

# CLIPPINGS AND CARTOONS

THE PINCH HITTER

-By Ripley

MONITOR, in the New York Sunday World, has a word of praise for the prowess of the Yankees' chief sluggers:

## TAKING NO CHANCES—NOW I.

We had a baseball manager, and he was wond'rous wise;  
He boasted that he knew the game, like all the big league guys.  
Occasion-al-ly, though, he erred; sometimes his foot would slip,  
Like the day he passed up Derrill Pratt to take a chance on Pipp.

## II.

We also had a pitcher, the smartest little lad;  
At strategy he made Jack Coombs et al. look very bad.  
But now he rests beneath the turf—they called the undertaker,  
The afternoon he passed up Pipp to take a chance at Baker.

## III.

And then Bill Jones, the catcher; that bird could beat them all



RIPLEY, IN N. Y. GLOBE.

At anything connected with the good old game of ball.  
Alas, poor Bill! he crossed his signs, and now the angels sing  
Of the day he ordered Baker passed to take a chance at "Ping."

## IV.

So now we take no chances in our bush league baseball town;  
We lay the ball across the plate then all hands flatten down,  
For we know when Pratt or Pipp or Ping or Baker's due to hit,  
That passing one to take a chance won't help a Little Bit.

WILLIAM F. KIRK in the New York Evening Journal has the following Hints for Boy Scouts:

Do not plan to run away and fight Indians. The bad Indians are all dead and turning over in their graves when they think about the Kaiser.

Imagine each weed in the garden is a Crown Prince. This will be doubly tough on the weeds.

Do not scout around after bedtime. Hit the hay on schedule and help win the war. Do not stay in bed an hour longer in the morning just because you know grown-ups monkeyed with the clock.

On such days as soldiers are admitted free to ball games, don't forget to wear your uniform.

Always be polite to every old gentleman, no matter how polite the old gentleman may not be to you.

Be kind to the dumb animals who ask you when your regiment is going to France. Always wear a bright smile at mealtime.

Never refuse ice cream when your hostess offers it to you.

In all the war excitement, never forget your ambition to be another Christy Mathewson when you grow up.

If your first name is Hans or Fritz, get a nickname and hang on to it.



BELL, IN THE PHILA. INQUIRER.