

Indian Catcher Tells How The Giants Turned The Trick

'How We Beat 'Em and Why' Told by the Cunning Red Skin or New York Team—Several Reasons.

'Matty's' Pitching, Nervousness of Athletics, Batting Ability of Giants, Etc.—Contributed to Victory in First of World Series.

(By JOHN ("CHIEF") MEYERS.)

The cunning Indian catcher of the Giants, whose two-base hits in the seventh inning made it possible for the National League representatives to win the first game of the world's series, tells the following story, exclusively for the I. N. S. in the club house immediately after the game today:

New York, Oct. 14.—Well, we beat 'em.

What's more, having trimmed to do the best team the American League could turn out, with their best pitcher in the box, I am willing to predict confidently that by this time next week we will be the baseball champions of the world.

I suppose you will all want to know what won for us. Well, here it is:

The great pitching in the tight places, by Christy Mathewson, our ability to hit when a hit meant something.

I will add another—though less important—reason for the satisfaction of those who rooted for the Athletics. It is this:

We were helped considerably by the nervousness of the Philadelphia players, which, I suppose, was caused by the strange grounds and that wonderful crowd of 50,000. There were several lays missed by their stars, which would have been easy for our little mascot, Dick Hennessey. One of these gave us our first run.

But I will put aside this reason and credit our victory to Matty and the good old wallop.

And I am proud to say that I had a share in both ends of the victory. It was one of my life when I landed on an outcurve of my Indian friend, Albert Bender, in the lucky seventh and got to second on it. A moment ago I was happy and when little Josh Devore stung another of the Chippewa's twisters and drove me home with what proved to be the winning run.

Everybody knows that I'm not a flash of lightning or mounted on wheels. But it's my private opinion that I broke all world's records between second and home on Devore's hit. Believe me, I put enough effort into that run to do it, anyhow, because I felt, when I put my head down and got to going, that if I crossed the plate with that second tally the game was ours.

Matty told me when I got back to the bench that I was going like a regular Ty Cobb—but I guess he must have been kidding a little bit. However, I never saw a more welcome sight than that whitewashed home plate as I stepped across.

I'm a ball player, not a writer, so I won't attempt to describe the sensation we experienced when we came onto the field this afternoon. We had heard a roar a few minutes before as the fans welcomed the Athletics, and I must admit that I, for one, felt a bit nervous. McGraw must have noticed that the others were the same way, so he said:

Now boys, when you go out take it on the run like a football team goes. Everybody grin and look confident. That will begin to get their goats right away.

Several of us are old college men and football players, and this struck us as a mighty good idea. So we trotted out with smiles on our faces—into the greatest yell that I ever heard, in college or out. It was not the rah-rah—but certainly a tremendous circle of noise.

Matty said to me, when we got through: "John, old boy, we'll trim them, and I answered: "You bet we will, Christy."

When the game began, and Lord came up for the Athletics, I signalled Matty to give him a high one, to drop just before it reached the plate. I felt sure he would let the first go by, anyhow. The ball started at the height of Lord's neck. Within three feet of the plate it dropped to his waist. He was completely fooled, and it was a strike. He did not aim at it. Matty made him look foolish. The next one was just like it. He swung and missed by a foot. Then he fouled off a few, and nearly broke his back swinging at a simple out-shot for the last strike.

Rube Oldring was still easier than was Lord. An incurve fooled him for the first, then two fast ones high and inside made him fan. I began to feel pretty confident then, and when Eddie Collins could do no better than slam to Josh Devore, I felt that we had them.

Matty gave a hit in the third and passed a man too.

But there were two out by this time and when the critical situation came—where even a little Texas Leaguer might have meant our defeat—Christy was there with an incurve, an outcurve and one of those drops that falls from neck to waist, and struck out the last man. I began to feel then that he had them where he wanted them and that he could win any game he pitched against them.

will say right here that Rube Marquard will win at least one game, too, so I can't see how we can lose.

We all began to feel very happy in our end of the fourth, when, with Snodgrass on second, and two out, Charlie Herzog jammed a grounder at Eddie Collins that nearly tore the Philadelphia's fingers off. Eddie fumbled around with it, while Snodgrass was speeding between third and home—having got a good start—then made a bad throw to Ira.

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McGraw said to us then: "Boys, just wait for the 'break,' now, and we'll get them. Christy will keep 'em from scoring, and all we've got to do is to get one more."

The 'break'—as we call it—came in the lucky seventh. Fletcher went out at first, and I came up for the third time to face my redskin friend, Albert. He gave me the laugh, for twice before I had gone out, although I will say, without any boasting, that I laid my bat on the ball good and hard each time.

