

FOR THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY.

The Tribe of Lennon Meets the Tribe of Karpen on the Ball Field.

The Lennon family vs. the Karpen family was what the score card at the Southwest ball grounds said yesterday—nine brothers of Joliet



against nine brothers of Chicago in a game of ball for the benefit of the home for the friendless. It may well be doubted if two such teams ever met on a diamond before.

As for the game, it outranked anything of the kind ever seen. The Lennons went to bat and cracked out five runs before going to the field. It was plain to be seen that the Lennons had played ball before, while it was equally apparent that the Karpens had never seen a ball outside a store window. They ran under, over, and around flies, threw in from the field with almost as much grace as a girl would throw a stick at a hen, and "weren't in it." William pitched a good game and Leopold caught well, while Michael did fair stick work. Allie and Maurice of the Lennons were only a trifle taller than their bats, but they lined out several hits that would have been creditable to old-timers.

To get a ball down to him the Karpen pitcher had to drop almost to his marrow bones and the catcher had to lie down on his chest-protector, with his hands in front of him. No professional game ever occasioned more merriment. The little tads of the teams wore a catcher's glove which all but obscured them, and coached the big fellows in a way that showed they could give them cards and spades and beat their game.

Early in the game there was a collision which knocked Thomas of Joliet out and swelled his left eye until it closed. He withdrew to the water-



part, but his place was taken by a reserve Lennon, of whom in all there are eighteen, with more to follow. There were likewise myriads of the Karpens on the bleaching-boards, in case of a call. In a successful effort to steal third Ben, he of the Karpens, landed on his head on the sack and spun around like a top, to the amuse-

ment of the crowd. He lost a lock of hair and a section of cuticle from his nose. Honors were easy and equal, except in run-getting, the Lennons scoring 21 to the Karpens' 4. It was a funny game, very funny.

Following are the names and positions of the players:

LENNON.		KARPEN.	
Age.	Name.	Position.	Name. Age.
19	Edward	Pitcher	William. 22
26	Thomas	Short-stop	Julius. 17
25	Arthur	Catcher	Leopold. 19
24	Joseph	Left field	Adolph. 31
14	Peter	Second base	Ben. 27
17	Raymond	First base	Oscar. 29
22	David	Center field	Samuel. 33
12	Allie	Third base	Michael. 24
11	Maurice	Right field	Isaac. 25

During play the Lennons were presented with a floral ball and bat and the Karpens with a huge and beautiful bouquet. Papa Lennon was on the ground with a score-card to check up the brood to see that none got away, and so was Papa Karpen. The Lennons and Karpens, with their sisters, and their cousins, and their aunts, made a daiegalla taking up half the grand-stand. The way they "whooped it up" at the different plays would have been pointers plenty to the confirmed ball cranks.

Michael Meyer and Will Lennon were the umpires, and the game netted a very neat sum to the home for the friendless.

JOLIET, Ill., Sept. 22.—The Lennon Brothers'

nine were received tonight with great enthusiasm on their return from Chicago. The news of their victory over the Karpen Brothers' nine of Chicago on their own grounds had preceded them, and a warm reception awaited them. Allie, the little 11-year-old third-baseman, and Maurice, the 13-year-old right-fielder, are the heroes of the hour. They are profuse in their compliments of the hospitality of the Karpen brothers, and promise them due treatment when they come to Joliet to play the return game. The fact that both nines are composed of brothers attracts unusual interest here.