

PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 12, 1913.

## FORTY-YEAR-OLD MAN PITCHES WONDERFUL BALL IN TITLE BATTLE

### Plank's Arm Attached to Heart and Brain Instead of Shoulder in Final Game.

### MATHEWSON IS GIVEN POOR SUPPORT AGAIN

### No Team Can Stop Athletics in Series for World's Championship.

By Grandland Rice,  
(Written for the United Press).  
New York, Oct. 11.—The same line  
Young Dante saw inscribed over the gates  
which crown the maw of Hell, should  
be penned above any battlefield where the  
Mackian machine is waiting for a fight.  
The line we mean is this: "All hope abandon,  
ye who enter here."

For the last forty years a hopeless  
stand today McGraw sent in Mathewson to  
struggle with Plank. But even Matty, the  
miracle man, had no magic and no wizardry  
which might cope with the power of the foe on one side  
and the weakness of his pals upon the other.  
And while the mighty Mathewson was struggling  
between two such fires in vain, Plank, one of the grandest  
of pitching veterans, worked his last and  
greatest game.

The southpaw, for the first time in his  
league career, whipped Mathewson and the  
entire team 3 to 2. He held the young and  
vile Giants in the hollow of his 40-year-old  
hand. He choked them down with two hits and  
but 28 men faced him at the plate. But for his  
own muff of an easy pop fly from Murray's  
bat in the fifth session, he would have shut  
the Giants out with one base hit and only the  
regulation 27 men would have faced him from  
the firing zone. He has announced his retirement,  
and in this statement carries the remarkable  
southpaw can sit back through the years  
beyond and nurse the greatest dream come true  
that might befall any contender of the tribe—  
that the final ball game that he ever worked  
marked by all odds the greatest he had ever  
pitched.

**The Feeble Trio.**  
They that have youth will be served, but  
in the closing summing-up, kindly remember  
this—eight years ago the Giants and Athletics  
met and of the five games won, four were  
gathered in by Mathewson, Bender, and Plank.  
This feeble trio had seen the service of big  
league war before most of those engaged had  
taken two jumps from the cradle. And yet when  
the ultimate test arrived, it was not youth that  
was to be served, but those who might be called  
old in a game where time beckons early with a  
gesture not to be denied.

Mathewson fought a losing fight against Plank  
from the start of the battle which saw Mack's  
championship, and McGraw his third straight  
defeat. For the beating which the Giants handed  
their rivals eight years ago, the present Mackian  
machine has more than furnished vengeance. But  
not through Mathewson's failure. The first run  
scored from him came through a high pop to the  
plate by Burns, that should have retired the side.  
The next two came in the third, when Doyle  
fumbled and Merkle, with a runner trapped  
between third and home, lost his bearings and  
blew the works with a fatal delay. Then Mathewson, remembering his  
Giants support from 1912, took the game from  
the hands of his pals and worked it alone. Of the  
next 15 Mackian men who faced him, but two  
reached first base and any one who has seen this  
driving, mauling lineup hit the ball, can appreciate  
what this means.

**Testimony to X Alone.**  
The pitching of these two veterans, both  
turning into their twelfth season under big  
league fire, was the most wonderful and subtle  
art of puzzling the batting eye that we have ever  
known or expected to see. In eight of the nine  
innings Plank pitched the retired side one, two,  
three, a solemn, helpless procession that fled to  
the plate and back to the bench, as if the war  
bolts from Jove were hurling past their puny  
bats.

After his team had broken behind him for  
three rounds, Mathewson then stepped up with  
Plank, and the two famed veterans marched side  
by side on an even trail, as if the rest of the  
remaining cast were mere spectators, out of the  
play.

The score went as it stood because

## SEXTET OF STARS WHO GAVE PHILADELPHIA CHAMPIONSHIP AND MANAGER



Above are the Athletic stars who combined to give the City of Brotherly Love its third world's championship yesterday. From left to right they are—Top row—Eddie Plank, southpaw, who held the Giants to two hits yesterday; Chief Bender, who pitched two victories; "Stuffy" McInnes, first baseman. Below—Catcher Walter Schang, playing first series, whose hitting won Friday's game; J. Franklin Baker, whose hitting has been the sensation of the championship games, and Leslie Bush, the young pitcher who beat the Giants Thursday. In the center is the wonderful Connie Mack, manager.

