Doyle's Homer Wins Twenty-one Inning Game for Giants

Drive Comes as Dramatic Climax to Battle with the Pirates.

MARQUARD, AT BEST, GOES FULL ROUTE

Thrills Upon Thrills Packed Into Every Frame—Adams Not Without Honor.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Pittsburgh, July 17. — Lawrence Doyle, the old reliable "Laughing Larry," wrote his name in bold characters across the pages of the book of baseball immortals here this afternoon. It was his hit, a drive over the head of Joseph H. Kelley, for a home run in the twenty-first inning of the game between the New York Giants and Pittsburgh Pirates, which brought victory to the former by a score of 3 to 1.

At various times in his career with the New York Giants, which dates back some seven years, Larry has won other games with his club. These drives and the circumstances under which they were made have faded from the minds of even the most loyal rooters.

But this drive will live. It came as a fitting climax to the longest game ever played in the National League—the greatest ever seen in this city of smoke and sulphur fumes. The crowd, one of the smallest of the season, numbering perhaps 2,000, sat spellbound through 3 hours and 42 minutes as the players, dripping with sweat and covered with the dust and grime of battle, strove with Spartan courage for a victory.

Pittsburgh Fans Cheer Larry.

Finally, when Larry's hit boomed out like the sunset gun, and to the hopes of the Pirates the crack of doom, the fans rose to their feet with a mighty cheer. Nor did the ovation end until the smiling New York captain, happy as a child with a new toy, disappeared into the clubhouse.

Bob Bescher, who was a power for the New York team throughout, singled in the twenty-first inning, after two men had been retired. Larry Doyle came up, and some leather lunged individual in the stands yelled out in stentorian tones, "Two out!" It might have been that Larry's temper was ruffled, or it might have been that Adams had finally cracked under the terrific strain. This it what happened. The first ball flashed down the groove like a bolt of lightning and Doyle let it pass. The umpire ruled it a strike. The next one was wide and was declared a ball, but the ..rd was over, and Larry was in the hole, two and one. Adams put the fourth service down with a world of speed on it.

Doyle struck at it with every ounce of power in his broad shoulders behind the swing. He caught the ball flush on the trade mark and like a meteor it flashed toward the centre field fence.

Racing against fate, as it were, Kelley and Mensor raced after the ball. Vainly they marked its flight. No human legs could hope to cope with the bullet-like speed of that ball as it whistled for the fence. And while the ball and the fielders were racing outward, Doyle, running on the feet of Mercury, tore around the bases, bearing with him victory in the greatest game ever played in this city.

Bescher only romped around, but he waited at the plate to shake hands with his captain, and together they walked to the bench to receive the congratulations of their victory-crazed teammates.

Marquard Comes In for Glory.

But if the New York fans are prepared to surrender the keys of the city to the hard hitting infielder, Rube Marquard, the angular southpaw, is not to be forgotten. Returning to the game after an illness of a week or more, Marquard pitched in all his oldtime form. He was frequently in trouble, several times in hot water, but he had his head and heart with him at every turn.

Toward the end of the game, when his speed left him and his curves no longer darted and broke about, his headwork and courage stood him in good stead. He put the ball over the plate, allowing fifteen hits, walking two men and striking out only two.

Marquard displayed all the confidence in the world in the men behind him, and not without cause. Burns and Fletcher were brilliant in their play. The former gathered in no fewer than eleven flies in left field, while Fletcher got thirteen out of fourteen chances at shortstop. Bescher, Doyle, Merkle and in fact all the team stood in, playing the game right up to the last ounce.

The Pirates got after Marquard in the sixth inning and threatened to break him down. With one out Wagner singled, and when Viox hit to centre Honus started for third. Bescher shot the ball to Stock, but it bounded into the infield. Wagner scored, and the crowd cheered.

Byron Sends Wagner Back.

The demonstration was a bit premature. Lord Byron, the umpire, declared that Wagner had tucked the ball under his arm as he arrived at third and knocked it away from him as he started for home. Thereupon he declared the German out for interference and sent Viox back to second. Fred. Clarke protested so vigorously that he was put out of the game.

The Giants, however, did not corner the glory of the afternoon. "Babe" Adams pitched brilliantly, and on points had somewhat the better of his rival on the mound. He allowed only a dozen hits, passed no one and fanned six. He reckoned without Larry Doyle.

The work of Joe Kelly and Mike Mowrey was brilliant. The latter had eleven chances, handled faultlessly. Wagner made a couple of errors, but he more than evened the score with some wonderful work. It mattered little to him where the old ball went, he generally managed to lumber over in time to cut down the best planned smashes of the visitors.

