

WHAT'S THE DOPE FROM THE TOWN OF SWAT?

BY BERTON BRALEY

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New York, Oct. 11.—What? What? What? What? What's the news from the town of Swat?—What is the dope on the home run maker; how many bingles for J. F. Baker? How many times did a liner hot rise from his bat to a distant spot? Tell us the tale of the hits he got—tell us the—whaddy y' mean—hey, what? Nary a hit—not a single swat? Well, it may be true, but it sounds like rot, and I don't know whether to laugh or not—four times up and not a swat! And Collins the same? Mein lieber Gott!

But it could not be said very greatly to matter, for Barry and Strunk ambled into the breach, and young Mr. Schang proved a capable batter, who gave to the pill quite an audible screech. Four runs were brought in by the versatile catcher, who walloped the sphere with a resonant bang, and certainly showed as a slugger whose stature is fully as great as the best of the gang. And what can you do with a feller like that who wallops the ball every time at bat?

Yet, for all Mr. Bary's remarkable bingles; for all Mr. Strunk's undeniable skill, for all Mr. Schang with the doubles and singles, which came from the way he punished the pill—if Merkle weren't nursing a mighty sore ankle, if Snodgrass weren't crippled in one of his pins, the gloom of defeat with which many hearts rankle might now be the smile of the fellow who wins. But Snodgrass by lameness was fearfully hobbled and couldn't get under McInnis' fly, and Merkle, who hopped on an ankle that wobbled, was just a bit later for a foul that was high. Perhaps if these invalids were not so lame—there might have been a different game.

For lo, that listless Giant bunch which seemed so void of pep, which

seemed to have no vim or vigor in their step—why, when the seventh inning came they started hitting free and put some ginger in the game by scoring handily. Three runs that Giant rally brought to show up on the board, and in the eighth they bravely fought till two more runs were scored. If Merkle had been wholly well, if Snodgrass didn't limp, it MIGHT be that the score would tell how Gotham put a crimp in Philadelphia's stalwart crew and made them sick and faint—if all these "ifs" of mine were true, but, well, you see, they ain't.

The Giants used full fourteen men, the Mackmen used but nine, the stalwarts from the land of Penn retained their fighting line, and old Chief Bender from the start twirled nobly as of yore; he had the same old dauntless heart, the same old grin he wore—while Demaree and Rube Marquard, the pitchers from Manhattan, took all their troubles pretty hard and flinched at Quaker battin'—and when you think of Schang and such, you cannot blame those pitchers much!

If ever all the dope was shot to pieces; if ever all the figures went to pot, if every expert got paresis endeavoring to figure what was what; if ever any contest baffled science and threw the canny wise ones in a fit—this game between the Mackmen and the Giants is certainly the contest that is IT.

The sons of William Penn were mighty lucky, and yet they played a pretty nifty game; the sons of Old Manhattan town were plucky and yet they lost the laurel just the same. The game was full of "IFS" and full of "may-bes" it "might have been"—and then it "might have not," but the dopsters got an awful case of rabies, endeavoring to figure out what was what!

They talked of "tricks" and strat-