

COMING ALONG WITH SOME REAL SPORTING DOPE

Well, anyhow, we stood at the top Thursday morning. By putting it over the St. Joe bunch Wednesday while Sioux City was laying off, we led the league for a little while, at least. But we are not wearing any enlarged caput on that account. The season is young yet, and the uncertainty of baseball is one of its chief charms. But we are going to be in the pennant chase all the way if we don't accumulate a bunch of crips.

Umps Clark would be a good official if he had better judgment on balls and strikes, could properly judge close decisions on the bases, had a pair of good lamps and enough judgment to get in when it is raining pitchforks. Barring these minor defects he is a good umpire.

Johnnie Jones' experience in front of our 'Lopes at Sioux City may not prove him unable to "come back," but it did demonstrate that if he is coming he has not yet arrived. And we'd just love to see Johnnie back in his old form. Men like the schoolmaster add a lot to the game.

Two games at Des Moines and our Mr. Despain had to take the guarantee both times. Will somebody please explode a stick of dynamite under Grandfather Higgins!

Parson George is a bit slow in rounding into form, which should be something of a warning to other young and aspiring slabsters. There are some things a baseball player can not dally with and remain in the game long.

Nine home runs in a doubleheader at Sioux City. Some time ago we resolved not to mention the pillbox again, and we will not. But we can not refrain from a little something, so here goes: "(-) .? *!! ———! ———! biff! ———!! ? (!!" With that out of our system we feel better.

While condoling with our emaciated friend, Mr. Towne of Sioux City, we can but rejoice that Marty O'Toole is not likely to return to the Packers. The weakening of Sioux City by Marty's absence rather strengthens every other team in the loop.

"Ty" Cobb allowed President Taft to grasp his hand the other day, and we don't blame William a bit for feeling all swelled up about it.

Southpaw Aitchison has been secured from Brooklyn by the Towne-Fairbrother combine. Aitchison went up from Wichita last fall. He will add something to the already strong Packer outfit.

Sunday we clash with the rejuvenated Rourkes, and if the weather jinks has been squelched properly we expect to meet something like 5,000 of our admiring friends at the pay gates at the Beach. Pa has injected a lot of fresh cayenne into his bunch and we may expect to have a battle royal on our hands, but we are sanguine—and sanguinary.

Robertus Unglaub seems to have won back his batting optic. for he has been leaning up against the ball so hard of late that its seams have made huge dents in the Robertus willow.

An ump's must be feeling mighty peevish to banish Unglaub from a game. Nobody ever heard our manager with the p'd line name use a profane word, a blackguarding phrase or a naughty name. He is naturally full of fizz and fights like a terrier to win, but he is always gentlemanly about it.

Barring Des Moines, which is so hopelessly in the ruck that it couldn't get out with the aid of Archimedes and his lever, the race in the western loop is still anybody's. Topeka, standing seventh, could land in top place inside of two weeks by a winning streak if those ahead broke even. It would pay the seven managers to get together and put up enough money to induce Granfather Higgins to retire to the Home for the Aged and Infirm and let a man born since 1837 take charge of the "Boosters." By the way, every time we say "Boosters" we have our fingers crossed.

Another feature about the Sioux City ball park. When it is necessary to get a home run to win all that is necessary is for some Packer to hit the ball smartly, while another Packer lifts up a bit of fence and lets the ball through for a home run. That's a new one in baseball, but Umps Clark let it get by him last Tuesday.

Without meaning to be at all personal we have no hesitancy in saying that the trick turned by Kerns upon Topeka indicates that Kerns isn't to be trusted any further than a six-months old baby could throw that Bull sign by the painted tail. What the bleachers should do to Kerns every time he shows up ought to be a complete sufficiency.

Both Denver and Omaha had the rabbitfoot with them last Monday. Both teams were in the awful wreck near Indianola, but barring a few minor bruises both teams came through all right.

If Muscatine thinks our Mr. Despain is one E. Z. Mark, then Muscatine has warts on its thinkery. Muscatine dick-

ered for "Rabbitt" Rondeau and signed the papers. "Rabbitt" played like a house afire and then sustained an injury that will keep him out of the game for weeks. Whereupon Muscatine wanted to gig back. But our Mr. Despain murmured: "Nay, not so," adding a little bit by way of emphasis. The Muscatine manager acts like a geek willing to pinch the dollar till Miss Liberty busted her corsetstrings.

The "yellows" seem to be growing more numerous in Joetown. Lincoln has but a few of the yellow-kidney kind, but sometimes they get mighty vociferous. It was the "yellows" that put Joetown out of professional baseball for several years. The real fans of that burg ought to get busy with hobnail boots.

Wait! In due time the greatest baseball contest in the history of the game is yet to be pulled off, and in Lincoln, too. It will be between a team of picked Spavs from the Elks and a selected team of Ringbones from the Ad club. The admission fee will be 25 cents, and everybody who remains the entire game will receive something less than \$20 each. The receipts will be appropriated for the purchase of arnica, salve, anti-septic cotton, bandages, liniment, P. Davis painkiller, Spts. Fru. and Weidbuzzer. Every ambulance wagon in the city will be lined up in the park usually reserved for buzz buggies, and professional nurses will have reserved seats in the south end of the grandstand. It will be far from idolatory to worship that game, for there can not be anything like it on the earth, in the earth or beneath the waters that cover the earth.

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