

MORAL TACKLED TO YESTERDAY'S GAME

Salt Lake Left the Ginger Jar Home on the Shelf in the Cellar.

DAMMANN, HE PITCHED BALL

Indians Consequently Won by a Score of Five to Two—Boise Defeated By Butte

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

P.	W.	L.	P.C.
Spokane.....	20	42	.320
Boise.....	22	39	.358
Butte.....	21	37	.363
Salt Lake.....	18	41	.307

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Salt Lake, 2; Spokane, 5.

TODAY'S BATTERIES.

Spokane: Hogg and Hansen.

Salt Lake: Tozier and Hansen.

Give me No. 13.

Hello, central. I asked for a drug store, not for the morgue.

Is this the drug store? Send nine pounds of ginger cake to Dad Clark this afternoon, and, say, while you are about it, put in a hypodermic syringe. What's that? Yes, this is A. Fan, the Bleacher's, Walker's Park, City.

No, charge it to Newhouse, Clark & Co. I am keeping up my end of the log, good day.

Now Percy quit musing your sister's hair; and Willie you cease fooling with that can and twine. It is too hot today for Fido to indulge in strenuous exercise. Come into the shade and I will tell you a nice story with a moral to it.

Once upon a time there was an old ogre named Prince Charming, who first started reading Spaulding's Baseball guide in the stone age years before Ogden was on the map. Aided and abetted by some good young fellows later gathered around him nine of the cutest goblins you ever saw. From the banks of the rolling Zuyder Zee he imported a Dutchman who gave him a hand as a stick of glue and whenever a long fly came his way he simply put out his stickenphat mitt and the ball stuck to it and he dressed them in that lot and placed a mysterious weed that really was a star third-baseman under a spell placed upon him by the great red dragon. Taking a magic man to chide out roughly a sturdy, stocky, stumpy fellow whom he placed behind the batsmen. This man he endowed with great wisdom and the qualities of a good catcher. He and a fireman's life not combined. He went out into the highways and byways and gathered in eight or nine other men, each and every one a mighty man of valor. After he had done over his blue armor and sent them forth to battle. But he forgot the magic talisman that would have led him on to victory—he left the ginger jar on the right-hand top shelf in the cellar at home.

By and by along came another ogre with an Irish name and a smile on his ruddy face like a calendar—it extended from his forehead to his chin, and he brought along with him eight coarse, bony handed goblins who waited around the diamond with the grace of valises on a ballroom floor. As soon as they arrived at the enchanted city the princes and princesses gathered at the lists to see Prince Charming and his squire give battle and defeat the dark, dark king.

Just before the tournament occurred the leader from the pine forest was seen to take a mysterious package out of his grip and hand out a piece of goodness to each of his tribe. After eating this cookie a marvelous change occurred. Each man went out into the hot sun and threw the ball with amazing swiftness, others jumped and cavorted and all yelled strange yells. It was like a St. Louis convention, only worse.

In the meantime Prince Charming and his squire sat in the shade and behaved according to Hoyle's Manual of Etiquette. When a battle was called they ripped daintily out to the hat and played just as nicely as though they were playing ping pong at Buckingham palace. When one reached first there was none to cheer him in a vulgar way from the third. All the coaching was done in a drawing-room whisper, and the Indians did not rattle worth a koepke.

But let us draw a curtain over the harrowing scene. You have undoubtedly with the sagacity of juvenile Sherlockes this discovered what was in the mysterious package. It was just simply plain Jamaica Ginger that did the business.

Now Percy and Willie, whatever you undertake, whether it is musing sister's hair, putting a can on Fido's tail, or undertaking any great move in life, always pack the ginger jar along, and never leave it at home on the right-hand top shelf of the cellar.

Salt Lake yesterday left the ginger jar at home. Salt Lake has been doing this frequently. If Salt Lake was not so forgetful it would win games, and the fans would take it to their bosom with an exceedingly joyous hug. All will be forgiven if that ginger jar is forthcoming. To quote "Stats" Davis, at the conclusion of the listless exhibition yesterday afternoon: "What's the matter with Salt Lake? Salt Lake has a winning team if she only knew it."

But let's be charitable; there is always a chance for the greatest sinner to repent.

The story of yesterday's game told briefly is as subjoined:

SPOKANE.

A. B. R. H. P. O. A. E.

Ferris, s..... 1 0 1 3 0 0

Houtz, f..... 1 0 1 3 0 0

Murdoch, c..... 5 0 1 1 0 0

Stanley, e..... 5 1 2 7 1 0

Harris, p..... 5 0 1 3 0 0

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Totals..... 42 5 15 27 9 2

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It pays to do business generously. The proof: Schilling's Best. Full-strength and pure, and the prices only enough to pay for the quality.

Moneyback.

Reilly, s..... 4 1 3 2 0 0

Holliday, f..... 1 0 1 3 0 0

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