

A LITTLE BIT OF THE REAL SPORTING DOPE

The "fans" who are the first to holler when one of their favorites is benched, are the first ones to holler when a game is lost. Times have changed wonderfully since the old days when baseball players were intemperate "roughnecks" who found it difficult to get into good hotels because of their roughness. But the fact still remains that good ball players are surrounded by many temptations, and as a result some get the swell head and others get the "busthead." And, again, many players resent discipline and get crosswise with their managers, or become seized with the idea that they know better than managers or owners what should be done on the field. The Dopester of this department personally knows nothing of the inside workings of the Antelopes, but when President Despain says "indifferent playing" we accept that as final. And whatever President Despain does with the team is his business. His money is invested in it, and if he loses money through mistakes in management, that is his affair. But no one who follows the game can deny that Despain is perfectly right in insisting upon getting the service he pays for, and no matter how much of a favorite a player may be with the "fans," that favorite should come through with the goods all the time.

Once upon a time, a great many years ago when The Dopester of this department was a whole lot younger and possessed of a great deal of knowledge that wasn't so, he quit a mighty good job in a huff, thinking away down in his heart that the boss couldn't get along without him. That boss and his business are still on earth, the boss is a millionaire and the business one of the greatest in its section of the country. Since then The Dopester hasn't been so almighty confident of his wonderful ability. Some ball players may imagine that their services can not be dispensed with, but they might die. Then the management would have to hustle. And the wise manager will prefer hustling rather than taking chances. There's a moral concealed somewhere in this paragraph that others than ball players might search out with profit.

President Tip O'Neill, long distance executive of the Western League has decided that Lincoln-Omaha protest in favor of Omaha. To do so he had to call in a tallow-spined ump and prevail upon him to reverse a ruling made a year ago under precisely the same conditions. The absent treatment system of presiding over the affairs of the Western League is not proving beneficial to the game.

The Western League is of such importance in baseball circles that it should not be made a kindergarten for umpire training, nor a refuge for decrepit and

superannuated umpires. The umpiring in this loop has passed the joke stage and become a serious menace to the future of the circuit. Everything from strabismus to paresis seems to be afflicting the arbitrators that O'Neill sends along.

When Holland first began complaining about the treatment of visiting players in Denver we chortled with glee. But of late we have begun to believe that Holland was not vociferating through his chapeau. In Denver umps who wouldn't dare drive a canine off the diamond elsewhere, banish visiting players without the shadow of an excuse, seemingly watching for chances to cripple visiting teams. On the other hand the Denver team is permitted to indulge in any old tactics, and the "pop bottle brigade" is always in evidence. It's up to Tip O'Neill to earn his salary by getting out in this section of the country and giving this league the personal supervision it is entitled to.

Fairweather and Towne are exhibiting a certified check for \$5,000 received as the purchase price of University Clark. We have to believe it, but insist that it proves our oft-repeated contention that the best place on earth to sell gold-bricks is in the immediate vicinity of Wall Street, and not out on the farms of the west.

The man who believes that Marty O'Toole was sold for \$22,000 also believes that the moon is made of green cheese.

Grover Cleveland Alexander of St. Paul, Nebraska, mind you—has signed up for four years at a salary that is said to make that of a supreme judge of the United States look like the last week's change of a ribbon clerk's vacation.

Joe Tinker was laid off for indifferent playing, then got back into the game and made a hit every time up, work two double plays, one of them unassisted, accepted a dozen chances without a bobble, stole a couple of bases, and finished up by stealing home. We stop the press long enough to mention this merely as a sort of consolation for some of the local "fans" who appear to be somewhat disgruntled over disciplinary matters.

Denver has got a discouragingly long lead, but one not impossible to overcome. The Grizzlies must now hit the long trail, and for a time at least they will not be able to compel more than an even break from the umpires, nor will they feel the cheering influence of a roughneck pop bottle brigade behind them. If two or three teams in the loop will just check the Grizzlies until our own Antelopes can

catch their breath, we'll make Mr. Hendricks hesitate a bit before purchasing a pole from which to fly that pennant.

The old pipe dream about reorganizing western base ball and building a compact circuit along the Missouri river is again seen through the smoke. The pipe is usually lighted up in the vicinity of Fourteenth and Farnam streets, Omaha.

If the Des Moines franchise has really been sold, what's the matter with telling the facts? It looks now too much like an effort to help pull Higgins out of a hole, though leaving him owner of the club. Higgins must be pried loose and shoved off the base ball earth, else Des Moines will be an incubus on the Western that will sooner or later strangle it.

We expect to meet 17,000 of our friends during the Denver-Lincoln series on the local lot, each one with the proper introduction at the admission gate. And we want every bloomin' one of them to be there with the rootlets. We've got to wipe that blot from our escutcheon. If we can manage to make it three straight from the Grizzlies—by fair means and not by umpire favoritism—we'll feel a lot better than we've been feeling during the last few days.

We regret very much that President Despain has not seen fit to select a new manager from among those knowledgeable ones in grandstand and bleacher who know more about running ball teams than Chance, Comiskey, Connie Mack or the man who invented the game. We can sit any old where in Antelope park and pick out better team managers than any now disporting themselves upon the diamond in this or any other country. Some of them are such splendid ball players that they can't hold a job at anything else—or that, either.

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