

BY WARD DEFEAT

Team Rated as Strongest Fails to Win Game.

NEHF RISES IN TRIUMPH

Bullet Joe Bush Is Made Victim of Two Irresistible Attacks by Opponents.

BY GRANTLAND RICE.

NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—(Special.)—The body was found near the pitcher's box just at sunset with its eyes gouged out, its throat cut and nine ribs crushed in, mutilated beyond all recognition.

The big crowd, on its way out from the Polo grounds, stopped to gaze upon the mangled remains with partially averted faces. It was a terrible sight to look at, and even strong men shuddered and turned pale as they hurried for the exits. Who could blame them? For here lay the huddled figure of the Babe, the boy, the happy, the one who later than Wednesday morning figured the Yankees to beat the Giants.

Here lay, hushed forever, the golden voice of prophecy that had picked the Yankees to win. And, oh, my countrymen, what a fall there was. The Yankees, picked by 58 per cent of the dope to win the big game, failed to win a single game. They got one tie before they passed from the earth, and in the four days, beaten for a ball club that simply rode them into the dirt and then trampled their prostrate figures to death.

Giants Take Lead Twice.

For the second time in the series, where another densely packed multitude of devotees gazed down from the pavilions, Art Nehf, the left-handed ringer in triumph above Bullet Joe Bush, who became the victim of two Giant attacks that cut his ego into shreds. Twice the aggressive Giants came from behind to take the lead, once in the second inning and again in the eighth, when their final headlong, tearing assault broke down the sole surviving Yankee. The Yankees drove them into the sea, whipped as completely as any ball club ever was whipped in a championship.

Bush Passes Ross Young.

There were two when Bush, using entirely correct judgment, passed Ross Young to get a shot at Kelly and again in the eighth, when the vocal cataclysm almost lifting the roof. This gave the Yankees a play at every bag and it substituted a batter who had been in the game for one whose mark was in .400 territory.

Kelly was ready for the challenge. If he failed with two outs, the Yankees still leading, were almost sure to win with only an inning left. Raising to pinning heights that were even higher than the moment of the big first baseman whipped a line single to center and scored, and last time the blighted Yankee was beneath the surf, never to rise again.

This was the big blow that sent the Yankees to the ground, and the fans. From the viewpoint of the two club owners it was one of the most costly walls in the history of baseball, and it was the golden tide of \$120,000 that would have flowed in tomorrow afternoon. Including Thursday's postponement, the manager had to have a game that will be turned back to charity and fanned, brought on by the umpires' haste in calling a game before sunset and the cheering of the Yankees to win a solitary fight.

Pitching Arms Not Seen.

Where, oh where were all those shattered pitching arms that were to leave the Giants helpless most of the route? The critical moment, the victorious light in Yankee batting eyes? The Giants, facing Bush, Shawkey, Hoyt, Mays and Jones hammered the Yankees with an average of .202, one of the highest tabulations ever run up in a post-season championship. And the once slinging Yankees were left to be hit by Ryan, Barnes, Scott and McQuillan, gathered under their throbbing bonoms the lean total of .202, where the most of the game was spent most of his afternoons tapping dinky bolls to pitcher or first.

Hall Not Hit Very Hard.

In his last 12 times at bat the once mighty Bambino from Bloisland, with the lone exception of an outfield fly, hit the Yankees with hard enough to dent the article of a custard pie. He finished the championship engagement with the classic mark of .113, the most completely subdued and overpowered star that ever had a coronet hammered into his hair. The only moment of violent defiance of the Babe was no small part of the Yankee overthrow.

Most of the Games were Close.

Most of the games were close enough, and if Ruth had been hitting, the side of his collar the series would still be under way. When a battery comes to the open, and the hostile trenches and suddenly finds his main gun isn't ever producing blizzards, the exciting moments are likely to be fraught with some approaching consternation. It was no matter of Ruth not hitting home runs. The big break came when he failed to hit at all when, on trip after trip at big moments, he grounded out to pitcher or first, in the deadly throes of the worst slump that ever haunted his vast system.

Seen Pitching Dots Part.

Seen and sniping does part of its work, but not the main part. The work was supposed to catch a lead-

ing figure in the land of swat so utterly. Ruth did his best, but near the time he was working too hard overzealous in his vain effort to crawl from under the debris that was about to smother him to death. The harder he tried the more he looked, which in this gay and giddy whirl is often the way. His balance, both mental and physical, had been overturned, and so he flourished out of the frame, once more just a ballplayer out there trying for the lowly single, for anything beyond infield reach.

Another Chance Had in Fifth.

