

PUGNACIOUS FIVE, CHAMPIONS OF ALL CREATION, WON

Eastern Champs Went Down
In Ignominious Defeat Be-
fore the Old Quaker Polo
Team in Hot Game.

NEVER WAS THERE A MORE
ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD.

Fans and Fanlets Cheered
With Delight as Play After
Play of Sensational Order
Was Perpetrated.

(By Tort.)

The Pugnacious Five, late champions of creation and the most dexterous outfit doing one night stands in the Gas Belt, came up from behind on the Eastern champs, whose line-up includes five former hot Gas Belt favorites, and rasped them to the echo of 8 to 7. It was the first game of the Elks polo carnival series and two thousand howling fans and fanlets, left the coliseum at the conclusion of the festivities suffering with acute attacks of polo fever. This means more work for Health Office Bond.

It looked like old times at the coliseum last night. The flower of our populace was present and nearly every seat in the big building was on duty. About seven bells, the crowd began to assemble on South Seventh street and when the doors of the coliseum flew open a storming party was on the box office and the doorkeeper. By eight o'clock the waiting line was extended from the main entrance to the item building.

As soon as the big assemblage got comfortably settled it looked apprehensively at the grind-organ in the northwest corner. When it was discovered that this instrument of torture had been bound and gazed by the ever thoughtful Elks and that the Union band was on duty, great cheering rent the atmosphere.

Meyers Won Race.

The preliminary skating event was

GOALS AND DRIVES

(By Tort.)

The second game of the champion-ship polo series between the Eastern and Western teams, will be pulled off tonight. It is expected that there will be even a larger crowd than last night.

In the second period last night the ball did a Roman candle over the side netting, alighting on the "haziz" of a prominent citizen, who rubbed his head with one hand and hugged his wife with the other. Unseemly laughter.

During the heat of battle, B. Doherty and J. Cameron collided, ruffled their pin feathers and did the face to face glare. Both grinned and resumed playing.

Jessup was there with the same old club swinging specialty and chain lightning dashes from the cage. "Kick 'em out Shorty," yelled his admiring townsmen.

One thing was missing. George Bone did not make his old swoops for the ball, picking it up with his club and juggling it down the floor. Please let it George, just one more, for old times' sake.

And the Merry Widow hat was there, causing numerous unfortunate male fans to get kinks in their necks trying to look over the roof garden creations. The reminiscent fan sat near us;

watched with interest, but like a man hurrying through a side show exhibit with all his thoughts concentrated on the coming events in the big tent. After Tip Myers had won this event by a half a lap and two of the other four contestants had hobbled from the arena after wearing dents in the surface, the arena was cleared and the populace waited breathlessly for the appearance of the Demon Five and the Eastern champs. The latter, clad in sassy grey creations, were the first to put in an appearance. As soon as their dressing room door opened, there was a muffled roar which grew louder and louder until finally the ear drums ached, but this noise was as the pop of a squat gun in comparison to the roar of a thirteen inch cannon, when the ex-champions of the universe and neighboring planets, put in their appearance—the booring shook and the roof groaned with the noise. Our favorites smiled their appreciation and at once got busy smashing the pill against the guards of Mr. Jessup, who was in harness for the first time in two years.

The Game Was On.

Ten minutes of practice were allowed them. Referee Red Williams blew his little whistle and the two fastest polo teams in the world lined up at the barriers ready to give battle for glory and a fat purse. The shrill notes of the whistle sounded and the Human Whirlwind, E. Higgins swooped down on the ball, passed it over to his big, hard hitting partner, Mr. Hart, and— the game was on.

The game was one of those kind where the visitors get off the best on the kickoff, and manage to keep a stingy lead clear to the stretch, then the home team lets off the fireworks and finishes first under the wire in a cloud of smoke.

In the above paragraph the Eastern champs are referred to as the visitors. Be it understood, reader, that the local fans insist on calling the Fighting Five the "home" team.

Better Than Ever.

