrs. J. Mrs. I. Mrs. I. Mrs. I. Mine E Mine E Mine E Mine I Mine I Mine I Mine I Mine I Mine I Mine I	PHOHOEMWEWS JMT VN V	Steveri rold essent Wi Turnin Res Williamd Po A Mi Is	thoty. If the transfer of the	V Politic hill hill R. W. W. H. W. Beller, rift. r. A. P. V. P.	monivertiting item White White Wiles	ciek on ngt tem ding ttem ding tilmin ont m kir	et. On Continue to the continu	on k	4410355555555555555555555555555555555555	83 83 83 83 83 83 87	89 924 95 1004 1000 1100 120 121 101 122 123 122 122 122 122 122 122 122 12



1103 ARCH ST.

Open Evenings

Shorts on Sports nounced that the fall regatta of Harvard University will a usual. Eight freshmen and



# ZIM AND A BONE AND A HANK OF WOE

That Is the Way Irvin Cobb Sums Up Last Game of the Series

#### CONTEST BY WIRELESS

lap of the world series, but after today they will bid their adieux until a year from now. They have had a lot of run with the ball players, that is the critics who see the humorous side of things, like Ring Lardner and Irvin Cobb, while the fars have had plenty of fun with the seri-ous chaps like Hugh Fullerton and Muggsy ous chaps like Hugh Fullerton and Muggey McGraw, who have written seriously. But some of the stuff of the latter pair was so comical that it lost its serious import. The humorous man likes to be considered seriously, but the serious chap rarely has a vein of humor, or the vein has run out early, and it peeves and annoys him to think that his serious mouthings are the subjects of merry quips.

#### Heinie's Great Versatility

the versatility of Heinic Zimmerman in the Glants ones and in the White Sox that he is credited in the error column of column with two masters. He further refers to the thank Killer as a Zon and a flone and a Hank of Wee and that sizes up the last game very nicely. The effect of Zim's masterful work for the Sox in tricken Metiraw hanging over the Glants' coffin with a mirror to the lips of the erricken juggity, waiting in wain for just a mite of breath, and at other times trying to sive the dwing players an idea but not finding any vacant place in their skulls to put it. But as he says in conclusion and farewell, the series has one conselu-tion in that the championship still remains

#### INJURED FOOT KEEPS BERRY OUT OF DRILL

ent in his call and ordered them to report o Cape May. Frank Quigley, member of the freshman team last year, and Stanley Henry, a senior and line candidate, members of the Naval Reserves, are the boys called out. One new man appeared for varsity honors, Samuel Burns, a big boy, being a

candidate for a line post. Howard Berry was out on Frankfin Field, but not in uniform. The great football player has an injured foot and was speeding around looking over the boys in a pair of army boots. "Nig" expects to be in condi-tion to get into the practice tomorrow. Bert Beil was in uniform and took part in the signal drill. After the drill the varsity and

#### Latonia Entries for Tomorrow

Additional Sports on Page 20

Laurel Entries for Tomorrow



McKibbin SHEEP LINED COATS Regulation Army Drab Moleskin natural sheepskin; full belt with buckle, two outside pockets. 38 inches long. McKibbin-the-Maker Saint Paul, Minn.

# OWEN MAGNETIC Nearest to Flying

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The Owen Magnetic rolls (words are hard to find to describe the sensation of riding in this car) at a thousand speeds. Your finger tip controls its easy action, like your muscles control your arms. You automatically save gasoline-you

can't waste it. Four-year records give this car 12 to 14 miles per gallon—unheard of in other luxury cars of this class.

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The fluid, magnetic control does away with old-fashion, jerky gears, clutches and rude brakes. No giant, crashing shivers quake the car.

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The simplicity of the Owen Magnetic -means less to wear, less to need adjustment. No car is so free of complicated parts, hundreds having been dis-

#### How it saves You

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with sailing, aeroplaning, tobogganing or some such sport where freedom of motion looses one from that tied-to-theearth feeling.

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