

PUBLIC LIBRARY WINS

Clears Over Two Hundred Dollars on the Ball Game.

WAS A CITY HOLIDAY.

A Regular Fourth of July Celebration for the Benefit of a Public Interest—All the Business Houses Closed—Large Crowd Attends the Game, and the Columbia Bachelors Win from the Weber Club Team.

"Those men, Glasmann and Ferrin, will never umpire another game for us. They cost us the game. They're no good. We didn't have a show and one of our men, Jim Conlisk, had three bottles of beer bet on the Columbias. Of course we couldn't win. If we had had half a show we could beat that team of kids." And that was the way the Weberites talked.

"Say, those old men can't play ball. Joyce has a glass arm and Jones and Abbott can only kick. Kircher saw four balls with his glasses on, and the fielding was by relay. McIntosh threw the ball in forty feet, Conlisk would roll it a little way, and then their crack pitcher would hand it to the catcher. Shealy is a fine looking man but he isn't in the game. But we done 'em in good shape and the umpires were against us too," and they winked slyly at Ferrin did the Columbias when they talked.

But the business houses closed and the public library cleared about \$200 on the game.

There were more "ifs" in the stories at the finish of the Weber-Columbia clubs' alleged game of base ball last evening than was thought could be found in any game, but the witnesses were treated to a most ridiculous exhibition, and the laughter and gayety which accompanied the plays shook the cobwebs from many an overworked brain. The game itself was one of the most ludicrous which has been exposed to a summer sun, and some of the fine points of it were so fine as to be almost out of sight.

That the people were interested in the game was not a question after the gates were opened and the crowds began pouring into the grounds by the carload for an hour prior to the game. They came in cars and they came in carriages. They came in every old way, and they appeared bedecked with ribbons, and flags, and when the grand stand turned itself loose in applause of any particular play it was a mass of kaleidoscopic color. The green and blue of the Weber club was intermingled with the red, white and blue of the Columbias, and each supporter of each individual club cheered themselves hoarse trying to drown the cheers of the opposite color.

The comments of the crowd after the finish were worthy of note. One said, "If we had been given a fair show by the umpires we would have won." That was a Weber lady. "Yes, and if we had been given a fair show, you never would have scored." This from a lady wearing the red, white and blue. There is no question in the minds of the Weber players but that the umpires lost them the game. They played hard ball, and they would have won out if they had received more favorable decisions. One of them even said, in the presence of the umpires, that if the umpires had not had money on the game they would have won out. They said that Ferrin, the Columbia umpire, was wrathful because he could not play, and he decided that he would do better work as an umpire, and that under this agreement he was selected to do the work. Very much like the young American surgeon in the recent Spanish-American war, when it was suggested that he engage himself with the Spaniards, and that if he continued his work he would kill more Spaniards than the whole army could by shooting.

There is no question but that the Columbias won out, and that if they had received adverse decisions at every point where there was a question they would have won. The Weber boys were not playing, anyway. They just went into the game for fun, and to raise money for the public library, and they never thought of winning. They selected Ted Abbott, and the other fat men, because they would create fun, and Doc Joyce was put into the pitcher's box because he could not play ball. The Weber boys put up the only good play in the game, and that same Ted Abbott, together with another fat man, Billy Shealy, made a double play which would have done credit to professional players.

To go back to the parade. The appearance of the Weberites was that of a band of conquering heroes, and the Columbias did not show up well with the great display of size and muscle. Doc Joyce had an arm which was thirty inches in circumference; Ted Abbott was fitted out like the man with the iron mask, only his mask was as large as a wash tub, and he had a catcher's glove which was a yard in diameter. The march was a little too much for the old men, and as the sun waxed warm it began to be evident that the Columbia bachelors were standing the exposure better. "Josh" Grant, the "Father" of the Weberites, marched proudly along dressed in a long linen ulster, with a yellow and blue rosette of ribbon with trailers which almost reached the ground. His high silk hat was trimmed with ribbon, and he carried a cane which was also ribboned.

