

SHORT LENGTHS

COMEDY names were not as frequent last season among the minor leagues as in former years, for the very simple reason that there were not so many minor leagues as usually happen. Nevertheless, there were a few well worthy of mention, sometimes for the oddity of their monikers, sometimes for their juxtaposition with other interesting titles.

In these pinching war-times, provisions should be carefully conserved—and we find that Hogg was at Los Angeles, while Beer and Goodbred were in Oakland. Bacon pitched for Chattanooga, and Lamb was at Joplin. Luckily enough, Butcher was with the Denver club, and could doubtless take appropriate measures with Hogg, Lamb and Bacon when required. Haddock was Elmira's first baseman; Trout, Herring and Fish all played in the Eastern League, and there was a Skiff at Hartford to go and get them with.

Besides Beer, already mentioned as inhabiting Oakland, Martini had a good home at Wichita (in a prohibition state, too), Sherry was at Elmira, and at Quincy, in the Three I League, there was a Glass to drink them with.

Cannon, of Reading, ought to go to war in a hurry, and so should Darringer, of Bloomington. The nerviest of all players, doubtless, was Bold of Harrisburg. Probably the most talkative athlete was Query of Houston. Justice, of Quincy, ought to be given a place with the National Commission immediately. The same commission, unquestionably, should investigate the doings of Bilk, who pitched for Birminghamton. Sweatt, of Portland, Maine, was probably the hardest working player. A lot of gloom must have been brought into the game by Coffin, of Waterloo; Dye, of Charles City; Grefe, of Evansville; and Coffindaffer, of Springfield.

SOME CONSISTENT BATTING RECORDS

BURNS of the Tigers hit .338 his last season in the Central Association, and .338 the balance of the same year, at Detroit.

Hal Chase's American League batting record was .267 in 1913 and .267 in 1914 also.

George Gibson batted only .178 during each of his first two years at Pittsburgh, in 1905 and 1906.

Buck Herzog hit .264 in 1915 and 1916 too.

Sherwood Magee stung the ball for .306 in both 1912 and 1913.

Stuffy McInnis had a record of .314 in the two consecutive years of 1914 and 1915.

During his last two years in the American League—1915 and 1916—Dan Moeller batted .226.

Bill Rariden hit .236 in 1913 at Boston, and .236 in 1914, with the Indianapolis

Federals. Weaker pitching didn't help.

Hank Severid, now with the Browns, batted .304 in 1910 at Ottumwa, went to the Reds in the National League, and hit .304 in fast company during 1911.

George Whitted poled the pellet for .281 in 1915 and for just the same figure in 1916.

Some really "consistent" batting records: The matchless Cobb, with .368 in 1914, .370 in 1915, and .371 in 1916.

Sam Crawford in 1902, 1903, and 1904;

.334, .333, and .332 marks in succession.

Rabbit Maranville, with .247 in 1913, .246 in 1914, and .244 in 1915.

George McBride, between 1908 and 1912, with these consecutive marks: .232, .234, .230, .235, .226.

Hans Wagner, from 1903 to 1909 inclusive :

1903,355 1907,350

1904,349 1908,354

1905,363 1909,337

1906,339



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WHERE THE UMPIRE SHINES

THE COLONEL: Boys, there is desperate work ahead. I want a company to go over the top, advance against liquid fire, poison gas, and machine guns, plow through the barb-wire, and take that impregnable position ahead. I don't wish to give any orders—I only ask for volunteers. Who will lead this forlorn hope?

THE BURLY PERSON: I'm your man, Colonel. Let me turn this trick.

Lemme at 'em! I'm your man.

THE COLONEL: Do you fully understand the terrible dangers to which you will be exposed?

THE BURLY PERSON: Say, Colonel—compared to what I've faced, compared to the perils I have conquered, this is a ladies' matinee! Lemme go do it all alone!

THE COLONEL: But, my brave boy, you don't realize what you are going up against—great Scott, there he goes!

THE CANNON: Thubb! Thubb!

THE MACHINE GUNS: Tac-a-tac-tac, tac-a-tac-tac!

THE RIFLES: Bang! Blamm! bang bang bing!

THE COLONEL: What sort of man is this, anyway? Look at him go! The shells are bursting all round him! They have dropped a barrage fire before him! He hasn't a chance to live another minute—and still he's going on!

THE AMERICAN TROOPS: Attaboy! Go on, old bird, let's follow him—let's go!

THE BURLY PERSON: At last, I'm happy! Where's the danger here? Do these guys think they can rattle me with this cheap stuff? Get out the way!

THE COLONEL: Am I dreaming, or do I see Ajax, Hector, and John L. Sullivan all rolled into one? Look at that boy fight! Why, he's more than human! See the bullets rebounding from his head!

THE AMERICAN TROOPS: Oh you baby! Come on, fellows, let's go! *They charge.*

THE HUN COMMANDER: Vat iss iss, anyways? Our bullets bounce back und kill us ven dey haf from diss man repounded! I surrender, I surrender!

THE BURLY PERSON: Get off the field! You, with the spiked hat, to the bench! Yea bo, but this is living! Come here till I soak you! *Biff! Boff! Biff!*

THE COLONEL: Up and at 'em, lads! Support that hero!

THE AMERICAN TROOPS: Yip, yip, ye-ow! Oh you Iron Man! We're with you!

THE COLONEL: My boy, you are the most wonderful fighter I ever saw.

THE BURLY PERSON: Maybe anyone would be, Colonel, if he'd had to stand the gaff from everybody for fifteen years and the rules wouldn't let him come back at the lobsters.

THE COLONEL: But what I can't understand, my lad, is the way the bullets bounded off you. Not even a mark, and I saw a whole volley tear right into you!

THE BURLY PERSON: Bullets, didja say, Colonel? Say, I thought I was walking in a shower of duck feathers! After fifteen years of such a life as mine, Colonel, you'd think shells and shrapnel were meant for little kids to toy with.

THE COLONEL: You are indeed a mystery. That stern and lofty brow—that face of fixed and changeless sorrow—that mighty form, moving unfrightened through the fire—that invulnerable body—tell me, man, *Who are you?*

THE BURLY PERSON: Colonel, I am the man who came here seeking peace, quiet, and a chance to get even. Colonel, I'm an umpire!

CURTAIN