push through the turnstiles six afternoons in the week, you probably have, but if not-don't lose a day in adding this pleasure to your list of delightful experiences.

For there's something there for every one, no matter what nationality, sex, age or previous condition of servitude may All sorts of surprises await you in the kaleidoscope of events at Baseball Park.

You'll see everything in the millinery line from an inverted waste-paper basket trimmed with oranges and onlons, to the modest "tam" with a navy band on it, worn by the high-school maiden on the nape of her neck. You'll see stern professors, and men with big business interests, relaxing for the time being, tension of the game. You'll see-

But wait! The game is on! A very enviable, important person in the press box reaches up and strikes the gong; the players hitch up their belts a little, kick some dirt, and draw their caps more tightly over their skulls; the catcher ties on his apron and rolls up his sleeves, as though he might be going to make a pie; the umpire holds up his hand to catch the attention of the immense throng while he announces the names of the pitchers who will lead their respective thing up to Coney Island sausages. teams to glory, or perchance to bite the dust of defeat.

You get out your pencil and run a finger down the scorecard to find the place. Just as the umpire calls in stentorian the pitcher. "Oh, you pitch like an old tones, "- will pitch for Portland, for San Francisco," your wife nudges you?" shows the style of their wit. No you and says:

vies, myself!"

that time, but there's another chance, pleases, and to get up when he pleases for you're sitting on the side near the to walk over a dozen people to sit somebleachers, so when the umpire turns to where else if he pleases.

Francisco," for the peanut boy has just discovered you, and sixing you up as about his caliber, stumbles over your toes enthusiastically shouting "Peanuts-s-st Popcoru-n-n-nt! Chewinggum-m-m-m-mill" in a voice that carries far beyond Mount Hood.

> Well, who cares about the pitcher's names, anyway! Some one always finds out beforehand who is going to pacels and the information quickly circulates although all the little birds you can see, or big ones either, are defunct, and adorn some fair enthusiast's chapeau.

If you can spare a glance now and then from the field, it will be interesting to note the different ways of enjoying baseball. You will see the man who keeps an accurate score of the game, and forgetting all-even their cigars-in the like a military tactician, or a chessplayer, watches every move, and is more intent on finding out which player to credit a safe hit to, or an error, than on the outcome of the contest.

Then there is the large contingentmostly feminine-who are there to eat everything the venders have to offer. And this grows to a larger range every day, for from the original, insignificant peanut of yore you can now get los cream, "sody," popcorn, candy-every-

Others-and these are men, of courseget their fun in loudly encouraging individual players of their acquaintance who are trying to make the circuit of the bases, or in apostrophizing the umpire or woman!" "Hit the north star, why don't one needs to be an after-dinner speaker "Oh, do look at that stunning hat over | to make his voice heard at a ball game. there with tomatoes and grapes on it! Here everything is democrafic. Here Though I'd rather have currents or cher- everyone speaks his honest, unpurchasable mind. Here everyone gets a chance Well, you didn't got the pitchers' names to sit where he pleases as long as he

announce in that direction, you lean for- The small, tired-looking man in front

of you gazing at the field with glased eyes looks as though he hated the game and had been dragged there by his big. buxom wife to buy ice cream and candy for her, but fust as a wave of pity wells up in your kind heart for him, he jumps up, gesticulating, and yelling wildly: "Rotten! Rotten! Paste him one! Give it to him! Ro-o-o-ot-ten!"

So you bid another on Pity, and hand it on to the wife for being brought into such undue preminence, but find that and that the gaze of some 16,000 odd eyes is focused on the unfortunate umpire who has just made a close decision, and stands in momentary danger of being ! clawed out of existence by the angry players awarming around him. So be gets the Pity, and it comes not amiss for the purple of Rome never floated over harder hearts in the ancient amphitheaters than the implacable ones of our

theaters than the implicable ones of our own baseball fans foday, until the umpire hands out a decision that pinches the other team?

Then about the seventh inning a big man down in front suddenly jumps up, calling excitedly on all in the grandstand to get up. Everyone stands immediately, so you are forced to do the same, in order to see what is going on, and whether the President has been assausinated, or whether the tray-bearers have perhaps chicken croquettes and lobater a is. Newberg to sell this time.

Nothing of the kind. This is to change the luck, for the game has been going to the visitors, and as soon as the pitcher turns his back upon the grandstand and begins gyrating with the ball, all sit down again, confident that this inning will give the small box across the lot a chance to hang up for Fortland something better than those heavy goone eggs he's been higging across the scoreboard all afternoon.