Chief Bender said from the box: "Goodnight for you, Chief."

The third or fourth ball he pitched out at first, and I came up for the end of the bat and sent it to the fence. When I pulled up at second—all in—I had to laugh at Bender. He shook his fist at me. Then came good little Josh Devore with a terrific slam down the left field line—and my awful run from second.

In my opinion, the most critical point of the game, from the standpoint of the New York battery, was when the Athletics began their eighth with the head of their line; all good, hard hitters. But Matty again showed himself to be the 60 horsepower Big Six, and fanned Lord, and the next two were easy. This time we both were sure of victory as we left our places.

I will say for the Athletics that they are a grand baseball team. With a break of luck they may beat us once or twice. Albert Bender is a wonderful pitcher, and had some of our boys standing on their heads. I am glad to belong to the same race as that big fellow. But we beat them, surely, and while—as I said before, Rube Marquard will win at least one game, in the end the thing that will win for us will be—Matty and the Wallop.

Giants. A B R H P O A E
Devore, lf 3 0 1 3 0 0
Doyle, 2b 3 0 1 1 0 0
Snodgrass, cf 2 1 0 2 0 0
Murray, rf 3 0 0 1 0 0
Herzog, 1b 4 0 1 11 1 0
Herzog, 3b 3 0 0 2 0 0
Fletcher, ss 4 0 0 2 3 0
Meyers, c 3 1 1 7 1 0
Mathewson, p 3 0 1 0 4 0

Totals 28 2 5 27 11 0
Athletics: A B R H P O A E
Lord, lf 4 0 0 2 0 0
Oldring, cf 4 0 2 1 0 0
Collins, 2b 3 0 0 5 1 0
Baker, 3b 4 1 2 0 1 0



NEW YORK NATIONALS
New York, Aug. 14.—The New York National League Baseball Club, the winners of the National League pennant for 1911. Reading from left to right (top row) Marquard, Doyle, Devore, Fletcher, Burns, Hennessey (mascot) Wilson Ames, Devlin, Mathewson, Wiltse and Hartley. Bottom row (left to right) Meyers, Snodgrass, Murray, Latham, Becker, McGraw (Manager) Herzog, Merkle, Maxwell, Crandall, Paulette and Faust.

MATHEWSON VS. BENDER TELLS STORY

(By JOHN MONTGOMERY WARD.)

New York, Oct. 14.—The best pitcher in the American League met the best pitcher in the world, is the story in a nutshell. There may be some to dispute Bender's claim to the title, but there is none to dispute Mathewson's.

When the megaphone announced that Matty would pitch a great cheer went up from the Giant rooters because they knew that whatever the result of the game, they would witness the very best effort that an experienced, cool, intelligent and big class athlete could give them.

Bender pitched a great game, a wonderful game, considered alone, which only suffers a very little when compared with the masterful work of Mathewson.

Bender had lightning speed, a fair curve, and occasionally essayed a slow, straight ball. But Mathewson had everything. He had speed, a great drop curve and his famous "fadeaway" working to perfection. And he had more than that. He had a brain that was working in perfect unison with his arm, and he had that besides the most perfect control. His only base on balls was an intentional gift to that very dangerous hitter, Eddie Collins, at a critical situation in the game in the third inning—when a hit meant a run.

He depends largely on speed, and his fast ball was a shade faster than Mathewson's. Moreover, Bender had a "jump" on his ball, which carried it always just above the batsman's bat. The New York players were always hitting under it, and the strikeouts were many.

Bender, too, is an experienced pitcher, and seemed to be as cool as possible. Nevertheless, in the seventh inning, when Meyers' two-bagger was followed by Devore's double and a base on balls to Doyle, Manager Mack started to warm up another pitcher, showing that he at least contemplated that a change might become necessary.

Murphy, rf 3 0 0 1 1 0
Davis, 1b 4 0 1 3 0 0
Barry, ss 3 0 0 2 1 0
Thomas, c 3 0 0 12 1 0
Bender, p 3 0 1 1 1 0
Totals 31 6 1 26 10 1

Athletics 101 000 000—1 6 1
Giants 000 100 100—5 9 2
Batteries: Bender and Thomas; Mathewson and Meyers. Umpires, Klem and Brennan; Dineen and Connolly.

