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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 Fritzies 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—

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