

# At the World's Series

## Behind the Scenes at America's Great Annual Classic

MR. H. FULLERTON: And I doped the Red Sox to win this one because the managerial percentage of Bill Carrigan exceeds that of Wilbert Robinson in the exact reverse ratio of their respective weights, plus the increased percentage of resilience in a cork-centered ball, or, as 259 is to 194, plus .007.

MR. C. MATHEWSON: I can understand the 259 to 194 part, but where does .007 fit in?

MR. H. FULLERTON: Nowhere. I just put that in to make it harder.

THE OFFICIAL ANNOUNCER: Ladeez an' gempmen: Ur rumph! Ur humph! Ur bump! Gabskew! Choxixx!

MR. W. WEART: Hey-hi-aw, say, who's in center field for Boston?

MR. TAD DORGAN: The longer this series goes, the more cartoons showing Shorty Robin getting a beating, I'll have to draw, so I hope it won't last more'n five games.

MR. J. ISAMINGER: And as I was telling Pat Moran, our team oughta be in there right now. McGraw was right, every word he said, and it's the worst knock to the game—

MR. LEE MAGEE: Hey, Operator! I wanta send a message to Cincinnati!

A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR: Which paper, the Times Star, the Enquirer, or—

MR. LEE MAGEE: Aw, none of 'em. Send a message to this address, telling her I'll be home right after the series—

THE YOUNG LADY REPORTER: Ow oo! OO ow! Help, help!

MR. CHARLES LEWIS: What's the matter? That foul ball didn't hit you, did it, Miss?

THE YOUNG LADY REPORTER: No, no! Help, help—I mean go 'way! My string of pearls broke and they all went down my back—

MR. B. BULGER: And Hal Chase says that the National League pitchers are all easy marks compared to the American—

MR. H. CHASE: Look here, Boze—I never said anything of the kind! This is the first time I've seen you in two months—

MR. B. BULGER: Aw, say, Hal, why do you want to spoil a good story?

A FOUL BALL: Whiz-z-z!

MR. TYRUS COBB: All mine, boys! MUFFS IT HIDEOUSLY.

AN OFFICIAL SCORER: Two errors for Cobb!

MR. C. STENGEL (out by first base): Get in there! Play ball, you skates! Whadda ya mean, saying "They got us beat?" Get in there and show some backbone!

MR. C. VAN LOAN: I'm writing a scenario, right now, for the Oofbah Film Co.— and it's a scream. I wanted to get Wilbert Robinson to play the part Maclyn Arbuckle used to take, but they haven't got any cameras wide enough—

CHORUS FROM THE BOSTON BENCH: Hello, Robbie, Say when does the balloon go up? Hi, Robbie, where'd ya get the nine tramps in baseball uniforms?

AN OFFICIAL SCORER: It's a hit, it's a hit!

MR. THOS. RICE: Of course, our boys realize that they haven't got as smooth a team-machine as these Red Sox, but—

MR. LEE MAGEE: Say, Operator, if I stick around awhile after the game, do you think I could get an answer from that message?

A MOVING PICTURE KING: Say, Mr. Carrigan!

MR. W. CARRIGAN: What it is, is it, pal?

A MOVING PICTURE KING: There hasn't been a real climax staged yet in this reel. Can't you fix it with Mr. Robinson so you will get three men on bases and two out in the seventh inning and then have Duffy Lewis hit a home run? That will make the films worth a lot of money—

MR. W. CARRIGAN: Huh? What? — — ! — — ? —!—!!!!

MR. SAM CRANE: In the old Union Association days, we'd take drives like that on the bare hand, and never think about it, and this fainthearted lob lets it go past him for three bases!

MR. CHAS. HERZOG: I only wish I was in there. The Giants would ride these fellows out of the ballyard and across the street.

A THEATRICAL MANAGER: Lissen, boys: can't you put in all your stories tonight, that both teams were the guests of Manager Dillcheese at his magnificent theater, and had the time of their lives enjoying the splendid show—

MR. J. O'Leary: Outside with that noise! Who let that into the pressbox, anyhow?

MR. CLARK GRIFFITH: Oh, well, the American League has all the class. Any team we've got, excepting maybe the Athletics, can beat any team in the National—

MR. H. FULLERTON: I had this game figured out even to the innings they'd score, and how many runs they'd get each inning. Of course, as I shall explain in the morning, it was not my fault if Gainer was put in there when I wasn't looking, and was allowed to hit one contrary to all that could have been expected—

MR. J. WHEELER: I don't mind being accommodating, but if I have to write ALL the stories for ALL my staff of signed writers—

MR. J. RYDER: Since this confounded war began, it's hard to get genuine Scotch niblicks, and my allround play has fallen off to such an extent, especially between the sixth and eighth holes, that I think even Ouimet might beat me—

THE ANNOUNCER: Urgxbp now pitch'g fr'Rook'yn!

AN OFFICIAL SCORER: A two base hit—a two base hit!

CHORUS OF SCOFFERS: Whadda ya mean, a two base hit? It was hardly a single!

AN OFFICIAL SCORER: Why, I gave him as far as the man got who scored from second on the hit—

CHORUS: Aw, nix, nix! He went down to second on the throw-in, and never stirred off first till the ball came to the plate!

AN OFFICIAL SCORER: Oh, well, anything to content you fellows! It's a single.

MR. OTTO FLOTO: Why don't they put Leonard in? He'd stand these babies on their heads.

GOVERNOR JOHN K. TENER: I want to send a wire to Harrisburg. Get it right, now. One time, when I was only a congressman, I made a great speech, and I said: "Am I a peer or a vassal?" and your telegraph company sent it to my constituents, "Am I a pier or a vessel?" Try to get it right

AN OFFICIAL SCORER: It's a stolen base. And a passed ball. And a wild pitch. And an error.

CHORUS OF SCOFFERS: Say-ay-ay! What the ———for the love of Mike, whadda you mean?

MR. OTTO FLOTO: Leonard would just make little monkeys of the Brooklyns.

MR. H. FULLERTON: I picked Brooklyn to win the third game 7 to 3. Where did I get the tip? I was reading a novel, "Scum of the Seven Seas," and I had three eggs, turned over for breakfast—

AN OFFICIAL SCORER: It's a hit! It's a hit!