Summary: Two-base hits, Oldring (2), Meyers, Devore. Sacrifice hits, Murphy, Murray, Stolen bases, Doyle, Snodgrass. Left on bases, Athletics 8, Giants 7. Base on balls, off Mathewson 1, off Bender 3. Struck out, by Mathewson 5, by Bender 11. Hit by pitched balls, Snodgrass 2. Time of game, 2:10. Umpires, Klem and Brennan, National League; Connolly and Dineen, American League.

REJUVENATED SONS OF JOVE—MEETING DETAILS ARRANGED

Jovian statement Louis L. Ledwell and W. P. Bear announce that the details of the proposed charter meeting of the Rejuvenated Sons of Jove for the States of North and South Carolina have assumed very definite form. The organization is of a fraternal and social character and numbers among its membership over 5000 of the best electrical professional men throughout the United States, such as presidents, managers, superintendents, central station men, constructing and consulting engineers, supply men, contractors and others in allied callings.

There are about 270 eligible men in the Carolinas who are being solicited and from the present number of signed applications in the hands of the membership committee indications are that much more than a hundred men will be in Charlotte on Saturday, October 28th, to attend the first Rejuvenation.

The ranks of the order are being recruited from the several power companies in the state, such as the Carolina Power & Light Co., at Raleigh, and subsidiaries, the Southern Power Co., at Charlotte, and subsidiary companies, the Carolina Light & Power Co., at Aiken, the Carolina Power Co., and the Mt. Weaver Power Company at Asheville, Tidewater Power Co., at Wilmington, the Consolidated Railway and Light Company at Charlotte, and other central station and isolated plant operators at Columbia, Anderson, Sumter, Spartanburg, Statesville, Winston-Salem, Durham, Greensboro, etc., are to be represented. The traveling electric salesmen and some of the contractors are also coming.

Several outside men of high rank in the order from St. Louis, Philadelphia, Richmond, Atlanta and Birmingham are to be on hand to assist in the Ritualistic work. A big banquet and lots of "Electric toasts" will be served to the newly rejuvenated satellites and visitors.

The Jovian order bears the same relation to the electrical men as the Concentrated Order of Hoo Hoos does to the lumber men. (That's all.)

Called account darkness at end of sixth inning.
Cincinnati 000 010 004—2 7 13 0
St. Louis 000 002 210 0—5 9 2
Batteries: Gaspar, Fromme, McLean and Clark; Krapp, Baskette and Easterly. Umpires, Rigler and Evans.

AT ST. LOUIS.
St. Louis Nat. 100 010 000—2 7 13 0
St. Louis, Ams. 101 211 31x—10 14 2
Batteries: Golden, Watkins and Bliss; George and Krichell. Umpires, Ferrine and Johnston.

AT CLEVELAND.—(Second Game.)
Called account darkness at end of sixth inning.
Cincinnati 000 001—1 6 1
Cleveland 011 03x—5 9 0
Batteries: Humphrey and Clark; James and Easterly. Umpires, Rigler and Evans.

AT CLEVELAND.
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Bulgar a Asks Intervention of Powers

Paris, Oct. 14.—Bulgaria has appealed to the powers to intervene to prevent the mobilization of Turkish troops on the Bulgarian frontier; otherwise she will take such measures as may be necessitated by the Turkish preparations.

Rodgers Making Good Progress

Vinita, Okla., Oct. 14.—Cal P. Rodgers, the coast to coast flyer, alighted here just at dusk this evening after flying from Kansas City, 189 miles.

Miscalculation.

"How stupid these men are! If my master would have waited a month or two, now he would have a roost fowl instead of a poached egg."—Féle Mélie.

A Doctor for Men and a Doctor for Women

All men and women suffering from any disease who need skillful treatment can come with full confidence, knowing that they will receive honest, conscientious and successful treatment. The largest and most elaborately equipped medical office for the proper and successful application of the various forms of medical electricity for the cure of all kinds of diseases. Nothing like it anywhere else in North Carolina. ALL DISEASES TREATED.

I am especially prepared to treat all chronic diseases, and particularly those affecting the mucous membranes, muscular system and important organs of the body—nervous system and diseases of the blood, the skin, the kidneys, special diseases, weaknesses, etc. No matter what your ailment is, come and be examined FREE OF CHARGE. Learn just what your trouble is, how to get rid of it, and then under the direction of a skillful specialist take TREATMENT and see how quickly you will get relief. You cannot well ignore this opportunity to share, with the hundreds of others, the great advantages and superior skill of this doctor. If you cannot come, write for system-blank. Hours daily 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sundays 9 to 1.

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Rooms 3 and 4, Davidson Bldg.,
Charlotte, N. C.

PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS

NELSON CAN NEVER COME BACK TO FORM

His Durability Fooling Him into Believing That he Has Chance to Regain Championship—Is Still a Marvel of Endurance.

The Dane Has Never Been Knocked Out of Consciousness in the Ring—His Endurance is as Marvelous as Ever.

By W. W. NAUGHTON.

San Francisco, Oct. 14.—For all that he is loaded down to the guards will hope that springs eternal in the human breast, Battling Nelson must begin to realize he will never come back. It is however, that affair with Young Saylor did not convince the Norseman that fighters, like other beings, have their limitations, the only conclusion is that Nelson is a monomaniac on the subject of remaining young.

What is helping to fool Nelson is regard to his chances of regaining the championship is that his chiefest asset, to wit, his durability, is the last of all his fighting fortifications that is going to show signs of wear and tear. So far the Dane is as much of a marvel of endurance as he was when scoring his biggest ring victories. For that matter if he were to quit today, now he would be remembered as a champion who had never been knocked out, as the term is generally understood. "Knocked out of time" he certainly was by Owen Moran, but there was never a fraction of an instant when the time keepers were calling their loudest—that his brain was not telegraphing his legs to do their duty.

to place themselves firmly beneath his body and enable him to stand erect. What I mean is that Nelson did not lose consciousness entirely, even in the Moran "knockout" and I guess that was the nearest he ever came to being rendered completely hors-du-combat. When the buffeting he has taken and the knockdowns he has suffered are considered, it is really wonderful to think that he has never been sent to the land of dream.

As I have said, his ability to assimilate punishment remains intact or practically so, but endurance alone never made a man champion of the world and that Nelson had to back up his durability has deserted him. While never a marvel at timing, counting or judging distance, Nelson always strove to give a blow for blow. Even if he thus engaged he took five punches for every one he returned he did well, for his assimilative powers enabled him to shake off the effect of the punches which came his way. To put it another way, if Nelson countered successful once out of possible five times, he was no worse punished than his adversary.

There were times when this desire to punch simultaneously with his opponent brought satisfactory results early in the fight. In the open air contest with Jimmy Britt at Colma, the Battler had the ill-fort idea in his when the boys went to the center for the opening round. Britt, who was both shifty and speedy, let go his left hook. It landed, but as it did the Battler's left shot in with a bent arm movement and the glove tore a small strip of skin from the bridge of Britt's nose. A neat and more timely counter was never seen.

Of course, Nelson did not have similar luck every time he was struck by Britt, and for that matter there was very few of the early rounds in which he thus returns so well. But in the long run it was by awaiting Britt's lead and countering that he would down the native son.

Nelson showed the same aptitude for giving blow for blow in this fighting with Martin Canole and Young Corbett, boys who as a rule were much faster hitters than he.

Even when he missed, his fist went dangerously close to the other man's head or body and when it came to indiscriminate slugging at close quarters, Nelson was an excellent range finder.

If I may judge of what I saw of him in a contest with Antone LaGrave in San Francisco, Battling Nelson has lost his ideas of countering and his sense of distance has become a joke. He rooted away in his old style, but the majority of instances his opponent was far beyond his range. At times Bat's swings shattered the air a full foot short of LaGrave's head. The desire to mix it was as strong as ever, but his motives of what constituted striking distance were lamentably deficient.

It is to be hoped Nelson's durability will not remain with him long enough to convert him into a punching block for every third rater that happens along. Unfortunately for him, the desire to rehabilitate himself as a world has wrapped his judgment and he seems unable to discern that his battling average has fallen off to an alarming extent. It is a pitiable thing when a man's vanity dulls his intelligence to such an extent that he doesn't recognize when it is time to quit.

The case of Battling Nelson is an interesting one. There never was a cleaner living ringman than the Dane, probably, and when speculating on the cause that brought him to the end of his tether as a pugilist, he must be innocent of indulging in the pace that kills. His comparatively sudden slowing up gives strength to the old contention that in the matter of athletic vigor and excellence no man, no matter how carefully he conserves his nerve and his energies, can hope to remain at his best for longer than eight or ten years.

The R. G. Anton Electric Co. has opened their new display rooms on East Trade street and their line of electrical fixtures and decorations are among the most complete and artistic even seen in the city. Mr. R. L. Groomer of the Glese Mfg. Co. has been here for the last few days assisting the firm in decorating the new place of business.

Following Thursday our entire street in The deco white and cake and Mrs. J. H. and needville people has met a netce of ville, and summer ball, and that Mr. which he went to claim prize, of the tr Mr. and ly for St evening.

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