

B-o-s-t-o-n Spells Disaster for Giants in Their Start Toward a Third Pennant

GIANTS TAKE A SOUND BEATING

Boston Shut Them Out, 8 to 0, in First Championship Battle.

PERDUE IS INVINCIBLE

Hub Men Outplay the Champions Both in Fielding and Bating.

NOT BOTHERED BY COLD

Big Crowd Shivers and Waits in Vain for New Yorkers

The sun and blue above the violet. New York fans waited in vain for the first championship game of the season. The Giants were expected to start their season with a bang, but the Boston Red Sox, led by the invincible Hub Perdue, shut them out 8 to 0 in the first game of the season. The Giants were expected to start their season with a bang, but the Boston Red Sox, led by the invincible Hub Perdue, shut them out 8 to 0 in the first game of the season.

The Boston players after the manner of the New York Yankees, on the contrary, was far removed from that quality. The Giants were infinitely below that pattern. They could not hit, and their fielding was equally poor. They made two errors in the field, and their pitching was not better than that of the Boston players.

However, the Giants with all their faults on the field, were not without their merits. They were a well-balanced team, and they played with a spirit and determination that was commendable. They were a well-balanced team, and they played with a spirit and determination that was commendable.

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SEEMING LIKE LONG LOST BROTHERS, THE GIANTS ARE WITH US AGAIN FOR A SPELL



The Giants in their new white uniforms, photographed just before marching into battle. Manager McGraw is directly in front of the big floral horsehoe, which was presented by admiring fans.

Stallings Breaks the News to Gaffney

As soon as the last Giant had been retired, George Stallings hurried to a telephone booth in the grand stand and called up a private hospital where James E. Gaffney, owner of the Boston Nationals, is recovering from a serious illness. "This is Stallings," cried the manager of the Beaneaters. "Tell Mr. Gaffney we played big league ball and buried the Giants, eight to nothing. Perdue pitched a sweet game and we backed him up in the style. Teasreau had no terrors for us." Stallings was supremely happy. When the Boston players reached their hotel each received a box of perfectos.

ground well and made a superb play on Sweeney which took a base hit away from that operative. Stallings presented a tall and gaunt first baseman who played wild throws out of the air and feared himself with a reach which knew no limit and raked in throws high and low. The Giants were expected to start their season with a bang, but the Boston Red Sox, led by the invincible Hub Perdue, shut them out 8 to 0 in the first game of the season.

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McKechnie safe at third in the seventh inning. He rapped sharply to Merkle. The latter's toss went by Crandall, who ran over to cover the bag and, while Meyers scurried after the ball, McKechnie kept on past second. Meyers shot the sphere to Herzog, who slapped the ball on McKechnie but a moment later, the umpire crying "safe."

fact that more than 20,000 fans passed through the gates of the Polo Grounds, although the weather was cold and raw, would seem to indicate that the baseball craze is on the increase. The New York club opened the gates more than three hours before the final bill Klem called "play" yet a thousand early birds were waiting for the usual rush for the best seats in grand stand and bleachers. Practically all of these fans paid for tickets in advance, and the crowd was a most commendable one.

CROWD ARRIVES EARLY DESPITE CHILLY BLAST

Many Notables in Throng That Grets Opening of National League Season on Polo Grounds

which then numbered 10,000 persons, stood up and roared. Matty laughed and brushed. He bowed first to the left and then to the right, but the noise didn't cease until he sat down on the bench. He still appreciated his wonderful record in the box. Chief Meyers, Jack Murray and Charley Herzog also received a rousing welcome as they came into view. Chief Crandall, Shaffer and Big Jeff Teasreau, Otis Crandall and Red Ames, and in fact all the team's veterans. The fans, unimpressed of the field atmosphere, were more enthusiastic every moment and everything that happened on the green battlefield.

But where was John McGraw? The Little Napoleon who made champions of the Giants was back in the dressing room, talking to friends and the players until after 2 o'clock. He came onto the field alone. The bandmaster spotted him at once and the musicians played a quick step and marched in time to the music all the way to the bench. The cheering of the crowd took his breath away. He was thrown up and all through the starting progress cries of welcome. McGraw fairly beamed at the fans and bared his head. Then three men staggered across the field bearing a floral horsehoe for the Giants' manager. This was a surprise, too, and again McGraw took off his cap. It was a reception seldom accorded to a manager, and McGraw was somewhat diffident. The Rubes waited until all the Giants were in sight before he came out. He wore a red sweater twisted around his waist and a pair of blue trousers. He ran after a few stray balls in the outfield. Then he got as far as first base, where he caught a few throws.

