

Tad in the New York Journal

What's the Matter With Baseball? Still Going Strong in Spite of a Few Criticisms.

## Clippings and Cartoons

Baseball from the Viewpoint of Leading Columnists and Artists in the Contemporary Press

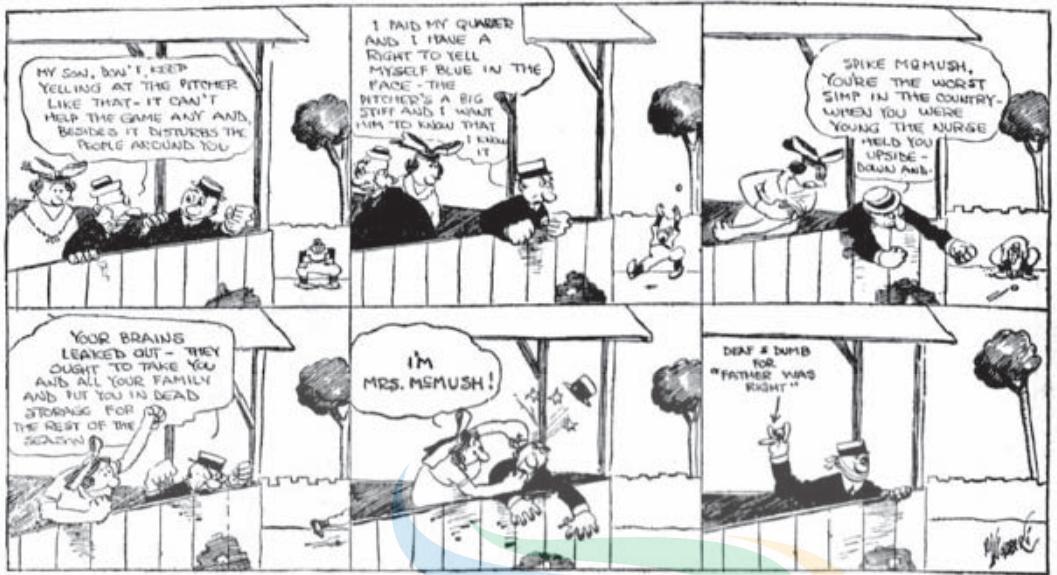
A good drawing loses nothing from a second view nor a clever bit of verse from an additional reading. Some of the brightest minds in the newspaper game are devoted to baseball, as witness the accompanying skits and sketches.

**W**HEAT didn't show up as strongly as he hoped in the recent World's series, but he is a grand ball player, as Walter Trumbull remarks in the *New York World*:

WHEN ZACH WHEAT WALLOPS  
THE BALL  
A pitcher was tying himself on the  
mound  
Into figures resembling an 8;  
The rooters emitted a babel of sound  
And Zach Wheat swung his bat at  
the plate.

The pitcher uncoiled with the snap of  
a spring,  
And releasing the ball let it go,  
When Wheat had completed the arc of  
his swing  
Verdun heard the sound of the blow.

To his pals said the pitcher, with heart  
that was rent,  
"Oh, tell me, please, where is the  
ball?"  
"If it comes back," they told him, "as  
fast as it went  
It'll be here in no time at all."



Goldberg in the New York Evening Mail.

**G**RANTLAND RICE is one of those who appreciate the sterling work of Graver Alexander with the Phillies. We quote from the New York Tribune:

**ALEXANDER**

Pitchers may come or pitchers go;  
 For pitchers have a way like that;  
 But whether fast or whether slow,  
 Or whether thin or whether fat,  
 When it comes down to one alone  
 Who holds his rule above the throng,  
 Step out, old boy, and grab the throne,  
 For you belong.

Pitchers may flash or pitchers fade,  
 As pitchers do along the way,  
 Or whether born or whether made,  
 Still held as rulers of the fray;  
 But when it comes to romping through  
 The rival field from town to town,  
 Step out, old dog, and get your due,  
 You own the crown.

**R**IGHT CROSS in the pages of the New York Journal, devotes a column mainly to short squibs from which we glean the following:

Swift Arrow, or Ga-be-na-quor-yarg, as we say in Chippewa, recently attained the ripe old age of one hundred and twenty-eight years. If he sticks to it he may yet see the St. Louis Browns win a pennant.

The main difference between the Athletics and the new German submarine is that the Deutschland occasionally came up for air.

**R**ABID RUDOLPH in his humorous column in the New York World asks the pertinent query:

Wonder if the birds who bet on Brooklyn in October are still demanding a recount before settling up?



Wheelan in the New York American.  
 Connie Mack Gets His