

CUTTING THE CORNERS

by W. R. HOEFER

When Wilbert Robinson gets thin
And Matty's Reds have copped the bunting;
When Hank O'Day emits a grin
And struck out batters stop their grunting;
When Speaker's hitting is a joke
And Mary Pickford earns her money
When Gould and Carnegie are broke
And Garry Herrmann isn't funny;
The New York clubs, too late, alas,
Will slip ye scribe a season pass.

He's called Laughing Larry Doyle, but it's hard to see what he finds to laugh at on a team like the Cubs.

Some players are born lucky, some have luck thrust upon them and some sign with the Boston Red Sox.

Public is just as tired of World's Series as Rockefeller is of the Standard oil.

If golf is an old man's game, then little Bobby Jones was born with a Van Dyke beard.

Johnny Evers talks a good game of ball around that second bag.

Fielder Jones ought to land George Sisler in third place next year.

HASHING THE SPORTS

B. Leonard outboxed Stanley Yoakum,
And Harvard pulverized Cornell.
When Yale met Brown we thought she'd croak 'em.
Instead Brown made Yale look like—well
A lot of sorry pigskin chasers.
The hockey season's under way.
Cornell led all cross-country racers.
Les Darcy's coming here in May.
Jess Willard soon may leave the circus.
Mike Gibbons tangoed in St. Paul.
A hard up friend just tried to work us
For sixty cents. I guess that's all.

The football cheer leader is doubtless a useful institution. But often lamping the football scores it's difficult to see how some of 'em CAN cheer.

One day Secretary of War Baker resigns. Next, he hasn't resigned. Why don't they fire him, give his job to Ping Bodie and let us all go home.

A BALLYARD MEDLEY.

Bankers, grandstand, grocers, cops
 Yankees, suffragettes and wops.
 Peanuts, baseball bats and outs,
 Pretty girls and base hit clouts;
 Stolen bases, frenzied cheers,
 Lemonade spilled in your ears.
 Sailors, ice-men, fouls, contractors,
 Human beings. Picture actors.
 Score cards, errors, bleacher mob,
 Peanut butchers, soda, Cobb.
 Gum, score boards and cigarettes,
 Left hand pitchers, umpires, bets.
 Strike-outs, steals, first base, the pan,
 Bunts, assists and Louis Mann.

EXPERTING.

Experting is becoming such a popular sport, nowadays, that we recently elected ourself to the Modern Order of Experters. The chief qualification for membership consists of ability to pick a winner, and then explain in a convincing manner why you guessed wrong. Came the football season and we tried it out. After adding and subtracting and everything, just like Hughey Fullerton, and chucking names and figures and terms all over the place—you know, all that clever stuff—we picked Oshkosh Normal to beat Harvard. We discovered later that they didn't play each other, but, sure enough, learned that our dope would have been correct if they had.

What 'tho they wallop dear old Yale
 And bust her on the prow and beam.
 With Walter Camp near she cannot fail
 To be the All-America Team.

PERSONAL

Harold Mc.—Why them harsh words, Harold? We never have "knocked" Benny Kauff. We have grinned at his naive chestiness, called him a self-starting advertiser, joshed him a little and christened him Bashful Benny. But we've always said he had real ability. And if it will ease your wounded feelings any, we predict right now that he'll hit over .300 next year, barring physical injuries.

J. D. T.—Emphatically no. Only player ever batted 1000 for season was Frank Meriwell in the Fiction League.

Giant Fan—1. no. 2. Don't think so. 3. Uh-huh.

Mary made a little bet
 That Yost would beat Cornell
 She's nearly always cheerful, yet
 Right now she feels like crying.

If Garry Herrmann simply must quit the National Commish, our choice for the job is Charlie Chaplin.

ED. WALSH.

He had a little spitball
 He used it every day.
 He slung it at the batters
 To drive the hits away.
 He nursed it; he cursed it
 He used it all he knew
 And now, from too much spitter
 Poor Edward's arm is through.

Always like to hear a box-fight manager talk. He seldom says anything but makes such delicious use of his pronouns. If Kid Sookem, his meal ticket, is flattened, HE loses. If he K. O's a guy, WE win. If there's a big house, WE drew it. A small crowd, HE's a dead one.

Writer says if Duffy Lewis had a more active disposition he'd be the best outfielder in the game. Yeah. And if Nap Rucker still had his fast ball he wouldn't retire.

DIAMOND PROVERBS.

A salary in the Majors is worth two in the Bush.

Early to bed and early to rise is pretty good dope, but performed by few guys.

If you would earn great baseball riches, just soak the pill right on the stiches.

A gabby player makes a crabby umpire.

Every Series crowd has a green-back lining.

Groove one for Cobb and you'll lose your job.

Left-handers and poets are born, not made.

Time and tide won't wait for Nap Rucker's slow one.

YES, indeed, Theodosia, the Yankee BATTERY has a SHOCKER.

“WHY don't you say something about Ping Bodie?” asks G. B. M. Ah!
 What is there to say?

THE rejuvenated Giants are called the fastest club in the league.
 But a crack express train makes its record by a fast run over the entire route and not by a short spurt between water tanks.