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## A LIGHT OCCUPATION

"MY idea of a light occupation: Reporting ball games." — Fan No. 1.

"Pretty soft for you guys—seeing all the games for nothing, travelling 'round all the cities, getting the best of everything."—Fan No. 2.

"Say, you baseball writers have a cinch."—Fans No. 3 to 21,788, inclusive.

Uh, huh. "Soft, light occupation"—yes! How many of the envious fans have ever known that:

The baseball writer puts in about 63 nights a year, between April and October, in Pullman berths, where sleep is next thing to impossible. Of course, that's genuine pleasure.

The baseball writer changes diet and drinking water about 59 times a year, irrespective of effects on his digestion and general system.

He goes south to training camps in dry territory, and when he gets well enough acquainted to know where they keep it, he finds it's awful stuff.

He has to score games in cities where it is so cold that he'd perish if he didn't borrow a sweater from some player. He also has to score games when it is so hot that the perspiration blinds him and he can hardly keep alive long enough to write his copy.

If he takes his wife with him he goes broke. If he doesn't she is positive some blonde in every city has his number.

He has to sit up there day after day and writhe in utter agony over bone plays and losing combinations. Then he has to make a six-barreled Ananias of himself finding alibis for each thorough beating.

Yes, all in all, it is "pretty soft" for the baseball writer.