The Yankees opened the final game upon the mangled remains with at least Dugan's single, Ruth's sacrifice and Pipp's hit scored a run in a jiffy off Art Nehf. But this run failed to stand up for many moments in their hit of the second. Meusel singled, Young, walked and Kelly sacrificed both along. Cunningham then ripped off a single to center that brought two runners out and left the Yankees once more gasping for fresh air. The Yanks in the fifth had another great chance to crowd a big rally over Nehf's form, but once again the brilliant, brainy Giant defense broke up their attack.

With one out Ward walked and Scott singled.

With one out Ward walked and Scott singled. Joe Bush then rapped a low line drive to right center that sounded like an exploding shell. It was precisely at this spot that the rare skill and genius of the Giant defense once came into play. On the right fielder's throw, Young cut across from right on a great play, intercepted the ball and whipped it to Frank Frisch, backing up Frisch, knowing that Scott, on his way to third, would almost surely round the bag and stand ready for the chance to score, whipped the ball straight into the hands of the catcher, who secured it as he had stepped into the steel teeth set for a bear.

Play Quickest of Series.

Brains and skill were both needed to complete this play, where there was nothing left for Scott to do but start for home. And here the quickest play of the series came up. In the eighth, Scott, finally, was tagged by Snyder along the line as Snyder took Groh's throw. The big Giant catcher, caught in an awkward position as Snyder's throw tagged the Yank runner with his right elbow in place of the ball or glove. The ball itself never came within a foot of Scott, who called him out. Klem almost must have been caught out of position for the impact of Snyder's elbow and Snyder's shoulder would have been seen, with the ball buried in the mitt.

The Yankees howled loudly and with plenty of justice over this decision, which cost them a badly needed run. The Yanks were not making enough runs to have even a chance to win. But when a ball club begins to out-think Scott you can understand with what effect the runner would be seen, with the ball buried in the mitt.

Brief Rally Ties Score.

Anyway, this brief rally tied up the score where it might have added another two runs to the Yankees' lead. After this flurry Meusel reached first on a slow tap to Groh in the seventh, which he fumbled, and Schang sacrificed, Nehf turned in a wild pitch and Meusel, from third, scored on Scott's error. The runner home. It looked as if Klem had decided to even up for his first mistake, although he claims that Snyder was a bit slow in applying the well-known tag.

This left the Yankees leading up to the last of the eighth, with Bush apparently ready to have evened the big bonfire in Brainerd, Minn., all ready for the blasting torch. But the Giants had developed too well before this the helpful habit of coming from behind.

Pipp saved Bush at the start by a great play on Dave Bancroft's wrong hit down the line by diving over and interposing his bare hand in front of the ball.

Frisch Doubles to Center.

With one Groh straggled again and Frank Frisch doubled to left center. It was here that the multi-tude record world's series crowd for the Polo grounds, began to sense that the series was upon the verge of coming to an abrupt conclusion, and that only a few minutes of beam of light remained to have the campaign of 1928. There was a brief respite for Bush when Meusel's infield tap retired Groh. With two out Bush passed the bat to get an open bead on Kelly.

The judgment looked to be sound but the result was a disaster. For Kelly slashed a single to center that knocked the final rickety prop from under the Yankees as Frisch and Meusel scored runners with the tie-breaking winning runs. A moment later King's single to left scored Young by way of a sunset gun, the final clinching tally that was never needed. For Nehf continued to hurl back the closing drive

RIOTOUS MONEY-SPENDING PRECIPITATED BY McGRAW

Baseball Experts Predict Greatest Org in History of Game Between Now and When Teams Go South to Train.

BY W. P. STRANDBORG.

CHICAGO, Oct. 8.—(Special.)—Still in the press box out at the North Side grounds last Sunday afternoon while the Cubs and Cardinals were mopping up the remains of the present major league season, and gassing away with the sports spacehounds, we came to the natural conclusion that old Captain James H. Kild was the archangel Gabriel compared to "Maggy" McGraw of the Giants and Colonel Ruppert and Huston of the Yankees.

In fact, it may be said that all the sporting writers west of the Hudson river look on the management of the two New York clubs as a daylight burglary association. Most of the managers and players outside of New York feel about the same way, too.

There is a most interesting possibility to this wild-eyed looting of weak teams of their semi-stars and the spending of money like drunken sailors to bolster up flagging potent chasers as the Giants and Yanks have been doing this year with more open and notorious disregard for the sportsmanship side of baseball than ever before.

McGraw Wants Hornaby. Will the great national game follow in the footsteps of movie-dom? Will it come to pass that the owners and managers who can give the best imitation of the United States mint will produce a result that will make you and me and all the other minor-league fans go out to the ballpark to watch a bunch of pastimers worth a hundred thousand or a quarter of a million when they have? Yes, it is currently reported that McGraw offered Branch Rickey approximately \$250,000 for Rogers Hornaby, the marvelous swat king and second sacker of the Cardinals.

