

BETWEEN INNINGS



"NEVER AGAIN"

She sat by my side on the bleachers,
And she wore a monstrous hat
That shut off the view of half the field,
But she didn't care for that.

She asked where the pitcher threw the
ball,
And what made the batter bat;
I couldn't reply and watch the game,
But she didn't care for that.

She wanted to know why nine men
played,
And what was the game of "cat."
I told her to watch the fielder's work,
But she didn't care for that.

I thought the limit was over-reached
When the umpire yelled at Mat,
And queered his play by a crooked rule,
But she didn't care for that.

The bleachers arose, but while they
howled,
She stuck a pin in her hat;
And I almost swooned to hear her say:
"Oh, why do they yell like that?"

— Walter Jones Wilson.

It was at the race track. She
had never been there before, and she
watched the steed on which she had
placed a small bet, with feverish inter-
est. When her favorite, just as
the barrier was lifted, bucked and
started to run in the wrong direc-
tion, her escort turned and mur-
mured sympathetically:

"Hard luck. You lose."

"Oh, no," she answered, gayly
waving her kerchief, "I win. I
played him both ways."

There's many a slip 'twixt third
and home.

They don't spare the feelings of their
ball-players in Terre Haute, Ind. At
the close of the Central League season
one of the Terre Haute papers printed
the following memorial to the team:

IN MEMORIAM

Thou art gone, but not forgotten,
As you rest beneath the dews;
You didn't play much baseball,
But you sure were hell on booze.

"Play for his heart," said the second,
"don't bother with his mouth."
"That's what I'm doing," responded
the pugilist, "his heart's in his mouth
now."



A MISUNDERSTANDING

Jones returned from the greatest game of the season so hoarse that he could scarcely speak; but he knew he should burst if he didn't tell someone about what a dunder-headed fool the umpire was. He went over to see Brown, and Mrs. Brown opened the door.

"Is Mr. Brown at home?" whispered Jones.

"No," said Mrs. Brown, whispering too. "Come in."

On board the ocean liner, they were arguing the respective merits of the English and American money systems. Both had strong supporters, and the discussion promised to lead to hard feelings, when a bluff old American sea captain, who was taking his first voyage as a passenger, brought the debate to a close with the following:

"I reckon the American way is the best. Sure, when any one speaks of pounds or shillings, don't you have to figure it out in dollars and cents before you know what he means."

A slugger who thought he was fine
Hit a ball, and it went on a line.
But a fielder was there,
Pulled it out of the air,
And the fans called the hitter a "shine!"

"Every man," declared the free-thinker, "should have as many wives as he can support."

"We have," murmured Mr. Henpeck.

A hit in the ninth is worth two in the first.



A BATTER OUT

"GOING UP!"

The daily values on the curb
May fluctuate or stand,
Yet will their doings not disturb
The "backbone" of the land.
But there is one thing that will soar
Within a few weeks hence—
The value of that precious thing,
The knot-hole in the fence.

—Thomas H. Daniel

She: "Am I the only girl you have ever loved?"

He: "Am I the only man you have ever asked that question?"

