

Sunday Baseball

by William Kirk

The East Side Slashers were playing the Terrors,
Piling up hits, assists and errors;
Far from their stuffy tenement homes
That cluster thicker than honeycombs,
They ran the bases like busy bees,
Fanned by the Hudson's cooling breeze.

Mrs. Hamilton-Marshall-Gray,
Coming from church, chanced to pass that way.
She saw the frolicking urchins there,
Their shrill cries splitting the Sabbath air.
"Mercy!" she murmured, "this must stop!"
Then promptly proceeded to call a cop;
And the cop swooped down on the luckless boys,
Stopping their frivolous Sunday joys.

Mrs. Hamilton-Marshall-Gray
Spoke to her coachman and drove away
Through beautiful parks, o'er shady roads,
Past splashing fountains and rich abodes.
Reaching her home, she was heard to say
"How awful to break the Sabbath day!"

The Slashers and Terrors, side by side,
Started their stifling subway ride
Down through the city, ever down
To the warping walls of Tenement Town.
Reaching their homes, the troublesome tots
Crept away to their shabby cots
And dreamed of the grass and the droning bees,
The pure, cool air and the waving trees,
And how they had played their baseball game
Till the Beautiful Christian Lady came.

The Umpire's Home

by William Kirk

Where does an umpire live? You ask me that?
Come, I will take you to an umpire's flat.
Ah! Here we are! 'Tis five flights up, behind;
Umpires are used to hiding—they don't mind.
This is the entrance. It's a bachelor's den,
For umpires aren't often married men.
The owner's not at home, but come with me;
I know him well and have an extra key.

This is the library; note well the books,
Dingy and dismal, like the umpire's looks.
"Lives of the Martyrs," "The Deserted Home,"
"Dante's Inferno," "Rise and Fall of Rome."
"Paradise Lost," "The Sinking of the Maine,"
"Ballad of Reading Gaol," and "Souls in Pain."
"The Death of Joan of Arc," "The Convict's Woe,"
And all the works of Edgar Allen Poe.

This is the dining room, all done in black,
With rugs of drab and tapestries of sack
Notice the mottoes on the gloomy walls:
"Drink to the countless strikes that I called balls,"
"A toast to all the close ones that I miss,"
"A curse upon the man who loves to hiss!"
Where does an umpire live? You ask me that?
Well, I have shown you through an umpire's flat.

Source:

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