

WHEN IT COMES TO FANS REDLAND BOASTS THE KIND THAT CRIPPLES THE OPPOSITION

WHITE SOX INSIST THAT REDLAND FANS CRIPPLED PLAYERS

These Same Fans Never Have Seen a Ball Game, Are Gentle and Companionable and Disinterested. Those Electric Fans in the Hotel

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL. Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger. Copyright, 1919. All rights reserved.

Chicago, Oct. 3.

KID GLEASON and his White Sox are in the world series union class. In other words, they have played a pair of love sets with the Cincinnati Reds and have been knocked for a goal on two separate and distinct occasions. Today their social standing in the world series is the same as two months ago. On August 3, 1919, they hadn't won a single game from the Reds. Today, meaning October 3, 1919, they have to score a victory yet, and staggered into their home town this morning labeled with that impressively so-called significant average, .000.

"That's nothing," said Kid Gleason, and we agree with him, because it is the first time he has been right since Tuesday night. There always is a plot in high-class scoundrels, and such is the case in this mammoth production which has drawn \$185,914 in two days. There are plots, reasons and everything, and we now will give the true facts and inside stuff on the two defeats of the White Sox.

Now for the big question: "Why did the Chicago White Sox lose two games to the Reds?"

Answer: "Because of the fans." The New York Giants objected to the fans in Cincinnati and said they were a rough lot. The Cincinnati Reds objected to the fans in New York and said they were bottle-throwing rough-necks, or words to that effect. Now the White Sox have stepped forward with a new howl about the fans, but they are not of the human, howling, rabid, bottle-throwing variety.

The fans they object to are not interested in baseball. They never have seen a ball game, and they never will. They are gentle and companionable never have turned a dirty trick, always are friendly and now are held in disrepute. They are the electric fans in the Simon Hotel.

"I'll tell you how it is," said one of the players hoarsely. "Now listen. It's awful hot in Cincinnati, and we gotta turn on them electric fans in the rooms so we can sleep. What happens? The fans work while we sleep and we wake up all sore and stiff. Lots of us has got colds. John Collins has the grip. Eddie Collins ain't feeling well. Cleo got his arm in the breeze and got a cramp, and with all that how can we win a ball game under those conditions? I ask, how can we win? We can't. Just wait till we get home, that's all. Just wait till we get home."

ALL of which means the electric fans will be kicked out of the old homesteads and the steam pipes turned on. But regardless of what it means, isn't it a swell idea? That's their all over again.

Reds Treat Sox Pitching Kings Roughly

Reds forgetting all about nobs and things like that, the fact remains the Reds outclassed the White Sox in the opening conflicts. That's all that was to it—they were outclassed. Cicotte and Williams, the two best batters, have been eliminated and took more punishment than Joe Grimm. Gleason now has Kerr, Bill James, Red Faber and Erskine Mayer to depend on, which is like bolstering up the Brooklyn Bridge with a hairpin. The chances are Kerr will start today and no one knows when he will finish. Pat Moran told us he would use either Ray Fisher or Jimmie King.

The five-straight game stuff is looking better every minute. In the lobby of our expensive hotel the White Sox rooters are emulating the denizens of Redland and coin of the realm used for wagering purposes is as numerous as birch bark on a Mexican poodle, and the only safe bet is on the Chicago team to place.

"Oh, I don't know," said an American League manager this morning. "I wouldn't be at all surprised to see the Sox breeze through and mop the remaining games in a row. To my mind, the best thing that possibly could have happened was the elimination of Cicotte and Williams. Those buns have been touted as the best in the world, but to my mind they are overworked, broken-down hurlers. They have gone through a tough season, virtually won the flag for Chicago and now have cracked. Let the other pitchers go in and show what they can do and there still is a good chance. Remember, the White Sox are a fighting bunch and they never are licked until the final whistle blows."

That may be all true, but the real test comes today. The Reds are playing on alien soil and a little thing like that should not annoy them. They are two games to the good—a big advantage in a short series—and will be a hard club to beat.

THE Sox, on the other hand, probably still try too hard, and when a team gets in that condition it's time to pack up the valise and beat it.

Jackson Has Failed to Deliver

A COUPLE of Chicago's best batters have gone wrong. And that hasn't helped the alabaster hose any more than a traffic cop aids a reckless motorist. Yesterday, for example, Joe Jackson came up in the pinch and was called out on strikes. When one of the best natural hitters in the game does a little stunt like that in the big series there's something wrong.

Then, again, take Happy Felsch. He's not happy at all. He's one great outfielder and a bird of a hitter, but he hasn't had any luck in this series at all. He hasn't made a hit yet, though he has busted a couple on the nose. He gave Eddie Roush a chance to make one of the most brilliant catches in world series history in that second game over in Redland.

