## URNS AND STOCK, SUBSTITUTES, REVEAL PHILS' RESERVE POWER

In Western Trip Sub Catcher and Third Baseman Have Furnished the Real Batting Strength, and at Least Have "Saved" the Pennant

shall's world reverberates with echoes of the crash, That should ensue when Carrigan the Phillies tries to smash; Four not, though at the first impact the home team seems to rock. sides the men upon the field, they've Burns and Stock in stock.

Should Pat be up against it for a wallop and a run, He's just to call on Burns or Stock, and Lo! the thing is done. If some old seasoned regular should lose a leg or so, Fear not, Oh Rabid Rooter, that the whole machine will blow.

Who cares for Speaker's Bludgeon but, who cares for all his speed, since extra parts of Pat's Machine are there, before the need? In spite of Joe Wood's curling smoke, in spite of Leonard's curve, You've got to hand Moran the edge for what's in his reserve.

A Team Is as Strong as Its Substitutes

A few years ago John McGraw had a team that outclassed any in the nal League. However, he sent his scouts out with instructions to pay sum within reason for promising looking youngsters, and he was conon the lookout for a trade which he thought would help his club. When why he was so anxious to strengthen at that time, McGraw said, "A is fust as strong as its substitutes."

er explanation was needed and nothing could be said that would the nall on the head better. That same season, 1913, the Giants won cause they had Arthur Shaefer, Heinle Groh, Art Wilson and rass, who were rated as all-round utility men. Snodgrass was a regular ider, but was used as an infield and first base substitute also.

m was ever better equipped with reserve force than that Giant team er and Groh could have earned regular positions in any other infield in najor leagues except the Athletics and New York infields. They were better dual players than two men who were playing regularly for McGraw, but as the combination McGraw was after and neither suited his idea for regu-

Burns and Stock at Least Saved the Pennant

in the present season started the Phillies were apparently the poorest asn in the National League in reserve strength. At least that is was lival managers and acribes throughout the country figured the club, past performances. The opinion was correct then. But placed with a that was a pennant possibility, the substitutes fell into the rapid stride

devo substitutes, who were much under-rated, have saved the pennant for es by stepping into the breach; and it is not stretching the point to say Eddie Burns and Milton Stock really won the flag for the Phillies. In sayhis Moran, Alexander, Cravath, Chalmers and, in fact, the entire team are ing overlooked. But it is a fact that the Phillies could not have won the ant had it not been for the wonderful work done by these substitutes after and Killefer were injured.

Moral Effect of Reserve Strength Inspired the Phils

ck and Burns fit into the machine just as if they had been playing reguthroughout the season, and the club went even faster than before. This se alone not to the brilliant playing of the two substitutes, but to the effect the presence of such powerful reserve force had. Even the Philly s did not expect Burns and Stock to perform so well and their spirit idence increased accordingly.

ost everybody but Pat Moran and Killefer feared that the absence of Tetter would cause the pitching staff to go to pieces, but, strange as it by, the twirlers have performed even better than they did for Killefer, althere is no denying that the latter is by far the better catcher.

Killefer Boosts His Pal, Eddie Burns

ortly after Killefer was hurt, a few fans and scribes were talking to tar catcher and lamenting the fact that he was out of the game. Killefer red then that Burns would open the eyes of the fans when he had a

"Give him a chance," said Killefer. "If the boys just keep their confidence bough for him to get started, he will show the fans some great catching." an felt the same way about both Burns and Stock, but realized that d be foolish to split up a winning combination to make any changes re not necessary.

Herzog's Prediction Was Just About Right

yie'er the Reds were here, Stock had just replaced Byrne, and, after he alin the game two days, Manager Herzog, in an exclusive interview ENING LEDGER, declared it as his opinion that Bobby Byrne would It back in the game as a regular. As a prophet, Herzog leads the league.