When the teams arrived at the ground they were received with cheers, and as the hour drew nigh for the opening of the game Jim Hasset slipped a dollar, which he had borrowed from a National bank for the occasion, and by a simple twist of the wrist the Columbias were given their first bat.

Then it was that the Weberites ran out into the field like a set of professionals, dressed in the white uniforms

of the Ogden team, and Doc Joyce took his position in the pitcher's box.

Wm. Glasmann, who was selected by the Weberites as their umpire, was watching the game, and somebody reminded him that he was to umpire one end of the game, and as he marched out into the field there was a cheer, which was followed by another for Win Ferrin, who wore the Columbia colors, and who stepped to his corner a moment later. Joyce listened for a moment until he heard Ferrin's voice call "Play ball," and then he sent a ball fair over the center of the plate, and Ferrin called it a "ball" instead of a "strike," and there was a yell of derision from the rooters of the Weberites, who immediately yelled "Give us a show," and "Ho's a bum umpire." This improved Ferrin's work some, but he wore a "plug hat" and persisted in calling all sorts of balls on a Weber pitcher, and when a Weber man came to bat he would call a strike if it came within three feet of the plate.

The first man to bat was Fred Burt, and he hit a little one to Shealy, who picked it up like a professional and Burt died on first. Scudder knocked one through Jim Conlisk on third, and got to first, and then Smith knocked a high fly to George Washington Jones out in left and Jones caught it rolling over twice in his effort to stop the ball twirling while the band played "He Certainly was Good to Me." Then Crocker got a hit and landed Scudder at home; Burton sent one through Kircher, who thought the ball would stop because its water tax was not paid, and Crocker scored. Wright could not get on to Joyce's curves, and while he was fanning out Abbott let a ball go past him and he scored.

The heavy team came in from the field to the tune "See the Conquering Heroes Come," and Abbott came to bat. His width reached over the plate and he was hit with the ball, Joyce walked up to the plate with a look of "see me do it," and fanned once through the air and saw himself struck out on balls which were four feet wide of the plate. Kuhn got a little hit and scored Abbott.

The second opened up with Joyce getting his second wind and a new catcher. G. Wash* Jones came in from the field and Abbott went out. Then the Columbias looked tired. Kuhn's error let Noble reach first, Landin and Feeney died there, and Noble scored. Burt got a hit and stole the other bags to third, and Scudder came to bat. Burt started for home and everybody got into line to stop him, Jones finally holding him while the ball was hunted up, but the umpire called Burt safe home. Then came the first genuine row in the game. Burton thought the game was not for fun, and raised a great kick as the captain of the Reds, while players of the Webers each one a captain kicked also. The matter was squared, and they went back to the game. Scudder hit a high foul and Jones went after it, turning suddenly and landing on his knees with his hands up in the air, as if praying for rain to stop the game. He didn't catch the foul. (It's a wise foul that keeps out of Jones' hands). Scudder got a hit and got to first, but went to sleep and when he woke up he was a has-been.

For the Webers, Kircher and Matson died, McIntosh reached first, Jones got a pass and used it for a round trip with Abbott's hit, which scored he and McIntosh, and Joyce shoved Abbott around like an ice wagon for both scores while the Reds were throwing the ball away. Kuhn got a bag, and Shealy fanned.

Joyce's arm got a kink in it for the third and Shealy stepped into the box. He looked very pretty, and they batted five runs out of him. Jones in this inning made another elegant triple somersault after a foul. The feature in this inning was the alacrity with which Abbott moved his avordupois around and gathered in a high fly and threw it to Shealy and made a double, Jones closing the inning by retiring Feeney on second, as he tried to beat the second base cash register.

