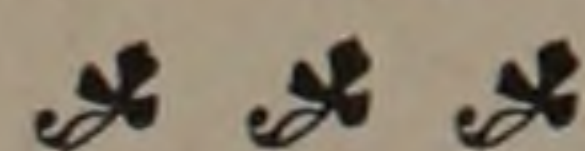


The Blight of the Morning Glories



THE Morning Glories had challenged the Four O'Clocks to a game of base-ball for the inter-class championship honors. The challenge being promptly accepted, captains were chosen, and the first great work of the year was begun. Every man made a firm resolve to do or "bust"—some did, the rest busted.

The preliminaries had been arranged, the important day arrived, the two classes with as many others as could find an opportunity to skip, hied themselves away to Washington Park in eager anticipation of the coming affray. What a motley crowd of "celebrities" there were present! No pen could do them justice. There was Tarbell, the crack(ed) athlete; White, the ossified man (sometimes called "Indian"); Sidney Swenson, otherwise known as "Gus" (the man who could short circuit more standard cells in a minute than any other man living); John O'Leary, the frankfurt; Billie Matthews, the Ham (generally known as Tim); Porter, the only lady in the class; Bippus, the prettiest boy in four counties; Gordon (the only ball player in the crowd); Lee, leader of the light horse cavalry; Shubart, the man who, when finding no one else to dispute with, steps on his own toes and hollers, "Get off!"; and others too numerous to mention but none the less prominent.

Umpires were chosen, and to the important task of score-keeper was assigned Montchyk of "Why do you laugh, say?" fame.

The game was started and oh, Lord! what a wonderful piece of work it proved to be. The pitcher on the "Morning Glory" trellis kept the batters jumping sideways, in fact, they went through the whole delarte movement to avoid being grazed, while the umpire, seeming to have forgotten his native tongue, and to have found but a small fragment of the American food-mixer, yelled "strike," "foul," "ball," all in one breath, the batter thought that he was to "strike at a foul ball" and, ye Gods! how he struck. The catcher had seven fleet backers who fell over each other in their eager attempts to stop the ball, but the ball continued on its course to the bushes. Lee, out in center-field, ran around after oncoming balls with outstretched hands as though in suppliance to Heaven. Lewis, having properly focussed himself in anticipation of a hot grounder, carefully placed his lily white knees together and allowed the ball to glide gently on, between his feet, then slowly coming to the conclusion that someone had blundered, he turned nimbly 'round and started after it, as though he was going to take an examination in Mechanics. Having finally captured it and stowed it safely away in his pocket, he brought it in to home in person, and deposited it with the score keeper. Having thus exonerated his balk in the field, he marched slowly back to new conquests as proud as a little boy who has learned to spell "a." Meanwhile, no delay had been occasioned to the game, Tarbell had had a round with the umpire who refused to recognize the former's Vermont curves as legitimate strikes. Shubart was tearing up and down the line declaring vengeance on the man who had declared him out; Goodhue rolled around in boyish glee; Pavey, finding foot-power too slow, rode his wheel to third on a three bagger, and so the game continued until Heaven, in mercy, drew a veil of darkness over all the land.

Late at night the Morning Glories were slowly pursuing their homeward ways, with heads sunk deeply on their respective and several breasts, even as Napoleon after his defeat at Waterloo.

Score:—22 to 21 in favor of the Four O'Clocks.