Burns and Stock Have Done the Effective Hitting

k and Burns have batted more timely than either Cravath or Luderus y got into the game regularly. Neither boasts of an unusual average. have made their hits when they were needed. Burns entered the a regular on September 7 and has caught 20 games, 16 of which have in victories for the Phillies. The batting of the stocky little catcher responsible for five of the victories, while his clever and heady work ation sing baserunners saved two others.

Fake Throwing to Second Burns' Great Forte

aks ago it was suggested that the present-day catchers forgo est fake throwing to second to cut down a double-steal, and thereby lost ances to retire unsuspecting runners. On the Western trip of the Burns pulled this play twice, and each play saved the game, as a hit a scoring one run instead of two, and in both games the Phillies were by but one run.

Stock's Pair of Hands the Greatest Yet

ck's clubbing has been terrific, while his fielding caused critics and the West to marvel, then laugh when they thought of McGraw passing for the "Slowing-down" Lobert. He has batted .318 for the last 33 ik has a wonderful pair of hands, and such are an absolute necesa third baseman. Had Arthur Shaefer possessed hands like Stock, he out he did not have them and was, therefore, a failure on hard-hit de the fans forget the palmy days of Jimmy Collins and Billy Stock is a marvel on hard hits, drives and on balls from left-handed that have "english" on them.

Burns May Be There in World's Series

alle the steadying influence of Killefer may be missed in the world's It is safe to say that Stock will perform even better than Bobby Byrne Pittsburgh-Detroit series of 1909, and Byrne played fine ball then, willed upon Burns will hold up his end.

Athletics Almost Break Record in Losses

Athletics had to play the White Sox every day they would surely availistid's record for number of games lost. Out of 22 clashes between Mackmen this season, the Athletics have won three, and all wen in Chicago. It is almost the first time on record when ry game of a season's series on its own field, the last time Hill and row in 1909, when Pittsburgh won 20 out of 22 from Boston. representative which were won in Pittsburgh, after the latter team

the Mississipport of the Market after the game that young Perkins moth looking datcher on Mack's staff. He surely made a fine impresot macrowd.

erally believed that there would be a great crowd at North Elegipatation when the Phile passed through the city yesterday aftst more than 15 people were there. Evidently the fans do not sa mente too soon.

THE BUSY BERTHAS OF THE PHILLY BATTALION



Milton Stock and Eddie Burns, substitutes, have been the sensation of the Western trip. They were gatling guns on the offense and bulwarks on the defense. The box scores show that these two won games and saved games. They are the best example of the reserve strength of Moran's club. Stock is shown on the left and Burns on the right.

## THE BLACK BOOK

Good Luck Attends the Plunging of "The Duke," Whose Horses, Fortunately, Run True to Form

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

The World's Greatest Writer of Baseball Fiction.

(Copyright, Street and Smith.) Sherwood Cliffon, "the Luke," is the star pitcher of the Ponies. His one sin a bits foodness for the Ponies. His one sin a bits foodness for the race frack. Although lie has never been near a course, he lays his mency according to the way he dopes out the form charts, which he curries sround in a little black book, His teammats josh him.

"Two men with whiskers!" announced Bush, turning over his buried king, and capturing the pot. "Hey, Duke, know anything good today?"

"Nothing that a piker would bet on," said Clifton pleasantly. "It's a tough card, and I haven't found anything that seems to stick out to any great exent. However, I'm soing to string 15 bucks across the board on a baby that might do something. Where's my bettin' commissioner?"

"Right here. Duker" answered a young man who had been sitting in a corner perusing the sporting sheets of the morning papers. The young man, whose name was Benson, but who answered whenever a ball player called him "Bo," and who regarded himself as the special protege of Duke Clifton, came forward with a grin. with a grin.

"At your service!" he said. "What's the three-star special today?" Clifton retired with him to a far corner, whence came low mutterings.
"A-s-s-h." snarled Bush, "you needn't
be so darned star chamber about it. We
sin't going to send any messages to the
bookmakers."