One great fascination about baseball is probably the eleventh bows element in it.

One great fascination about baseball is not understand, and you will live over when the selected we have all the eleventh bows element in it.

UMPIRE

For, next morning the game of the written up in the paper; some of the They swept the purch and re written up in the paper; some of the They swept the purch and re written up in the paper; some of the They swept the purch and re One great fuscination about baseball is minor decisions elucidated that you did probably the eleventh hour element in it.

Until the last man is out, one is never again the exciting game; the thrills, the cure how the game may go, so never leave until then, or you may miss a grand set-piece like the famous game a few fociably in your chair with the morning demands of the larm and let the signal down!

Turks on the first page, and fumbling all the leaves loose in your haste to find the sporting page.

Tou read:
"Ole biffed a binglet which was pounted by the star twirler for the Con were large bunches of horseshors. and proceeded to come "Speck," who swiped a statler to deep left center, while 'Kit' pecked one on the anout which the tall southpaw on third such doubled to first, morguing Cassy on the initial cush-ion and clipping the cauto off with the nine husky braves in the lorbox."

Then, Twemlow-fashion, with one week hand at your forebend, you reach with the other for your well-thumbod "Casey at the Eat," hoping thereby to restore some remnant of reason to your muddled bean before you go down to the effice. N. B. But if you have a leaning toward well worth mastering!

A Latter Day Paul Revers.

EASTERN OREGON HOME DESCRIBED IN ALL ITS PHASES

BY A LIFE-LONG HOBO.

FARM LIFE AS VIEWED BY ONE FOR MANY YEARS A TRAMP

I told him I had he excused himself, saying he had some business to attend to, but would hunt me up at noon. He found me asleep in a saloon, bought a drink and we went to dinner. After dinner he excused himself again, saying he would meet me at the saloon we had just left about 3 o'clock. He was there on time. He bought another drink, had a two-gallon demijohn filled with whisky and we started to the 18 miles distant across the Grand Ronde Valley.

A stronger superlative than the word grand is needed to do justice to the country we passed through that after-For the first few miles we passed through an orchard and vegetable country, the great orchards bending under their burden of big red apples. Beyond we entered the domain of the wheat barons and here was a wealth of golden yellow color of wheat, stubble fields on all sides, filled with great fat stacks of unthreshed grain was always susceptible to beauties of this kind and in spite of my drowsiness I was all interest. At intervals the



while sitting there enjoying the increasing warmth of the sun a farmer drove up and tied his team near where I was sitting. He walked directly to me and asked if I was looking for work. Of course I was, as I had but soon as I was. Eleven hours of until known as I was the soon as I 35 cents left. He said they were going troubled sleep will knit up several to thresh and needed a man for a few skeins of the ravelled sleeve of care-Something about the man appealed to me and without asking any questions about wages or conditions of work I promised to go with him. He asked if I had had my breakfast. When I told him I had not been seed wheat in a second secon

All the time I was taking note of ny surroundings. Evidently the acres of the farm were broad and rich; the outbuildings were large and well adapted to their different purposes, and the house was spacious and well kept and surrounded by a wilderness of

The first evening after supper I went out among the roses. As I stood there amidst all that splendid beauty I was almost awed. If there is anything in plant life that commands my full admiration it is a magnificent rose. is equal to a monarch of the forest or a field of waving grain, and there I stood amidst a galaxy of roses. Jim's stood amidst a galaxy of roses. Jim mother, who owned the farm, appeared and asked me what I thought of her roses. Then she told me the names of the different varieties and of the trouble she had had in getting some of them to grow. Rose culture with Mrs. Ward was no fed, but a high And her roses were attractive, Roses

everywhere, with red roses predominat-ing, but there was an opulence of yel-low and white as well. There were roses on clambering bushes and cresp-ing vines and roses on bushes, treelike in size. And in that riot of color supgostive of passion, the white roses, the modest little maldens of the garden, gentied all, established harmony, where, without them, would have been tur-There was rivalry among the bulence. There was rivary among the roses for regal honors, and of course the gorgeous red ones were the victors. But many insisted that the Marcschal Neil was the rightful queen. But the madam had no favorites. They were all her roses and to her each was endowed with life and was a sentient being.