The next inning showed Kuhn in the Weber pitcher's position. He was going to do it right and he gave Scudder a base, Smith died at first Crocker fanned, and Scudder made a run for second, and was caught, but Umpire Glasmann called him safe. Here is where the Weberites began to roast their own umpire in good shape and Abbott came in from the field. Everybody got a bat and they went after the umpire. Scudder afterward admitted he was out, but he wasn't umpiring the game and the Reds got in seven runs off Kuhn, after this while Fred Burt doubled Joyce up like a jack-knife sliding to first, the Webers piled up three runs on being hit with the ball and bases on balls, and the Reds were in again. They pounded three more runs out of Kuhn and then the clubs agreed that they would play but five innings and the Weberites came up and went out in one-two-three order.

Following is the summary, and score by innings:

| WEBERS. | | | | | | |
|-----------------|----|----|----|----|---|---|
| | AB | R | IP | PO | A | E |
| Abbott, c. | 3 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 1 | |
| Joyce, p. | 3 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | |
| Kuhn, 1b. | 2 | 2 | 1 | 7 | 2 | |
| Shealy, 2b. | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 3 | |
| Conlisk, 3b. | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | |
| Kircher, ss. | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | |
| E W Matson, lf. | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | |
| McIntosh, cf. | 3 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | |
| Jones, rf. | 3 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 2 | |
| Total | 21 | 10 | 5 | 15 | 6 | |
| COLUMBIAS. | | | | | | |
| Burt, c. | 4 | 2 | 2 | 5 | 4 | |
| Scudder, p. | 4 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | |
| Smith, 1b. | 4 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 0 | |
| Crocker, 2b. | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 1 | |
| Burton, 3b. | 4 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | |
| Wright, ss. | 4 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 0 | |
| Noble, lf. | 4 | 3 | 2 | 0 | 0 | |
| Landin, cf. | 4 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | |
| Feeney, rf. | 3 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | |
| Total | 35 | 19 | 15 | 15 | 6 | |

* Error Column left out on account of lack of space.
 Earned Runs—none; 2-baggers—

Wright; stolen bases—Abbott, Shealy, Feeney, Joyce, Smith and the rest; passed balls—all catchers; wild pitches—all pitchers; balls thrown away—everybody who got the ball; left on bases—Columbia 10, Weber 8; time—2:15. Umpires—Glasmann and Ferrin. Funny plays—Weberites; earnest plays—Columbias.

BASE HITS.

The Columbias could not realize that there was to be fun in the game, and that was funny, too, because they could not play ball.

G. Wash Jones was the star player, when it came to standing on his head and turning somersaults. There are none who will soon forget the sight of Jones in the attitude of prayer back of the home plate. His knees will be sore for a month.

A Weberite said: "We know Glasmann was a member of the Weber club, and thought he would help us out, but I can show you where he cost us ten runs. When Scudder was out on second it would have been a shut out, but he was called safe, and they got in seven runs in that inning; and when the ball hit Glasmann in the field and blocked a fine play by Shealy, three men got in, and they should have all been held on their bases. I think Matson threw the ball to hit Glasmann. He's a good, straight thrower. But there are ten runs, and Ferrin's decisions on balls and on the bases lost us the game."

Umpires were never roasted by the "fans" more than at this game. It was great practice for the "rooters."

Abbott's big glove and Doc Joyce's big arm were out of the game very early.

Jim Conlisk couldn't stop a balloon on third, and after the game he explained that he had three bottles of beer bet on the Columbias. It cost him more than that to square himself. "Josh" Grant was a picture when he went out to the game. He was a bird, and was applauded for his plumage; but at the finish he was stripped of his yellow jacket and peacock feathers.

The work of Clarence Ernest, the Weber club steward, as catcher of fly fouls, mascot and general aid, was something unique, and as coacher his "Slide, Kelly, Slide," could not be beat.

The Next Game.

The following is the Z. C. M. I. line-up for the game to be played with Wrights nine on June 20th:

Emil Eklund, c; Charles P. Carlson, p; Leland Fife, 1b; John Gilmore, 2b; Joe Farley, ss; Sam Hastings, 3b; Fred Williams, rf; M. Nelson, cf; Chas. Gilmore, lf.

Leland Fife, captain; Chas. P. Carlson, manager.