"I got you," said Bo. "In the third



"She ran second."

the board. Wait for the high betting. I'm on."
"Hold the ticket," said the Duke, "and give it to me after the game. You might come down into the grandstand behind the bench, and gimme the office how it

"Sure!" said Bo. "I'll be there wit' me hair in a braid!" Bo tucked three \$5 notes into his fob pocket, and prepared to depart.
"Anything else you want, Duke?" ne

Oh, yes!" said Clifton. "I forgot. Bet on, yes: said Cirton. "I forgot: Bet this for yourself." He handed Bo a \$1 bill, and the betting commissioner departed, whistling "Casey Jones."

Having placed his bet. Cilton retired to the bench in front of his locker, and sat down with the black book.

"She ought to do something today," he mused. "She's due, there's the said to the bench in front of his locker, and sat down with the black book.

"She ought to do something today," he mused. "She's due; that's a fact; and with the lighter weight—" He rambled off into a maze of facts and figures calculated to strengthen his opinion of Jane Doe's chances. It is a peculiar thing, but there never was a form-chart flend who was not able to find plenty of evidence to back his choice.

That day the Duke sticked against

That day the Duke pitched against a first-division team. As he left the diamond at the end of the second inning. Bo rose from the aisle back of the home bench, and, making a megaphone of his hands, dorff. The "Bhe ran second. I got on at twenty, eight and four."

eight and four."
"Another good thing?" asked Orendorff.
"Dutch," said the Duke, "after the game I'm going to let you kick me clear to the clubhouse. Here I go and dig up a live one, and then haven't got the nerve to bet my own judgment. Only a measily \$15 across the board, and I might just as well have won a bunch. She came second at eight to one. I only win \$5 bucks and I ought to have \$600!"

"Well," said Orendorff thoughtfully, 55 bucks is better than a bat in the anout any day."
"I'm a piker," said Clifton bitterly. "I won't bet my judgment, that's what's the matter with me." "you'll lay off the ponies. They never did a ball player any good. You forget em. We've got a ball game on our hands this afternoon."

"You needn't trouble your head about me," said the Duke savagely. "Get out there and make a hit, and get me a run or two, and there won't be anything to it. Trouble with you stiffs is that you syspect a pitcher to do all the work. I'll take care of my end of it; you take care of yours."

"Well, don't get sore about it," said Orendorff, "It wasn't my fault you pulled a boot on them bookmakers." That night Orenorff and Bush Haw-ley left the park together. "The Duke." said Dutch. "Is soing to get himself in very German if he don't look out." "As how," inquired Bush. "He won a good game today."

yes," said orendorff, "he won, all right. all right. But this horse-racing game is putting him all to the bad. He thinks too much about it. It's gettin' on his nerves. I started to give him a little good advice today, and he jumped all

Was he askin' you for advice?" queried Bush innocently. "Wei-l-l, no, not exactly what you might call askin' for it," said Orendorff; "but he left me an opening as big as a house."

"And you horned in. Dutch, you bet-ter leave the Duke alone. He's 21, and likely he thinks he's able to run his

own business."
"I know that," said Orenderff, stub-bornly; "but all the same I'm tellin you that a man can't keep on pitching good basebali if he's got something else on his mind all the time. I'm an old feller, Bush, and I've been in the big league seven years. I've seen a lot of 'em come and I've seen a lot of 'em go, and it's been my experience that when a ball-player begins to give too much atten-tion to things outside the game-booze, women or gambling—he won't hast long.

