



The Winter Fan

By REX H. LAMPHAM

Now is ended the season of bingles,
 Of three-baggers, doubles and singles,
 Of hair-raising thrillers and pennant-hope killers,
 Of three-hundred swatters and shrill corner-lotters,
 Of spurts and of slumps,
 Of near-sighted umps,
 And of this or that speed-peddler getting his bumps.

Yes, the day of our glory is ended,
 Now life has lost much that was splendid;
 No more of the hooting, the yelling, the rooting
 For the ninth-inning rally, the tie-the-score tally;
 No more heart-disease
 When the boys work the squeeze—
 And next May seems a million years off, if you please.

Ah, long looms the winter before us,
 Dreary months e'er we lift the glad chorus
 Of "Hit 'er out, Willie, you daffydondilly!"
 For the springtime we're sighing, once more to be crying,
 "Hi, umps, there's a balk,
 Take a walk, take a walk!"
 We've just one source of joy till next spring—we can talk.