

and are therefore not allowed on the field.

Critics who predicted a second division berth for Evers were not counting on the remarkable development of Bert Humphries on the pitching slab. They were not figuring on the good record George Pierce has made. Neither was Vic Saier expected to plunge to the forefront of first basemen, and Al Bridwell has had a better season than even his warmest admirers prophesied.

With these surprises, the Cubs form as good a combination as any team in the league so far as actual playing strength is concerned. But the strength was not directed in the right direction. There was dissatisfaction in the team, of that there can be no denial. And the biggest canker was Heinie Zim at third base.

Zim is one grand ballplayer—when he feels like playing ball. But he did not pull well with Evers. All of the blame is not attached to the German; not by a long shot. Evers unquestionably had something to do with it. He simply didn't know how to handle the German. His intentions were good, because he wanted Zim and the strength he gave the team. Lately the storm seems to have quieted as far as factions among the players are concerned.

Let's hope so. That Cub team is no slouch of a ball aggregation, and if the men pull together Evers will have a brave start next year. Vaughn will strengthen the pitching staff, and Jimmy Johnston may be strong enough to bolster the outfield. On paper the present line-up can battle any team in the league.

But ball games aren't fought on paper.

Larry Chappell can thank his lucky stars that the White Sox did not finish the season with a long series at home. His task of making good, a difficult one under any conditions, would have been doubled. Comiskey paid a pot of money for Larry, and the fans were duly apprised of the

fact. Chappy was expected to jump right in and show \$18,000 worth of baseball.

He didn't. He was handicapped by an injury, and did little at home. Then on the first Eastern trip he showed signs of improvement, but his batting mark hung under .200. Allen bugs took delight in asking Larry from the stands what he ever did to make him worth 18 cents. Chappy was game and stuck to his job. And Manager Callahan also deserves a share of credit for he showed the youngster that the team had confidence in him by keeping him in the game.

When the Sox got home Chappell still had trouble with the pitching, though marked improvements were noticed in his fielding. He moved around with more assurance. A majority of the few hits he did get came at opportune times, showing he possessed gameness. The last road work was started with Chappell still under .200.

Again the foreign fans baited him. But Chappell came through. He began to hit. One good day led to another. Ask any ballplayer and he'll tell you that when he steps to the plate and feels he is going to connect he has the edge on the pitcher. Two or three good days gave Chappell this feeling. He got two hits in each game against the Yanks yesterday. Three of the bingles figured in the scoring.

Why, you ask, is Chappell lucky because he is finishing away from a home crowd? You always thought a youngster went better before friendly bugs. He does before friendly ones, but are any fans friendly if a ballplayer is not playing a good game? Not much.

If Chappell had gone badly at home and been roasted it would have rankled. He would have felt bitter and might have become possessed of a what's-the-use spirit.

But he expected derision from fans in the other towns. If he got a hit he had the laugh on them. If he lifted