

A LITTLE BIT OF THE REAL SPORTING DOPE

Well, we've made ourselves hard to catch for second place, and we've been nosing along the shoulders of the Grizzlies, making that bunch of bruins step lively. Drawing up on the Grizzlies, mighty slowly, to be sure, but drawing up just the same. We are preparing to accommodate 'steen millions of our friends at Antelope park during the series wherein appears the Grizzlies and our own Antelopes. That will be some ball game, believe us.

Robertus Unglaub broke a couple of records the other day, whereupon he proceeded to celebrate by giving his Antelopian compatriots a little spread down in Kawtown. On that particular day Robertus was thirty years old for the first time, which is record No. 1. On the same day he won a ball game, which is the first he ever won on his natal day. Which same is record No. 2. We've just about quit celebrating birthdays ourselves, but we cheerfully admit that we'd like to celebrate our thirtieth—again. If Robertus has as much good fortune during the next thirty years as we wish him, he'll have to haul the good things home in an automobile truck two or three times a day, and then some.

We beg leave to announce that President Tip O'Neil is not nearly so slow in drawing his princely salary as he is in deciding that protested Lincoln-Omaha game.

Omaha has actually won a majority of games during the past ten days or two weeks, whereupon Pa Rourke smiles and has temporarily ceased biting chunks out of the railing around the grandstand.

Being naturally of a peaceful mind we would suggest that Denver and St. Joe declare a truce until the season closes, then let the two teams, armed with bats, assemble on neutral ground and fight it out, a la the Killkenny cats. We weary somewhat of the continual recriminations passing between the two villages.

The ambitious Mr. Fox, who essayed to pitch two games against Pueblo on the same afternoon, ought to have had two wins instead of one. His second game was even better pitched than his first one, but some mused up plays by his comrades put him in the lost column for the second bout. Brer Fox reminds us so much of the mile-and-a-quarter hosses we used to watch race down in ol' Kentucky—he comes in stronger on the fifth quarter than any other.

It's none of our business, we having put all such matters into the sole control of our Mr. Despain, but were we assuming charge thereof Grandpa Higgins couldn't come with gunshot of transferring any of his Des Moines dated

games to the Antelope grounds. All that this Higgins person has coming to him is a swift kick applied to the broadest portion of his bifurcated garment.

We'd hate to have the recording angel putting after our name the crosses marked up against Col. Hendricks every time he sees a report that Ehman has won another game for us.

Those near-sports who imagine that this western loop of ours is rather slow are requested to take notice. Hafford, recently joining the Kansas City Blues in the A. A., is looking good to the A. A. scribes. It was this same Hafford who was dropped by Topeka because he couldn't go the pace in this little old league of ours.

If either Denver or Lincoln wins the western loop pennant we are prepared to bet \$3,000—some portion of it in cash—that the winner can lambast the winner of the pennant in the A. A. The attention of one Water Tank J. Richie of Minneapolis is called to this defi.

We sent our Mr. Despain along with the Antelopes, not because we feared that our 'Lopes need his restraining hand after working hours, but because of the psychological effect Mr. Despain's presence upon the bench has. We took two from Topeka. Now if we just take two from Pueblo and the series from Denver we will feel elated and full of good cheer.

The editor of this department is working nights upon a book that will attract world-wide attention when completed. The closing chapters are now being written. The book will be handsomely bound in horsehide. The title is "The Rejuvenation of Guiseppe Dundon." Leave orers at the salt fountain.

We once heard of a man who wished he owned seven hundred tons of cambric needles, and could set every needle to work sewing up sacks of gold for him. We are not so grasping. All we wish is that we had as much money as Grandma Schaffer of Joetown thinks she is funny.

Speaking of pitching double headers, and having a released pitcher put the rollers under his former team mates. We are reminded of what happened to us away back yonder in 1891, when Dave Rowe was our local magnate. Rowe released Billy Hart, and Hart immediately caught on with Minneapolis. A week after leaving Lincoln Hart pitched a Sunday afternoon double header at the old grounds east of what is now Epworth Park and licked the Roweites good and plenty in both games. We remember it because a batted ball hit Hart on the

pitching arm, causing him great agony. Immediately twenty-three men—maybe it was thirty-three—rushed down out of the grandstand and proffered as many flasks to the injured flinger. If you don't believe it, ask Ed Young, sr.

Pa Rourke says he is well satisfied with his new manager, Arbogast. That's because the Rourkes have won a few games. Wait till the team under Arbogast drops two or three in a row, and you'll then see Pa biting the heads off the nails in his new grandstand roof.

We claim that the attendance the last two days of the Pueblo-Lincoln series here last week was a bit the best ever. We are prepared to submit figures proving that Lincoln is the best base ball city of its size in Uncle Sam's domain.

We'll be a long spell without any games at the Antelope park this month. Now, instead of letting Pa Higgins transfer some of his games here, why not get a couple of the state league teams to give us some sport on a couple of those off-Sunday afternoons? We'd like to see some of the state league teams, 'cause we might want to yank a few players this fall for speculative purposes next season.

A Lancaster county farmer has within the past ten days threshed 1,332 bushels of wheat from twenty acres—a bit more than an average of 66 bushels to the acre.

In 1910 Nebraska's average production of corn to the acre was 5.3 bushels more than the general average for the United States. Her wheat average was 6.1 bushels more per acre than the general average of the United States. There are 25,000,000 acres of Nebraska land untouched by the plow that will produce as much wheat as the acreage now devoted to that cereal. Better be getting some of it.

The esteemed Star well says that "President Taft is rapidly molding into servicable form the greatest issue upon which he will go before the people in his next campaign—his universal peace program." The president is working out his program without the bombast of the "Big Sticker," but quietly and effectively. The great nations are taking kindly to it, and already wonderful progress has been made without any fuss or excitement. If William Howard Taft leaves the presidential chair after having brought about a peace pact between the nations, he will have written his name large in history, and his record as author of that universal peace program will be remembered long after his mere occupancy of the presidential chair has been forgotten. It is a very partisan and prejudiced man who refuses to admit that President Taft has been growing wonderfully of late.