Each and every one of the stars on the two aggregations appeared last night to be finest trim. In respect to Bobby Hart one can use the circus descriptive phrase—"bigger and better

Ado Mansfield showed the admiring home folks that he is now a finished polo player. He plays the entire floor, his blocking is par excellent and his driving shows wonderful improvement. To the delight of the crowd, he once more pulled off his old stunt of riding the fast flying and dangerous Mr. Higgins and much to the peevish disgust of that gentleman. Barney Doherty is still the great half back of yesterday. His beautiful drive the length of the floor for a goal in the first period brought the crowd yelling to its feet. Perhaps the player who deserved the most praise is Clarence Jessup. The king of all goal tends, after being out of the game two seasons, jumped into a championship contest last night and showed the polo world that he is still the king pin cage guardian. The first period he was a little off form, but after that he settled down to his true class and displayed some wonderful goal tending exhibits.

Higgins Scored First.

Just two minutes and seven seconds after the whistle blew in the first Higgins scored on a side swipe. Three minutes later the little fellow repeated

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and the crowd gave him the college yell. Before the crowd could get its breath, Hart leaned against one of Eddie's passes and the Quakers were again forced to change goals. Just when it appeared that the Fighting Five was to be soundly spanked, Mr. Doherty smote a hard one from in front of his own cage and it went past Sutton like a shell. (Shouts of delirium tremens action on the part of the crowd.) With an opening in the visitors' defense, George Bone accumulated the pill and tickled it into the draperies. Less than a minute after this goal Higgins placed another past Jessup, but just before the close of the period Cunny caged one, leaving the score 4 to 3 in favor of the Eastern champs.

Cunningham pried open the second by winning the rush. Higgins then secured the ball, side stepped the ever watchful and suspicious Mansfield and drove one past Jessup as Doherty was in the act of blocking him. One minute after this goal Bone got the ball back of his cage, ran around down the floor and counted by an easy ross into the nets. Hart counted on a beautiful pass from Higgins then Mansfield came to the front with a spectacular drive from mid floor which Fido failed to see. The period closed with the Eastern champs still in the lead, 6 to 5.

In the third the Quakers showed that they are still the game, hard fighters as in the days when they captured the championship for this fair city. After two minutes of play Cunningham mixed it up in front of one Eddie Sutton and in the scramble the pill leaked past said Fido, who barked his protest to Referee Williams. Williams said the goal went and then the game proceeded to "went," and so did the Pugnacious Quintette. With the score 6-6 Bone first the Quakers in the lead for the first time in the course of the proceedings by hooking a beauty past Sutton. Three minutes later this great rush again landed one past Fido and the game was on for the Quakers. Hart tightened things up considerably by pushing one past Jessup two minutes before the curtain dropped. Hart and his associates tried to repeat, while two fleeting minutes fleet, but there was nothing doing and the crowd filed out into the atmosphere amidst roars of pleasure. Summary:

	Quakers
Higgins.....	First Rush
Hart.....	Second Rush
Cameron.....	Center.....
Gardner.....	Half.....
Sutton.....	Goal.....

First Period.

	Time
Higgins.....	1:25
Hart.....	1:30
Cameron.....	1:35
Gardner.....	1:40
Sutton.....	1:45

Second Period.

	Time
Higgins.....	2:07
Hart.....	2:12
Cameron.....	2:17
Gardner.....	2:22
Sutton.....	2:27

Third Period.

	Time
Higgins.....	2:44
Hart.....	3:00
Cameron.....	3:16
Gardner.....	3:32
Sutton.....	3:48

Mansfield Finished.

	Time
Higgins.....	3:44
Hart.....	3:50
Cameron.....	3:56
Gardner.....	3:59
Sutton.....	3:59

Third Period.

	Time
Higgins.....	4:43
Hart.....	5:00
Cameron.....	5:16
Gardner.....	5:32
Sutton.....	5:48

Referee—Williams.

Challenge of Local
POLO TEAM ACCEPTED

Eastern Stars Have Made a
New Proposition.

Today the members of the two all star polo teams, the Eastern Champs and the Western Champs, met with a

Affairs of the Sporting World

(By Tort.)