The next day I devoted to breaking a horse from kicking in the barn. A young mare would kick violently when one at-tempted to harness her, but otherwise she was gentle. I got a whip with a she was gentle. I got a walp with a long lash, took the harness down and started towards her. She started to kick as usual. When she quieted down I wrapped the whiplash around her heels. I thought she would kick a hole in the I thought she would kick a hole in the roof. I stood with a light harness in my hand and continued that treatment until she refused to kick, however hard I would strike her. I walked toward her with the harness. She shuddered and shrank from me, but did not kick. I harnessed and unharnessed her and harnessed her again and that afternoon I hitched her to the wagen and hauled sacks to the grain stacks. That act gave me distinction on that farm as a gave me distinction on that farm as a horse-tamer.

The next morning the threshing ma-The next morning the threshing ma-chine was pounding away and in three and a half days threshed over 10.000 bushels of grain. Everybody was happy. That evening at the supper table the madam said: "Why, Jim, the yield is larger this year than it has been in years," and Jim told her he thought the land was getting better every year, and still everybody was happy. still everybody was happy,

Mrs. Ward's family consisted of her-self and six children, three sons and three daughters. The oldest son, Jim, was married and lived at home; the sec-

HE JUMPS UP

YELLING WILDLY,

"ROTTEN! ROTTEN!"



rang while I was at work on the farm, mothers would drive up, seeking their Jennie Holden was the daughter of a errant children, and each one would revalley farmer who had not been very celve an ovation when she came. The valley farmer who had not been very successful in the great game of accumulating property. Jennie was ambitious to become a school teacher and went to work for Mrs. Ward to earn money to buy Winter clothes for herself. Jim Ward thwarded her ambition. He was looking for a wife and if ardent love sought a mais it would be hard to find one more fitting than Jennie Holden. Their four children, ranging in age from it years to it months, were born there on the farm.

The threshing done, I expected to hit the road again, but Jim said he had lots of work and would like to have me stay, and I gladly assented. fences around the ricks of grain in the suck and turned 60 horses and 80 cattle into the stubble. The next merning we ground sickles and started to cut 60 acres of alfalfa. Jim and I drove the mowers and H-year-old Arthur drove the rake. The morning of the third day the faxe. The morning of the time way Jim went to town after more help. He came back in the afternoon with a mid-dle-aged man, a veteran of the road like myself, and two young foreigners. Every-body worked the rest of the day shockhony worked the rest of the day shock-ing hay. The next morning we started to haul hay, with Jim on the stack, young Arthur driving the derick horse, myself and the other hobo on the wagons and the two young strangers in the field. At moon one of the field men quit. Jim settled with him and he started afoot to La Grande. It milesyldiaton; Our forces to La Grande, 18 miles distant, Our force was now seriously impaired. The re-maining pitcher being utterly unable to keep the wagons louded.

hose the wagons loaded.

I took his fork and put him on the wagons, but he could not drive a team or handle a Jackmon fork. The next morning Jim told me to take the dutchman to town and bring out some more

ceive an evation when she came. The children would gather about her, cling to her skirts and ply her with all sorts

. . . .

There was something agog among the

women. A neighbor's daughter had been installed in the kitchen and when the meal was served the women of the famlly had to be called. ried daughter of the house, was a fine girl-intelligent, handsome and as unaffeeted as a child. Unlike her fabled prototype, the heaven-born Helen of prototype, the heaven-born Heigh of Greece and Troy, her hair was the color of the raver's wing. She had been a belle in the neighborhood for three or four years and had been ardently court-ed by the wife-hunting swains of her aced by the wife-hunting swains of her acquaintances. Helen remained heart whole and fancy free until she met Heary Fleming, as a farmhand on her own mother's farm. Fleming, Sr., was a renter there in the valley and had a big family. The Summer of 1905 Henry worked for the Wards. He and Helen became sweethearts, but that they were to be married remained a secret until a few days before the wedding. They were married the first week in November and the day before the wedding Jim and his wife went to La Grande and I was instructed to stay at the house and help the cook.

I carried wood and water for her and built a long table of boards to the yard. of 60 black and bronze turkeys had been penned up for a week, and in the evening I slaughtered and dressed them. Work ing around the house, I got quite well keep the wagons louded.

