

**CLIPPINGS
AND
CARTOONS**

"Never mind, dearest!" she exclaimed stoutly, so stoutly that a fan across the street thought she was addressing him "Never mind! There is a greater duty lurking for us all behind the rose hedges of today. As for the little home, it can wait—and I can wait for it and for you I could never marry a craven, Bertrand.

WILLIAW F. KIRK, in the columns of the New York Evening Journal, thus apostrophizes the patriotic spirit of a certain type of mind. In his little romance the individual happens to be a ball player but the type is equally prevalent in other industries.

**HEARTSEASE
(A Restful Romance)**

The ball game was over and the short season was drawing to a close.

Bertrand Bustem, the hard-hitting left-fielder, was strolling slowly homeward, accompanied by little Sarah Slam, the girl he had loved since childhood.

"Somehow," said Sarah, softly, "somehow I feel strangely happy to think that soon you will be with them colors."

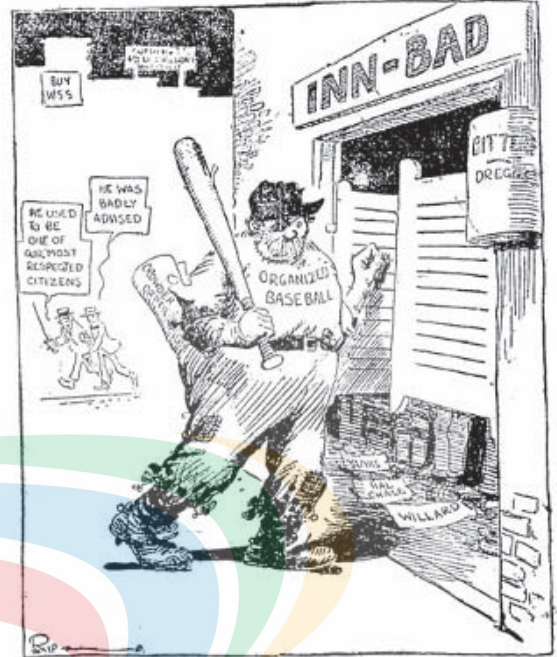
Bertrand Bustem bowed his head.

"Them colors is O. K., kid," he said, at length. "But I kinda hate to say goodbye to them yellow bills. It means—it means that our little home will have to wait."

The fair girl smiled bravely and patted her hero on the neck with her pretty parasol.

A NEW MEMBER

—By Ripley



RIPLEY IN THE NEW YORK GLOBE
Baseball is getting many severe jolts these days from writers and cartoonists

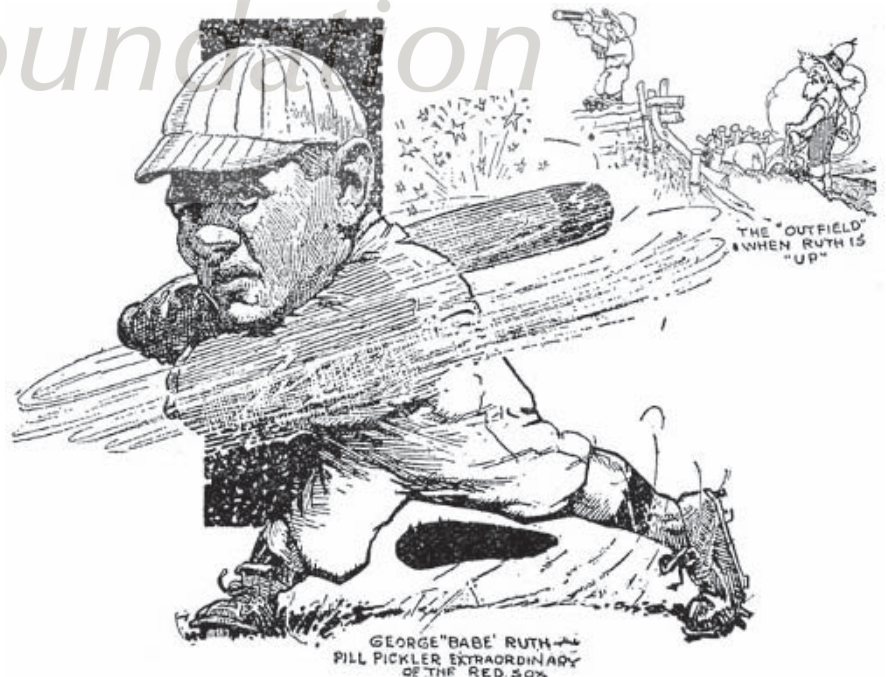
It would kill me!"

"Little Joan of Arc!" he exclaimed, "tomorrow—tomorrow I go!"

"Tomorrow you will be on a ship?" she asked, joyously.

"Tomorrow," he said, "tomorrow I will be on a ship—in the shipyards!"

L.A. 54 Foundation



**GEORGE "BABE" RUTH—
PILL PICKLER EXTRAORDINARY
OF THE RED SOX**

WILLIAMS IN THE BOSTON HERALD