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East Oregonian

TUESDAY, JULY 29, 1902.

GENERAL NEWS.

Aupi Mam Marl, a native of India, and for many years a resident of San Francisco, is dead at that place at the age of 130 years.

Fire Sunday destroyed the Clyde pier and warehouse at Jacksonville, Fla., owned by the Boston line of steamships. Loss \$50,000.

The Insular Bureau of the War Department is having all captured Filipino records sent to Washington with the idea of compiling a history of the Filipinos.

The Petit Bleu of Brussels, announces that King Leopold has obtained from China a concession of 125 hectares (about 309 acres) of land north of Tien Tsin.

A winstair at Detroit, Mich., Sunday, did \$50,000 damage by tipping over a huge hoist which crashed into the deck of a car ferry belonging to the Michigan Central railway.

The body of the late John W. Mackay, who died in London July 20, will not be brought to the United States until September, Mrs. Mackay's health forbidding her earlier travelling.

Annie Cousart and Jennie and Mamie Nelson, aged 10, 12 and 14 years, were killed by an engine on the Seaboard Air Line near Charlotte, N. C., Sunday. They were walking across a trestle.

The waiters in the cafes and restaurants at Trieste, Austria, have gone on strike because of the refusal of their employers to grant their demands for regular wages and the abolition of tips.

William Hunter, who confessed a few days ago to forging the name of John R. Stephenson to checks, escaped from the county jail at Sheridan, Wyo., by means of a key he had manufactured from a bucket bale.

The British four-masted ship Pyrites, which left Puget Sound in October 1900 heavily laden with wheat and has spent most of the time since then on the beach of Reva Island, has been floated and has arrived at San Francisco.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST NEWS.

An early morning fire destroyed property to the amount of \$1,500 at The Dalles Sunday.

The 1902 hop crop of Clackamas county is reported to be almost all sold. The average price ranged near 20 cents.

Owing to the heavy run of salmon in the Columbia, the price of the fish at the Astoria canneries has fallen to 4 cents a pound.

Salem is predicting an exceptionally successful State Fair there this fall on account of the general prosperity all over the west.

A postoffice has been established at Cecil, Morrow county, Ore., on the route from Douglass to Ella. Louis Balsiger has been appointed postmaster.

James Gibson, who shot and killed John Schonbachlor at Grant Pass, on the 18th of last April, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree by the jury.

A. J. Finch, arrested in Portland for embezzlement, is expecting friends in the east to square up the amount with which he got away, in which event the case against him will be dropped.

South Mount Tabor is petitioning the postal department for a rural mail route to run from there, covering the territory of Mount Tabor South, Lents, Woodstock, Tremont and Ivanhoe.

Hip Hay, a Chinaman brought down from Alaska on a murder charge, committed suicide in the Port Townsend, Wash., jail late Saturday night by strangling himself with a shoe string.

THE BLOOMER GIRLS

PLAYED BY LAMPLIGHT BEFORE LARGE CROWD.

Grand Stand, Bleachers and Side Lines Swarmed With Sightseers, and the Dear Girls Were "Real Cute."

At the Alta diamond Monday evening the first alleged game of baseball ever played by lamplight in this city was witnessed by an immense crowd of curiosity-seekers, and their wives. The men were there to see the Bloomer Girls, and their wives were there to look after "hubby"—and because they also wanted to see the girls.

The game was scheduled to commence at 8 o'clock and some time before that hour the grand stand was packed with people who had paid 25 cents each admission to the gate and been inveigled out of 25 cents admission to the grand stand; the bleachers were full of sightseers who were lucky enough to have dodged their wives, and the ropes along the sidelines alone served to keep the enthusiasts from swarming right over the visitors' bench, where the Bloomer girls were cuddled up in a cosy little row awaiting the commencement of the exhibition.

How Light Was Provided.

Posts had been set up around the diamond, and between these were strung rows of gas lights which shed enough light for the audience to distinguish the movements of the players even though they couldn't tell much about where the ball was.

Why the Lights Were Used.

