GIANTS BEAT YANKEES BY 2--1 AND LEAD IN THE SERIES

Old San Antonio Glories In Feats of Young and Snyder, Its Native Sons

Alamo City Is the Little Brother of National League New York—Mays Gets a Tough Break, but Douglas Pitches Stellar Ball and Gets Far the Stronger Support.

By DANIEL.

THAT old fiesta spirit made picturesque San Antonio stir out of its October calm and hum with revelry last night—you can wager your last pair of brogans on that. It's the little baseball brother of New York in the National League—that half Mexican, half American metropolis which spreads itself about the serpentine course of the limpid San Antone. The training ground of the Giants, the home and birthplace of two of the Titans who sent the Giants to the fore in the world series yesterday—Frank Snyder and Ross Young—the Mission City stirs with every emotion which agitates the followers of the Giants in this city.

San Antonio is unqualifiedly, unreservedly for the National League champions, and each afternoon two special wires carry the tidings of victory and defeat, glory and disappointment—and the accomplishments of Snyder and Young—now companion prides of the city where once a mere handful fought an army. And yesterday the news which flashed down to San Antone was grand old news—news of a great triumph for the Giants, news of a single and a steal by Young, which figured large in the scoring of one run—news of a terrific double by Snyder, which drove in the conquering tally and sent the Yankees down to stay down for the day.

So old San Antonio, ever quick to celebrate the achievements of its own, celebrated last night—you may depend on that. We can see them gathered all afternoon in front of the score boards at *The Express* and *News* and *The Light*—we can see them as darkness fell from that high Texas sky, seething with excitement in tight little West Commerce street, in the broad, beautiful reaches of the Alamo Plaza—at the very portals of the Alamo itself. We can see them gathered in the patio of the old Menger, the lobbies of the cattlemen's Gunter and the St. Anthony—we can see Harry Benson, stanch friend of John McGraw and owner of the local Texas League club, which sent both Young and Snyder into fields of greater glory, making the most of the feats of the sons of Old San Antone.

Ross and Pancho Will Get Great Reception.

We can see the fans buzzing in the Buckhorn, once picturesque retreat of the cowboy, now a quiet headquarters for near beer—we can see them telling each other, "I told you so." For in San Antonio none is greater in baseball than the Youngs boy—his real name has a final "s"—and that big Pancho of the Snyder family, who is slow and soft of speech, but quick and terrific with his bat.

San Antone still hopes to hear of a hitting feat by Eddie Brown, another of its diamond graduates who graces the Giants' bench. But its cup of glory already is full. When the boys come marching home—particularly if they come marching with world championship emblems—they'll get a greeting which will make all other receptions to series heroes look like a Sunday afternoon in Philadelphia.

It was a tight game and a great game—that stirring, pulse quickening, dramatic battle, in which the Giants gained a most decided advantage yesterday. It was a heart breaking game for Carl Mays to lose. But it would have been just as heart breaking for Phil Douglas to emerge a beaten pitcher. It bristled with spectacular fielding, sparkled with luminous flinging, was replete with throbbing situations. It was a contest in which the onlookers ran the gamut of human emotions. It was baseball such as it had been the privilege of few men and women to see until this day. It was the fielding climax of the series.

Tense Battle Becomes Tenser Still.

The Yankees got their run in the second round on a slashing double by the roused Pipp, a remarkable sacrifice by Ward, which would have been converted into a hit but for a wondrous recovery and throw by Frisch—and a hit by McNally. Then, in the fourth, came a tie for the Giants on a hit by Young, his very important steal of second, and Irish Meusel's timely slam to centre. Then a palpitating scrap became a delirious one. It was fight, fight, fight—for every inch, for every iota of advantage.

A stonewall defence behind Mays cut down threat after threat. A determined, unwavering support behind Douglas parried one Yankee thrust after another. The very air, the lowering clouds seemed to be shooting sparks of electricity. The strain was terrific, the situation altogether too tense to last.

So they fought into the seventh—that lucky seventh for the Giants and the altogether luckless seventh for the American League's standard bearers. In their half the Yankees got two hits—put the famed Frank Baker on third and the dangerous Wallie Schang on second, with two out. But Mays could not drive past Rawlings, and while thousands went stark mad a snappy throw to Kelly retired the side. Yankee hearts skipped a beat or two and then pounded in disappointment, while the Huggins clan went into the field for an eventful session.

