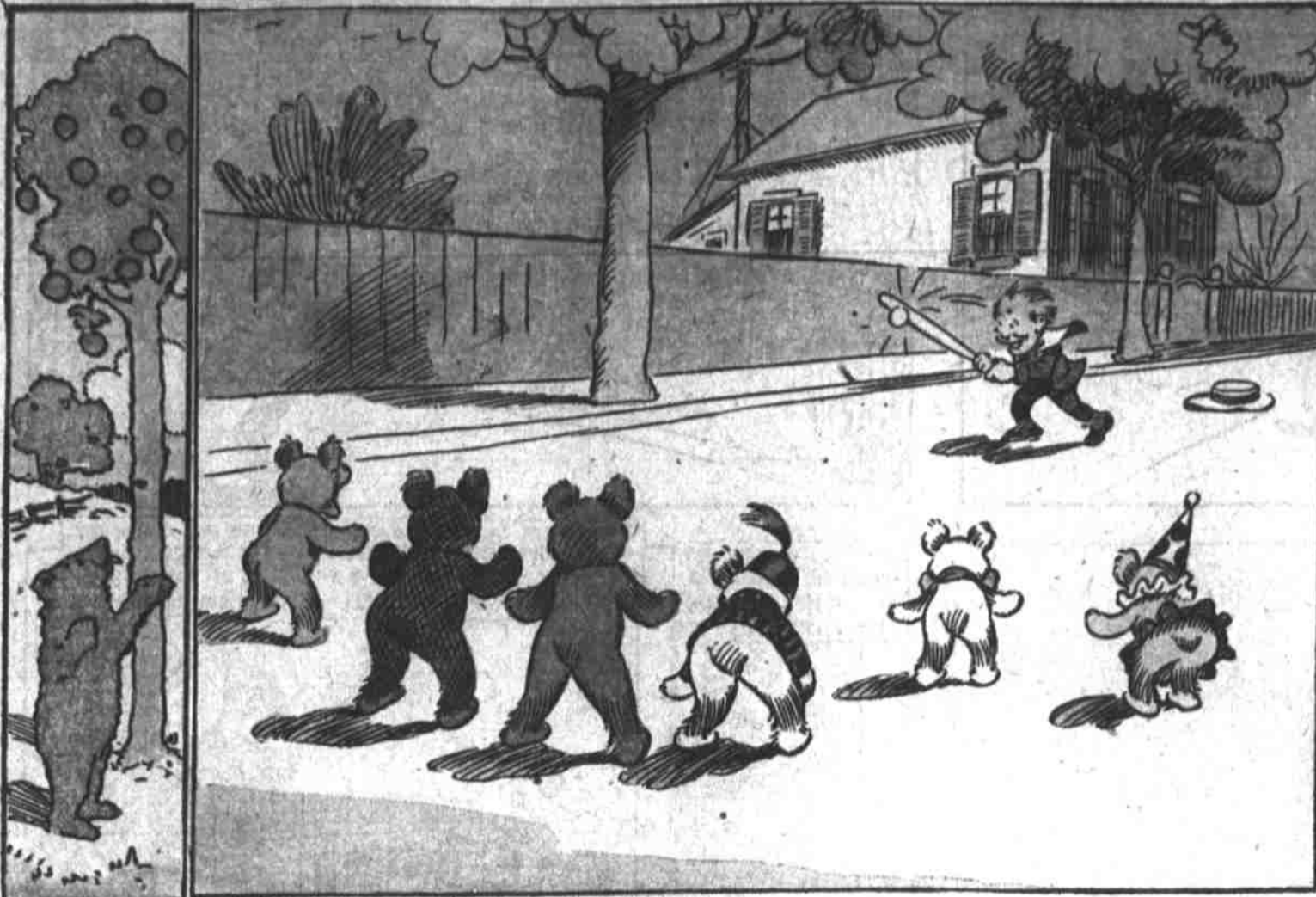
