

WHITE SOX GARNER FEW HITS, NO RUNS

Russell Ford Holds Them to Five
Scattered Drives, Yankees
Winning, 5 to 0.

THE SCORE.

New York...1 0 0 1 0 0 3 0...5
Chicago...0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0...0

NEW YORK.

	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Hemphill, cf.....	4	0	1	4	0	0
Wolter, rf.....	2	2	1	1	0	0
Chase, 1b.....	4	1	1	12	0	0
Laporte, 2b.....	4	1	2	2	4	0
Roach, ss.....	3	0	0	2	4	0
Cree, lf.....	4	0	1	1	0	0
Austin, 3b.....	4	0	2	1	0	0
Sweeney, c.....	4	0	1	4	3	0
Ford, p.....	3	1	1	0	2	0
Totals.....	32	5	10	27	13	0

CHICAGO.

	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Zeider, 2b.....	4	0	2	2	1	1
French, rf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Gandil, 1b.....	3	0	1	12	0	0
Dougherty, lf.....	3	0	0	3	0	1
Cole, cf.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Purtell, 3b.....	3	0	1	1	3	0
Blackburne, ss.....	3	0	0	1	0	1
Block, c.....	3	0	0	3	2	0
Olmstead, p.....	2	0	0	1	4	0
*Collins.....	1	0	1	0	0	0
Totals.....	29	0	5	24	10	3

*Batted for Olmstead in the ninth inning.

Two-base hits—Laporte, Collins. Sacrifice hit—Roach. Left on bases—Chicago, 2; New York, 6. Struck out—By Olmstead, 2; by Ford, 3. Bases on balls—Off Olmstead, 2. Umpires—Messrs. Evans and Egan. Time of game—One hour thirty-three minutes.

The Yankees shut out the White Sox on the Hilltop yesterday by a 5-to-0 score, the campaign being commanded by Russell Ford, who twirled a brand of gilt-edged ball which is not at large very often during a season. He had unerring control of his damp toss, which broke and jumped over the plate in all sorts of angles. Between Ford's fingers and thumb, the ball took on a lot of "English" as it spun from his hand, and the Chicago batsmen strained their shoulders trying to bang it. No use. Willie Hoppe in his keenest moments never carromed the billiard ivories off the cushions with any more skill than Ford bounced the pellet off the White Sox sticks in such a way that it tripped merrily to the zones where there was always a Yankee watchman on duty.

Just centre your glims on what Ford did, and then you will be sorry you didn't pawn your watch and mingle in the crush that Subwayed up. Only twenty-nine Chicago batsmen faced Ford. From the first inning until two were dead in the ninth, the Sox went out in one, two, three order. Gandil, in the first, and Purtell, in the second, each picked off a single, and each of them were bold enough to try to steal second. The elongated whip of Ed Sweeney snapped nicely, and both runners were stabbed with the ball long before they reached the mattress. Zeider singled in the fourth and took a big lead off first. Sweeney had the ball down to Chase in a jiffy, and caught Zeider while he was yet snoring. After twenty-five men came to their end successively, Collins was sent in to bat as a last hope. He planked the ball to centre for two bases, and Zeider followed with a single.

Collins might have saved Chicago the humiliation of the whitewash bath but for the fact that he ran from second to third with all the speed and grace of a mud-turtle, and there he stuck. He had time enough to roll a cigarette and light it before the ball got back from left. The Sox were not only almost hitless yesterday, but they were also nearly motionless.

Laundry note: The white hosiery which adorn the Chicago calves are rapidly fading to dark black.

It was the Yankees' eighth victory since Detroit left town, and here's the way it started. The Sox trotted out Olmstead to do the pitching. Hemphill grounded to Gandil, Wolter walked. Chase laid one near second and Zeider thought he was going to make a double. Another think for him. He juggled the ball and was lucky to throw Chase out at first. Laporte singled to centre, scoring Wolter. Laporte put a dent in the score-board in the fourth and got two bases. Roach sacrificed and Cree bounded a grounder off Olmstead's shins, the ball shooting out of reach, and Laporte scored. Ford cut short the seventh inning stretch by lamming a hot one to left. Pat Dougherty fell all over it and Ford got to second in a canter. Hemphill grounded out to Gandil, and Ford went to third. Wolter walked and Chase's bang to centre scored Ford.

This is the place where Blackburne's arm broke loose. Laporte hit a grounder to the expensive shortstop, and Wolter started for home. Blackburne sent a mighty bush-league heave to the plate to head off the run. The ball was so far out of Block's reach that he couldn't even flirt with it. It landed against the grand stand. Willie Lewis, the well-known fightist, arose and remarked: "Gee, that's nothing. I seen a guy once heave it over the grandstand." Both Wolter and Chase scored on the uncultured throw.

It wasn't until the ninth that the Sox showed any signs of action. With two down Collins, who batted for Olmstead, doubled and went to third on Zeider's single. French shot a high aerial display to Laporte and it was all over. It was the quickest game on the Hilltop since the Yankees started hot-foot after the pennant.