Not a sound from the fans so far! Perdue, they didn't recognize the crack left-hander! It was not until the Rubes reached Crandall, who was warming up, that a few dozen fans began to clap their hands. But they didn't cheer or prefer to let him report in silence. The Rubes' mid-winter comments about McGraw and the Giants possibly being a few years behind in their progress in the march to the bench. First he ran after a few stray balls in the outfield. Then he got as far as first base, where he caught a few throws.

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Hub Perdue, who begged Stallings to let him pitch, saying that if the Giants got more than five hits he would melt into eternal silence. The Giants got two hits off him.

Service Commissioner Edward E. McCall, W. M. K. O'Leary, Edward E. Tullock, N. Ashley Lloyd, George F. Johnson, Police Surgeon Marvin R. Palmer, George S. Davis, Alfred Reeves, George Dandy, D. H. Ball, S. N. Van Allen, George Considine, Andrew Miller, C. K. G. Billings, John A. Drake, James H. Brady, Leslie Docter, E. E. Smathers, Edward Barrow, president of the International League, James J. Lillis and Thomas A. Fogarty of the Jersey City club, P. T. Flowers, Thomas J. Lynch, president of the National League, John A. Heydler, secretary of the National League, John B. Day, former owner of the Giants, Louis Mann, John Whalen, Andrew Freedman, John J. Gleason and others.

Major Gaynor, escorted by John Whalen and several police officials, paraded across the field fifteen minutes before play started. Meanwhile Marquard Stallings had reached the Boston bench practically unseen. He hates the limelight. Stallings was as nervous as a cat until his men had the score 4 to 0. Then he became confident and encouraged the Beaneaters in characteristic style. He sent Perdue to the box after the latter had promised to hold the Giants to five hits. Perdue made good, too.

DIAMOND GLEANINGS. Milton Stock, third baseman, Bill Jacobson, outfielder, and Dave Robertson, first baseman, have been turned over to Mike Egan, of the Boston club, and will leave for the South today.

Manager Stallings of the Boston yesterday suspended Vinny Campbell, the outfielder, for not reporting.

I have a young infielder named Smith on my team, says Stallings, who pitched on the lots in Cleveland and he looks so good that I wouldn't take \$10,000 for him before he leaves Boston.

Mr. Hartigan of the Boston leads the National League in home runs.

The Giants have had very little hitting in their last five contests. They did little in the two Washington games, little against Philadelphia and still less against Boston.

"You're working slow" was the constant cry of the Boston infielders to Perdue. They didn't exaggerate.

"Hello, Jim Mutrie!" said a bystander. "Looks natural, doesn't it? The old days."

"It makes me think of the old days," replied Mutrie. "The way you managed the world's champion Giants in 1888 and 1889. I never miss an opening, you know, and I always root for the Giants!"

Other old timers who knew Gentle Jems, as he was called, more than twenty years ago, recalled the days when he headed the Giants and went around the league circuit shouting his famous battle cry, "We are the People!" That was when Mutrie made a fortune for his employer, John B. Day, and when he was known as a liberal spender. But Mutrie isn't rich nowadays. He's travelled a rocky road, yet he still loves the game and the club that made him famous.

President H. N. Hempstead of the New York club and Mrs. Hempstead saw the opening from one of the upper tier boxes, so did James E. Sullivan, Julian W. Curtis, Cornelius J. Sullivan, John M. Ward, George M. Cohan, Sam H. Harris, Paul Armstrong, Louis V. Bell, Edward Carroll, Alderman John J. White, Public

LONG HI MYER TURNS LAUGHS INTO CHEERS

Boston's Giraffe Baseman Has Field Day for Debut in Big League Ranks.

Many fans who looked on at the Polo Grounds yesterday never saw Long John Kelly or Long Dave Fouts play first base. But these stars of long ago were vividly reproduced by Hi Myer, who covered the initial bag for the Boston Nationals. Myer is called Hi because he isn't quite seven feet tall. He has pipstom legs that make him tower above the other Beaneaters and a reach that is the longest in the major leagues. The fact that Hi can move from home to first in several lightning strides probably accounts for the fact that he stole 116 bases in the Northwestern League last season and in that way attracted the attention of Messrs. Gaffney and Stallings.

When Hi began to practise before the game the crowd had fun at his expense. Every move provoked mirth. Every pose was a picture and soon the twenty camera men were firing broadsides in his direction. But as soon as the game started Myer quickly showed that he could play a brand of baseball not often seen on big league diamonds. He reached with the left hand and caught wildly thrown balls in a way that made the crowd gasp. His first one handed catch retired Murray in the second inning. Maranville, the midget, making the erratic home. Another capture with the left hand hook settled Chief Meyers in the third inning and saved Devlin from an error.