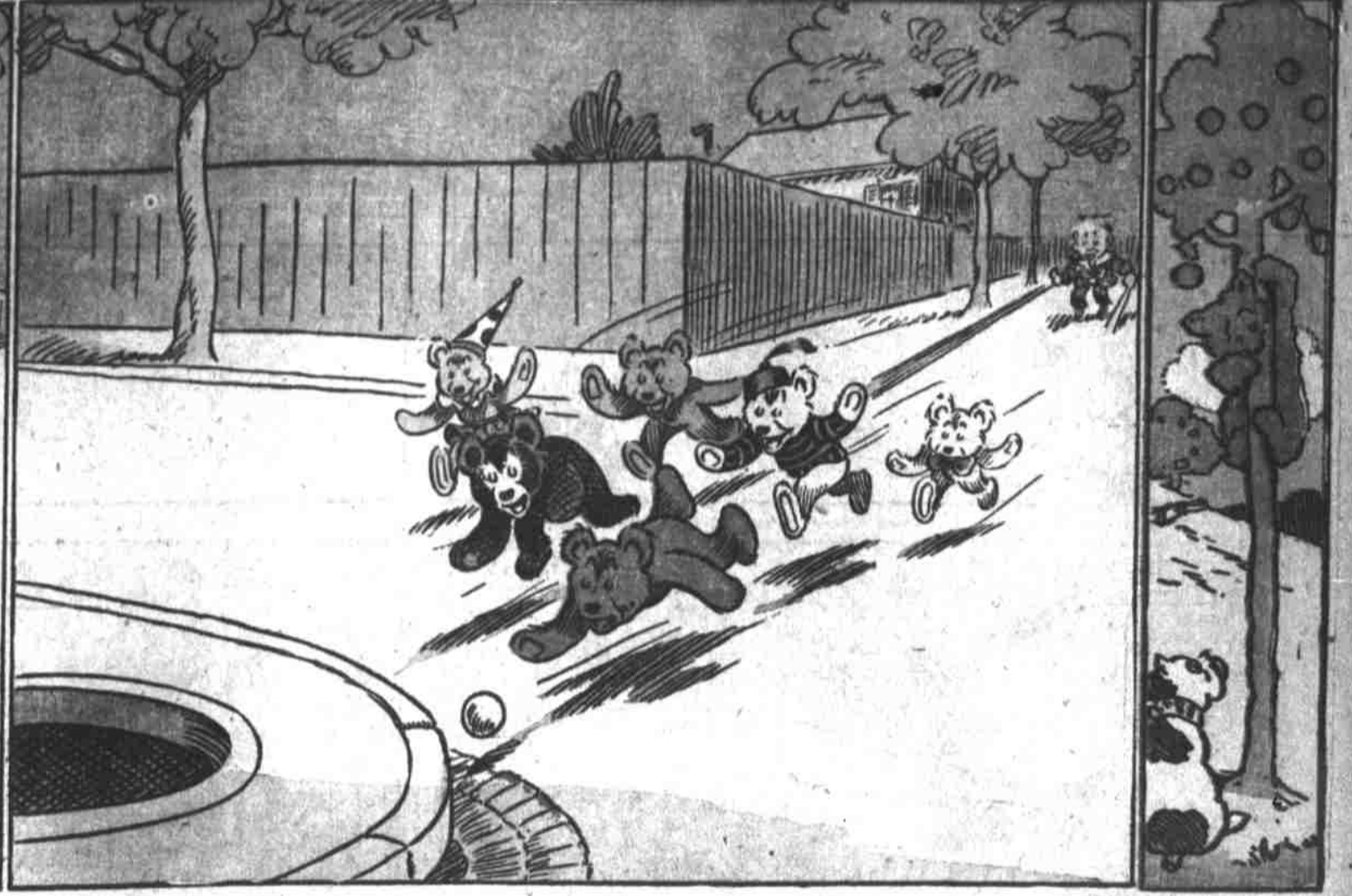