"Now, look at the Duke. Ever since be got that form-chart bug he ducks out right after dinner, grabs the overnight entries, and then sits down with that black book to dope out the winners. It was in August that a change came over the Duke's fortunes. No longer were the ponies running true to form. Time after time Clifton figured a horse to win after time Clifton figured a horse to win picked a few right off the reel. Been better for him if he'd lost. Sometimes when we're on the road I've seen a light in his room after midnight. I tell you, Bush, no man can keep up that sort of Bush, no man can keep up that sort of a thing and pitch baseball. It's a game that takes the best you've got, and when the best you've got, and when the best you've got, and when the best you've got a state of the property of the prop that best is gone—you to the minors. You can't get by on what you had last season. The Duke is one grand pitcher: nobody knows it better than me; but his heart ain't in the game like it was last year. It's out there at that racetrack— that's where it is!"

"Shake up your pillow, Dutcht" advised Bush. "You'll sleep better. What's eating you, anyway? The Duke is a win-

ner, ain't he?"

Orendorff spat in great diagust.
"What's the use of arguing with a bonehead like you?" he demanded. "That sin't the point at all. It ain't a question of money; it's the effect this thing is havin' on his nerves. Why, he might better be a bottle drunkard—a souse! You ain't got Solomon sewed up in a sack for wisdom, Bush, but you surely know that a pitcher ain't any better than his nerves at any stage of the

sack for wisdom, Bush, but you surely know that a pitcher ain't any better than his nerves at any stage of the game. When they go, your pitcher's all through. He's a back number. Winner! What's a few bucks to a man against his reputation and his job? By golly, I wish Monk would wake up and hop the Duke about this racetrack thing!"

"Hop him when he's winning his sames right along?" cried Bush incredulously. "Dutch, you're crazy—crazy as a coot!"

"Maybe so," replied Orendorff calmly. "Maybe so," replied Orendorff calmly. "Maybe so, Bush, old son: but remember I've seen 'em come, and I've seen 'em go, and I tell you now, as sure as there's a National Commish above us, the day will come when you'll say: 'Dutch, you knew something. You called the turn!"

"Great!" exclaimed Bush, clapping his hands. "Immense! Dutch, you've missed your calling. You should have been a lecturer. Here's Feeny's place. One little drink wouldn't do any harm. Before we east, et!"

"Now you're talking sense," said Orendorff.

The season went its way, with its vic-

The season went its way, with its vic-tories and its defeats, and the Duke con-tinued to explore the black book in an

carnest endeavor to put the poolroom earnest endeavor to put the poolroom owners in the bread line. Fortune being on his side, by the end of July he was more than \$3000 ahead of the game, and there were times when he bitterly re-gretted that his professional duties pre-vented him from becoming another Pitts-burgh Phil.

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M. D. SWISHER, 115 8. 10th 8t., Phila. "If you take my tip," said Orendorff,

"If I could do this well dopin' 'em out without going near a race track," what wouldn't I do if I was on the ground?"

Thus ran his constant plaint. When horses are running true to form the best place for the form player is not at the track, where his judgment is likely to be affected by stray bits of bogus pad-dock information; but the Duke did not know thin.

Because there are few secrets among professional baseball players, the Duke's poolroom operations became common property and a subject of much envious nment from one end of the circuit to other. It annoyed him to have people talk about his "luck."

You and your luck!" he would say, "You and your luck!" he would say.
"You make me sick! There sin't any such thing as luck. It's knowing how, I tell you. Any man that can handicap Land of Swat should be the most interhorses properly can pick winners. It's a scientific proposition!" Thus he annexed unto himself credit to

which he was not entitled, and lightly purchased diamonds and other estenta-tions trinkets. "What did I tell you?" Dutch Orendorff

saked Bush Hawley. "He's gettin to be a reglar bug on this formchart busi-ness. He's daffy!" Well, if he's daffy," sighed Bush, "! wish I was daffy, too, because that guy is certainly getting the coin! Won four hundred and thirty bucks yesterday. I wisht he'd slip me a winner once in a

while.

