

OUR MAIL BOX

A Department Devoted Exclusively to the Fans
and Their Ideas and Suggestions on
the National Game

Chickamauga, Ga.
MR. F. C. LANE,
EDITOR BASEBALL MAGAZINE,
70 5TH AVE., NEW YORK CITY.

Dear Sir: Have been taking your magazine for about six years, and recommend it gladly to all American fans.

Can find only one fault so far this year and that is, that the Chicago "White Sox" have not been given the amount of credit due them.

Schalk, the greatest catcher of a decade, Cicotte, at his best at 33 years; reliable "Chick" Gandil, at first; the incomparable Collins, at second; Buck Weaver, the best guardian of the hot corner in the A. L.; Risberg, a promising future great, and last but not least, that wonderful outfield who last year outbatted all but Detroit and outfielded all the rival outfields.

Now, Mr. Lane, while I'm a soldier in a foreign burg my thoughts and wishes are still with the "Sox" back home in Chicago and let me venture that the greatest team in the world will hand Johnnie McGraw's boys a finished and thorough beating.

Would like to see a write-up of Ray Schalk, "Happy" Felsch, and Joe Jackson.

Now, I'll close with regards and best wishes to your magazine from a Baseball Mad Regiment, the "Fighting 53rd."

Your anxious reader,
SERGEANT ROBT. BENZIE,
Co. "H," 53rd Inf.,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Los Angeles, Cal.

DEAR MR. LANE:

I see in your October issue that a certain denizen of San Francisco desires to know what is the matter with the Fanettes. Well, Old Chromo, here is one. I don't quite see why Fanettes' letters should be of particular interest to "Friend Al" Kuhuhein, unless such missives are too trivial for Old Chromo's superior intellect to waste time upon. Anyway, I hope he reads this one, as it is written for his benefit and not for Al's.

I wonder if it ever occurred to this Chromo person that his message of enlightenment might be a trifle inconsistent or a bit off the point. I will admit that letters like "The Peer of Them All," etc., do not interest me any more than they do him; that in their stead there might be some that I would like better. But, as there are thousands of subscribers all over the country, and many letters sent to this department each month, we might trust to the good judgment of the eminent editor to print those he sees fit to print. And could it not be possible (O, perish the thought!) that instead of a column and a half of "Chromo's Criticisms" there might be three or four letters that would interest the public at large a great deal more? But I forgot. Old Chromo is clearing out the rubbish and instructing the

ignorant who are not of his opinion. Say, you sure hate yourself, don't you, Chromo?

If I am not mistaken in Old Chromo's second letter he said he believed McGraw would not rate above the average manager if he were not backed by the rich New York club. Then in his last letter he said he considered McGraw one of the best in the business and disliked him only on account of his rowdy spirit. Very consistent, is it not?

I consider his attack upon the mental capacity of Mr. Crenner of New Rochelle and a few others not only off the point but altogether uncalled for. I certainly agree with Mr. Crenner that McGraw is not a rowdy. He is just a fighting Irishman looking out for his rights. It is a fact that on many occasions he has been handed a bum deal. No one can deny that the actions of several National League umpires are very obnoxious and that they pick McGraw as a target for their wrath. I admire the fight that makes him stand up and refuse to take it. Old Chromo has lots of room to talk for, he has not nerve enough even to sign his name to his letters. McGraw deserves the title of little Napoleon, for he is a leader of men. He has mapped out campaigns and led several mediocre teams to pennants. Stallings worked on his men's imagination and drove one team to a pennant. But the same team could not repeat the following season. Connie Mack handled a bunch of stars who were not temperamental and saw them cop many flags. But when dissensions arose, Connie sold his \$100,000 infield. Chance inherited the makings of a great team from Frank Sallee, but failed to build a winner for the Yanks. At that I am strong for Chance, as he is a Southern Californian. But it remains for John J. to show 'em all up. Here's to you, McGraw. I hope this pennant is just the beginning of a new winning streak for Gotham. And as for you, Old Chromo, you can't say I am prejudiced for I am a native of Los Angeles.

I have been a subscriber for three years and would not be without the BASEBALL MAGAZINE. I like the articles you have published lately written by the different players. I am particularly interested in George Sisler and would like to see him show them all up.

Respectfully,
MISS CLAIRE BEHNKE.

CIRCULATION DEPT. BASEBALL MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen: I received today, enclosed in a letter from home, a letter with regard to my subscription which has lately expired. Circumstances are now so that it would be inadvisable to renew, for I am now on my last lap of training in the Signal Corps and expect to go across to the other side at any time. I write you these few lines so that you may know that I should like very much to continue along the good path, and am not dropping my

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name from your list because of any dissatisfaction, in fact, I still believe the magazine to be the best on sale.

Wishing you every success, and hoping to be able to renew our pleasant relations when this big mess is all threshed out, I am,

Very truly yours,

HARDING MCCALED,
Co. D., 10th Tel. Bu., U. S. S. C.,
Leon Springs, Texas.
Camp Samuel F. B. Morse.

