

# 25,000 SEE YANKEES PLAY RED SOX TO A TIE

## Opening Game on Hilltop Goes Fourteen Innings, When Umpire Calls It.

The largest and noisiest crowd that ever set aside all earthly cares to attend a ball game at American League Park, on Washington Heights, saw the New York team battle for fourteen exciting innings to a tie with the Boston Red Sox at the opening game of the pennant season yesterday. From the middle of the afternoon until dusk gathered over the hilltop the players stepped to the plate one after another and endeavored to produce the wallop which would bring victory.

A crowd that numbered somewhere near 25,000 and which jammed every inch of space in the inclosure rooted to their hearts' delight, and when the fourteenth inning was finished the score was 4 to 4. It was so dark that a ball sent into the air could hardly be seen. Then Mr. Connolly, he's the umpire, turned to the crowd and called the game on account of darkness. Mr. and Mrs. Fan and all the little Fans and Fannies were there and said it was the greatest opening ever.

Although the Yankees didn't win, they did the next best thing, and the noise which rises from a full-grown boiler works during rush hour was a faint murmur compared with the explosion of pent-up enthusiasm which went up when Wolter sprinted home in the eighth inning with the run which tied the score. Up to that time the Bostons were skipping along gingerly and looked as if they were going to cast some gloom over the Yankees' greatest opening party. It was a great nip and tuck game, and everybody was in at the finish. Stallings's team started nervously and ended with a whoop.

### Fans Came Early to Park.

A big crowd clamored outside the portals at 1 o'clock, when they took off the lock for the season. There was a yell of joy and a rush from the throng, and at exactly 1:01 o'clock the first bag of peanuts of the baseball season was bought inside the gates. A scene of gay color flashed upon the early arrivals. The grandstand was decked in flags and bunting. There were flags of every nation and for every nation that used to be and for nations that never were. Hundreds of little flags were strung from one end of the right-field bleachers across the top of the stand to the end of the left-field bleachers. These pennants of glaring colors fluttered in the breeze, and everywhere was red, white, and blue bunting. While the crowd was gathering in this setting of color the band played popular tunes. The sun, shining brightly out of a turquoise sky, smiled on the closely cropped diamond, which had been smoothed until it is like a carpet of emerald green. It was the finest opening day baseball has been favored with in many years.

Before 3 o'clock the stands and bleachers were filled and the crowd began to overflow into the outfield. Temporary seats were placed against the fence, and soon all the fence signs were hidden behind the crowd, and one couldn't tell whether they told about a new kind of whisky or an automobile. The grand stand was a sea of derby hats. Gay Spring finery was seen on every hand. Chantecler hats and hats which looked like small flower gardens decorated the heads of the fairer fans.

### Chase Brings Out His Charges.

Look over at the right field fence. A door opens and out trot the Yankees, headed by Capt. Hal Chase. The team is resplendent in new uniforms of Colonial cream. A cart load of bats and a satchel full of baseballs appear and practice begins. The band began to play "The Star Spangled Banner," and everybody stood up and cheered. Then "Big Bill" Devery, the ex-police chief, sauntered in, and the camera brigade left the ball players and rushed around "Big Bill" until he had his picture taken a dozen different times. Capt. Chase shook hands with Capt. Harry Lord of Boston and smiled.

The crowd was getting impatient when Umpire Connolly appeared. Mr. Devery stood up with a brand new baseball in his hand and tossed it to the umpire. Devery's right whip was in fine condition. Umpire Connolly shouted out the batteries, and the assemblage held its breath. "Play ball!" rang out, and McConnell stepped to the plate. Big Jim Vaughn whipped his south side arm around his cap, and the ball shot into Sweeney's mit like the smash of a baseball. "Strike one," yelled Connolly, and McConnell didn't even see it. The game was on, and the folks sat up in their seats and munched their peanuts. McConnell spanked the ball to Jimmy Austin, who picked it up and shot it to first base. James aimed badly and the throw was over Chase's roof. He rose in the air for the ball, stopped it from getting away, but McConnell was safe.

Lord, the Boston Captain, hit an easy roller to Vaughn, and he threw to Foster, forcing McConnell at second. Tris Speaker, with his dangerous bat, was up next. He crashed the ball into deep right field, Wolter stopping it from rolling into the crowd. Lord hit the trail and completed the circuit for the Red Sox's first run. Cicotte, the French-Canadian from Detroit, was on the rubber for Boston, and he whipped a strike over on Hemphill for a starter. Hemphill got first on a scratch hit, and Wolter sacrificed. The crowd began to cheer madly when Chase stepped to the bat. He sacrificed, and when Engle hit an easy grounder to Lord, Hemphill was caught off second by the Boston third baseman after a lively chase.

### Umpire Receives Some Attention.

The first howl from the populace against the umpire was recorded in the second inning, when Vaughn put one over the plate which looked good. Connolly called it a ball, and the crowd groaned. Hooper cracked out the next ball for a safety, and there was groaning. Carrigan, the next batter, shot a fly into the right-field bleachers, and twenty anxious fans struggled for it. This was the first lost ball of the season. That ball will do good work in the back lots in Harlem for some time.