But that was one thing which the Duke absolutely refused to do. "I can't hit it right every time," was his excuse, when importuned for in-formation. "and like as not if you played my selections you'd lose, and that would make you sore. Then, agan, it might be like lending money in a poker game, and there ain't anybody so foolish as not to know that that's the worst jinx in the world. No. Bush, I'm sorry, but

I'm no tipping bureau. Pick your own winners." Every few days Clifton would take out his pigskin wallet, fairly bursting with bills of large denominations, and "count up the house to see how strong he was." No wonder the Ponies were envious.

"This fellow sin't human!" Harry Mc-"This fellow ain't human!" Harry Mc-Carter once remarked. "He's just a two-legged national bank. I'dd you get onto that bale of stuff he was countin' a while ago? Now, if I was him I wouldn't be countin' that money so often. It's always bad luck to be countin' your chips before the game breaks up."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

## BETTING ODDS 6 TO 5 ON BOSTON RED SOX

Hubtown Backers Hope to See World's Series Open on Friday

NEW YORK, Sept. 28.-The first intimation of how the sporting fraternity views the chances of the Phillies and Red Sox in the coming combat for the world's title came today. Fred Schumm, a Gotham betting commissioner, announced he had commissions to place at 6 to 6 on the Boston club to win 6 to 5 on the Boston club to win.

It has been generally thought that the clan of Carrigan would enter the annual classic a favorite in the betting but actual quotations of odds have been held off until a definite announcement is made of the date for starting the series. The sports figure Boston's chances will

The sports figure Boston's chances will be a lot better if the series starts on Friday than should the opening gun be fired on Saturday. They think if the start is made on Saturday Boston will have to face Alexander in the first two games, as the big Nebraskan could come back on Monday with a day's rest. With a Friday opener it would be either Chal-mers, Mayer, Rixey or Demarce for the

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Special Trains: Fenns. R. R. leave Brand
St. 12:54 p. m., West Phila., 12:58 p. m.—
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p. m. Admission, Grandstand & Faddock, \$1.50. Ladles, \$1.00. First Bace at 2:30 p. ze.

AND HEAT DEPOSITS NAMED IN

DOYLE AND LUDERUS BATTLE FOR CROWN IN LAND OF SWAT

Laughing Larry Comes Back After Bad Year in 1914 Only to Be Hard Pressed by Slugging Captain of the Phils

Harvard football fortunes were supposed to be at comparatively low ebb through the passing of Hardwick, Brickley, Pennock and others, but by November the 1915 Crimson machine will be only a short stride back of last year's great array, if early season prospects may be taken at a price around 10 cents a hogshead.

Yale will undoubtedly be better than a year ago—and so will Princeton. Yale, because her material looks better and Hinkey's open game will have had a season's test under fire. Princeton, because in Rush she has a leader who looks to be the man that Nassau has been look-

Maxims of the 19th Hole

My son, there is one thing thy mind can mark well—that he that taketh much time over his shots and standeth rigidly above his ball is a duffer, was a duffer and always will be a duffer, though he

He that fusseth over his shots is an abomination and a scourge, and it were beter for all concerned that a millstone

were tied around his neck and he were dropped fathoms deep in the nearest water hazard.

"The Phillies and Red Sox will spend this week getting upon edge for the big series." Contemp. So they may do some sharp fielding or, rather, that they may be able to cut away a lead?

Catching vs. Speed

Ty Cobb will lead the American League

this season in base stealing, with from 25 to 100 piliters to his credit. In addition to Cobb, there will be at least four others —Maisel. Shotten, Collins and Milan—

who will steal above 40 bases.

Yet Max Carey, of Pittsburgh, who is well below these five, will lead the National League around the towpaths. Five American Leaguers will outromp Carey. Does this mean that the National League

is well ahead in backstopping—or that the National hasn't a base runner to class with the first five in the American?

The second guess is closer to the cor-rect reply. Cobb, Maisel, Collins, Shotten and Milan also would be the five leading

base runners in the other circuit if they were ever shifted. They stand as the main class of the two fields.