I took his fork and put him on the wagons, but he could not drive a beam or handle a Jackson fork. The next morning Jim told me to take the Dutchman to town and bring out some mere men. I brought out two hobes, who stayed until the hay was all in the stack Both Jim and his mother were pleased. Fences were built around the stacks and the fields thrown open to the stock. Fur two or three days we did old jobs about the farm and then got ready to hand wheat and barley to the warehouse. Each man drave a sub-berse tran and carried a trail wagon. On the feur wagens were light are coin with Helen and young the farm and then got ready to hand and Japs. Besides, I am going to get maintried a trail wagon. On the feur wagons we usually loaded los sacks and I am of the opinion that it

peared quiet but radiant and everybody was happy. Honry and the preacher arrived about 10 o'clock. Soon after, the great began to arrive—women, old and young, and children, perhaps 50 in number, and a few men. The senson was still too busy for men to leave their work. I appeared resplendent in a new suit of store clothes, a hard hat and a starched shirt, the first I had work in years, and the last.

**Dought i of the bridg and myself drank to the bridg and young and rived about 10 o'clock. Soon after, the first is not never and myself drank to the bridg and young and the bridge and young, and children, perhaps 50 in number, and a few men. The senson was more that evening, in deep potations. I Grande. When I got into the wagen the suit of store clothes, a hard hat and a starched shirt, the first I had worn in years, and the last.

**As we started away the haby extended to the preacher arrived and I mad I mand Henry and myself drank to the bridge and the bridge and young and I mad I mand I mank to the bridge and the bridge and young and the bridge and young and the bridge and provide and I wand done and for two days work I indeed up my little burnels Jun hitched up a team to take me to La Grande. When I got into the wagen the suit of store clothes, a hard hat and a starched shirt, the first I had worn in years, and the last.

**As we started away the haby extended to the provide and myself drank to be bridge and the bridge a

I am an old bobo. For 20 years my life has been spent to railroad camps, mining camps and boxcars. The wome I have mot, in these 20 years, have been of the under-world and the unsmilling dames encountered at the kitchen door when socking a meal. In my two months' residence on this farm I had met a few of the guesta at

farm I had met a few of the guests at lielen's weedling, and know a few others by sight. Formalities are not very closely observed in the country, and I was soon acquainted with the rest of the guests. They were all gracelousness and I was as good as anyone, which was certainly ment pleasing to me. One big portly dame, with a half dozen of her own children with ber, even declared it was a pleasure for her to meet a man like me, that I carried with me an atmosphere of the big struggling world she was raised in. There was no struggle in the Grande Rends except for more properly.

The words making Henry Floming and Helen Ward husband and wife were pro-

Helen Ward husband and wife were pronounced at 12 o'clock. After the ceres women gathered around the brids and groom, wishing them all kinds of future happiness. Helen kindly thanked them and told them she was certain she had the good will of all. Then the little girls crowded around, but they seemed at a loss for words. One little miss of six, with an air of sunbarransment, stood looking up at Helen, when Helen furned to her and said, "What do you want, Ethel" Ethel said, "Mamma told ma what to say, but I have forgotten. Helen replied, "Never mind, dear. I know what you want to say and I thank you for it." Then she stooped over and kissed the little girl, who want away happy. The other little girls demanded a kiss, which they got, with a careus added, and all were happy. To all this I stood a silent but interested spectator. Not aimse my boyhood days had I heard the fateful words pronounced making man and woman husband and wife.

Mrs. Ward said to me. "Bob, have you six, with an air of embarramenent, stood

Mrs. Ward said to me, "Bob, have you no word of congratulation for Helen? One of the other women said I was jealous of Henry, and I was. I think any bachelor is more or less irritated at eseing the finest name in the list of eligibles permanently withdrawn. But,
whatever my feelings were, I concealed
them and went forward. Assuming an
air of seriousness, I read them a lecture
on the new dulies and responsibilities
they had just assumed. It was received
with hilarity and only added to the prevailing good feeling.
A half dozen women were busy setting
the table of rough boards I had built the
day before. The turkeys I had slaughtered the night before had been barbecomed and the arouns from them had affected every offactory nerve for an hoge.
Soon the bugge call amnouncing filmer
was nounded and these hungry wemen
and children rushed to the table.

Mrs. Ward's dinners were famous for seing the finest name in the list of eli-

Mrs. Ward's dinners were famous for miles ground, but in this case she had outdone herself. The table grouned under the substantials of the farm and the delicacies of the form and city. It was a gastronomic revel and would receive more than passing attention if served in the best hotel in Furtland. Mrs. Ward was everywhere, insisting upon every-body eating more. 'Have some more tur-key.' That cranberry sauce is fine. Have you eaten any of this saled?' etc. And everybody did eat, and then eat more. Such a crowd of jolly women and girls I had never seen.



left for their new home, which was ready to receive them. Helen was gone, but no car, and would often return to her mother's house.