Herzog rapped a smart grounder to Maranville in the fifth period and again the little shortstop in his hurry chucked the ball wide of his intended mark. Otis Crandall, who had been in the lead, suddenly lengthened and the ball stuck in the glove. Hi also scooped a low throw from Maranville that put Devore out in the sixth round. These feilding stunts gradually won the respect of the fans who had ridiculed Hi during the practice and they soon cheered him loudly.

At the bat Myer struck out twice. The first time with a runner on the middle base and the second time with the sacks covered, but he straightened out a Crandall curve in the ninth round for a red hot base hit with three Beaneaters on the cushions, sending two of them home. Stallings enjoyed Hi's exhibition as much as anybody. He said that the Human Telegraph Pole wasn't at his best yet. He said the case what will Hi do when he's right?

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MCGRAW GENEROUSLY GIVES HUBS CREDIT

"We Couldn't Hit," Says Giants' Manager, "and Have No Excuse to Offer."

SIDELIGHTS ON STRUGGLE

What the Spectators Did and Said While Boston Took Opening Game.

McGraw apparently didn't mind the defeat. He generously gave credit to the Beaneaters for playing unexpectedly good ball. "We couldn't hit," he said, "and we didn't make a run we have no excuse to offer."

Jeff Teasreau didn't complain of cold weather or unfitness. He took his down-calls like a man and said that he would make up for it later. He erred when he pitched a juicy slow ball to Maranville in the fifth round, for the Boston catcher whaled it into the left field bleachers almost to the fence behind the fans.

Maranville is the smallest shortstop and Myer the tallest first baseman in captivity. The former can walk under the latter's outstretched arm. Maranville is 20 years old and was picked up in the New England League last summer. Spectacles who said the midget couldn't hit opened their eyes when he cracked out three hits.

Arthur Devlin, the former Giant, wasn't forgotten when he came to the plate for the first time. He didn't accomplish much with the bat, but he fielded his position splendidly. Devlin was headed for the minors last fall, but Stallings decided to give him another chance.

Mitchell, who caught for the New York Americans two years ago, warmed up the Boston boxmen.

Open surface cars on the Eighth avenue line were generally shunned by the fans, who knew that it would be cold inside the stadium.

Somebody staggered Harry Stevens by offering him \$4,000 for the green painted space on the centre field fence. Stevens had to give up letting the space to advertisers because the Giants wanted a plain background to improve their batting.

Herman Nickerson, secretary of the Boston club, was agreeably surprised by the big attendance. The Boston club's share of the gate was about \$6,000.

The huge pennant that fluttered in centre field bore the legend "Giants World Champions, 1904, 1905 and 1911." There'll be a new pennant for the 1912 championship later in the season.

A floral baseball presented to the Giants by the Priars was placed near McGraw's bench.

Umpire Klem's usually powerful voice didn't carry far when he announced the batter because of the tumult in the stands. He and Al Orth did their work well.

The betting before the game started was 2 to 1 in favor of the Giants. The wise men regarded Stallings' men as easy marks. There was a wild scramble to see the score stood 2 to 0 and it was seen that Hub Perdue was going like a house afire.

Snodgrass, Devlin, Murray, Herzog and Meyers were applauded when they came to bat for the first time. The other Giants were seemingly ignored for some unknown reason.

Herzog was there with a great play in the sixth inning when he scooped Sweeney's rifle shot and retired Maranville at the plate by a hair line decision.

When Josh Devore batted for Teasreau in the last half of the sixth inning he was urged to do something. The fans were rooting wildly for the Giants and Hub Perdue, however, put on extra speed and the Giants went out in one, two, three order.

Crandall was faintly cheered when he fanned Sweeney and Titus in the eighth inning. Doyle was unjustly scored when he failed to handle Devlin's wicked bouncer the next moment.

Going out to the Speedway a big fellow did some crowding and was grabbed by two firemen. A couple of military policemen joined in the fracas and the heavy-weight decided to act. He threw his arms about his four opponents and dragged them down in a heap. They let him go.

"It was too cold for baseball" was the general verdict.

Betraying New England!

The dramatic story of Mr. John F. Moors about the New England Railroad fight. Who is fighting the New Haven Road so bitterly? Is this bitterness justified? Mr. Moors answers these questions in his remarkable story which began in the March "New England" and is concluded in

The April New England Magazine

(with synopsis of Part I.) Two big editions of March have been sold out. So be sure to order your April copy early from your newsdealer.

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