



SPORTING PAGE



RAMPAGING RED LEGS BACK HOME

And in the Meantime Just Before the Battle Mother, Kid Gleason is Talking Again.

BY FRANK G. MENKE
(STAFF CORRESPONDENT I. N. SERVICE)
CINCINNATI, Oct. 7.—The rampaging Reds came back to familiar haunts today after a four day sojourn in alien lands—and Cincinnati turned out en masse to accord a greeting more vociferous than ever was showered upon a flock of baseball athletes.

TOWN BASEBALL NUTTY.
The Reds haven't acquired the world's champion—chesscloth as yet—but no one would think so judging from the attitude of the fanatics hereabouts. The fact that the Reds bludgeoned the Sox for a two-ply beating in their own ball-park and now need only one more triumph to complete the crepe for Chicago, has enlivened this baseball crazy town beyond description of words.

And meanwhile Pat Moran has become a figure of more heroic mold—as far as Cincinnati is concerned—than is Ferdinand Foch and the various field marshals etceteras of Europe.

Those warriors of Pat's—every one of them—are being lionized as no men ever



"RED" FABER

Urban ("Red") Faber, was born Sept. 6, 1888, at Cascade, Ill., and began playing college baseball in Dubuque, then with Dubuque club in 1909, later going to Des Moines club, from which he was obtained in the fall of 1913. "Red" throws right handed and bats either way, is 6 feet, and weighs 175 pounds, is single, and resides at Cascade.

have been lionized before.

SOX BURIED IN GOO.

Through fifty years Cincinnati stored up an ovation for a pennant-winning ball club. And now that the outfit of 1913—the once scolded at group of "misfits and outcasts"—have delivered not only a pennant—but probably a world's

GETS CHANCE AS PINCH HITTER IN SERIES CONTEST



Fred McMullin.

Fred McMullin, utility infielder and pinch hitter for the Sox during the regular season, has been playing the role of pinch hitter in the series. In the first game McMullin was given a chance and came through with a single although it was wasted in that slaughter.

championship banner as well—the natives are in a hysterical fit of joy. And meanwhile the White Sox, who came to talk today just a week ago, cocksure—confident—supremely so—were in the grip of depression and desperation. Last Wednesday they entered the inaugural fray displaying chestiness rarely ever seen in a titanic clash. But every lot of it has been moved out of them—by the team that they figured would trounce and crack with their first attack.

THE END IS NEAR.
And today they are faced to face with annihilation as prospective world's champions. For one defeat in any of the next four battles that are scheduled makes a night—more of their dreams, crushes the hope that was their's a week ago—dashes them down to complete defeat in their efforts at conquest in the diamond world.

The hope of the Sox—of Chicago—of the entire legion of American league partisans—will rest today upon the first shoulder of Dick Kerr—one of the latest roundabouts that ever shot a ball from a big league park.

ALL DEPENDS ON DICKY.
Kerr—and Kerr alone—has halted the spectacular rush of the Reds—Kerr succeeded where the marvelous Cleare and his brilliant Williams flailed so miserably.

If Kerr fails today the word "fink" shall be written on the big diamond shot of 1913.

"And Kerr will fail," insists Pat Moran. "The little fellow certainly puzzled the boys on Friday. But today is a day quite different. The boys had him about all figured by the time that other game was over—and they'll use their mathematics to good advantage today. They're going to even it up with Kerr for slugging them out."

"Who will pitch for Cincinnati?" "Goosh," responded Moran to the quizz. "I don't know yet. It may be the Lugo, the Cuban kid, or I may shoot Reuther back at them. I'm tempted to use the kid and I feel that he'll come through. You see if I send him in that will make six different pitchers I've worked on six different games—something of a world's series record."

"But the point is this I'm sure that Reuther can take the measure of the Sox—and I'm not quite so sure about Lugo. He hasn't been tested and Reuther has. Furthermore the Sox aren't keen about left-handed stuff that Reuther can deliver. And most important of all the boys are anxious to clean up the Sox in the fashion of 'We're out to get today's game by hook or crook. And so it's likely to be Reuther.'"

Cincinnati folks, never at any time loathe to back their favorites, loomed up in the arena today with all of the front of the teaming band of White Sox supporters. Offers of ten to one the Reds win the series—perhaps the most generous ever uttered—found few takers. Nor was there much backing of the Sox on the game—even though the Rhineland folks offered as high as 9 to 5.

GLEASON STILL TALKING.
"A ball club may be groggy, but it's never beaten until the last gong is out, quoth the fighting and still peppery leader of the White Sox. The whole civilized world—and Cincinnati too—seems to think that we are completely whipped. We may feel them yet. Give us a few of the breaks that the Sox



JAKE DAUBERT

Jacob E. Daubert was born in Shamokin, Pa., on April 17, 1888. Began playing ball in 1906 with Kansas City club. Joined Marion the following season. Went to Cleveland in spring of 1908, but was sold to Nashville in May. The next year he went to Toledo. Was then secured by Brooklyn, which club he joined in 1910, becoming regular first baseman at once. For nine years he played first for Brooklyn. Last winter he was obtained by the Reds from Brooklyn.

have been having—just a little spell of luck—and we'll chase those gents along so hard and fast that they'll get dizzy."

"We started out to get the big end of the money and we haven't lost hope. We've got to win four straight to earn the trick—but the Sox are the boys who can come from behind. And this is the day that we make the start."

And meanwhile the crowd trooped early to the baseball orchard so that it would not miss any part of the preliminary incident to the show which it figured would be termed "The Slaying of the White Sox."

BOBCATS TO PLAY AGAINST ROCK ISLAND

Hammond To Play Its Last Traveling Game on Next Sunday in Illinois.

