

## COMING ALONG WITH THE DOPE FOR THE LOVERS OF SPORT : : :

The schedule committee of the Western will meet at St. Joseph on February 12 to frame up the dates for the coming season.

"I guess we had some ball games in the old days," remarked Ed Young, sr., the other day. "We've had some mighty fine games during the past three or four seasons, but for real thrillers I want to remind you that the game between Lincoln and Minneapolis in 1891—or was it 1893—was the real thing. Duke for Minneapolis and Darnbrough for Lincoln were the opposing pitchers. Seventeen innings it went, and finally in the last half of the seventeenth a Miller slammed the ball over the fence for a homer. We had some ball players then, too, same as now. Irvin at first, Jack Rowe at Second, Jesse Burkett pitching when necessary, but playing the field mostly because he was even then a hitter, and Stafford, another hitting pitcher. Then there was 'Monk' Cline, who could get a base on balls oftener than any man that ever broke into the game. We old-timers didn't have to wait until 1907 to see real classy ball in Lincoln.

Joe Tinker says he wants to play third because it will mean his continuing in the game several years longer. It is possible that Joe's correspondence school of baseball has petered out thus early?

Jake Beckley is going to manage a team down in ol' Mizzo this season, which means that we'll probably miss the sight of his face for another thirty or forty years. But Jacobus will come along again about the time the next generation gets baseball crazy.

If the "Bug" of Will Maupin's Weekly were asked to put his finger on the weak spot heretofore existent on the Antelope team, he would say it was in the coaching department. Coaching is something more than standing on the lines and signalling the base runner. Your real coach can do that, all right, but he can also do more—he can get the bleachers and the grand stand into action, which is worth a lot at critical times. More than that, the real thing in the coach line will add dollars to the box office. Arlie Latham was a baseball player of the top notch kind, but it was as a coach that he earned the money. His monkey-shines along the coaching lines were worth the price of admission, and he drew dollars to the box office in jingling showers. Remember Zackert, the sidewheeler Ducky Holmes had the first season or two? Zack was worth his price merely as a coacher, for the minute he got out on the lines he got the crowd to going, and that always put the ginger into the home team and often gets the goat of the visitors. Coachers—the real thing—are a lot scarcer than pitchers who can win 50 per cent of their games.

Some of these days the managers of college athletics will realize that the rule preventing students from playing baseball for money during the summer is even worse than a farce. It merely trains young fellows to practice deceit.

And why shouldn't Gotch be as good or better now? He is only a year or two older than he was when he promised that little Humboldt girl he would quit the padded

ring. And he hasn't spent that year or two in going against John Barleycorn, prancing around under the white lights and dallying with the painted female when she smiles wantonly. On the contrary he has kept right along with his system of clean living. He has had a splendid mentor in that grand old Roman, "Farmer" Burns. He will go up against a wonderful wrestler when he again meets Hackenschmidt, but he'll bring the Russian's yellow streak to the surface, just like he did when the two met before.

If the women of Lincoln knew what a game this wrestling game is, more of them would attend the matches pulled off at the Oliver. There's nothing finer, or more exciting in the line of genuine sport than the sight of two well trained specimens of physical manhood engaged in wrestling. And the exhibitions are as clean as a game of lawn tennis, too. Mrs. Lincolnite, if your husband is a devotee of this wrestling game, make him take you to see some of the contests.

Of course the authorities differ on the question of "Tex" Jones' ability. We can pick a dozen men in the Antelope grand stand any afternoon during the season who know more about what play should be pulled off than either manager on the field does.

What makes Levi Knapp such a prime favorite in Lincoln? There are better pitchers, better batters and better base runners. The answer is easy. Levi is a willing worker. He is ready to go in anywhere, any time; and when he goes in he delivers the best there is in him, does it willingly and gives every appearance of being rejoiced at the opportunity to be of service to his employers. Not knocking, but Levi's example, if followed by some others, would add a lot.

Don't know who has the "pop" concession at Antelope park this year, but whoever he is, will he please keep a bottle or two on ice?

No, Irene. President Despain was unable to snare "Muggsy" McGraw as manager of the Antelopes. And Christy Matthewson will not be one of the Antelope slabmen this year—nor next. But President Despain will have a slabman or two, just the same. Quite enough to make more than merely possible the capturing of a little three-cornered bit of bunting to fly in the breezes during the season of 1912.

The rumor that the local management will re-seat the grand stand, using soft pine, is unfounded. Nothing will be done to interfere with the sale of those little discs used to deceive the innocent into believing they are getting something soft to sit upon.

Only forty-eight more days until the first chance to see some cavorting around Antelope park.

Secretary Barrows will be rejoiced when the managership question is settled. He is getting cauliflower ear answering the phone.

Those alleged sport writers on the Omaha

papers are fearfully and wonderfully made. A short time ago one of them gave out the startling intelligence that "with one no-Sunday ball town—Lincoln—in the Western league, it was sufficient." Again last Sunday he gave out some more of the same kind of dope announcing that the "passage of the proposed Sunday baseball bill by the legislature would not change conditions in Lincoln for there they were opposed to Sunday ball." Inasmuch as a popular vote taken a short time ago by the Star gave a majority in favor of Sunday ball so large that it was practically unanimous, it is hard to determine from what source the kiddy who dopes so-called sport for the leading paper of the little metropolis on the big river gathers his reliable (?) information. Another sport writer down there who loves to sign up as the "Oracle," gave out last Sunday that "the legislature had decided to permit Sunday ball in Nebraska." These fellows should get away from the South Omaha aroma far enough so they could get a real good smell at reliable dope.

Information received from the "Man who knows," gives every indication that in securing Billy McCormick from the Galveston club the Lincoln management have snared a good man. In fact had it not been that the climate down there did not agree with McCormick the price on him would have been up near the thousand plunks altitude. The same information indicates that Tommy Miller, secured from the same club and who led the Kansas league last year with a batting average of .361, will be worth looking at. Miller may be just a little lame in knowledge of the game as played in the Western, but he has a good head and there is little doubt that he will land all right after a little experience.

That man Applegate, who was purchased by Lincoln from the Wilkesbarre club last fall certainly looks good, judging from his picture published in the local papers last Sunday morning. He was under the weather last year nearly the whole season, but notwithstanding that he won fifteen out of twenty-seven games. He stole one base which was as well as any pitcher on the Lincoln team did last year, with the exception of Levi Knapp, who stole seven. He will be a valuable acquisition to the Lincoln pitching staff, as he comes here with the intention of delivering the very best he has, according to a letter received from him recently by the management.

There is something especially good coming to Lincoln fandom this spring. The string of exhibition games will certainly be a treat and if the people of this burg do not appreciate the efforts of the management by doing the right thing, we ought to cut out spring practice in Lincoln and have the team go to Crete or some other hot town for the preliminaries. Look at the bill of fare:

Chicago White Sox, Thursday and Friday, March 30 and 31.

Detroit Tigers, Saturday and Sunday, April 1 and 2.

Boston Red Sox (Speed Boys) Tuesday and Wednesday, April 4 and 5.

Chicago White Sox, Thursday and Friday, April 6 and 7.

This is a menu of baseball which will pay you to remember. To be sure you don't forget it, cut this out and stick it in your hat.

Will Maupin's Weekly is a dollar a year—and worth the money.