

Sport News

SUNSHINE FLOODS QUAKER CITY TODAY

Championship Game and Mrs. Galt Divide Popular Attention Now

By George B. Holmes. (United Press Staff Correspondent.) Philadelphia, Oct. 9.—The weather man was piling hitting like a fiend for feverish fanfare today. What poets describe as "An azure sky" floated over sun-splattered Philadelphia for the second year of the all-popular ditty, the world's series.

It was football weather for a baseball populace. Small chunks of ice seemed to wander promiscuously around in the ozone, but under the hectic influence of the coming battle royal, passed unnoticed. The sun, although getting away from the pole in a cool sort of way, bade fair to warm to its job before 2 o'clock, the hour the teams resume the "continued in our next."

Bill Penn's bullwink is expectant. It is not only looking for another victory, but is on tip toe for a first peek at Mrs. Norman Galt, the president's fiancée. It is only mildly interested in President Wilson—it has seen him before—but Mrs. Galt even snatched some of Alexander's popularity.

And when Philadelphia can forget Grover for somebody who can't play baseball, that somebody must be somebody. Next to Mrs. Galt, the interest centered in who is going to pitch. There wasn't much interest in that yesterday as Moran had only one ace. Pat must lead a king today. Carrigan, on the other hand, has several aces, and quite a bunch of kings.

It looked early today like Leonard for Boston and Chalmers for Philadelphia. Leonard is a bear. He has been proving it all the season, and the players say he is the best southpaw in the game since Marquard.

Chalmers is favored because he is pitching next best to Alexander. Mayer is, or has been, in the midst of a protracted slump. Eppa J. Rixey has not been lucky this season. Moreover it takes something besides good pitching to darn those Red Sox—it takes a goodly quantity of gray matter. Chalmers' worst enemies never had nerve enough to charge him with lacking brains.

The Journal Want Ad gets the business. It finds the position and it places the right people in the right place. It is small, but its carrying power is tremendous!

YESTERDAY'S GAME POOR EXHIBITION

Berton Braley Thinks Mascot Responsible for Victory

By Berton Braley. (Written for the United Press.) Philadelphia, Oct. 9.—You won't find Raoul Naughton on the score card any place, he never sent a homer soaring proudly into space; he never scooped a grounder and he never caught a fly as it hurtled swiftly earthward from the clear and azure sky; he's never in the coaching box to yammer and to bowl—in fact, young Raoul Naughton ain't a player-guy at all.

But gentle and large, he takes him by the fortunes of the Phillies almost wholly in his charge. He's the hip-back mascot of the Quaker City team and he surely "put it over" with a lot of vim and steam for in this initial contest he was on the job for fair. When it comes to lucky mascots Raoul certainly is THERE; he is there with many bells on and a pleasant smile and bland as he scurries away the jinxes with a horseshoe in each hand.

Yes, you got to admit that the Phillies were lucky whatever you say of the game, although Alexander was clever and plucky and justly deserves all his fame; his team wasn't there with the walloping bingle, its hits were on the scratchiest kind; there was only one regular sure enough single hit, yet fortune was boosting behind; she turned little pop-ups to hits that were needed and then made runs over too; and then the Phillies' tallies over-top their opponent.

To tell the truth (although the facts be rude), this game was far from glorious, however, it is viewed, it had viewpoints to fight about or cause the muse about—at least, I thought it crude. The marvelous delivery of "Alek" or of Shore could not make me all shivery or thrill me to the core. The hits were light and scattering—I longed to hear the battering of Gowdy's slams, ear-shattering and such like sounds of yore.

That Boston bunch were on their toes. They tapped the horseshoe on the nose but there was no rounding whack, no old time Baker sort of crack—and as to the Phillies' little taps,

their weak and soft and feeble taps had scarcely steam enough to strain or dislocate a window pane. Far be it from this bard, to knock such gentlemen as Burns and Stock or speak in anger or in wrath of Pasker Bank J. Bancroft or Cravath—or, crossing to the Boston side, I wouldn't hurt their beaming pride by saying aught that I should not of Hooper, Speaker, Shore or Scott, or any other two or three, BUT, I must say it seems to me, that in a series such as this both teams would find it not amiss THIS exhibition to surpass and show some true world's series class. I'm spoiled by former games maybe—but that's the way it looks to me.

COAST LEAGUE STANDINGS table with columns for team, W, L, Pct.

Yesterday's Results. At Salt Lake—Portland 4, Salt Lake 4 (called end 13th, dark).

1915 Pennant Dope. Portland has 16 games on the schedule. San Francisco leads the league by 8 games.

BIGGER AND BETTER YEAR.

E. P. Chalfant to Direct Eastern Sales of Detroit Electric.

Chalfant will have charge of the eastern states. So reads the latest announcement from the Anderson Electric Car company.

The bicycle business first felt the stimulus of his energetic personality. That was in about 1902 and he was then jobbing and retailing bicycles in South, Georgia. In fact it was the South that knew him best until 1909, when he became division manager of the American Cycle Manufacturing Co., of Chicago.

