

# The Prison League

## *When the Warden Becomes an Umpire His Troubles Begin*

THE WARDEN: Well, boys, our little experiment in baseball seems to be going along pretty smoothly. I'm well satisfied. Keeps you lads all busy, keeps you out of mischief, provides exercise. Best thing we can do, I judge, is to form some more clubs, and have a little league.

THE PRISONERS: 'Ooray fer th' Warden! Ooray, ooray, ooray!

THE WARDEN: Thanks boys. Now let me see—I wish, as far as possible, to let every man fill the position he knew best before he got in here. How do you fellows want to put down your names?

DICK THE DIP: Fine, Warden, fine! I want to be a scout.

THE WARDEN: I'll kick you in the diaphragm.

THE SKYLINE GID: Lemme play left field, Mr. Warden

THE WARDEN: Left field? Let me see—what are you in for?

THE SKYLINE KID: Second-story work, Mr. Warden.

THE WARDEN: Yep? And you want to play left? And the wall in left is broken down, with a ladder leaning against it. Uh, huh. You'll play right field—a good all-round man can take care of any position, and the wall in right is 59 feet high. Next!

BUCK THE BANDIT: I want to play shortstop, Mr. Warden.

THE WARDEN: How long are you in for?

BUCK THE BANDIT: I got forty years, Mr. Warden.

THE WARDEN: And you want to play shortstop? Oh, very well. No accounting for tastes. Let's see—is the umpire satisfactory? Who is the present umpire, anyhow?

THE ASSISTANT WARDEN: Tommy the bank yegg, Mr. Warden.

THE WARDEN: Tommy the bank-yegg, hey? Is he all right, boys?

CHORUS OF PRISONERS: He is NOT!

THE WARDEN: No? Why, what's wrong with him?

MIKE THE MOOCH: Aw, Mr. Warden, he talks shop. Can't say nothin' but "safe, safe!" all the time!

THE WARDEN: Yes? Well, then, how about Joe Whuff, the embezzler?

BUD THE BURGLAR: Aw, nix, nix, Mr. Warden. I hate tuh knock, but I hardly think, Mr. Warden, that that guy is honest.

THE WARDEN: Yes? Well, then, boys, I'll umpire myself.

THE PRISONERS: Ooray fer th' Warden! Ooray, ooray!

THE WARDEN: I judge that we will have little trouble in completing our clubs. But, fellows, you mustn't overlook the details. Who has been the official scorer?

LUKE THE LIGHTHOUSE: Harry Brooks, the forger, Mr. Warden. But we object to him.

THE WARDEN: And on what grounds, Luke?

LUKE THE LIGHTHOUSE: Why, Mr. Warden, you can't make no leopard change its spots. And this feller makes out fake scores. We beat the Trusties, Mr. Warden, 17 to 9, and this guy frames up the score so neat nobody couldn't never spot him, so as we lose out 11 to 14.

THE WARDEN: Very bad. Very coarse work. Oh, well—let's start a game. Batter up!

DAN THE DOPE: Ow, gwan! Git off th' earth, yuh piece o'cheese! Look at th' punk umpire! Look at th' human goat! Limburger, Roquefort, gorgonzola, punk!

THE WARDEN: Say, you Dan! What do you mean by abusing me?

DAN THE DOPE: I wantcha to enforce the rules, that's what, yuh big stew!

THE WARDEN: Enforce the rules? What are you driving at?

DAN THE DOPE: Why, I wantcha to put me off the grounds!

THE WARDEN: Back to your position! Batter up! One strike!

DICK THE DIP (batting): Aw, fer th' love o' life! That one was that far outside!

THE WARDEN: Play ball! Two strikes!  
DICK THE DIP: Two strikes nuttin'. Way inside!  
THE WARDEN: Go to your cell!

STICKUP STEVE (managing one team): Say, whadda yuh take us fer? Think we gotta stand that sorta robbery?

THE WARDEN: Shut up and play ball! I'll give you five minutes, according to the rules, to stop kicking, or I'll forfeit the game to the other side!

STICKUP STEVE: I dare yuh to forfeit th' game! Y' ain't got th' nerve! Pull yer watch on us, if yuh got th' pep!

THE WARDEN: I'm the boy that will do it, young feller! I'll give you five minutes by this watch—this wa—SOME-BODY'S SWIPED MY WATCH!

THE ASSISTANT WARDEN: Dick the dip got it, Mr. Warden. He simply couldn't help it.

THE WARDEN: I see right now, that there must be responsible parties at the head of this league—men with whom I can deal, and with whom I can take up all questions. There should be a magnate, as they have in the big league teams. That's right, isn't it, boys?

THE PRISONERS: 'At's right, Mr. Warden. Gotta be a magnate! Ooray fer a magnate!

THE WARDEN: Glad you like the idea, boys. Now, then, who would be the best man to be a magnate?

ALL THE PRISONERS: Grand Central Pete, the confidence man!

CURTAIN

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