

THAT grand old veteran, Dan O'Leary—"the talker, not the walker"—told me one day last summer that for 35 years he had labored under the weight of a mistaken accusation. It will be remembered by all old-timers that along about 1878, when Mr. O'Leary was on the Indianapolis team, and had been in the throes of a batting slump, that, on making his first hit in a week, he was so overwhelmed with joy that he ran to third base instead of first, thereby killing the last hopes of his team. Mr. O'Leary, according to tradition, was so heartbroken over this break that he retired from baseball, and, for a whole generation, has mourned his sad misfortune.

Mr. O'Leary says this is really all wrong, and that it should have been corrected long ago. He admits that he did run to third instead of first, but says he did it purposely, thinking that the umpire, who was all mixed up in a cloud of dust and a close play at the plate, would never notice him, and that he could get away with it. He failed, and for 35 years has borne the reproaches of the jesting multitude for pulling a bonehead when he was trying to get by with a McGraw play of nerve and skill!



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