

# Base-ball ballads (IA baseballballads00rice).pdf/121



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*A REAL JOB FOR TEDDY.*

All in all, 'twill suit you fine. Never having been afraid  
Of aught else upon this earth, you should be an umpire,  
Ted!

That's the only job for you; take our tip now, Theodore;  
Think of how your pulse will leap when you hear the angry  
roar.

There your nerve can have full play; you will find the  
action there  
Which you've hunted for in vain from your Presidential  
chair.

Chasing Afric lions and such, catching grizzlies will seem  
tame  
Lined up with the jolt you'll get in the thick of some hard  
game.  
Choking hungry wolves to death as a sport will stack up  
raw  
When you see Kid Elberfeld swinging for your under jaw.  
When you hear Hugh Jennings roar, "Call them *strikes*, you  
lump of cheese!"  
Or McGraw comes rushing out, kicking at your shins and  
knees;  
When the bleachers stand and shout, "Robber, liar, thief,  
and dub!"  
You'll be sorry for the gents in your Ananias Club.  
You'll find it's a different thing from making peace with old  
Japan  
Than when you've called a strike on O'Conner or McGann.



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