Plank was working for a grand ball club, and Mathewson for a club outclassed in all that makes baseball a science and an art—a battle and a game. The beginning of the end for Mathewson came with the first round under way. Murphy singled, Oldring forced him, and Collins singled, driving Oldring on to third. Baker then lined to Burns in short left, who, with plenty of time, pegged high to McLean at the plate, and Oldring raced home.

The finish came in the third. Oldring thumped to Doyle with a double play in sight. But Doyle fumbled, and both were safe. Collins then sacrificed, bringing Baker up. It was up to Mathewson to walk Baker or fight it out. For any other pitcher there could have been but one answer. But, while Baker is Baker, Mathewson is Mathewson, and he elected to fight it out. Baker then thumped one straight to Merkle's hands. Fred grabbed the ball, and there was Murphy standing still, caught in a trap half way between third and the plate. Merkle started for him, saw Baker dash by, attempted to turn and tag the slugger, and before he could swing again, his leg to the plate arrived too late, and Murphy was over with another run. The side should have been retired runless by now, but only one was out. Oldring scoring a moment later on an outfield fly from McInnes.

It was an ironical turn of fate that the Giants' sole run should come from an easy pop fly to the box—emblematic of their weak attack. Not a Giant had reached first off Plank until Shaffer, with one out, walked in the fifth. Murphy then lifted a weak pop fly to box. Baker came over for the catch, Plank brushed him aside, became flustered for the moment, and the ball bounded out of his hands. Shaffer, in the meanwhile, badly befuddled, had dashed to second on the play, where, if Plank had only made the catch, an easy double would have been his fortune. Long Larry McLean, the only Giant besides Mathewson who could hit drove a single to left, and Shaffer raced over. Plank yielded one more single to Mathewson, but beyond this, not another Giant saw first.

**The Best Club Baseball Ever Saw.**  
There was no question as Doyle filed to Murphy, ending the battle, that the best club had triumphed. No professor of grammar, not the better club, but the best club in baseball today—the best club that baseball ever saw beyond its hegemony.

The Mackmen won because they presented an attack too mighty to be stopped—a defense too bewildering to be broken—greater speed and better pitching. If you can get back of returns like these, the all-Big club is in need of such a leader. McGraw was unfortunate in having several cripples to battle with, but he had nothing to cope with this machine—nothing but Mathewson and McLean. Marquardt, Tesreau and Demaree were in perfect shape. There were no cripples here, and yet all three were washed to a quivering jelly, clubbed out of the way as if they had been so many dummies.

In addition to the amazing power and ruggedness of his batting strength, always ready to rush and cover up his weak pitching, Mack triumphed also through the brilliant work of his infield, which played the finest ball through the series on every count to see. Talk about your Tenney, Lowe, Long and Jimmy Collins, or your Chance, Evers, Tinker and Steinfield, but they have belonged with the array which cannot only swarm all over the lot, but, in addition, can hammer the eternal padding out of that cork-generated pill.

**Youth Bows to Middle Age.**  
And when Eddie Collins, Baker and others wavered for the moment in their attack, Plank stepped forward at his best. Eight years ago, when the Giants beat him badly, the experts said the veteran was about through, as he was then 32 years of age. But today, bordering on 40, he outclassed the younger Plank, and only a Mathewson or a Johnson could have given him such a fight. But for breaks in the field, the two should have passed the sixth round at nothing to nothing, just as they did three days ago.

Sing of all budding wonders pitching from the threshold of youth, but as they rise up to say that middle age has furnished their masters, because the

arms they worked with were not attached to their shoulders, but directly to their brain and heart.

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## VANCOUVER PLAYERS EASILY TAKE LAURELS IN GOLF TOURNAMENT

### Victors Capture Trophy by a Score of 27 Down on Bogey With Seattle Second.

### TURNBULL'S PRODIGIES MAKE BAD CONNECTIONS

### Oregon Men Not Daunted, However and Prepare to Play Winners.

(Special to The Journal.)  
Seattle, Wash., Oct. 11.—Eight of the crack golf players of the Vancouver Golf and Country club today defeated the representatives of seven teams of the Northwest, literally walking away with the laurels in the punch bowl tournament on the links of the Seattle Golf and Country club.

