

INDIANS CROWNED WORLD'S CHAMPIONS

Win Supreme Honor in Baseball
by Beating Brooklyn in the
Seventh Game, 3 to 0.

COVELESKIE AGAIN MASTER

Robins Powerless Before His
Brilliant Pitching—Cleveland
Crazed with Joy.

Special to The New York Times.

CLEVELAND, Oct. 12.—The supple right arm of Stanley Coveleskie pitched the Cleveland Indians into the baseball championship of the world at League Park this afternoon when the accomplished Polander humiliated Brooklyn in a 3 to 0 shutout. It was the third victory for Speaker's pitching master and the fifth for Cleveland. The Brooklyn Robins, with their widely heralded pitching staff, had to be content with the two victories won at Ebbets Field last week.

An overjoyed crowd of nearly 28,000 fans blazed into a conflagration of hysterical excitement when the game was over and Cleveland had realized at last the baseball ambition of twoscore years. Happy men and youths and hundreds of women fans who were just as happy swarmed onto the field and basked in front of the box of sunny Jim Dunn, the owner of the club which put the Forest City on the baseball map. The air was filled with deafening shouts and cheers as the curly, white head of Squire Charley Ebbets made its way through the crowd to Sunny Jim's box. The hand of Ebbets grasped the hand of Dunn and congratulated him on his victory.

The joy-crazed fans filled the streets and hotels tonight with loud praises of Tris Speaker and his ball players. Old-timers scratched their heads and harked back over Cleveland's long baseball career and recalled the many diamond stars whose names will be linked forever with local baseball history. They recalled the famous gladiators of the ball and bat who accomplished great deeds for Cleveland and yet failed to bring home a championship as great as the triumph of Speaker's team.

A Great Baseball City.

This city is rich in baseball lore. On its baseball diamonds the fans of the past have seen such players as Jim McCormick, Jack Glascock, Nig Cuppy and Charley Zimmer. Here was the stamping ground of Jimmy McAleer and Patsy Tebeau, of Jess Burkett and the famous Sockalexis, the Babe Ruth of a by-gone day. The matchless Lajoie ever brings back memories of Cleveland when his name is mentioned and in the big gathering this afternoon were the sons and grandsons of the fans who used to cheer the playing of Cupid Childs.

It was in this hotbed of baseball that Coveleskie brought victory to Cleveland today. In winning his third game of the world's series against the Robins, the Polish impresario of the spit-ball took his place with the great flingers of the past who have won a trio of games. The great Matty of the Giants did it in 1905, Babe Adams did it for the Pirates in 1909, Iron Man Jack Coombs did it for the Athletics in 1910 and Red Faber did it for the Chicago White Sox in 1917. Covey's name is linked forever more with the greatest in the game.

He carried Cleveland through this afternoon in spite of ragged fielding behind him. The weak spot in the Indians' lineup was at short, where the inexperienced Joie Sewell handled the ball like a juggler. He gave the fans heart failure time and again when he failed to make easy plays. But Covey was in such superb form that he rose above all barriers and pitched himself out of difficulties with expert cunning.

Robins a Beaten Team.

From the moment that Coveleskie walked out to the pitching mound Brooklyn was a defeated team. Weakened through the absence of Jimmy Johnston at third, the Brooklyns played listlessly and at no time did they show any fighting spirit. The marvelous pitching staff which brought the Dodgers to the National League pennant has made a sorry showing in this series.

The pitching staff of the Indians, generally supposed to be tired out by the tough American League campaign, showed that it knew a whole lot more about pitching than the overrated Robin boxmen. Uncle Robbie, the Brooklyn manager, relied entirely on this pitching staff for victory, and it failed him miserably.

This world's series wasn't as great as some in the past. There have been far

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better clubs in both leagues than the winners of the flags this season. They displayed only orthodox baseball. There were no momentous examples of baseball strategy or inside tactics.

Uncle Robbie looked over his imposing array of pitchers and decided that the only one who had a chance to match the moist flings of Coveleskie was Burrel Grimes. Grimes did pretty well until the fourth inning, when his own wild throw to second base allowed the first Indian run to cross the plate. From then on he was uncertain and always on the defensive. His club mates played behind him without heart and Grimes couldn't do the job all alone.

Team Acknowledged Defeat.

The Dodgers proved a hopeless ball team when the situation called for aggressiveness and resource. Two days ago they acknowledged defeat among themselves. This afternoon before the game some of the Brooklyn players were saying that they were all ready to leave here tonight for their homes. They lacked the spirit to win and every moment in today's game showed their abject despondency.

Of the five hits the Robins got off Coveleskie, only one was a noteworthy bang. Zach Wheat plastered a terrific drive high against the screen on top of the right field fence in the fourth. He was the first Dodger up in the inning and it was an auspicious start. Zach foolishly gambled with the throwing arm of Elmer Smith and tried to gallop his way to second. Smith picked up the ball when it bounded from the fence and with a rifle-ball peg put down Wheat at second.

