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WEAVER DIES GAME AS RED ROLL ON

Though they are hopeless and heartless, the White Sox have a hero. He is George Weaver, who plays and fights at third base.

Day after day Weaver has done his work and smiled. In spite of the certain fate that closed about the hopes of the Sox, Weaver smiled and scrapped.

One by one his mates gave up. Weaver continued to grin and fought harder. Cicotte and Williams fell and the Sox were two games to the bad. Weaver's smile never faded. His spirit never waned.

Cicotte tried again and failed. Williams made his second game attempt but the Red Juggernaut rolled on. In that six inning when Moran's men slugged and pounded the Sox into submission, Weaver pulled his cap lower over his eyes and grinned. Two of the Sox hits were lined out by his bat.

The Reds have beaten the spirit out of the Sox all but Weaver. Buck's spirit is untouched. He was ready to die fighting.

Buck is Chicago's one big hero, long may he fight and smile.