

Taps

The Close of the Baseball Season

By B. B. Vail

Alas! Alas! 'Tis all over.

In my heart there is great sorrow, in my whole being, in fact.

Still, I am conscience-stricken no more, I speak the truth.

Anxiety raps no more at my heart, nor uncertainty, nor anything.

Once more has ceased the sudden and oft-repeated death of many a noble great-grand-sire's daughter.

Has ceased also, the sudden and unexpected illness of the cashier, relieving thereby, the boss' anxiety muchly, the cashier's conscience, as well.

"Freckles" has once more dropped into oblivion.

My married brother's gas meter never needs another quarter.

My gestures are no longer wild and frantic.

I once again assume the demeanor of a rational citizen of the Republic.

The old hard boards, my friends of many a day, miss me.

No unwelcome red head bobs up in my line of vision.

Ladies no more need my apologizes on account of said red head.

No more does the young lady just in front cover her ears, and express herself regarding me, poor fool, me, not she.

My back is also deprived of many unavoidable, unexpected raps.

Glory be.

My ears miss the din of fanatical whooping.

My own poor feet are left for me alone to stand on.

No longer do thoughts of bloody murder enter my mind, regarding a poor defenseless chappie in blue.

I am content with all mankind,—almost.

My thoughts chase each other through perfectly normal channels.

Mut, Crook, Bonehead, sound decidedly vulgar.

Peanuts I can't stand and "dope" has changed to Coca-Cola.

Another Baseball Season is ended.

The curtain falls.

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