

## The Grouch's Column

Cub Park at Chicago was recently the scene of a solemn spectacle. A magnificent loving cup had been designed by one of the foremost artists of America, and this cup was presented to Charles Webb Murphy, with fitting ceremonies by his admiring townspeople. That nothing might mar the perfect harmony of the scene, it was planned to raise the Banner of the Champions of Chicago from the flagstaff in centre field. Owing to Ed. Walsh and a few other misguided individuals, a slight hitch occurred in the plans of the committee at this point, but the difficulty was successfully surmounted when the chairman quietly borrowed the aforementioned banner from Comiskey Park and hoisted it in due season, while the committee ranged themselves about him with perfectly straight faces and an innate consciousness of a duty well performed.

Fourteen bands blared forth their strains of jovial welcome, while the vast throng which filled the immense park to overflowing applauded to the echo as the committee approached home plate in the performance of their painful duty. President Murphy stood before the committee with bared head, as though he realized in a faint way the force of the popular approval which had come to him all unsolicited, though so well deserved. When the face of their popular magnate was turned toward the crowd a tremendous cheer burst forth which lasted for exactly seventeen minutes. Ear-drums which had withstood the racket of the Bull Moose delegation at their first convention were split by the sound.

During this great demonstration of popular approval Mr. Murphy seemed quite overcome.

The logo for the LA84 Foundation, featuring three curved, overlapping shapes in blue, green, and red, resembling a stylized flame or a ribbon.

LA84  
Foundation

The committee in a brief speech presented the loving cup as a token of appreciation from the fans to "the most popular magnate in America," and the crowd yelled afresh for a speech from Mr. Murphy. The genial Cub owner cleared his throat four times, bowed in acknowledgement and began.

"My dear friends—ah—" began Mr. Murphy, reaching desperately into his rear pocket in search of a handkerchief to mop his fevered brow. "My dear friends—ah—we will—ah—undoubtedly win the pennant next year with honest umpiring, that is—ah—that is with any kind of a—of a—"

"Chance," yelled a wild-eyed White Sox roofer who had stolen surreptitiously into the assembly and sat high up in the bleachers with his wooden countenance concealed behind a bag of peanuts.

But why continue? In the crash which followed 2,073 hats were smashed and 97 overcoats split up the back. Eleven fire departments finally quieted the scene by training the hose on the vast crowd, while the stricken committee, with their coat collars turned up and their hats pulled well down over their ears, stole silently up a side street and disappeared behind the swinging doors into a gaudily lighted apartment over whose entrance hung the signature of a certain Mr. Budweiser.

Frank Chance has accomplished a feat which is unrivalled in baseball. Within the short space of three days he has successively managed three different clubs. He started at Cincinnati at the salary of \$15,000, rapidly passed to Brooklyn at the same figure, but deserted the latter post for a position with Frank Farrell for a guaranteed salary of \$18,000 and a percentage of the gate receipts. In addition to these widely separated posts, Mr. Chance will play first base for the Pittsburg Pirates, first base for Cincinnati, and will be a utility player under John Evers on the Cubs. People who are inclined to doubt these statements are respectfully referred to the great American press. The newspapers of this glorious land are the source from which we garner this priceless information. It is safe to say that no other player has filled so many responsible positions at one or the same time, for in every one of his many posts the Peerless Leader seems to have given eminent satisfaction.

not mean that the number of geniuses who aspire to this high office is relatively less, but that there will be but a limited number of candidates who have any support from the magnates themselves. In fact it is safe to say that there will not be more than eight candidates presented at any one time who can count upon the support of one or more of the magnates. This shows as nothing else could the unusual spirit of brotherly affection which binds the magnates together and the entire lack of discord in their deliberations. Since there are so few candidates who enter the list with proper support, the name of Thomas Lynch naturally looms big on the troubled horizon. Time was once when Mr. Lynch's election was hardly assured, but an incident has recently occurred which sets at rest much of the doubt which had previously existed on the subject. This incident was the firm attitude of President Fogel of the Philadelphia Club. Mr. Fogel early announced his intention of supporting President Lynch and this support, coming as it did at a critical time, will undoubtedly exercise a controlling influence on the election.

## BASEBALL POLITICS

The annual election of officers for the National League bids fair to be a most peaceful occasion. Time was once when this event was depended upon to call forth a vivid display of fireworks, but those stirring scenes have happily passed. According to present indications, no sensational features will materialize at the meeting. A spirit of harmony seems to reign in the councils of this organization. For one thing, there seem to be fewer candidates for the office of president than usual. That does