A faint chance came to Brooklyn in the seventh when two were down. Konetchy rapped one to Sewell, who failed to gather in the ball. It was recorded as a hit. A good shortstop would have snapped it up easily. Then Kilduff jammed another grounder at Sewell. This time he juggled it badly when he should have made an easy force-out at second base.

Lamar Fails in Pinch.

Uncle Robbie decided to take a chance and sent Bill Lamar up to hit in place of Miller. Here was the opportunity of Lamar's baseball career, but he fell down, and hit a harmless grounder to Wamby and was thrown out at first.

There was only one inning in which the Dodgers were able to group two hits on Covey. This was the second. After Miller fanned, Grimes dropped a Texas leaguer in short centre. Speaker, Jamieson and Sewell all went after it, but it dropped between them. Olson was safe on a bad fumble by Sewell.

It was Sheehan's turn to bat and the baseball sharps figured that Robbie should send in a pinch hitter. But Robbie's hands were tied, for he didn't have another infielder to send to third base. So Sheehan batted. He rolled a grounder between first and second and the ball bounded and hit Olson on the leg as he was running to second. Olson was out and Sheehan was credited with a hit. Tom Griffith might have been expected to do something under the conditions, but he hit a fly to Smith in right field. The efforts of the Brooklyn batsmen in the pinches were exasperating.

The contrast between the Cleveland and the Brooklyn players as they took the field was striking. The Indians after being showered with gifts and applause before the game went into the final fray keyed up to a high pitch.

Shower Players with Gifts.

Cleveland has more local pride over its ball club than any city which has won

the world's series in many years. Not only have medals been struck off over night for Manager Tris Speaker and Sunny Jim Dunn, but presents of all sorts have been showered upon the local heroes. Before today's game Elmer Smith was presented with a new automobile for his home run with the bases full. Speaker and Dunn received loving cups from the Chamber of Commerce. The fans of Niles, Ohio, where George Burns comes from, gave him a gold watch. Coveleskie also got a new gold watch. The world's series here has been a great event for the local jewelry shops. They have been working overtime for the last few days.

Little wonder that the Indians were up and doing when they went into the game. They couldn't hit Grimes at the start, and it looked like another one of those tight pitching battles. Wamby made the first hit when he got an infield safety in the third inning, Grimes falling in a commendable effort to retire him at first.

The Indians broke through Grimes's pitching in the fourth. With one gone Gardner got a single between first and second. Kilduff knocked it down, but couldn't recover in time. Johnston singled to right and Gardner raced to third. Sewell flied to Wheat, both runners holding to their bases. On a signal for a double steal, Johnston tore to second base. Miller made a quick return of the ball to Grimes. Johnston, going to second, stood stock-still several feet from the bag, and forced Grimes to make a quick throw. The Dodger pitcher was plainly disconcerted by Johnston's pause before reaching the base. Burrel made a quick throw to second, but the ball trickled through Kilduff and Olson and rolled out into centre field. Gardner scored. Johnston did a wise bit of baseball when he forced Grimes to throw the ball.

One More for Indians.

Covey was a victim of a strikeout at the start of the fifth and Jamieson beat out an infield hit and stole second. Wheat gathered in Wamby's high fly and the crowd sent up a howl of delight when Speaker came to the bat. Tris poked a terrific belt to right centre field into the corner of the lot, where the new bleachers connect with the right field fence. The wallop sent Jamieson home and Speaker went along to third to the roaring chorus of jubilant Cleveland.

The crowd again yelled itself hoarse for Steve O'Neill in the seventh when he crashed a double against the fence in front of the left field bleachers. Covey rolled the ball to Grimes and while O'Neil was being run down between second and third in a badly confused foot race, Covey went to second. Jamieson came through with a one-base smash to right and Covey crossed the plate.

When Coveleskie was going at top speed and pitching his best Buster Mails went out to left field and started to warm up. Manager Speaker never dreamed for a moment that he would be forced to call on his left hander but he wanted to rub it in and show the Robins what they might expect if they got gay with Covey.

Mails Grins at Robins.

Duster was overjoyed to go out and warm up, and he grinned his broadest grin as he passed the bench of Brooklyn players. Wasn't pretty Miss Grace Rippe, who soon will become Mrs. Duster Mails, sitting in the stand and didn't Duster want her to see that he was ready to go in and be a hero again as he was yesterday? All that Duster was doing was warming up for the opening game next season.

After Brooklyn was folded up and placed away in camphor for another season, after the last out of the game, the fans rushed for Coveleskie. He modestly avoided his admirers and hurried under the dugout to the clubhouse.

Manager Tris Speaker was caught in the human whirlpool as he rushed off the field and his back is bruised from the slaps he received. His right hand is tired and limp from the handshakes.

Tris Speaker has become a famous person. A baby boy was born today to Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Lisse. His name is Tristram Speaker Lisse.