

# YANKS CHASE GREGG AND DEFEAT NAPS

## Flood of Runs in the Opening Inning Gives New York 7 to 3 Victory.

One tumultuous, effervescent first inning at the Polo Grounds yesterday and the Yankees had coaxed over so many runs that the Cleveland Naps gave it up as a bad job and sent in a lot of rookies to finish the game. The score was 7 to 3, said Yanks being on the merry end of the numbers.

In that opening inning, Yankee runs were riveted to the home plate in twos and threes.—Runs oozed from the pastime like water from a sponge. The mighty Vean Gregg was chased to the clubhouse in disgrace. He not only lacked a deceiving curve but was also as wild as a Madagascar savage. Hits rattled around his head like hail on a tin roof and before the first inning was over Boy Manager Joe Birmingham had sent in a call for the ambulance and Gregg was turned over to more tender hands.

The Yankee victory and the St. Looey defeat sent Chance's team still further from the bottom of the league and the Cheerless Leader says that nothing less than a Kansas cyclone can prevent the Yanks from finishing in seventh place.

Yesterday was a beautiful day to sit around and play pinochle. As an occasion for a baseball game, it was a lovely afternoon to spend at the movies. At the Polo Grounds it was dark and dreary, just like the afternoon before the Big Wind. As there are no lights in the grand stand, one kept one's hand close to one's watch pocket.

Along the seventh chapter, the rain became careless and began to spill. Considerable water spilled, but the downpour of the moisture wasn't as great as the flood of Yank runs in the first inning.

Birdie Cree was given a signal honor. He was allowed to play in the game. Birdie is the only member of the old guard left. Since Scout Arthur Irwin transplanted a whole team from Texas to wear Yankee uniforms, comparative strangers have been fighting for the name and the honor of the Yankees. The players who used to make up the team have blown away with the snows of yesteryear.

The rejuvenated Slim Caldwell pitched again as if he meant it. Ever since Slim was threatened with exile back to the wheat league he has been pitching along the same ideas as Walter Johnson. That is, he never loses unless he can't help it. Everybody loses once in a while, except the citizen who runs the roulette wheel.

Yesterday's population was about 7,000, not counting the boys who stand in your line of vision to sell peanuts. That's a small crowd for Saturday, but, as it was conceded some time ago that the Yanks had no chance for the American League pennant, naturally there has been a depression of interest in what they do. Cleveland wanted to win this game because they still have a hope that they might beat out the Athletics. They can't be prevented from hoping. Doc Cook hoped to find the North Pole once.

The last straw hat of the season died an unnatural death at yesterday's game. The hat was seared and yellow and belonged to Harry Stevens. It was the kind of a straw hat none would wear only on a bet. Stevens lost the hat and lost the bet. Some time ago he made a wager with John Barrymore that he would wear the straw hat until the Giants clinched the pennant. The hat has made his life miserable for the last few days, but as Stevens rarely loses anything, he did not want to lose the wager. The hat was in awful shape yesterday. A breeze would have blown it apart. The peanut kind wouldn't rust it in the wind and drizzling rain, so he laid it aside for a new derby and lost the wager. Stevens doesn't remember when he lost a wager before.

Two incidents in this here ball game stand out as clearly as a lighthouse on a dark night. In the seventh inning Cleveland crowded the bases, with no one out. Brady walked, Johnston got a single, and Bates was stung in the arm with a stray heave of Caldwell.

It looked bad for Caldwell, but he tightened his belt, snapped his teeth together, and began to pitch. And, say, Ezra, he did pitch. He fanned Graney and Oom Paul Kruger in quick succession and made Blanding hoist a toy balloon into Rollie Zeider's hands. The crowd cheered Caldwell after this feat. Ball players like applause, because that's all they get besides their month's salary.

