

FATS GRAB GREAT BASE BALL GAME; \$500 REALIZED FOR MEDFORD BAND

BIG CROWD SEES LEANS LOSE BY CLOSE MARGIN

Four Innings Constitute Game—Final Score Five to Four—Local Business Men Romp for the Benefit of the Medford Band.

(With apologies to all concerned.) Oh, glory to our Fats and to our Leans, Muse, tune thy baby grand and let us sing Human invention's only perfect thing

The ball teams that ran smoothly, howe'er unclear. The motor engine has its faults, they say, The airship oft comes down when least expected; But in that famous game of yesterday

Not a single fault the scorer Jack detected. What's that? He left them out with base intent? Ah no, his pencil, not his mind was bent.

The band played. Soon the game began With business men conducting the affair— That meagre Summerville was there To take his spanking like a little man—

Conducted on the good old fashioned plan Basehits, no errors, put 'em out, and sound Fats' stalwart old Judge Kelly held the mound

And ball fans yelled as only ball fans can. Of course the Leans were greeted with loud cheers— And when the Fats ran on the field great long And loud applause then thundered on our ears.

(And Arabella, goodness! they looked strong) And then when Owey walked out to his station The fans set up a shocking demonstration.

The game began. The skinny boys stood true But Kentner's Fat ones beat them by a score For traitorous wicked curves their pitcher threw— And when the game was ended, five and four

Was writ in letters large, the board upon For all to see who would. The band played on. To sum it all up Judge Kelly, bar-rister, put a lion on the lean goat of the Leans.

Having only a slim defense, the splinters lost to the leviathans by the narrow margin of one romp around the bags. The score was five and four. The Fats had the best of the day to wit:

The umpire was fat. The scorer was fat. Court Hall, owner of the grounds, is fat. Both ticket sellers were fat (Fifer is very, very fat while Henseleman is only very fat.)

Most of the Leans have fat aspirations, but don't seem to be able to connect. But let us hasten. The ball teams gathered at the Natatorium promptly on time and after donning underwear, stockings (the Fats wore pink and the Leans baby blue), and bathing suits, they lined up in the immediate rear of the Medford band and the long march to the ball park was undertaken.

Following the ball team Mayor Canon in a machine bearing a large red cross, then came the ballbearer carriage and the ambulance. The Leans carried a banner on which was writ: "The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat." Great crowds lined the streets and many were the gibes and jokes which were hurled at the dumplings and the string-beans.

At the ball park there was a crowd the likes of which Medford has never before seen. The grandstand and bleachers overflowed, the crowd taking to the sidelines. Automobiles by the score were within the enclosure until it seemed that no more could get within the limits. The receipts for the day were in the neighborhood of \$500. As tickets were sold down town the exact amount is not yet known.

Then it was that Owey Patton, Medford's veteran umpire, called "Play ball," and the game was on. The Leans took the field. Here was their defense: Terrill, c; Summerville, p; Ireland, lb; Hix, 2d; O'Gara, 3d; Telfer, ss; Whisler, lf; Arnsperger, cf; Joe Brown, rf. Later in the game Rosenbaum replaced Ireland at first, Wilson replaced Arnsperger at center field, Edwards replaced Brown at right, Bartholomew replaced Whisler in left field. The Fats for their lineup had: Kelly, p, c; Antle, 2d; Kentner, 1st; Muller, lb, p; Fabrick, c; Wimer, p, 1st; Eberhart, p, lb; Rau, cf; Hall, cf; Seely, rf; Moore, 3b; Garnett, lf.

The corpulent ones opened in the first canto by getting a run. They grabbed another in the second and romped home with three in the third. The Leans could do nothing with the offerings of Judge Kelly but fell on one Wimer and grabbed four runs in the third. No scores were made in the fourth and final although Chic Wilson did his dearest. Muller had replaced Wimer in the box and nabbed a hot drive robbing the Leans of the game. At the end of the fourth time was called as the Fats and the Leans were all in.

Prosaic prose will not do for a description of the players. I am moved to "poetry." Upon the ball field, cleared of grass and clean. Malformed, gullumpious, bulbous men they saw Some like the Medford hotel, planet reaching—

Some short and stocky, heavy and immense And yet withal, they bore as half developed A sort of human shape—yet, oh how twisted

Lop sided, swollen, fat, mal-special-ized As in in and out field, they rolled about Babbling of putouts, basehits, double plays, Tearing their flabby sides or skinny ribs.

A sweet young thing to Frazier in the bleachers said: "Who are these fats and awful Leans here gathered— These strings and bulks, hummox-ing around? I seem to know their faces; yet their like I've never met before the wide world o'er."

And Frazier to the query thus in-toned: "They are the fat ones, They are the slugs They are the lumps They are the strips, They are the ones who have the trips, They are the baseball joy distribu-tors, They are Commercial club con-tributors:

The awful fats, The sweet pea pods, The picket stots, The lightning rods; The attenuated, The elongated, The corpulents, The skinny gents. Har! Har! That's who they are! Hurro!"

The Players at Bat. Ireland was among the first to try Baring his elbows, spitting on his hands, With biceps bent and shoulders firmly squared He seized the weapon by the handle end And tugged as might some busy lit-tle ant Trying to drag an auto up a hill.

