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TUESDAY, AUGUST, 30, 1910.

CONCORDIA, KANSAS,

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THE BASE BALL SEASON IS OVER.

The baseball season is over
The players have all gone home
They have done their best
To down the rest
And place our team at the dome.

The baseball season is over Our summer pleasures are done They're all "put out" Without a doubt And they've made their last, lone run.

The baseball season is over There is grief in the small boy's heard As he thinks of the days When he saw the good plays That our team made like a dart

The baseball season is over
"It's a shame," you say today
But think of the ruses
And the untold excuses
Made by those who saw the game someway.

The baseball season is over
The Umpire's neck has been wrung
The players are through
I'm contented, are you
For the work that the Travelers have done?

The baseball season is over Next year will soon roll around And we'll get a good start And dart like a lark To the head of the column, so long.