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ATHLETICS HIT TESREAU HARD

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went out on strikes, and Herzog ended the innings by shooting a drive into Collins' waiting hands. The Athletics were in the same position in the fourth, and Herzog pitched good ball. Schang went out for the second time by the strike-out route. Bush struck the Athletics' pitcher, Schang, when he hit to left field for a cheer. Burns made a hard run to get up to the ball, and it looked as if he caught it, but he only managed to scoop it up after it struck the ground. His scoop of the ball probably prevented Bush going to second, and possibly to third. The runner was left stranded on first, however, when Murphy caught a high fly to Shaffer, and Oldring went out, Doyle to Merkle.

For New York, Doyle fouled out to Baker in the fourth, but Fletcher ripped a single over second base. Burns struck out, and in taking the third strike, Schang shot the ball to McInnis, and Fletcher had a close call, as he caught napping. With Shaffer up, Fletcher managed to get a good read and stole second. He was left on the middle sack, as Shaffer was an easy out at first on Collins' throw.

Collins almost got a long extra base hit in the fifth when he hit the right field stand, but the ball was foul. He then went out on a hard drive to Murray. Baker put up a high fly, which Fletcher gathered in, and McInnis was the third out on a strike. Herzog's pitching continued to be good, and he was given a hand by the New York rooters as he walked to the bench.

THOUGHT IT WOULD RAIN

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one of which he played the leading part himself. Of course there had to be a home run hero. This time it was not Baker, but Willie Schang, the young catcher who, like Bush, is having the unusual experience of being a vital figure in a world's series in his first year in big league baseball.

Willie, in the eighth inning, landed upon a slow curve of old Doc Crandall, who had gone in after Tesreau had been batted out, and lifted it into the uncovered seats in deep right field.

No one was on base. It was the only hit made off Crandall, but it was a homer, and it pulled the populace to its feet, and brought out that wonderful inspiring roar of admiration that always follows the most spectacular feat of a ball player can perform.

THE VOLUNTEER

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The Bugville team was surely up against a rocky game; The chances were they'd win defeat and not undying fame; Three men were hurt and two were benched—the score stood 6 to 4; They had to make three hard-earned runs in just two innings more.

"It can't be done," the captain said, a pallor on his face. "I've got two pitchers in the field, a mutt on second base, and should another man get spiked or crippled in some way, the team would sure be down and out with eight men left to play."

THE PHILOSOPHER OF FOLLY

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The boss said, "James Fitzpatrick Brown, I hate to have to call you down, but in a week I grieve to state, three mornings you have come in late. You used to be a model clerk—you got down early to your work; your clothes were neat; your tie behaved; your hair was brushed; your chin was shaved; but three times now you've come to biz with a distinctly dirty phil—your hair is matted with chips and dust, your tie is askew, your waistcoat mused, your collar marked with smudgy streaks, and 'oot upon your coat and dust, I've noticed, too, no razor blade a needful morning trip has made around your top and lower jaws. Now, James Fitzpatrick, what's the cause? You know this sort of thing won't do. What in the world's got into you?"

Then James Fitzpatrick Brown said, "Sir, the facts are just as you aver, for thrice I've had to come to work appearing like a touselled Turk; and you've a right to this enquiry—I had to light the furnace fire!" The boss said, "James, pray say no more; I should have thought of that before! Forget, my boy, the words I spoke to start a furnace is no joke!"

AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME.

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The Athletics—and this, perhaps, has much to do with their success—are like a lot of college men. They're breezy, enthusiastic, full of loyalty to one another and to the club. A triumph for one is a triumph for all. They leave the bench to go to their fighting positions with arms locked, or with hands upon one another's shoulders. It isn't a paid job with them (or so it would seem) so much as it's a sporting proposition, a pure game. You never see any handshaking on the Giant side of the field. It's business there, and the Athletics are the business there.

Collins, too, was a hero, as indeed he has been all the way through the series. Again he was present with his big bat, lining out a triple and two singles. At the rate he's going he'll probably have a higher hitting average for the series than he had for the season—and that was almost enough to satisfy anyone. And, on the field, he was everywhere.

Took Life Out of Giants The vicious early attack, which netted five runs in the first two innings, seemed to take the life out of the Giants. Nearly all of them, with the possible exception of Charley Herzog, who's always spilling his falsetto chatter over the landscape, no matter how far behind they are, displayed the attitude of men, who, facing a hopeless task, thought they might as well go thru with it as hopelessly as possible.

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