Morning came and a day's work was to be done. As I sat down to the break fast table the madam set a tumblerful of whisky down by my plate, saying: "think Bob needs a drink this morning. I drank it with a gusto, ate a hig break fast and I'm and I went to the orchard. For two weeks we picked and hauled big red apples into the fruit-house. One day, as we finished dinner, there

was an ominous ring of the telephone bell. The madam answered it. I heard her say: "Yes. Sarah. I will be there as soon as possible." She asked me to hitch moon as possible." She asked me to hitch Neille to the buggy. I was back in a jiffy and the madam was waiting. As she drove away I divined the reason of this hurry call from flarah. Three days later she returned, and at the supper table she told us about it. There had been no trouble at all and the baby was a fine, healthy buy, and her old face beamed with pleasure as she told it.

While the madam was gone a letter. came addressed to her and postmarked Salt Lake City. It was from her hobo son, and stated he would be at home be-fore Christmas. This made the old mother cry with joy. A few days later another letter came, stating that her other son, the physician, and his wife, would be at hame for Christman. This letter filled the family cup of joy to overflowing. It seemed to me that the next morning that the lines of peace and happiness on her sweet old face were deeper and more firmly marked than I had ever seen them. She was all graciousness and whataver the children did they received no represent from grandma. The next few days Jim and I employed hading wood from the mountains with six-horse tesses. Then we sawed and split wood for two or three days. mother cry with joy. A few days later

For me this ideal life was every body said eat, and then eat more. Such a crowd of losir women and girls I had never seen. I saw the had never seen.

Dinner over, the guests soon began to this farm was ended, and at the supper

(This remarkable letter, bearing every mark of genuineness, came to The Sunday Progenian from a body, who signs his many but asks that it be withheld, As a hand me the demijohn. He knew that pleared it anything would keep a hobe awake the near the more likely of the can of organ farm, it completes of the Spanish War he called an pleared it anything would keep a hobe awake the near the more likely of a soldier aroused within him the law out of a botter in Lag Grande. I had a lone half-dollar in my pocket and after gotting a cup of coffee I went to the sungal died of the street and after gotting a cup of coffee I went to the form of the sungal died of the street and after gotting a cup of coffee I went to the form of the sungal died of the street and after gotting a cup of coffee I went to the form of the sungal died of the street and any of the s that I would have the next morning. Storm clouds had enveloped the valley for several days, and when I awake the next morning an Inch or two of the beautiful covered the ground. At the breakfast table they tried to induce me to slay until the snow was gone, but the woodstore the snow was gone, but the

would be in La Grande to meet me.

As we started away the baby extended her little hands toward me shd cried, and I nearly cried suyeelf. This was in 1907, and while I was at work on this farm the little tiff had come up among the money locds of our country and they had shus off the people's supply of cash, but Jim get my \$155 check cashed. That sight I cattght the head end of a passenger train and rode over the Niue Mountains into Pendleton. It was too cold to ride farther. I was again a tramp.

Long were the Winner nights, and long The shortest days so cold and drear. How easy to forget the song Of figring when Winter clockes the years now the choral throngs are here. And Joy refile the hearts of men. We turn our thoughts to outdoor cheer We turn our thoughts to sutdoor of And hear the German band again.

Again the alim cummuter wears
A look of lotty thought and pants
With pride as down the row he fares
The while he sets toushto plants.
Again the aliey hunkster rants
Of "Berriesal strawberriesal" and then—
Ob, thrilling, blastni circumstance!
We hear the German band again.

No more shall care beginned the brow;
No more shall sorrow bear us down;
We have a lot of pleasure now
To drive away the anxious frown.
Though bremsu charge as through the tows
And holdly swim into our len
The bills for wite's new had and gown.
We hear the German bend again.
—Chicago Daily News.

You must chose your eyes; there's golden

speeding to Breamland Town.

We are going fast in our touring car.
We are nearing Dreamland Town,
And the hand you for will turn the wheel
And run the begins down.

A speed law, dear, for our big, tog car-We are entering Dreamland Town, And the they wheels 'neath your little basis Are slowly running draw, —New York Times



BE A SERVANT AND