The Chicago baseball writers, every one of them, have been pounding the Cubs and White Sox managements to give the New York fans a bunch of their own medicine—forget the grand old sport, they say, and just shovel out the coin and then press agent the price paid for the players over the circuit till the fans flock through the gates out of curiosity rather than for love of the game. That's what happened in film-land. The rival producers got so they were paying literally millions for popular stars and then turned loose the highest-priced publicity staffs they could recruit and the game went over big.

Why not the same thing in baseball? It ought to work. A dozen of the men in the press box yesterday landed on me all over for a hand-tooled description of Willie Kamm and Jimmy O'Connell and even our own Kid Walberg, not because they were world-beating bunters, but because big league managers had bought these and other lads for enough to buy the whole team when I first saw big league baseball in the early '90s.

Pass Good and Sober.

Ed Sullivan, baseball expert of the Chicago Herald-Examiner put it this way: "The system of building the Cub and Sox baseball machines with recruits from the minors and the minor-league system is an ideal arrangement

with skill and coolness, and it was all over when Ward hoisted a long fly to Young in the eighth, but by their you will hear that fine pitching beat the Yankees to their knees but in the final summing up still greater credit must be given the wonderful infield and outfield defense of the Giants. They made more errors than the Yankees did, but in the midst of stirring rallies we saw a jewel left in the toad's head of defeat. There is no need of further comment here. So McGraw adds his third world series crown to his eight pennants, the greatest double success in the history of baseball.

McGraw Has No Superior.

Brains and skill both figured in these sensational defensive rallies which pulled more than one pitcher out of the hole. And there were too many occasions when thoughtful Yankee base running came to the Giants help. While the Giants were beating their opponents, the said opponents at stated intervals had a way of lending their own aid for the same purpose and before this combination of the two American league failed to register a victory.

The work of Groh, Frisch and Bancroft was glib, edged and gold-bordered throughout. There were others, but the magnificence of this great trio will never be forgotten by the great crowds who came out in sun and rain to follow the fortunes of war. Groh and Frisch,

CRASH OF YANKEES MOST ASTONISHING

Babe Ruth Is Declared Biggest Boob of All.

GIANTS SHOW UP RIVALS

Greatest Crowd in Baseball History Attends Final Game for World Championship.

BY HUGH FULLERTON.

(By Chicago Tribune Leased Wire.) POLO GROUNDS, New York, Oct. 8.—The New York Giants are champions of the world. The team, considered hopeless, the worst outclassed, the most hopelessly out of history of a world's series, a team without pitchers, took the team which was considered the greatest pitching aggregation, the most powerful hitting club in history out on to the lot and made them look like a bunch of minor leaguers. In the final game of the series today, a game played before the greatest crowd in history, with 20,000 frantic fans turned away before 1 o'clock, the Giants won 5 to 3, after seeming to be beaten.

The crash of the Yankees is one of the most astonishing things in the history of baseball. The team which has hammered the American league into submission proved a plaything in the hands of the Giants. With every element in baseball favoring them, save alone brains, they not only were beaten but disgraced. Today, with a game at their mercy, with the Giants playing as if they did not care who won, the Yankees crashed, unscathed, and in the smash they gave the public a glimpse of the real reason of their disastrous downfall before the Giants.

Question Arises to Eighth.

In the eighth inning there arose a question as to whether a batter should be passed, and the manager, who was secretly plotting, wanted to low—and the Giants who have seized every opportunity, crashed through to victory, grabbed from seemingly certain defeat.

Great Org Predicted.

The baseball experts predict the greatest orgy of money-spending in the history of the game between now and when the teams go south for spring training. The indications are that the minor league managers are planning to exact the pound of flesh from the major league clubs. The three players already mentioned, Hornaby, Ruppert and Huston, the poor fans had nothing to do but go out and worship money, just like so many poor sumps falling down before the golden calves of McGraw, Ruppert and Huston.

Drill Campaign Laid Out.

Take nothing from the Giants. The team, knowing it was under a heavy handicap, knowing that the odds were against them, laid a plan of campaign which was carried out brilliantly.

It was really a triumph of McGraw and smart baseball over Huggins and the slugging system of play. For the Giants, Frisch and Pipp, the wonder hitters of the Yankees, Scott and Ward gave the Yanks the worst of it. Scott's playing, both in defense and on the base, is inimitable. He threw away two games by misplaying his position, he threw away today's game, in all probability, by his error in the eighth inning. Three of the four games were decided by the terrible base-running of the Yanks. Twice, in spite of the swarming from pouring out of the bases, the Giants pitched and won but for their own blunders on the bases.