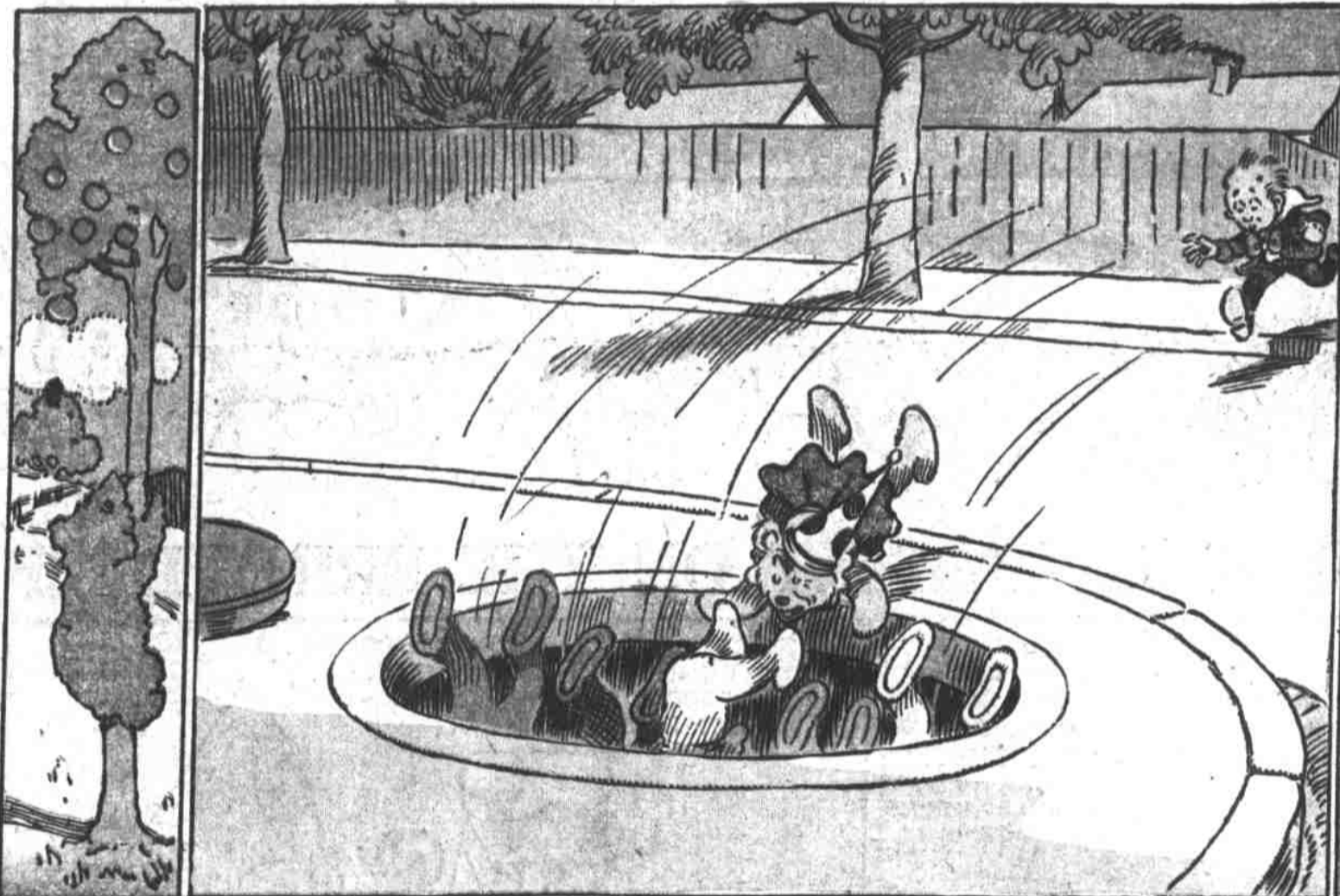
PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING SEPTEMBER 19, 1908