The stringing of these lights occupied fully three-quarters of an hour during which time the bleachers kept calling loudly for the girls to get out on the grounds and "warm up" and the ladies in the grand stand peered anxiously over toward the visitors' bench and commented in audible whispers on the question of whether or not there really were girls over there.

It was explained by one woman that she supposed the girls preferred to play by lamplight because they were so shy—the dear little things—and then the soft glow of the lamps set off their complexions so nicely.

The Great Moment.

Finally the crucial moment arrived. The umpire called play, the Indians trotted out upon the diamond and the crowd riveted its multitudinous eyes upon the visitors' bench. The girls all stood up at once, there were a few mysterious motions and every woman in the grand stand caught her breath as the brown kiki skirts slipped off in unison and the Bloomer Girls stepped forth in the full glory of regulation baseball costumes—padded trousers and all.

"Batter Up."

"Batter up," called the umpire and a great roar of applause went up from the crowd as a little figure arose from the bench, selected a bat of just the right weight and trotted out to the home plate. All the women blushed and murmured, "Isn't she just too cute for anything." And the men said—but that's another story.

The Indians' pitcher bent almost double, described a circle with his strong right arm, and a little white sphere shot through space and landed in the catcher's mit, "plunk." The girls at bat never moved. "One ball," called the umpire. The performance was repeated, and this time Maudie, or Jessie, or whatever her name was, struck at the ball with a mighty swipe which turned her clear around and made little Rainy Day Rhea duck like a turkey at a country shooting match, in order to dodge the fierce swing of the bat. Maudie got her base on balls; and how she hugged that base—and for that matter, so did "Big Fellow."

Two on Bases.

Rebecca then trotted out to bat and while Dupuis was issuing her a pass, Maud stole second, the naughty thing, but perhaps she liked the second baseman's looks better; anyway she ran down like a little white rabbit. With two of the dear girls on bases, the outfield played up so close that it got tangled up with the in-

field—but who could blame them, considering the attraction. About 50 small boys and a few other young fellows left the crowd about this time and took up positions in the outfield, also playing close up.

Then the lucky man who travels with the aggregation and catches for the Bloomers, came to bat and swatted the ball clear into the outer darkness, allowing Maud and Rebecca to come home, amid the delighted squeals of the women in the grand stand.

Girls Take the Field.

Well, the girls finally made three outs, chiefly because they were so delightfully successful in locating every other place in the humid atmosphere except the one where the ball was travelling, and the Indians got a chance to try the Bloomer curves.

A "Southpaw Woman."

Another shivering gasp of astonishment came from the women when they saw that one of the little darlings in white suits was going to pitch. And she did pitch, left-handed, too. The brave Indian grasped his bat and pranced out to the plate, spit on his hands and squared off to do stunts on batting. The girl pitcher winked at him and straightway he forgot what he was doing and barely dodged in time to let the ball go past him square over the plate.

Some of the boys were mean enough to land on the ball and make the little dears run way out in the dark alone to hunt the elusive sphere, but generally there was some willing player on the home team to run out and help them find it.

Score Book Was Lost.

Long before the end of the first inning the scorer had lost all interest in the score book and was busy watching the girls, so there was no accurate tally kept on the game. But the girls won—of course they did—the Indians would have been just too horrid for anything if they had beaten the sweet things.

A Regular "Danny" Look.

The nasty mean old umpire, whoever he was—he kept well disguised—called a strike on one of the girls when she just knew it was a ball, and the dagger-pointed look she gave him called a joyful burst of applause from the watching crowd. It was so much like Danny Shea that it was like coming home on a visit.

Extra Police Needed.

Taken as a whole, the game was somewhat of a farce, but the crowd managed to get a good look at the girls in their neat-fitting uniforms and that is what they wanted. The only thing complained of by the management of the game was that it was necessary to keep a force of special police on duty to prevent the masculine portion of the crowd from breaking over the ropes and disabling some of the Indians in hopes of getting into the game themselves.

Even some of the women were heard to remark: "Oh, wouldn't I just love to be a baseball player myself!"

Just before the game was over the married women arose en masse and lead their husbands home. So the East Oregonian man didn't get to stay and see the finish.

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