Pirates Score in the First.

The Pirates got out on the run trail in the good old-fashioned way right in the first inning. Marquard lost his sense of direction for the time being and grazed Mensor with a fast ball. The keen eyed umpire allowed the batter to take his base. The Rube recovered himself by the time Mike Mowrey came up, and the former Cardinal was satisfied with a sacrifice bunt, which placed Mensor on second. Hans Wagner then came to the bat.

The crowd hailed the veteran, calling for a home run. The old German didn't make a home run, but did the next best thing. He belted the ball far beyond the realms of Bescher for a three-bagger. Wagner, however, died at the plate when Viox hit to Stock.

In the third frame the Giants penetrated the defences of the Pirates and tied up the score. Bescher opened fire with a single to centre. He immediately broke out for second, and when Larry Doyle sent the ball into right centre field for a clean hit, fleet footed Bob reached third base.

George Burns swung hard on the ball, but Joe Kelly was under it when it dropped in time to make a neat catch. It was a matter of supreme ease for Bescher to cakewalk home. A moment later Dave Robertson smashed into a double play.

Innings Packed Full of Thrills.

And that was an end of the scoring until the hair raising finish, when Larry Doyle wrote his name in bold characters across the pages of baseball history. But if there was a paucity of runs, there was a plenitude of thrills. Time and again the pitchers were called upon to repel attacks on the home plate, and they issued from their perils with colors flying. There was only a small crowd on hand—one of the smallest of the season—but every man jack sat fast to his seat until the last man had been retired.

When George Burns tripled in the first inning with two out, and was left high and dry, a few of the crowd rose to applaud. Little did they realize that baseball of just that type was to be seen in profusion throughout the rest of the afternoon. It was not long, however, before it dawned upon them that this was not the ordinary, common variety of garden baseball game, and enthusiasm rose as time flitted.

Both teams got men on the bases frequently, the Pirates finding the way more often. Such was the mettle of the pitchers' steel, however, that the path to the plate after the third inning was as impassable as an Amazon jungle or the way to the source of the River of Doubt.

Adams Snuffs Rallies of Giants.

The Giants got two men on bases in the second frame, thanks to errors by Wagner and Jimmy Viox, on taps by Merkle and Meyers, respectively. There was only one man down at the time, but neither Milton Stock nor Rube Marquard could produce a hit.

In the fifth Marquard singled, and finally worked his way around to third base, but Dave Robertson fell a victim to the wiles of Babe Adams and struck out. Each strike was a beauty, with a follow through that would do credit to Chick Evans.

In the ninth inning, too, the Giants had a chance. Fletcher singled and stole second, but Meyers fouled weakly to George Gibson, and Stock's roller found a resting place in the greedy maw of the old reliable Wagner.

And so it continued right to the end. Time and again the contending teams made demonstrations, but in each instance the pitchers rose in their wrath and snuffed the trouble right out. Here and there an error worked its way in, but even these marplots could not bring about the downfall of either.

There is an end to all things human, however, and some one had to weaken. Fortunately, from a New York standpoint at least, it was Adams who first faltered in his stride, and at the first outward and visible sign of distress Bescher and Doyle leaped into fame and glory.

The score follows:

NEW YORK N. L.

	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Becher, cf	9	2	3	7	1	0
Doyle, 2b	5	1	2	8	6	0
Burns, lf	8	0	2	11	0	0
Merkle, rf	6	0	0	0	0	0
Fletcher, ss	8	0	2	3	11	1
Merkle, 1b	8	0	0	25	0	0
Meyers, c	6	0	2	3	1	0
*Murray	0	0	0	0	0	0
McLean, c	2	0	0	1	0	0
Stock, 3b	5	0	2	1	4	0
†Snodgrass	1	0	0	0	0	0
Grant, 3b	1	0	0	0	2	0
M'g'rd, p	8	0	1	0	5	0
Totals	73	3	12	63	31	2

PITTSBURGH N. L.

	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Mensor, lf	7	1	1	8	0	0
Mowrey, 2b	7	0	1	2	5	0
Wagner, ss	9	0	3	2	4	2
Viox, 3b	7	0	2	2	7	1
Kelley, 1b	8	0	2	22	0	0
Mitchell, rf	8	0	1	2	0	0
Kelly, cf	9	0	2	10	0	0
Gibson, c	4	0	1	9	0	0
†Carey	0	0	0	0	0	0
Coleman, c	4	0	1	1	2	0
Adams, p	7	0	1	0	2	0
Totals	71	1	15	63	27	3

*Ran for Meyers in fifth inning. †Batted for Stock in eighteenth inning. ‡Ran for Gibson in tenth inning.

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