The tournament was played under the match play against bogey rules. The winning aggregation, at the completion of the 18 holes of play, was 27 down on Mr. Bogey. The Seattle bunch contented themselves with second best tickets, with a total of 47 down on bogey. The results of the other clubs are as follows:

Portland 87 down; Victoria 104 down; Jericho 121 down; Tacoma 133 down, and Everett 192 down.

"Dixie" Fieser, Seattle club champion, made the best score of the day, being 2 up on bogey on 36 holes. As an evidence that the playing of the local squad was only mediocre, is evidenced from history which tells us that Seattle tallied 25 down on bogey when the trophy was contested for a year ago.

A. S. Kerry, president of the local club, touched the highest note in the morning's play, being three up on bogey. J. A. Yellowless of Vancouver, held the highest honors in the afternoon's play with four up on bogey.

George Turnbull, professional of the Waverly Golf and Country club, of Portland, was almost certain his bunch of prodigals would take first laurels, but the stick wielders from the Oregon club failed to make good connections. After the final results had been read, Turnbull announced that the Vancouver club could be prepared to receive whiffs of challenges from the Portland direction.

## BREWERS BEAT DENVER BY BUNCHING BINGLES

Denver, Colo., Oct. 11.—The Milwaukee American association champions slugged their way to an 8 to 1 victory over the Western league champions this afternoon in the first game of the post season series "minor league championship of the world." Gilbert, a youthful twirler, started in the box for Denver and pitched prettily until the sixth inning. In that stanza, the Brewers tallied three and then in the 9th scored four. Cy Young was a puzzle to Denver team. Score: R. H. E. Milwaukee 8 10 2. Denver 1 8 3. Young and Hughes; Gilbert, Harris and Spahr. Umpires, O'Toole and Murray.

See De Luxe Ed. Sheet Music Co. See Graves Music Co. removal sale adv., page 12, section 2. (Adv.)

### PHILADELPHIA

	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
E. Murphy, cf.	3	1	2	3	0	0
Oldring, lf.	4	2	0	2	0	0
Collins, 2b.	3	0	1	2	0	0
Baker, 3b.	4	0	2	0	0	0
McLean, 1b.	2	0	0	14	0	0
Strunk, cf.	4	0	2	0	0	0
Barr, ss.	4	0	0	3	7	0
Schang, c.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Plank, p.	3	0	0	1	1	1
Totals	31	3	5	27	18	1

### NEW YORK

	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Hersch, 2b.	4	0	0	1	2	0
Doyle, 1b.	4	0	0	1	7	1
Fletcher, ss.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Burns, lf.	3	0	0	2	0	1
Shaffer, cf.	2	1	0	2	0	0
O. Murray, rf.	3	0	0	2	0	0
McLean, c.	3	0	1	3	1	0
Merkle, 3b.	3	0	0	14	0	0
Mathewson, p.	2	0	0	1	0	0
Crandall, p.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	28	1	2	27	18	2

**Score by Innings.**  
Philadelphia 1 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 3  
New York 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 1

**Left on bases—Philadelphia 5, New York 1.**  
Struck out—By Plank 1, by Mathewson 2.  
Double plays—Collins to Barry to McInnes, Barry to Collins to McInnes. Bases on balls—Off Plank 1, off Mathewson 1. Sacrifice flies—Baker, McInnes. Sacrifice hits—Collins, McInnes. Time of game—1:28. Umpires—Klen behind plate; Egan on bases; Rigler and Conolly.

## WHITE SOX EVEN SCORE IN SERIES WITH CUBS

Chicago, Oct. 11.—With a third victory for the Cubs in the city championship series almost within his grasp, "Lefty" Pierce faltered in the seventh this afternoon, and when the smoke lifted, the Sox had three runs, enough to win the game and tie up the battle for the city title, 5 to 2.

Thirty thousand intense partisans of Sox and Cubs jammed Comiskey's Park. The Cubs packed five of their seven hits off Cleotis and their two runs into the second and third innings, but thereafter the Sox slambled mowed them down in order. Each of the teams has now won two games.

Score by innings:  
R. H. E.  
Cubs 2 7 1  
Sox 3 3 2  
Batteries: Pierce, Lavender, Smith and Archer; Cleotis and Schalk.