Boston got busy in the third. Cicotte was patient and Vaughn gave him a gift. McConnell sacrificed him to second, and he scored when Lord gave the ball a terrific drive into centre field for three bases. Speaker sent a grounder to Foster, who heaved it home to head off Lord, but the ball went over Sweeney's head. Lord registering the third run. A wee bit of satisfaction was found by the crowd in the fact that in the next inning the Yankees got into the scoring business. Sweeney, the first man up, doubled to centre. Vaughn perished at first, and Hemphill sent Sweeney home with a single to centre. The hopes of the crowd took a slight drop in the fifth, when Boston got its fourth run. Carrigan flied out to Foster and Cicotte singled. The Red Sox pitcher went to second on Lord's single, and scored on Sweeney's passed ball.

With the score 4 to 1, the crowd affectionately implored the Yankees to go in and pound Cicotte all over the lot. Try the Yankees did, and in the sixth added another run. Chase sent the ball screaming into left field, and if the crowd had not been in the way it would have bowled against the stockade, but on account of the ground rule he got but two bases. Engle spilled a single back of second which scored Chase.

### Yankees Tie the Score.

The eighth inning was a period long to be remembered. In some places when a player goes into a game and ties up the score they give him the keys of the city. Perhaps they would have done this yesterday but for the fact that the said keys have already been given away. Just hark to what happened in the eighth. Charley Hemphill laid his bat against the ball and whanged it into right field with such a savage jolt that only the crowd prevented it from knocking over the fence. He got two bases. Wolter singled, sending Hemphill to third. A passed ball at this stage of the entertainment gave Mr. Hemphill the opportunity of romping home, and also landed Wolter, alive and kicking, on third base. The crowd was on its toes. A run would tie the score, and see who's at the bat—Hal Chase. Kind words were spoken to Mr. Chase, and 25,000 persons asked him if he wouldn't please do something for his country. The requests varied from invocations for a single to a wild desire to slam it over the fence.

Capt. Lord then got scare. He der-

ricked Cicotte from the game, and sent Woods to the firing line. Chase took a good look at the ball, and swung at it just like a man would who expects to lose it forever. Crash! The ball flew high into the air, and took a northerly course toward centre field. You would have bet your last car ticket that it would go far over Tris Speaker's head. But Mr. Speaker is a quick thinker, and covers ground like a rabbit. He took one look and raced back toward the crowd, grabbing the ball out of the azure just as it was sneaking away. But who cared? It was so far away that Wolter had twenty minutes to spare in bringing across the pan the run which tied the count, and saved the Yankees from defeat on that day of all days.

Men of dignity cast indifference to the winds, and threw their hats high into the air. They felt just the way any one would feel if they heard that a rich uncle had left them a bucket of money.

### Pitcher Vaughn Settles Down.

After the fifth inning Vaughn pitched scoreless ball. Not a run did Boston get off him after he settled down. A scattered hit here and there gave Boston hope, but it never materialized. Little Foster at short stop played his way to popularity by prancing around short like a shadow, grabbing up everything and heaving the ball over to Chase on a line every time but one. The Yankee Captain played a great game and had twenty-one chances, without a mishap. From the eighth to the fourteenth inning neither team came near scoring. There were chances on both sides, but the little safe jolt which could have won the game never came. Vaughn and Wood held the key to the situation and held it safe. The score:

BOSTON.						NEW YORK.					
AB	R	H	P	O	A	AB	R	H	P	O	A
McC'neil, 2b.	5	0	1	2	2	H phill, cf.	6	1	3	0	0
Lord, 3b.	6	2	3	4	3	Wolter, rf.	4	1	1	3	1
Speaker, cf.	6	0	2	4	0	Chase, 1b.	5	1	2	2	1
Sahl, 1b.	6	0	0	17	1	Engle, lf.	6	0	1	0	0
Wagner, ss.	6	0	2	3	5	G'dner, 2b.	6	0	1	5	3
Niles, rf.	5	0	0	2	0	Foster, ss.	6	0	1	3	6
Hooper, lf.	6	0	1	1	0	Austin, 3b.	5	0	1	2	3
Carrigan, c.	5	0	1	8	1	Sweeney, c.	5	1	1	8	4
Cicotte, p.	2	2	1	0	7	Vaughn, p.	5	0	0	0	7
Wood, p.	2	0	0	1	0						
Total	49	4	11	42	19	Total	48	4	11	42	27

Game called end fourteenth on account of darkness.

Errors—Foster, 2; Austin.

Boston.....1 0 2 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4

New York.....0 0 1 0 0 1 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 4

Two-base hits—Speaker, Sweeney, Hemphill, Chase. Three-base hit—Lord. Sacrifice hits—Wolter, McConnell, Austin. Sacrifice fly—Chase. Stolen base—Hooper. Left on bases—Boston, 6; New York, 5. First base on errors—Boston, 2. Double play—Foster, Gardner, and Chase. Struck out—By Vaughn, 7; by Cicotte, 1; by Wood, 6. Bases on balls—Off Vaughn, 2; off Cicotte, 1. Wild pitch—Wood. Passed ball—Sweeney. Hits—Off Cicotte, 9 in 7 innings; off Wood, 2 in 7 innings. Time of game—Two hours and forty-five minutes. Umpires—Messrs. Connolly and Dineen.