Those who believe that interest in baseball is fading to the gray ash are

evidently in no position to secure world series tickets for various friends. Other-wise they would figure baseball interest at its whitest heat.

The esteemed Mackmen-by all rival

ing for these last 10 years.

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By GRANTLAND RICE Instructor need than Mahan, McKinlock, Enwright, King and Watson?

With Apologies

With Grover Alexander
The Phils are safe from harm;
They have the proper armar—
With the accent on the "arm."

Laughing, Larruping Larry Returns This has been a dull, gray year for the New York Glants—a year as gray and cold as the winter winds now forming for their sweep across the Russian

It has been a campaign that long ago got away from even the genius of John J. McGraw-a winner of five flags within 12

Rut through all this dreariness there Rut through all this drearmens there have been two radiant spots for those who follow the fortunes of the aforesaid Giants. One has been the grand campaign that Fred Merkle, the much maligned, has put away—one of the best years for all around value that any ball player ever knew. player ever knew. And the other has been the dashing re-turn of laughling, larruping Larry Doyle.

Doyle vs. Luderus

Doyle is one of the fine characters of baseball—a big-hearted Irishman who baseball—a big-hearted frishman who loves his game beyond any money it might make for him. It was Doyle who said that if he were worth a million he would never buy him the fun that baseball

And after Larry's bad year in 1914, those who know him are rooting lustily for him to lead the National League this fall at bat—especially as Luderus, his main rival, will enjoy the glory and kale of a world

Doyle and Luderus started the present week only 1 per cent, apart. The Philadel-phia slugger was batting 320, while Doyle

esting session of the National League, now that the flag race is over and the hurly-burly has subsided. These two will bat and battle for the throne held by Jake Daubert for two campaigns, although Jake still has a bare chance to maintain his reign by batting heavily at the finish. Daubert at present is 12 points away-a tough handicap with only a week to travel

Watching Out for Harvard

There have been rumors that before autumn had passed into winter Percy Haughton would join McGraw, Mack, McLoughlin, Oulmet, Williams and one or two other champions sent to the shad-

ows for a year's rest.

But these rumors may have been somewhat exaggerated. Unless both Yale and what exasgerated. Unless both Yale and Princeton, also Cornell, are well beyond last season's form Harvard will bear some very intimate watching. Pirst-class men are plentiful in the Crimson line with Soucy, Cowan, Biglow, Coolidge and Parson wearing the harness. And how much better back field material does a keep

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## clubs—are now on the verge of losing more games in a season than they ever won. There are eight or a dozen methods of setting a new record. WHAT MAY HAPPEN

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IN FISTIC PASTIME

MURPHY-REYNOLDS AGAIN

Followers of the fistcuff pastime may near future by the advent into pugilism of an 8-foot 114-inch heavyweight. He tips the beam at 295 pounds in fighting form and does not carry an ounce of superfluous fiesh on his anatomy, Captain George Auger, the second tallest man in the world, formerly with Barnum & Bailey, is the individual who is familiarizing himself with the art of self-defense.

Captain Auger, a prosperous farmer of Fairfield, Conn., has been visiting the training camp of Battling Levinsky, of this city, at Stratford. For the last four months the giant has donned the gloves with Bat, who writes that Auger is learning the game with remarkable rapidity. Stratford's Sheriff believes that the 8-foot giant, if he decides to follow the ring game, would knock out any heavyweight in the world-if he is successful in getting opponents.

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EVENING LEDGER MOVIES-YES, BEALS, THOSE LITTLE THINGS DO HAPPEN SOMETIMES

THE THE NE YOU HELPED TO YOU WRONG NEVER YOU DIDN'T? HOW ABOUT WHEN I WAS RUN ME DOWN! their ma ES BETWEEN SECOND ME, TOMMIS DID! THAT TIME CAUGHT AND THIRD BASE?