EVERY BREAK FOR NATIONAL LEAGUERS

Fred Ferguson Figures That Luck Was With Alexander

By Fred S. Ferguson. (United Press Staff Correspondent.) Philadelphia, Oct. 9.—A new Alexander looked pensively to the sky today and sighed for new world's to conquer.

As the Alexander of old led his legions over fields of victory, so the new Alexander stands triumphant. He has swept all before him in his own ball-wick and has subdued the latest enemy, the Red Sox.

His victory yesterday was not without honor—far from it—but if the Phillies had fallen from a balloon yesterday, they probably would have landed in a mint, or in a diamond patch. They had every break.

As a game in which a real fan could get worked up and drown himself in a bottle of pop while choking on a sack of peanuts, it was six. But as an example of what can be done through the power of one man—sided by breaks—it stands out as one of the most historic tussles of a world's series.

Also the very ball that Shore served, and on which the Red Sox relied to beat the Phillies took the reverse English and was the ball that spelled defeat for them. He has a great fast ball. It is a "sinker." It sinks instead of rising as it comes to the plate, contrary to other pitchers' fast balls.

Along with the "breaks," Alexander was supreme in the pinches. Nine Bostoners were stranded. The way was open for a run in every inning but they were unable to find it.

From start to finish Alexander worked deliberately and with supreme confidence. He served up a total of 130 pitched balls, thirty-five of these were strikes, 38 balls and 29 fouls, some of which were strikes. Of 29 blows into fair territory, eight were safe and six were outfielded.

Shore used 21 less than Alexander, pitching 8 1/2 innings. His record stood at 43 balls, 30 strikes, 14 fouls, 17 outs and five safeties. There is a world of confidence in the Philly camp. Among the Red Sox, the suggestion of fighting is coming to the surface and there is a feeling of relief that the first meeting with Alexander is over.

Mr. and Mrs. Applewhite, of California, are living in the Pinekey house and are employed at the Clover Leaf dairy.

West Salem school opened Monday with a corps of three teachers and an enrollment of about eighty pupils.

Rev. and Mrs. T. D. Yarnes have had as house guests Mr. Yarnes' sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Kidd, and a cousin, Miss Pulford, all of Wykoff, Minnesota.

Always cheap and always dependable—a Journal Want Ad.

Did It Ever Happen to You? - - - - By Mort Burger



DO YOU SUFFER FROM BACKACHE?

When your kidneys are weak and torpid they do not properly perform their functions; your back aches and you do not feel like doing much of anything.

The old reliable medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla, gives strength and tone to the kidneys and builds up the whole system.

TOURISTS BECOME GASOLINE MISERS

Eighty New Maxwells in Interesting Competition for Flanders Prizes.

Detroit, Oct. 9.—One of the feature events of the touring year, the returns from which are awaited with great interest generally is the unique competition just held by the Maxwell Dealers' association of Zone I—a sales district including eastern New York, New England, eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Maryland.

The event was an efficiency run in which eighty new 1916 Maxwells, fresh from the factory, competed, over a cross-country course lying between Buffalo and the dealers' respective home cities.

Each car had been furnished lubricating oil and water for the start. The oil reservoir had been sealed, it being taken for granted that one gallon would be enough to carry any of the cars to its destination.

The tour left Buffalo in two main divisions, traveling east and south. These divisions also split, as the members of the party reached their respective homes.

It is confidently predicted that the prize winners in the tour will be compelled to average better than 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline—a feat which, if realized, will be an almost revolutionary commentary on the efficient design of the modern light, American-built automobile.

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Problem of Citizenship for Future in Britain

By Ed. L. Keen. (United Press staff correspondent.) London, Sept. 24.—(By mail.)—More important than winning the war is the future of the British race.

With ever-increasing seriousness the problem of future citizenship of the British Isles is being discussed in the nation. While thousands of Britain's best men are being slaughtered, serious British minds at home are asking:

How can the public be encouraged to increase England's declining birth rate? What are we going to do for children, who alone can repair the loss of the military slaughterhouse? Will England tend to become a race of weaklings after the war?

These are but a few of the questions that haven't been answered. The subject is being talked in hundreds of ways in hundreds of places. It ranges from suggested polygamy to taxation of bachelors.

Dr. Philip Hootyner, well-known Nottingham, medical authority, injected the prevailing topic of discussion into the meeting of the Royal Sanitary Institute, at Brighton, when he told the delegates:

"British stock is sound. Its moral quality has not deteriorated. War has taught us much and will teach us more, highway, while Piper had over 700 miles before him at the start."

WACONDA NEWS

(Capital Journal Special Service.) Waconda, Or., Oct. 9.—Mrs. N. M. Cook, of Harrisburg, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Savage last Saturday.

Those who camped at the state fair from Waconda, wrote Mr. and Mrs. George Finney and family, Mr. and Mrs. George Thurman and daughter, Beatrice, and Mr. E. M. Palmer.

Miss Lola Nelson has been suffering from an attack of nervous prostration but she is now somewhat improved.

Advertisement for Detroit Electric cars, featuring the slogan 'simplest of all to drive' and listing various models and prices.

Advertisement for Velvet tobacco, featuring a portrait of a man and the text 'Th' man that starts out with a candle to find a leak in th' gas, gets quick results, but they ain't satisfactory!'.