Ward Finally Breaks and Giants Dash Through.

That history making Giant half of the inning opened serenely enough for Mays and his support. The straining, overanxious Kelly was easy for Peckinpaugh. The equally overanxious, though phlegmatic looking Irish Meusel smiled at his mother and father in a nearby box, then threw a smile across the grassy reaches to his brother in right field. And then he struck out. The game was dashing along to the ninth, and still it was a tie. Which of the two pitchers would be first to break? Which line of defence would be first to snap under the strain?

In a few moments the question was answered. Rawlings cracked a sharp grounder at Ward. Those who were a little too previous let loose a shout of relief for what they expected to be the third out. All through the game it was Ward who had been foremost in defence of Mays. But now the ball did not bound altogether true. The impetus behind it was not without power. Rawlings had fouled off eight balls, and into that grounder went all the frenzy of his disappointment. Ward let the ball get away from him—and the Giants were saved. With Snyder, home run hero of the day before, coming to bat, the outlook was not an altogether rosy one for the Yankees. They seemed to sense impending disaster. With head bowed Ward went back to his position to steel himself for another test. But he was spared.

Snyder threw everything he had into a powerful swing and propelled the ball into deep left centre, while Rawlings scooted home with that great big run. Douglas fanned, but it no longer mattered. With Phil going the way he was the odd tally looked truly monumental. Its proportions were destined to be staggering.

Snyder Hit That Ball With Everything He Had.

"I have hit balls into the left field bleachers and I have hit long triples, but I do not think that I ever struck a ball with more force and more determination," said Snyder after the game. "I knew that I just had to go out and send Rawlings in. 'You step up and hit a home run,' McGraw said to me when I left the dugout. And I appreciated how much depended on my coming through. So I gave that ball a ride—and, golly, boy, how it rode!" Whereat Big Douglas shouted, "I'll say so, buddy!" and the pair howled with delight—howled until it seemed as if the roof of that old clubhouse would come down on their heads.

It was a greater Douglas than ever whom the Yankees faced in the eighth and ninth. Fewster opened the eighth with a bunt which was designed to throw the Giants' defence off, but Douglas made a great recovery and a snappy throw. He walked Miller in that round, but nobody else got on. He was shooting that fast one in with power and despatch, and the leaden clouds helped, for the batters had a hard time seeing the ball against that background of faces in the centre field bleachers. Came the ninth, and the last desperate effort of the Yankees. It still was very much of a game. Only a very few started for the exits. "Something may break," one man told another as Pipp grounded to Rawlings—as Burns went under Ward's frenzied effort to make up for his error.

The Baker Jinx Comes to Haunt McGraw.

Two out, and up strode the famous Baker. As the veteran lugged his bat to the plate the spectre of a jinx came to haunt McGraw in the dugout. His mind wandered back to other years when a younger Baker was making home run history in world series against the Giants—when a defeat-dealing Baker was slamming balls into the right field stand for the great Athletics. So McGraw signalled to Phil: "Pitch to this man as you never have pitched before. Be careful, but pitch to him." So Phil pitched. He spun the leather with craft and cunning, with great meticulousness and speed. Three offerings went as balls. Two went for strikes. Now Phil shot a fast one just where Baker wanted it, and out the ball went to centre field for a single.

Now Yankee hearts beat with new hope. Supporters of the Giants sat with their hearts in their mouths. For this man Schang was up now. DeVormer came in to run for Baker. Again came the signal from the dugout: "Pitch to this man with greater care." The game hung in the balance. Schang tried with might and main. He selected a spitball as his particular "meat" and shot it to Douglas. Men and women stood up while Douglas—with agonizing deliberation, thought the Giant fans—threw the ball straight and true to Kelly, retiring Schang by the margin of a wink—retiring the Yankees for the day and leaving the Giants one game to the good. It was a battle of battles right up to the last moment.

Now the Giants stand in a very strong position. They have won four games out of seven; they have beaten Mays twice. They stand with Nehf ready to pitch, with Barnes ready to go back, with Pat Shea begging for a chance to prove his worth. They stand with Toney and Sallee in reserve. The Yankees, with their backs to the wall and only one game from eclipse in the series, stand with Hoyt waiting for the word to-day. It will be Hoyt for the Yankees—Hoyt who already has won two games. For the Giants it may be Nehf a third time, or it may be Shea, with Barnes in reserve. McGraw is likely to hold Nehf out as an anchor to the windward in the event a ninth game is needed.

