

Cutting the Corners — By W. R. Hoefler

Diamond Dust—Walter Pipp

"WHO is this fellow, Pickler Pipp?" I asked a Yankee bug. "Oh, can he make the pitchers slip, and tell me, can he slug? Oh slide me all the 'info' that you know about him, please. Is Walt," I asked, "a star at bat or eke a piece of cheese. Can Wallie field the pesky bunt or catch a drive or foul; and does his headwork make 'em grunt or make the ball fans howl? Oh, slip me all the inside stuff about this Pickler man. Tell me, is Walt right up to snuff," I begged this Yankee fan. "At fielding Wallie ain't so slow. And he can run and slide. And Walt can spear the hot ones, bo," this Yankee fan replied. "But if you want his fielding mark, I couldn't tell you that, 'cause, kid, when Wallie's at the park I mostly watch his bat. He might be good, he might be bad on grounders to his right. But when he swings his bat, this lad can kiss that pill good-night. He may be fast he may be slow on low balls at his toes, but when he gets a groover, bo, he cracks it on the nose. He might be poor, he might be good at sacrificing gents, but when the Pickler swings the wood he's apt to bust the fence. Perhaps he works the hit-and-run in pretty nifty style; I don't remember that, but, son, he knocks that ball a mile. Don't ask me," quoth the Yankee fan, "can Pipp do this or that 'Cause when I lamp this Pickler man, I mostly watch his bat."



THERE once was a rooter named Nell,
Who'd go to the ball yard and yell.
When her home team would lose
Poor Nell got the blues,
And cried, in her rage, "Ain't it terrible?"

HOME-RUN BAKER retires every night
at 8:30, but his bat gets an even
earlier start and kisses the ball good-night
in the afternoon.

JERSEY CITY has a pitcher named
Maude. Now if Maude and Mule Wat-
son were only hitched to the same team
they oughta be able to kick their club right
through the top of the percentage column.

SUGGESTION for ending the war:
Draft a staff of wild spitball pitchers,
have 'em aim at Trotsky in Russia, and
one of 'em is bound to bean the Kaiser
over in Berlin.

FIFTY-FIFTY

"ABSURD system of figuring batting
averages has injured Cravath's bat-
ting reputation," says expert. Certainly.
And Cravath's absurd method of bunting
home runs has injured many a twirler's
pitching reputation.

MOTHER GOOSE IN BALLDOM

SING a song of Whoosts
Who pitched a no-hit game.
Twenty-seven batters
Stopped through every frame.
And when the game was over
They all began to sing,
"Gee, the lucky rummy!
He didn't have a thing."

HOME-BUN BAKER

PAT-THE-BALL, pat-the-ball, Baker
man,
Swing on that onion as hard as you can.
Bump out a homer and fill us with glee
And break the old game up for Huggins
and me.

LITTLE JACK HORNER played the hot
corner,

And after a liner did sprint.
He stuck out his thumb,
Which the ball fractured, some,
And Jack's remarks ain't fit to print.

FROM the way Fred Merkle has been
burning up the circuit this spring it
looks as though he found the Fountain of
Youth and got soused in it.



IT was the well-known crucial moment.

The score was tied in the ninth, three
Allies were on the satchels and your Uncle
Sam was at bat.

Wild Bill Hohenzollern, the catcher of
the Deutschland Daschunds, anxiously con-
sulted with Lefty Hindenburg, the pitcher.

"Better you giff diss feller a fast one
yet," advised Bill.

"Gott, no. He chust fouled my fast
vun ofer der club house," said Hin.

"Vell, maype some underhanded stuff
fools him alretty. Try der submarine
fadeaway," suggested Bill.

"Dot von don't vork yet, too," mourned
Hindenburg. "He got his eye on der under-
handed stuff, now. Alretty he keeps wait-
ink me ouidt undt von't bite on dot wide
Peace Curve odder dot low Intrigue ball."

"Vell, try dot Paris Drive Spitter, yet
again," said Bill.

"Ach, dot von iss no use, Bill. I can't
put dot von ofer, undt der Venice Floater
undt der Amiens Curve don't vork once
yet, too. Undt pass him ve dassent. Al-
retty iss des bases full vonce. Himmel,
vot could ve do yet, Bill," cried Hinden-
burg.

"Donnervetter," wailed Wild Bill Ho-
henzollern in anguish. "In such a fix
never I vas alretty. Dot Sam feller by
der bat undt my pitchers on der bum.
Ludendorff got a glass arm yet, undt Von
Tirpitz's submarine ball don't vork.
Hindy, maype it's besser by you dot you
should lay a fast one ofer der plate yet,
undt ven diss Ungle Sam svings ve start
to pray."



GOSH, everything's higher these days.
Even the Pirates' winning percentage
has gone up.

ULRIC THE UMP SAYS

"THE players call me 'Stupid Steve'
And say I'm slow and thick,
And solid concrete in the head
And worse than any hick.
But though they call me 'Bone and Skull'
And say my bean is cracked,
You never saw me try to steal
With all the bases packed."
YOU NEVER SAW ME TRY TO STEAL
WITH ALL THE BASES PACKED."