That Logansport I. O. league bunch begins to look classy. Recently it trimmed the Frankfort independent team by the time of 23 to 24. Twenty hits were made by the Logans. About fifteen hundred people witnessed the game and Manager Baird is a happy looking man.

Van Wert took Huntington by a score of 4 to 3 in a recent game. Men the two teams clashed again and the Buckeyes absorbed this game also. The contest was witnessed by nearly all the league magnates. Good crowds attended both games.

Jessup is flirting with Baumann, the hard hitting and fast fielding shortstop for the Indianapolis. He serves, and it is probable that he will be signed to a local contract.

Manager Jack Smith of the Hunt-

ington bunch says that he has a great team in the field and that he will land the I. O. league pennant if he has to go after it in an airship. Manager Baird, Jessup and Hunt are confident of pulling off the same stunt.

Mr. A. J. Watts is evidently a con artist. If it is true that he has his Munro team in the fold and is only waiting on a satisfactory settlement with the Union Traction company to take the field, it is time that he get good and busy with said traction company for the I. O. league will not wait on him, much as we would like to have Munro in the league.

Up at Kokomo they have the base ball fever bad. It has been late in coming—but it is there. It is a safe bet that Kokomo before many moons will be scrambling for a berth in the I. O. league.

After looking over the Van Wert and Huntington bunch and carefully perusing the Logansport dope, we will predict that Richmond, with the addition of a .399 hitting outfielder will make all those teams sit up and look wise.

Up at Anderson they are making preparations for the Kokomo-Richmond Anderson Marion track and field meet, which will be held there next month. The Anderson Bulletin has the following to say on the prospects of the Anderson high school team:

The track work with the high school track team will start out vigorously this week. The weather has moderated quite a good deal and the candidates expect to get in a full week's practice. Last week was devoted to working the soreness out of every man in order to get them in top shape for new work.

Some excellent work was done last week. In the sprints Sullivan, Johnson and Denny proved point winners. At hurling the discus several of the heavies are proving strong. Fisher, Thomas, East and Whitaker all have been making good records. In the long distance runs, Moreland seems invincible. Cox is still holding the high jump record with ease. All of the men are doing excellent work and will make a good record for Anderson.

With the spring athletic season only about three weeks off, the men will get down to stiff training this week and expect to be prepared by May 16 to carry away first honors at the big four-cornered meet here.

COLLEGIANS FAILED AT THE SPIT BALL

Broke Their Backs Trying to
Hit Mason's Freakish
Delivery.

RICHMOND WON GAME.

WHEN THE SMOKE OF BATTLE
HAD CLEARED RICHMOND HAD
FOUR RUNS AND EARLHAM
HAD NONE.

The Richmond team lined up against the Earlham Quakers yesterday afternoon for a five inning contest and took the collegians by a score of 4 to 0. Mason twirled the first three innings for the locals and Valley men could do absolutely nothing with his delivery. Mason used the spitter on the college lads and he had all of them breaking their backs. This was Mason's first appearance in the box for the locals, and despite a sore arm the veteran showed much class. He was cheered on in his work, by an ex-teammate, Jim Cameron, who with a bunch of other polo stars, sat in an automobile, from which point of vantage they rooted for the locals and kidded the umps and the collegians.

Branson worked the last two innings for the locals and allowed the Earlhamites their only hit of the game. Branson was wild, but effective. White worked for Earlham. He was just as effective as always. Three of the five hits made off him were decidedly fluky, and would have been outs had he received fast support. White breezed four of the locals. The only fielding miscue of the locals was an overthrow of second by Lindsley. Score by inn-

ings:

R. H. E.

Richmond

Earlham

Batteries—Mason, Branson and Lindsley; White and Harrell.

WINNER: Gold Medal Flour is best for pastry. BEATRICE

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This Ballot Not Good After 5 p. m. April 29th.

Palladium and Sun-Telegram Niagara Falls and Canada Voting Contest.

ONE VOTE COUPON

NAME

Carrier Boys are not permitted to receive Ballots from patrons; put the name of the lady of your choice on this Coupon and bring or send to this office before the expiration of the above date or it will not be considered a legal vote.

For further information write or call on

THE CONTEST EDITOR