Burns Out at Third in Trying to Stretch a Double Into a Triple

In the fifth inning Burns hit for a double just out of Miller's reach. Burns tried to stretch it into a triple and in the photo he is shown being put out by McNally on Ward's relay. Jennings is shown on the coaching line and Mays near the third base line.

GIANTS WIN AGAIN, ODDS 5-2 ON SERIES

Continued from First Page.

very red dust of the Polo Grounds playing field. Ward had been that good, had he? He had handled forty-six chances with only one error, had he? Well, we will see, mused the implacable one.

The seventh inning came along, Mays going like a house afire, as the saying is, sending over sweeping curves that had most of the Giants blinking helplessly. Up comes Kelly, bites upon a swerving low curve, flickers a footy little grounder to Cap Peckinpaugh and goes out at first in black disgust. Up comes Emil Meusel, one of the real doers of the series, sets himself, massages a big bat, clamps his teeth and—strikes out! Mays was never better than in this moment.

The next to the plate is Rawlings, Giant second baseman, apparently. To the eye it looks like little Rawlings. Doubtless a camera might catch lineaments of face and form closely resembling Rawlings. But the truth is, it isn't Rawlings at all.

The Kid at Bat Again.

Once more Kid Average is pinch hitting for the Giants and about to deliver the final devastating slap to Yankee hopes. Ball one—strike one—then an easy grounder to the youth condemned of fate; a grounder no more difficult than a thousand he has handled swiftly, smoothly, not half so troublesome as many. But Ward seizes that moment to juggle the ball, and when he realizes that vaudeville, however entertaining, is out of place in baseball, Kid Averages, looking as Johnny Rawlings ordinarily looks, is on first base and the nerves of the Yankees as well as of the array of spectators begin to twitch and twitter.

Here again, as in the fourth inning, there are two out. Ordinarily, with merely human—fallible human—player concerned, there would be no occasion for alarm or nervousness. Two out and a man on first is nothing to worry about with Mays pitching such ball as he is doing to-day. The fag end of the Giant batting order, Snyder and Douglas, is up.

Why not walk the ponderous Snyder and then strike out the none too puissant (from a batting standpoint solely) Douglas? Well, Mays plays with fire. He puts one over for Snyder and Snyder hits so fast and far that by the time Miller, centre fielder for the Yankees—ordinarily a very sure, safe fielder—gets through bowing and scraping to the ball, Rawlings has scooted over the plate and the Giants lead by 2 to 1.

If you think it is far fetched to drag in the law of averages as an explanation for the Giant victory of yesterday all one can say is, Look at the facts and figures. The only run the Yankees made was earned, as they say, due to hard batting, a double by Pipp and a single by McNally, both hard, clean hits. The runs the Giants made were unearned and both originated in errors made by the hitherto impeccable Ward.

And please record that in each instance of Giant run making two men were out when Ward upset the apple cart. There's simply no other way to look at it.

May Be $45,000 Errors.

It won't do to pass off Ward's ruinous performance by saying that he scorns so much money as must come to the players of the victorious team, and that he took the trouble to make two kicks when he kicked away something like $45,000 (this, of course, if the Giants follow up their already palpable advantage and actually win the fifth game, the deciding game). Nor will it do to hold that young Ward is so devoted to Scripture that he rules his professional life by the mandate that no person of wealth may enter into happiness hereafter.

Ball players don't kick $45,000 into the gutter, $1,752 of which is their own, representing the difference between the share of winning players and the share of losers. That won't do at all. Moreover, Ward is too competent—showed it previously—to make two errors in a row on fairly simple chances. Another explanation may be found. It is obvious.

This is not what Babe Ruth thought likely, as he glowered and grumbled in the press stand, sometimes biting clear in two a cigar as big as a flue, or twisting the pumpkin colored motor cap that now ornaments his noble brow. No, one gathers that is not what Mr. Ruth thought.

It would have been interesting to have heard the family conversation among the Yankees in the clubhouse after the game, because Mays, among others, was the picture of disappointment and disgust. When Miller pawed around with the ball in the seventh and let Rawlings score, Mays stood for a little while and gazed out at Miller as if wondering to himself how such things could be.

