



BOB EDGREN IN THE
NEW YORK EVENING
WORLD

CLIPPINGS AND CARTOONS

WILLIAM F. KIRK thus summarizes in baseball language, the war situation in Europe. We quote from the N. Y. Evening Journal:

The bases were full when Der Kaiser came up,

With old Uncle Sam in the box.

Der Kaiser looked ugly and shouldered his Krupp,

With old Uncle Sam in the box.

The first ball came over with lightning-like speed

And Wilhelm cut loose with gusto and greed.

"Strike one!" cried the Umps, paying critical heed,

With old Uncle Sam in the box.

Der Kaiser looked puzzled and baffled and dumb,

With old Uncle Sam in the box.

The cries of the audience rattled him some

With old Uncle Sam in the box.

Again came the ball with a slow, cunning lob—

Again came a moan from the Hindenburg mob.

"Strike two!" cried the Umps, who was right on the Job,

With old Uncle Sam in the box.

The Allies were proud of their tall twirler's skill,

With Old Uncle Sam in the box.

What chance had Der Kaiser to pickle the pill,

With old Uncle Sam in the box?

Once more came a fast one which baffled the Hun,

With the speed of a shell from a fourteen-inch gun.

"STRIKE THREE!" cried the Umps, and the struggle was won
With old Uncle Sam in the box.

GEORGE MORIARTY, the umpire-poet, warbles this generous tribute to unknown baseball stars, through the medium of the New York Globe:

I sing a song to bush league lads remote, who strive, uncrowned, with baseball talents keen. One Thomas Gray penned something when he wrote that many flowers are born to blush unseen. I sing a song to every unknown great that ever yearned to reach the big league ranks, and failed because some missing link of fate decreed that they should never leave the tanks. Some erring scout, perhaps, gazed at this file, proclaiming they were not the big league stuff, when all they needed was that little trial to prove that they were diamonds in the rough. The bush holds many who could make the grade; stars in the making, yearning to advance. But they are not discovered, and they fade, while others undeserving get the chance. Who knows but somewhere in the sticks this year a Mathewson will pitch and not be found; but waste away upon a bush career, when he could rock with joy the Polo ground. Perhaps a Hornsby plays with Bowling Green. Perhaps a Sisler at some infield spot, will only dazzle fans at Muscatine, and never throw across a big league lot. And so I sing to bushier lads of pluck, who claim no big league records for their toil—the unsung stars with everything but luck, whose hopes began and died on bush league soil.

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