

FRANCE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1918.

WORLD'S SERIES OPENED—BATTER UP!



The outfield is a-creepin' in to catch the Kaiser's pop,
and here's a southpaw twirler with a lot of vim and hop!

He's tossed the horsehide far away to plug the hand
grenade;
What matter if on muddy grounds this game of war
is played?
He'll last through extra innings and he'll hit as well
as pitch;
His smoking Texas Leaguers'll make the Fritzie seek
the ditch!

He's just about to groove it toward a ducking Fritzy's
bean,
His cross-fire is the puzzlingest that ever yet was seen,
His spitter is a deadly thing; his little inshoot curve
Will graze some Heinie's heaving ribs and make him
lose his nerve.

Up in the air he never goes; he always cuts the plate,
No matter if the bleachers rise and start "The Hymn
of Hate";
And pacifistic coaching never once has got his goat—
Just watch him heave across the top the latest Yankee
note!

The Boches claim the Umpire is a-sidin' with their
nine,
But we are not the boobs to fall for such a phony line;
We know the game is fair and square, decisions on
the level;
The only boost the Kaiser gets is from his pal, the
Devil!

The series now is opened, and the band begins to play,
The batteries are warming up; the crowd shouts, "Hip-
Hurray!"
The catcher is a-wingin' 'em to second, third and first,
And if a Heinie tries to steal, he's sure to get the
worst.

So watch the southpaw twirler in his uniform O.D.
Retire to the players' bench the Boches—one, two,
three!
He'll never walk a bloomin' one, nor let 'em hit it
out—