To return to the Babe, he let it be known early in the day that his arm was too swollen, in a condition much too dangerous, to risk his participation in the game. It was a pity from the Yankees' standpoint. Miller failed dismally in the pinches. Ruth might have driven home a run or two.

Yanks Could Use More Bakers.

Too bad, too, from the Yankees' standpoint that they hadn't a few more with the cool resolution of J. Franklin Baker, the old home run king. Twice J. Franklin, substituting for McNally after the third inning, came up to the plate with two out, and twice he hammered Shuffling Phil Douglas's crazily slanting "spitters" for clean singles. Nobody would get on to give him a chance to drive home a tying run, and nobody had the punch to send him home after he got on. But the oldtime world series skill of the man from Trappe pleased the crowd, and Baker got a fine round of applause in the ninth when he tried to start a rally, and was left alone by a batting-helpless team.

Ward's mistakes dominated the run of the game, but there were many glittering plays. Mays intercepted with bare hand a blow that should have been a hit and threw the runner out—a savage drive. Rawlings of the Giants rose in the air as if on springs and snapped down a rising liner driven by Mays, a wonderful catch. Peckinpaugh moved like a snake over an immense territory, and Pipp, Yankee first baseman, dug the ball out of the ground with his bare hand while reaching a yard off the base.

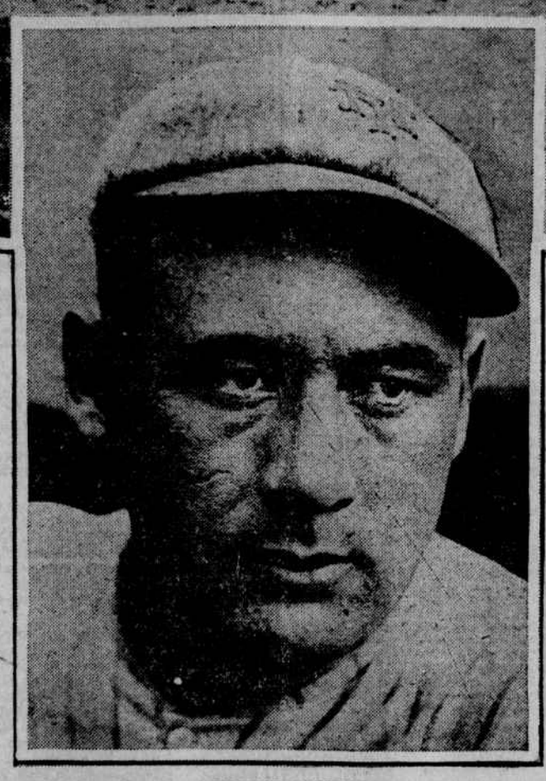
All these fielding excellencies provoked lively cheering, but as usual it was the batting that caught the deep interest of the crowd and set the stands shaking with detonations of excitement. Emil Meusel and Snyder, with their productive two baggers, excelled for the Giants, and Schang was the best of the Yanks, if one excepts Baker, who had no help from his mates.

More people tried to push into the Polo Grounds yesterday than on any days of the series, not even last Sunday. The police said that 30,000 were turned away, and it is true that soon after noon not a single person was permitted to get within a stone's throw of any of the entrances unless he could show a ticket bought and paid for. No appeals, no persuasions, no excuses cut any ice. No ticket, no approach.

From elevated trains and from the streets leading to the Speedway the long lines of vigilant police reversed the hopeful march of whole armies of fans. Their statement to all inquirers was that every seat had been sold, bleachers and grandstand, upstairs and down. Investigation at 1 P. M. confirmed the statement, and doubtless the police were wise not to permit the congestion in Eighth avenue or the Speedway of many thousands of restless humans. As it was the cops had a lively time at the Eighth avenue entrance about noon when several thousand fans who had heard that no more seats were to be sold tried to rush the gates. Inspector Cahalane repulsed the rush with foot and mounted men and after a strenuous ten minutes cleared the avenue and established impregnable lines. Subsequently there was no trouble. It was estimated that 15,000 persons stayed on Coogan's Bluff most of the game, seeing nothing, listening hard.

