
The Pennant Winner

Sad Fate of a Bush League Idol

By Louis E. Thayer

THEY had heard great things of Muggins—'Ted' Muggins from the west,
 And his letters of endorsement showed he ranked among the best.
 They told, in graphic detail, of the things that he had done
 And said his deeds were twice as great as all the fame he'd won.
 He was good at running bases, he was sure at making hits,
 While he had a style of pitching that put others to their wits.
 That's what the letters told them,—that's what they heard and so
 They sent for 'Teddy' Muggins of Saw Tooth, Idaho.

They talked about his coming, did the rooters of the town,
 They would have a team this season that could do the rest up brown.
 They could bet their hard-earned money, on the game, without a fear
 That the team would prove tail-enders as the team they had last year.
 So they all turned out to meet him on the morning that he came,
 And his letters of endorsement proved to be exceeding tame,
 To the great things he recited, in a modest way, you know,
 Of Muggins,—'Teddy' Muggins of Saw Tooth, Idaho.

Who was it caused a grimace to distort each rooter's face,
 When he was caught a-napping, three feet from second base?
 Who was it stood right under a little pop-up fly,
 Then let it slip right through his hands and never breathed a sigh?
 Who was it, I am asking, that so madly fanned the air
 And did his best to kill a ball that wasn't even there?
 The question gains no answer but all the rooters know
 It was Muggins—'Teddy' Muggin from Saw Tooth, Idaho.