Hap came up, with Weaver on second, and socked one right on the roof of the trade-mark. The agate soared out for the fence and the Chicago crowd roared approval. Roush went back like a scared greynoid. He was equaling Duffy's best speed all the way. He got to a point almost against the barrier, turned, jumped in the air and pulled down the ball. It was a marvelous capture and robbed Mister Felsch of a homer.

In both games the Red centerfielder has worked wonders. He has more range than Tris Speaker right now and the same unerring judgment of balls hit back of him. He has been in position to catch every fly that has been knocked into the Red outfield in the two games.

He is feared more at the bat than any other Red, and as a result has been handed three passes so far. The Sox pitchers refuse to give him a good one to hit at, and the blow he made that started the rally against Williams was off a ball deliberately chucked inside. That sounds almost too expert, but it's a fact none the less.

EDWARD ROUSH has used this series to get the fame that he deserves, and before it's over the deans all will be comparing him with those mythical scounders of the dead and gone era. Mentioning Roush reminds us that we haven't concluded with Hap Felsch. That youth introduced the break into the game yesterday.

Felsch's "Bone" Costly for Sox

THERE always is a break in these games, as Hughie Fullerton says. Hap tossed it up to public view in the fourth, which is the big Red inning anyway. Rath walked for a starter and Daubert sacrificed. Then Grob was passed. Hero Roush came through with a terrific one shot to center that knocked off Rath.

Felsch stopped the ball and then hurled it indiscriminately toward the dish. He hadn't a chance in the world of getting Rath, but he had Grob nailed trying for third. There wasn't a bit of doubt of that. But Felsch pulled a real boner, and had he played as he usually does he would have picked off Helme and halted the rally that meant three runs and victory for Cincinnati.

The game was a real triumph for Ol' Slim Saloe, of the Reds. He went in there and pitched end—well, tell the world he tossed something up there. He was hit safely ten times, but that didn't make any difference to him. He always was present in the pitches and used his stuff and his brains just like a real champion should.

Claude Williams had a lot of stuff, but he was wild, as most birds are who have a lot of stuff. He gave more passes than George Young at Keith's, and the records show that every Red score was the result of Williams' walk, meaning a W. W. The four heroes who crossed the saucer in the thrilling drive of the Patmorans were put on the bases by the free transportation route. The Chicks made only four hits off Claude, but they tucked them in around the passes. And that's why the White Sox don't figure in the series now more than Joe Willard did after the first round.

UNLESS the home pasture brings the Kid Gleasons back to normal, the Cincinnati orifamine will be the pennant of 1919 baseball.

THAT GUILTIEST FEELING

Comic strip with two panels. Panel 1: A man at a table with a sign that says 'LUNCH CLUB MEMBERSHIP FEE \$100.00 INITIATION \$2.00 DUES \$1.00'. He says 'GEE! THE COST OF LIVING IS GETTING WORSE IN WORSE - THEY OUGHT TO PUNISH THE FOOD PROFITEERS'. Panel 2: A man says 'I GUESS I WON'T SAY ANYTHING TO KATE BUT MY JOINING THE LUNCH CLUB - IT WOULD ONLY LEAD TO AN ARGUMENT AND IT'S SO HARD TO MAKE WOMEN UNDERSTAND THOSE THINGS'. The man at the table replies 'OH-H-H ROBERT - I MUST TELL YOU WHAT A LITTLE MONEY SAVER I AM -'. The man at the table says 'I BOUGHT TWENTY FIVE POUNDS OF SUGAR ON THE CASH AND CARRY PLAN AND LUGGED IT HOME MYSELF AND SAVED A QUARTER BY DOING IT'. The man at the table asks 'AREN'T YOU PROUD OF ME?'. The man at the table replies 'YES - BUT YOU MIGHT HURT YOUR BACK'.

ALL-AMERICANS ARE READY FOR OPENER

Club Is One of Few Eastern League Teams With All Players Signed

OFFERING unheard-of, record-smashing purses for a no-decision bout is becoming quite a pastime for our Eastern promoters, but it really doesn't mean anything. Ever since Lew Tendler shot a dart at Benny Leonard's last week, he believes he can catch Dundee in the air and catapult him into the audience with his right hand, a dozen has two bouts on in three days. He meets Frankie Holden at the National, tomorrow night and Louisiana at the Olympia Monday night.

AMERICAN CIRCUIT CLOSED

One club in the Eastern Basketball League is ready to start the season and a number of players have been practicing for several weeks. The club is a local one, the North Philadelphia Americans and the makeup of the team is complete with the contract of every man in the hands of President Schoffer. The team is composed of Chief Muller, Jimmy Brown, Oscar Grimstad, Ray Cross, Cy Simuldinger, Tom Dumbley, Bill Black and George Deitrich. The opening lineup is uncertain, but the management is anxious to get things in shape as the initial game is but three weeks away.