San Francisco, Cal.

MR. EDITOR:

Was very glad to see another letter from that worthy critic, Old Chromo. I think that his letters are the best printed in your department and hope to hear from him again. Still, Mr. Editor, it does not seem to me very fair to allow so many fans to pick on poor Chromo so I appoint myself his special assistant.

Prom what I read, I believe that Old Chromo has given Friend Crennan, Friend Al Kuhuhein, Friend E. D. F. of Alvord, and all of Chromo's other ardent boosters something to think about for a few days to come.

I quite agree with Old Chromo about McGraw. Rowdyish tactics should be abolished and McGraw's system is not aggressive, but it IS rowdyish. We had a case similar to McGraw's but not with the same ending here in San Francisco, not long ago. Smith, a San Francisco pitcher, was the butt of rowdyish jokes (Smith is an Indian) about his race. So Smithy gently tapped his annoyer's head with a bat. A little head-tapping would do John McGraw good and perhaps stop his rowdying tactics.

But now to get down to the critic business. L. C. Rosenthal appoints himself a committee of one to class Old Chromo with Bull Durham. Any one with a little common sense, which I doubt Friend Rosenthal has, could read the two gentlemen's letters and judge for themselves if they are to be put in the same class. Friend Rosenthal also pats himself on the back for helping to effectually give Old Chromo what he deserved. Didn't dream that Old Chromo would come back again after what you said about him, did you, Friend Rosenthal?

Going way back to the April number of the magazine, I want to say that Ed Holly's suggestion about increasing batting is a good one and worthy of consideration.

In the same issue a hot head named Strange lets out a bellow just to get his name in the magazine. Calves like that ought to have more rope or they'll strangle.

To get back to Friend Rosenthal. His April article is very interesting. He says that we need not read anything about the old timers. It would do Rosenthal a little good if he studied a little about the Revolutionary War. The European War is all well and good, Friend Rosenthal, but why not know something about the Revolution, too? The same applies to the old timers. All well and good to know about Ty Cobb and all of the present day stars, but why not learn something about Pop Anson, Keeler, and some of the constellations of olden days?

In the August issue W. G. Ihler gives many useful suggestions, the best being to give Old Chromo a vote of thanks for his critic work. To me that is a very good suggestion and I heartily second the motion. I hope that Friend Ihler read what Old Chromo had to say about him in his

last letter. The nickname was a good one. To answer B. V. D., Jr., or was it B. W. D., Friend Underwear, Old Chromo is a star critic, not a grouchy soul.

"Fuller Bull" gives us an interesting letter in the August issue—not. This educated personage does not like the way of recording batting percentages, but his ingenuitive mind does not solve the problem for us. "Fuller Bull" is certainly a good name as it applies directly to what he writes.

Mr. Jemison writes a very interesting letter in the September issue of the magazine and presents a strange case, one which does not seem to be able to be remedied. Anyone having a suggestion to make about this case would no doubt be very welcome with it.

Enjoyed your September issue very much, particularly Mr. Ebbets' defense of Sunday Ball. He raises a very good point. Why should many amusement resorts be open to the public when the Baseball Park is closed? Out here on the Coast we have Sunday Ball, in fact we have double headers on Sundays, and nobody seems to protest. More people go to the Sunday games than to any other ones.

Also enjoyed Johnny Evers' article in the September issue. Who's Who on the Diamond, while not a new idea, nevertheless is an interesting column.

And by the way, watch a tall gentleman named Erickson with Detroit next year. He is the leading pitcher in the Coast League and I believe that he will make good in the big show.

In closing, I am very sorry that I broke the rule regarding Old Chromo's Corner, made by that gentleman from Washington with the lengthy name, regarding the limitation of letters in the Corner to 250 words. If I was Friend T. J. F. O. M. Baine (you see I didn't write it out in full as it takes too much time) I would begin cutting down on letters by cutting down on names.

So many of Old Chromo's friends dare him to publish his real name. One of them even took the trouble to find out what Old Chromo meant. Tell me, gentle readers, what good will it do you to know Old Chromo's name, anyway? You will notice that I do not sign my real name either. And it is not because I am afraid, for, pray, what is there to be afraid of?

Will have to stop now, for if I write any longer I should not expect to see this in your magazine (not even in serial form).

Yours for a great World's Series Number, and wishing you all the prosperity in the world.

I suppose that I will receive a few kind answers to this letter, but I expect it. Will write again soon, but will not take up so much space next time. You see, I expect to have this letter printed.

OLD CHROMO'S SOLE SUPPORTER.



World's Series Facts

Final standing of the teams reads as follows:

	WON	LOST	P.C.
Chicago	4	2	.667
New York	2	4	.333

Official paid attendance, six games (three in Chicago and three in New York), 186,654. Total receipts, \$425,878, divided as follows:

Players	\$152,894.48
Each club	115,210.81
National Commission	42,587.80

Players did not share in receipts of fifth and sixth games.