Naturally the bleachers and upper stand, the unreserved sections, were filled at noon, and these thousands found time not heavy, what with the band music, the antics of Altrock, the stir of such as themselves and the general joy at being out of doors. The weather was queerish, gloomy and sunny in puzzling alteration, clouds threatening rain, but a persistent chill reminding of snow to come some day. As it was, no rain fell and the sun eventually became fairly bright and reasonably warm.

The odds were 11 to 10 on the Giants to win yesterday's game. They will probably be about the same on to-day's game as a game, but the odds on the Giants to win the series are now 5 to 2.



FRANK SNYDER.

Two bagger by the catcher for the Giants sends Rawlings across the plate with the winning run in the seventh inning.

Official Individual Score of Seventh Game of the World Series of 1921

GIANTS.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	YANKEES.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Burns,cf	4	0	2	2	0	0	Fewster,lf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Bancroft,ss	4	0	1	2	2	0	Peckinpaugh,ss	4	0	2	0	4	0
Frisch,3b	4	0	0	2	3	0	Miller,cf	3	0	0	2	1	0
Young,rf	3	1	1	2	0	0	R. Meusel,rf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Kelly,1b	3	0	0	13	0	0	Pipp,1b	4	1	1	13	0	0
E. Meusel,lf	3	0	1	0	1	0	Ward,2b	3	0	0	0	4	1
Rawlings,2b	3	1	0	2	3	0	McNally,3b	1	0	1	0	2	0
Snyder,c	3	0	1	3	0	0	Baker,3b	3	0	2	1	0	0
Douglas,p	3	0	0	1	5	0	*Devormer	0	0	0	0	0	0
							Schang,c	4	0	1	7	0	0
Totals	30	2	6	27	14	0	Mays,p	3	0	0	0	2	0
							Totals	33	1	8	24	13	1

*Ran for Baker in the ninth inning.

Yankees	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Giants	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	x—2

Runs batted in—By McNally, 1; by E. Meusel, 1.
Two base hits—Peckinpaugh, Bancroft, Pipp, Burns 2, Snyder.
Stolen base—Young.
Sacrifice—Ward.
Left on bases—Yankees, 7; Giants, 4.
Base on balls—Off Douglas, 1 (Miller).
Struck out—By Mays, 7 (Kelly 2, Douglas 2, E. Meusel, Frisch, Bancroft); by Douglas, 3 (Fewster, Peckinpaugh, R. Meusel).
Wild pitch—Douglas.
Umpires—Quigley (plate), Chill (first base), Rigler (second base) and Moriarty (third base).
Time of game—1 hour and 40 minutes.

Tennessee Players on Way.

The University of Tennessee football team left Knoxville, Tenn., with forty players yesterday for Hanover, N. H., where they will play Dartmouth Saturday. The Tennessee boys have beaten both Maryville and Chattanooga. The Tennessee Society in New York will have the entire squad as their guests after the game. They will make their headquarters at the New York Athletic Club, and Sunday night a banquet will be given in their honor.

DOUGLAS AND MAYS PITCH GREAT BALL

Continued from First Page.

blow for the McGravian cause. The National Leaguers would have been in a bad way but for the ex-Philadelphian. They couldn't get Groh, but they got Meusel, and it was a good investment. He knocked in a run in the fourth inning with two out. Snyder, with Miller's fumble at the other end of his timely base hit, landed the second one high and dry on the plate.

Pipp and McNally teamed up for the Yankee run, and in that inning McNally was hurt sliding into second on a force play. He had to stop a short while afterward. Frank Baker, rugged figure of more than one world's series, a player having the respect and good will of fans everywhere, returned to the post he has adorned so long and cracked out two clean hits for the Yankees.

Peck Raps a Double.

Roger Peckinpaugh rapped the boards back of Meusel with a two base hit in the first inning, but was left at third, a point he reached while Frisch was throwing out Miller. Miller, batting in Ruth's position, gave a tame exhibition of batting while the crippled and popular star looked out wistfully from behind the netting and wished he was out there.

Bob Meusel hit savagely to Douglas in an effort to bring Peck home. Douglas jumped for the ball after knocking it down and threw Meusel out. His spryness shut off a run, and Frankie Frisch showed his appreciation by slapping big Phil heartily on the back.

Pipp doubled to left in the second inning, took third on Ward's sacrifice and tallied on McNally's single to right.