Trenton Same Way

The dancing attraction at basketball games also will be tried out in Trenton. Manager Al Cooper says he has decided that this is the way to popularize the sport once more in the Jersey capital and as the Army will be the scene of holding the games large crowds should attend.

Americans Ready

The managers of the American League held another meeting last evening and completed the circuit with the addition of Mount Carmel and Brotherhood Beth Israel. The line-ups of these players, according to the names submitted, should make the other teams hustle. They are Yours Truly, Dolson, Hancok, Girard Alumut, St. Columbia and S. P. H. A. The game will be held in the Tabernacle Lutheran Church next Tuesday evening for the purpose of forming a West Philadelphia church league. These churches will be represented: Richardson Memorial, Tabernacle, Lutheran, Bethany Temple, Greystock Hebrew, St. Paul of Overbrook, West Philadelphia Protestant Club and Westminster Greenway.

Coogan Scores Technical K. O.

Atlantic City, N. J., Oct. 3.—Jack Ward, of Elizabeth, sank partly through the ropes and apparently collapsed when what was to have been a foul made by Mel Coogan, of Brooklyn, his opponent, at the end of the eighth round. Coogan was summoned and pronounced Ward fit to continue the battle. Jack Fowler, his manager, refused to permit Ward to go on and the bout was awarded to Coogan by forfeit. Ward was a knockout in the first battle, scheduled to six rounds when Young Mike Davis, of this city, slop in the eighth round. Al Brown defeated George Brown in their eighth-round session, and Mickey Russell of New York, gained the decision over Young Coster.

Drexel Biddle Ring Champs

Jimmy Hutchinson defeated Al Claravelia for the bantamweight championship in the annual Fall Meet A. J. Drexel Biddle boxing tournament in the gymnasium of Philadelphia. Hutchinson defeated Al Claravelia in the contest were as follows: Bantamweight class, Jimmy Hutchinson defeated Al Claravelia; featherweight class, William Gavin defeated Joe Shodor; lightweight class, Frank Bigler defeated Herbert Boies; welterweight class, A. Brown defeated Vic Womack; and Tom Kearney defeated J. Schwaartz. Kearney being awarded the championship by default, midnightweight class, John Meloy defeated Mike Hayden.

'97 Football Star Killed

Long Beach, N. J., Oct. 3.—John Hall, former football star, who made the Philadelphia football team, died at the Mount Pleasant Hospital here from injuries suffered when an automobile in which he was riding near Philadelphia was struck by a train, killing his wife, aged forty-two, and the letter's mother, Mrs. Anna Franklin, aged seventy-five.

SCRAPS ABOUT SCRAPPERS

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QUAKERS DRILLED CLOSE IN SIGNALS

The University of Pennsylvania football team, although not having a full week of scrimmaging, is in fairly good shape for the contest with the Pennsylvania Military College tomorrow on Franklin Field. Only a light scrimmage was given the candidates yesterday in handling a wet ball. Plays were perfected. Folwell reprimanded the men for not knowing their signals.

READY FOR P. M. C. TEAM

No more changes will be made in the system of attack. Folwell made it known that each man was to familiarize himself with these plays and learn his duty in the operations. According to the new plan which went into effect yesterday, every week there will be published a list of players who are to be called on the varsity squad. These men are to eat their meals at the training table; also sleep there. There are accommodations at the training house for thirty-five men.

HOT OFF THE GRIDIRON

Coach St. Paulus put the Pennsylvania Military College football squad through its last rough scrimmage before the game with the University of Pennsylvania on Franklin Field Saturday. In the scrimmage Paulus kept the varsity squad on the defensive, so as to develop and strengthen the defensive qualities of the varsity line. The second team, which is a weighty one, plunged hard for gains, calling out every resource of the varsity squad on the side lines, slugging out players and severely criticizing their failings. He paid particular attention to protection against forward passes and runs. He exhorted the varsity tackles to bore in and perform speedier work. Crow, varsity tackle, showed great improvement today and so did Henry, who played one of the ends. The playing of Paulus in blocking second team gains was the warm commendation of Ray Schilling, star guard of the varsity squad, who has been absent several days because of the death of a relative, was back on the field today. He announced he would play tomorrow. Today, the last day of practice before the game, will be devoted to signal work.

Games for Big Purse

The teams representing the Niles Cram Works and the Benett-Miles Works will start their third rough scrimmage for the championship of the Niles-Benett-Miles Company Philadelphia series. The opening contest will be played at Niles' grounds, Meadow and Mifflin streets. The championship carries with it a side purse of \$500.

Cheltenham Wants Grid Games

Cheltenham football team has open dates for any 150-170 pound players. Those Irving, 312 Myers avenue, Cheltenham, Pa., or call Kensington 1408 before 4:30.

