

THE ABSENT UMPIRE

By J. W. Foley

(Saturday Evening Post.)

YOU'LL have to excuse Jimmy Grady,
 I don't think he'll be here today;
 I guess he is sort of afraid he
 Might meet one of us on the way.
 He broke our game up in a riot,
 'Cause when they were nine to our eight
 Tom Gibbs tried to steal home and tie it,
 And he called Tom out at the plate.

I guess you will have to excuse him,
 He dassent come out of his yard;
 He's scared some of us might misuse him,
 And that's why he ran home so hard.
 He saw Tom steal home so's to tie it,
 He heard us all holler and shout,
 And started to run home the minute
 He told Tommy Gibbs he was out.

It was the big game of the season,
 The biggest we ever have had;
 We thought he's our friend—that's the
 reason
 The boys of our nine were so mad.
 We didn't care much about winning,
 Both sides always cheer when it ends,
 But think, in the very last inning,
 To get it that way from your friends!

This morning Tom hollered and told him
 He dassent come out on the walk,
 He said he won't fight him or scold him,
 But just have a nice, friendly talk.
 But Jim didn't answer the greeting—
 You see, when the score's nine to eight,
 You don't care so much about meeting
 The man you called out at the plate.



TWO OUT



The Proprietor (sympathetically)—Was your grandmother's funeral a very long one?

The Office Boy (unthinkingly)—Yes, sir, twelve innings.

"Did your son get near the top of his class?"

"No," answered farmer Cornrossel cheerily. "But you ought to see the way he could get to second base!"



HE COVERS FIRST WELL