BY IRVING CHAYKEN.
This week's workouts should determine a great deal in the advance of the Hammond football players. Coach King expects to put his ammunition through the most strenuous week of practice that the stars have enjoyed this season. Considerable improvement is needed by the Hammond contingent, particularly in rushing up a large number of formations and plays which they displayed the lack of during their season's opener with Racine.

The Detroit game, which was called off on account of a slight drizzle and practically because the Herald manager thought Hammond was not as well as they were in 1917, would have brought together some great grid stars, as the Detroit team certainly had earlier—had they displayed the lack of during their season's opener with Racine.

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With Detroit hurried in any further competing against Hammond, the home team look at the opponents that are to come. King will be forced to overcome some of the more intricate plays he has solved in order to stimulate his attack. Little if anything is known concerning the Rock Island Independents which Hammond's next game is to meet at Rock Island next Sunday in the last traveling game scheduled.

But Rock Island has always had a good eleven and the Arsenal manager claims that his team looks like the best that he has ever gathered together. Rock Island's lineup, having some night grid stars is well known throughout the German Empire, as certain things made in the Sucker town were responsible for bumping through the German lines on some of the famous battleships in France.

Speaking of France, there is one big item we have missed for a long time—namely all of the 21 players on the Hammond football squad were in Uncle Samuel. Ten of the players were overseas, while two in particular have been cited for bravery, so that Fort Wayne, or any other professional team, had at Rock Island next Sunday when it comes to having an all-service eleven.

BARTFIELD NEARLY PUTS K. O. ON JOHNNY TILLMAN
MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 7.—After putting up an erratic and indifferent fight for nine rounds, Soldier Bartfield of Brooklyn tore into Johnny Tillman in the final round here last night and almost knocked out the Minneapolis welterweight. Tillman tried hard in every round and scored quite a few blows, while the Easterner was missing terrific swinge. Mike Ertle of St. Paul, out-pointed Zulu Kid, Brooklyn, in the semi-final.

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TAD TELLS SERIES STUFF

BY TAD
(STAFF CORRESPONDENT I. N. SERVICE)
CINCINNATI, Oct. 7.—The Sox didn't get one darn sacrifice after another to Uncle Patsch.

The Irish weren't treating Chicago very nicely. Mrs. O'Flannery's cow left it out once and now Pat Moran knocked it stiff.

The Sox seemed to be single struck. After six or seven more games they ought to be able to call themselves together.

Hughes' collection still picks the Sox to win. The latter still calls himself emperor.

Sox return to Cincinnati full of night news headlines. That reminds us of the drunken mouse yelling "Bring on that cat!"

You might get Moran but you can't get Gleason. 1 1 1

While King Albert was viewing the falls at Niagara yesterday, Comiskey was giving them the up and down at Chicago.

"Let 'em up, boys, he's all out!"

The hot column of the Sox box score looks as though the moths had been at it.

Gleason is the guy who put the un in unappealing Felsch!

If Gleason managed Terry McGovern he would have made him a toe-dancer.

The White Sox anthem "Oh I guess we've got them Cincinnati blues." This is poetry now.

"His Sox were white. But now they're blue. And that goes for his feelings, too."

Why not let Garry Herrman pitch today and make the race complete.

Kid Gleason's book on inside baseball won't be this season's best seller.

WORLD'S SERIES FACTS.

MONDAY'S FIGURES.			
Attendance	34,375		
Receipts	\$37,623		
Players' share	\$53,623.08		
Clubs and League's share	\$35,222.04		
Natl. Commission's share	\$9,723.90		
TOTAL FOR FIVE GAMES.			
Attendance	159,039		
Receipts	\$432,129.30		
Players' share	\$260,349.66		
Clubs and League's share	\$172,566.44		
Natl. Commission's share	\$33,312.90		
SIXTH GAME.			
Place—Cincinnati; Red Field, today.			
Starting time—2:00 p. m.			
Probable batteries today—White Sox, Kerr and Schalk; Reds, Reuther and Sarnick.			
STANDINGS.			
	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Cincinnati	4	1	.800
Chicago	1	4	.200

HARTLEY SCORES KNOCKOUT

NEW ORLEANS, La., Oct. 7.—Pete Hartley of New York knocked out Frankie Russell of New Orleans in the eleventh of their twenty round fight last night at Hefemann Park.

OUR FIGHT DECISIONS.

Willie Jackson knocked out Eddie Moran in fourth round at Philadelphia. Louisiana defeats Jimmy Sacco in five rounds at Philadelphia. Johnny Gaffney and Coats-Dolg box ten round draw at La Salle, Ill. Stanley McBride and Young Parla box eight round draw at La Salle, Ill. Young Tommy gets six round decision over Jimmy Pappas at La Salle, Ill. Mike Ertle outpointed Zulu Kid at Minneapolis. Johnny Asher defeats Frank Mason in eight rounds at St. Louis. Pete Hartley knocked out Frankie Russell in eleven rounds at New Orleans. Lew Goldie defeated Eddie Franklin in ten rounds at Detroit.

YOST DISAPPOINTED WHEN MICHIGAN WINS EASILY

ANN ARBOR, Mich., Oct. 7.—Despite victory, Coach Yost is disappointed in the Case-Michigan game of Saturday, in that Case was so weak it gave him no opportunity to get a line on the strength of the Wolverine squad. He especially wanted to test out his line and Case furnished no opportunity. Frank Hamrick, Froelke and Vick are making satisfactory progress now, and undoubtedly

it will be able to get into harness in time to take part in the annual Michigan-Agrie contest, Oct. 18.

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