The Yanks landed on Douglas viciously in the early part of the game, and more hitting away and less of the fineness of bunt and sacrifice looked to be the better course. Under the circumstances, striking while the iron was not appeared to be the logical policy in preference to the one chosen by Huggins. It looked like a day to maul Douglas, not to thrust and parry.

The fielding of the Yanks for the greater part was trim and tidy, and after Kelly had struck out in the second inning Pipp made a beautiful gather of McNally's low throw. The ball curved in between Pipp and the runner, and the catch was one handed and with glove hand twisted into an unnatural position.

Fewster opened the third inning with a single, which he tried to stretch into a two bagger. His ambition was laudable, and the risk not excessive, but E. Meusel made a good throw and got him. The play cut a large figure, for Peck came right behind with another single, so that Fewster's untimely dash for the middle pillow probably cost the Yankees a run. But Fewster never will fail for want of trying.

The Giants hit Mays harder in the first inning than any other time. Burns drove a long one to Bob Meusel, Bancroft doubled, Frisch, a constant mark for Mays, filed to Miller and Mays blocked a cannon ball from Young's maulstick.

Mays struck out Bancroft in the third after Burns had doubled.

The mischief for the Yanks began in the fourth with one out. Young's easy roller was fumbled by Ward, although officially Young received credit for a hit, and Young stole second as Kelly struck out. Schang was partly to blame for the Giants' run, for he had a chance to throw Young out stealing. Meusel's single to centre brought Young home.

Burns Caught at Third.

The Yankees made no hits in the fourth, fifth or sixth inning. They landed forcibly in that interim, however, and more than once. Burns doubled in the fifth with two out and good throwing, Meusel to Ward to Baker, cooked his goose at third. Ward made three good plays in the sixth. He came in for feeble chops by Bancroft and Frisch and scuttled eastward for Young's grounder.

Pipp sent a line to Douglas in the seventh, a good bid for a base hit. Douglas had to grab the ball or be drilled through. His self-defence catch was lucky for him and robbed Pipp of a hit. Burns plucked Ward's fly from the air. Baker jumped a single over second. He ran to third on Schang's single, and Schang went to the keystone kranny on a passed ball.

In the second inning Mays lost a base hit because Rawlings jumped high and speared his liner. In the seventh, and with men on second and third, he lost a hit of priceless value because the ball, hard driven, went straight to Rawlings.

Ward made his second costly fumble on Rawlings in the seventh inning. Two were out at the time, and the third out was all too long deferred for the Yankees. Before it came Snyder ringled to centre and Rawlings streaked for third on it, a point he would have made easily. As Miller booted the ball some ten or twenty feet—an out and out error—Rawlings continued and crossed the plate. Douglas closed the inning by striking out. A boot is a bootless thing to do against a foe crowding you all the time as the Giants do.

Miller enjoyed the meagre consolation of a walk in the eighth with two out. Bob Meusel hit sharply on a hit and run play, and it so happened that Bancroft, going over to cover, was in the path of the ball. Just a sample of the way it went for the Yanks.

The Yankees were still fighting when their light went out. With two mates out of the way, Baker hit safely through Kelly. Schang hit just as hard, but to Douglas. Whatever that warrior soul undertook he went through with. He had a nasty one to handle, but he's quick for his bulk, and he pounced on it and threw out the speedy Schang.

WILLIAM B. HANNA.

Mays Deserved Shutout, Declares Miller Huggins

"THAT game was a tough break, a very tough break," said Miller Huggins in the clubhouse yesterday. "Mays deserved a shutout. The Yankees should have won to-day by 1 to 0. But all the breaks went with the Giants, and we were left out in the cold by luck. I never saw a pitcher lose a game through harder luck.

"However, I think that Hoyt will come back with bells on again tomorrow and even the series. We will have to fight like the devil, but we can do that thing. Hoyt's curve ball will save the series for us tomorrow. And Mays will go right back and win it for us on Friday."

Col. Ruppert said that the series already had provided glory enough for everybody in it. "This is the hardest, best played, most sensational world series I ever saw," declared the Colonel. And that made it unanimous.

Colonels Off for Baltimore.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 12.—Accompanied by about a carload of fans the Louisville Colonels to-day are en route to Baltimore, where to-morrow they will do battle with the Orioles in the fifth game of the junior world series. The team left here last night for the Maryland city and is due to arrive there to-night. The teams evenly divided the four games played here and the team that wins three games in Baltimore will win the series.

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