Giants Use Every Opening.

The Giants showed smarter, faster baseball. They attacked every opening, forced every advantage, while the Yanks looked like a bunch of heavyweight boobs expecting to hit home runs and falling. The quality of baseball, outside the remarkable work of Frisch and Groh and to a lesser degree Cunningham, was not good. These three performed

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wonders. The worst smash was

Everett Scott, who was figured to be a star. He misplayed almost everything. He threw three drives that were away from files and let them fall safe. He played out of position seven times and allowed hits to go through untouched. He ran the bases as if in a trance and in the final game he wrecked the Yanks in the midst of a rally which seemed certain to win, by blundering around third base and being trapped when there was no reason for it.

Pitied Ball Touches Dugan.

The Giants could do nothing with Bush in their seventh and took it out squabbling with Klem. Dugan was touched by a pitched ball in the Yanks eighth and got to second on a hit. Pipp, by a magnificent stop back of first, robbed Bancroft of a hit when the Giants were trying to force a start in their eighth. Groh singled straight over second, just pushing the ball. Frisch doubled to center, scoring at least one run, but he saw what had happened and reversed his decision, giving the Yanks the run and the lead.

There is one thing, however, all

record for attendance were broken. The greatest crowd that ever assembled to see a ball game came out in spite of a downpour of rain that lasted until mid-forenoon. The weather was threatening, but even the threat of rain did not prevent the swarming from pouring out of the expectation of seeing "de joints" take the coup on the Yanks.

The Yanks jumped right out after the game, grabbed the giant's utter disgrace. Dugan worked Nehf into the hole and banged a sharp single to center. Ruth, amid cheers, swung and missed, but he swung suddenly an abounded. The ball did not roll quite far enough and, although he caught the Giants asleep, the Yanks grabbed the giant's utter disgrace. Dugan worked Nehf into the hole and banged a sharp single to center. Ruth, amid cheers, swung and missed, but he swung suddenly an abounded. The ball did not roll quite far enough and, although he caught the Giants asleep, the Yanks grabbed the giant's utter disgrace.

Double Play Is Made.

Groh singled in the Giant's half and when Frisch hit to Scott he leaped sideways and made a magnificent catch, but although three runners were in motion, not one of the Yank basemen was on his base, having started forward when the ball was hit and no double play resulted. Bush struck out Groh and saved the situation. He walked Nehf, filling the bases.

The rain had splashed merrily

while the Giants were at bat, but the sun came out while the Yanks were batting and Bancroft threw out all three batters. The Giants commenced in their half of the inning to tag at Bush's position on the plate, suspecting he was striving to save his bone-bruised foot. Bush, however, refused to be disturbed and retired the side on easy change.

Ruth started the Yanks fourth

by striking out, and the buttonholers, who had bet a dollar he would make the American league champions, groaned and howled. The Yanks' great hitters looked like school boys against Nehf, who was pitching well, but not a strike came through his control seemed perfect. Kelly singled to open the Giants' fourth and was doubled with Cunningham's hit to Scott. He leaped straight to first base, with the ball in Frisch's hands, started for the plate, was tripped, and ran down McMillan to hit for Witt and ended the inning. Things had looked bad—but this was almost the limit. Nehf drew his second

base on balls to start the Giants off

in their fifth, but Bancroft sat the fire ball, and the result was the third double play in the history of a world's series, a team without pitchers, took the team which was considered the greatest pitching aggregation, the most powerful hitting club in history out on to the lot and made them look like a bunch of minor leaguers. In the final game of the series today, a game played before the greatest crowd in history, with 20,000 frantic fans turned away before 1 o'clock, the Giants won 5 to 3, after seeming to be beaten.

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the various racing programmes. Ap-

proximately 29 civilian planes already have been entered in the "On to Detroit" race that will feature the arrival of delegates to the congress.

PULLMAN TEAMS CHOSEN

First and Second String Men Selected by Coach.

WASHINGTON STATE COLLEGE,

Pullman, Oct. 8.—(Special.)—With the freshman football squad cut down to less than 60 men, Coach Jenne has been able to select his first and second string men and run them through scrimmages. Up to the present his men have been working on the tackling, passing, punting and other essentials of the game. The first team averages 170 pounds in weight.

Jenne has selected the following

First team: ... Second team: ...

Harney Defeats Prairie High.

BURNS, Or., Oct. 8.—(Special.)—The Harney county high school football team defeated Prairie City high school, 19 to 6, here Saturday. McCulloch made two touchdowns for Harney, Thorburn one, Richardson made three passes, and on scrimmage, Pryor made the touchdown for Prairie.

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