Then Rosenbaum, of S. P. fame, Strained at the ball and raised it far enough To drop it on Rau's home made base-ball shoe; O'Gara tried in vain, then Recorder Bob,

Then fifteen others long and lean. "What," cried the fans, "Can no one hit The offerings of Kelly from the mound?" Then did Chic Wilson, he of the pretty form, Step forth. "Grant me leave," he cried, "To try my puny wrists upon the stick."

With comic jeers the boon he asked was granted. And then "Ye Furies! How shall I describe The marvel that immejot did befall? Within his gumpious grasp the stick he clutched One tug the mighty timber reared in air. It was a three-base hit—ask Jack.

J. Pluvius O'Gara. O'Gara, third base, rules the night and day. Rides on the tempest, causes crops to grow, Commands the sun to shine upon the hay; Kills off the fruit bugs, makes the cool wind blow, And foreordains the future—but oh, my!

A lean among the lean—of weight he's shy. Some Observations. "It's too late to win the ball game," I heard Whisler sigh, "If you throw away the apples, then you can't have pie. "But the wisest affirmation In this one game of the nation, Is: You cannot stop the baseball when the darn thing's by."

"When you're out, you're out," says Seely, "there's no use to spout. I rather like this baseball, but I've really grown too stout. But my brightest observation, In this one game of the nation Is: It does no good to squabble when Umps calls you out."

Shorty, you're great; you're a wiz! You're just the grandest there is. Hittin' or Fieldin', you're very ap-pealin'; You've put all the rest on the friz! Garnett, you're a dandy, and say I'll bet, whenever you play. The music's quit playin'—What's that I was sayin'?

Aw! well—don't believe all I say. Kelly at the Bat. Judge Kelly, he of the pleasing shape, Strode to the plate, o'erlooked the fun As one who craves a shooting match. Yet lacks the necessary gun. The fans beheld him with a screech Of "Get the hook" and "Get the prong."

Some scoffers shouted: "Ed, a speech." Yet others: "Hit it far and long." But Kelly simply squared away, Unheeding of the bleachers' giant shout Swung hard. He hit it? Say— The broddingnagian struck out. The Morning After. (A Song.) On the fields of our endeavor, when we played in days of yore, We ate 'em up around the infield and the bags— But to that old condition we can never come back more For our "come back" seems to sort a have the lags. (Close harmony.) The Fats and Leans sit silent, round on many an old box; They daren't lean their backs against the wall, Their aching muscles need a rub, there's blisters in their sox. As this refrain they warble, one and all: (Chorus.) My poor old back is bursted, mother dear, There's a clothesline tied around my running gear. Can't you coax some kind of ease And my pains and aches appease? For my poor old back aching mother, dear.

Judge Withington had his troubles, less or more But here's the way he wrote it in the score: Fats. AB. R. H. PO. E. Kelly, p, e. . . . 2 0 0 3 0

Table with 5 columns: Name, AB, R, H, PO, E. Lists players like Antle, Kentner, Muller, Farbiak, Wimer, Eberhart, Rau, Hall, Seely, Garnett, Totals, Leans, Terrell, Summerville, Ireland, Rosenbaum, Hicks, O'Gara, Telfer, Arnsperger, Wilson, Whisler, Edwards, J. Brown, Bartholomew, Totals, Summary.

Two-base hit, Antle, struck out by Summerville 5, by Kelly 2, by Wimer 1, by Muller 1; high jump, Whisler 1; base on balls, off Summerville 1; hard run after flies, by Seely 2, by Rau 1, by Arnsperger 2; courses by Kelly 19, by Shorty Garnett 1, by Judge Withington 65; umpire, Patton; time of game, four innings, one hour and thirty minutes; scorekeeper, Judge Withington.

Score by innings: Fats, runs 1 1 3 0 Hits 2 2 4 0 Leans, runs 0 0 4 0 Hits 3 0 4 1 For notes of the game see page 4.

Haskins for Health. By use of NEW IDEAL CUP and the cap that seals it. MOTHER! you should buy one dozen cups and one gross caps and have your milkman deliver the baby's milk in some bottle from which it nurses—least possible chance of infection. The baby should have the best. Any nipple fits.

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Table with 6 columns: No. 5, No. 3, No. 1, No. 2, No. 4, No. 6. Lists train schedules for Butte Falls, Edsalls, Derby, Sch Hse Gap, Mt. View, Eagle Point, Table Rock, Agate, Davis, Medford.

SPECIAL TRAINS. will be run to Race Track on afternoons of 3d and 4th, leaving Pacific & Eastern depot East of Bear Creek Bridge 12:45 p. m. and every few minutes thereafter. Returning after the races. Round trip fare 10 cents.

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Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. 22 KARAT GOLD CROWNS \$5.00, PORCELAIN CROWNS \$5.00, BRIDGE WORK (per tooth) \$5.00, GOLD FILLINGS \$1.50 AND UP, SILVER FILLINGS \$1.00 AND UP, FULL SET OF TEETH, on rubber plate \$7.50, BEST SET OF TEETH, on rubber plate \$10.00, PAINLESS EXTRACTION. All other work in proportion.

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