1. One day the Teds, in great surprise,  
 Found Johnny batting up some "flies."  
 "Oh, John, dear John!" cry one and all,  
 "We want to learn to play baseball!"



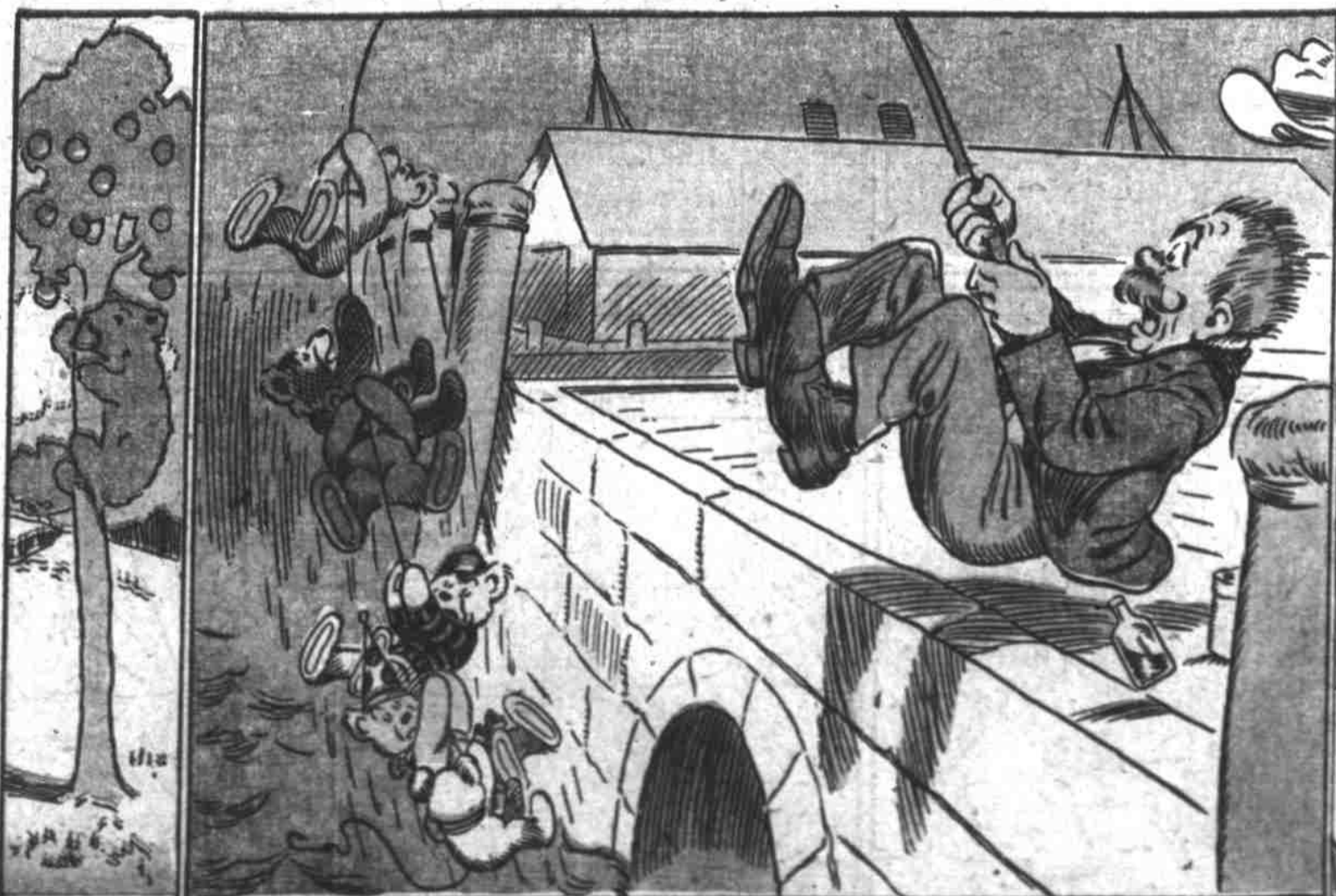
2. John tells them how, and bids them try.  
 And lines them up to catch a fly.  
 He takes the bat with strut and swagger  
 And hits an elegant "three-bagger."



3. The Teddies rush in mad pursuit,  
 And blindly down a drain-hole shoot,  
 While John, dismayed, sees ball and bear  
 All vanish as if made of air.



4. Ugh! Down the drain the Teddies go  
 Until they reach the stream below.  
 Hurrah! A fishing line's in sight;  
 The bears decide they all will "bite."



5. "Oh, howly saints!" the angler cries,  
 When endless Teddies meet his eyes.  
 "St. Pat! Oi only took a dhrop;  
 But, be th' saints! 'tis toime to shtop."



6. John greets the draggled, muddy bunch,  
 And calls them "fish" and "fine for lunch."  
 "A splendid 'catch' you surely made—  
 Too bad that Mike was so afraid."