EXTRA TROUSERS FREE!

With Every Blue Serge Suit \$28.50

EXTRA TROUSERS FREE

O. PROSEN & CO. 1226 Arch St. OPEN EVENINGS

NATIONAL A. A. FOX vs. TIPLITZ

Date: Aetex vs. Battling Murray; Battling Mack vs. Battling Leonard; Frankie McCoy vs. Young Mike; Johnny Mealey vs. Jack Russo. Reservations at Danahy's, 53 S. 11th St.

FOOTBALL UNIVERSITY OF PENN. PENN. MILITARY COLLEGE

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 3 P. M. Seats on sale 6:00 a. m. at O. Office.

A POPULAR LETTER IN GOLF ALPHABET STANDS FOR ALIBIS

G Is for Green That Is Always No Good When You Use Up More Strokes Than You Figured You Would

IN THE SPORTLIGHT—BY GRANTLAND RICE. Copyright, 1919. All rights reserved.

The Golfer's Alphabet

A is for Alibi—showing how Fate had slipped us a 20—and not 18.

B is for Bunker—regardless of climate Where nine-tenths of us spend the bulk of our time.

C is for Caddy—who catches the blame Each time that the duffer gets off his game.

D is for Divot—and also for Dub, Who could sink his short puts if the cup was a tub.

E is for Experts—who once in a while Can go over 80 and still try to smile.

F is for Flub—which is easily made By hoisting the bean as the masnie is played.

G is for Green—that is always no good If you use up more strokes than you figured you would.

H is for Hazard—where after two swings The star and the dub say a number of things.

I is for Iron—that gets the ball up And quite often drops it a mile from the cup.

J is for Jigger—where fine shots are made, Provided you use it like Vardon or Braid.

K is for Kink—in the shoulder or back, That you never think of till you start in to crack.

L is for Lie—there are twenty or more That deal with the turf or the size of your score.

M is for Mashie—to hold the shot true If you play it just right—which about seven do.

N is for Niblick—the favorite club Of many a duffer and many a dub.

O is the size that the hole's often looked As you tried for a half when you knew you were hooked.

P is for Putter—to which I so lean—I frequently use it three times to a green.

Q is for Query—how often they come—With a "How is your game?" Where the answer is "Bum."

R is for Run-up—a shot that we play At times like a dub and again like a jay.

S is for Styvie—a thing I esteem As much as I do a nightmare in a dream.

T is for Tee—where you swing with a snap As you hook, top or slice with a curao to a trap.

U is for Up—which is mostly the way The other guy is with the hole to play.

V is for Vardon—a man I might catch If he started me 17-up in a match.

W is for Water—where few balls will float, The spord's record-holder at Grabbing the Goal.

X is the letter you mark on your card About every third hole where the going is hard.

Y is for Yell—which we do with a nerve When we get just exactly the score we deserve.

Z is for Zest—that we have at the start 'Till the seventeenth bunker has broken our heart.

Motorcycle Records May Go

New York, Oct. 3.—Records are expected to fall tomorrow when about sixty of the world's greatest riders will compete in the national championship motorcycle race meet at Sheepshead Bay Speedway. Lieutenant Arthur Chapple, Percy Coleman, Otto Walker, Leslie "Red" Parkhurst and Maudie Jones are the ones expected to beat the existing records in every one of the titular events at two, ten, fifty and one hundred miles.

New Second-Game Money Record

Cincinnati, O., Oct. 3.—Another record went by the board yesterday when the National Commission announced that the receipts for the second game, exclusive of the war tax, amounted to \$97,116. The nearest approach to this figure by the second game was made in 1916 when the total receipts amounted to \$52,629.

Sunday Soccer at Tacony

Dixton A. A. and Merchant Ship Association football teams will inaugurate the National League season on Tacony baseball grounds Saturday afternoon.

Scott Signs With N. Y. Grid Team

Johnny Scott, ex-Lafayette halfback, who was said to be thinking of returning to the Boston college this year, has signed up with Charlie Brickley's New York Giants.

PAT MORAN Says: August 26, 1919.

To Baseball Fans, Young and Old: I have permitted the use of my name in connection with the game called "Pat Moran's Own Ball Game" as it is really worth while. It will teach inside and scientific playing of the game and you will, I know, enjoy playing it as much as I do myself.

Yours Truly Patrick Moran

For sale at all Evans' Drug Stores, Pot's Drug Store, 224 Market St.; Media Pharmacies, Market Street at 52d and 60th, and all department stores, also Corbett's Drug Store, Camden.

AUTO RACES TRENTON FAIR

Saturday, October 4 World's Famous Drivers Locklear Plane-Changing Act and Full Vaudeville Bill on Saturday Locklear Vaudeville, Running and Harness Races Today

Palace Rink 18th & Market Sts. Skating Afternoon & P. M.