The other fourteen-karat offering was made by Shoeless Joe Jackson. In the third inning Roger Peckinpaugh smashed a perfectly plausible hit to right field. Jackson raced in for the ball, scooped it up on the bound, and threw Peckinpaugh out at first base. And Peck is no slouch of a runner, either. The only other player one can think of offhand who is displaying a throwing arm like that is Jack Murray of the Giants, who threw a couple of Pirates out at first from right field in Pittsburgh not long ago.

Cleveland exhibited the right kind of ambition in the first inning. After Lelbold fanned, Ray Chapman stung a hit to right field, which whizzed down the fair green like one of Frank Ouimet's drives. Up came Joe Jackson and peppered out a sacrifice fly and scored Chapman.

Now, then, comes the Yanks' first inning. Vean Gregg is pitching for the Naps. Malsel walked. Holden hit a grounder which was relayed to Larry Lajole, but Larry muffed the throw. Everybody safe. Cree beat out a roller to third, and Malsel scored. Williams jammed a single to left, scoring Holden. Zeider got a pass and filled the bases.

Gilhooley then skied to O'Neill and Peckinpaugh fanned. Gossett walked and Cree walked home because he couldn't help it.

Caldwell aided his own cause with a single to right, scoring Williams. Here's Fritz Malsel up for the second time in the same inning. He jarred a wholesome bang to centre field for two bases and swept Zeider, Gossett, and Caldwell home with tallies. That's the right kind of a hit in the right place. Holden walked. Then Gregg was called from the fray, and Blanding began to limber up his arm. Holden and Malsel tried to work a double steal, but Malsel was nabbed for the third out at the plate.

Blanding didn't allow the Yanks another run, and it wasn't until the eighth that Caldwell loosened up enough to let another Nap count ooze through. In the eighth, with one out, Dunlap singled and went to third on Jackson's only poke of the day. Brady singled to left, scoring Dunlap.

Graney decorated the ninth inning with a home run clout into the right field grandstand. Outside of those few things, the Naps didn't do much. The score:

NEW YORK						CLEVELAND					
	A	B	R	H	P		A	B	R	H	P
M'sel, 3b.	2	1	1	2	1	L'bold, cf.	5	0	0	1	0
H'den, cf.	3	1	0	5	0	Ch'm'n, ss.	2	1	1	2	1
Cree, lf.	4	1	2	3	0	D'lop, ss.	2	1	2	3	2
W'ms, 1b.	4	1	1	7	0	J'k's'n, rf.	3	0	1	2	1
Z'ger, 2b.	3	1	0	2	3	Lajole, 2b.	2	0	0	0	3
Gil'h'y, rf.	4	0	1	1	0	Brady, 2b.	1	0	1	2	2
P'p'gh, ss.	3	0	1	3	4	J'ston, 1b.	4	0	1	7	0
G'sett, c.	3	1	1	4	0	Bates, 3b.	2	0	0	0	0
C'well, p.	4	1	2	0	0	Graney, lf.	4	1	1	1	1
						O'Neill, c.	2	0	0	5	3
						Kruger, c.	2	0	0	1	0
						Gregg, p.	0	0	0	0	0
						Bl'd'g, p.	4	0	0	0	1
Total.	80	7	9	27	8						

Total. 33 3 7 24 15

New York ..... 7 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 x-7  
Cleveland ..... 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1-3

Errors—Lajole, Johnston, O'Neill.  
Two-base hit—Malsel. Three-base hit—Chapman. Home run—Graney. Sacrifice hit—Malsel. Sacrifice fly—Jackson. Stolen bases—Malsel, Gilhooley, Peckinpaugh. First base on errors—New York, 2. Left on bases—New York, 5; Cleveland, 7. Double plays—Graney and Dunlap. Struck out—By Gregg, 1; by Blanding, 2; by Caldwell, 4. Bases on balls—Off Gregg, 3; off Blanding, 1; off Caldwell, 2. Hit by pitcher—By Caldwell, (Bates.) Hits—Off Gregg, 4, in 2-3 innings, (at bat, 7); off Blanding, 5, in 7 1-3 innings, (at bat, 23.) Umpires—Messrs. O'Loughlin and Connelly. Time of game—Two hours.