

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

Sunday Observance

He thought that Sunday baseball was a mighty wicked sin,
Its horrible depravity he never failed to tell;
At dawn of early morning to denounce it he'd begin.
And all who rather favored it he said would go to hell.
To ask a chance to watch it he considered quite a crime,
As bad as robbing houses and far worse than sucking eggs;
But he thought it meet and proper to be putting in his time
In piling up the dollars pulling other people's legs.
He never deemed it wicked to go whizzing 'round the place
Upon a sunny Sunday in his auto built for speed;
But to sit upon the bleachers with a smile upon the face
He thought was something awful, quite a heinous crime indeed.
He never thought it wicked to devote a Sunday eve
To framing up some measure to acquire some fellow's hide;
But the thought of Sunday baseball caused his solemn soul to grieve,
For such a wicked pastime his clean heart could not abide.
He thought it meet and proper for six days in every week
To make his servants labor, and ten hours every day.
But it was wicked for them just to even think or speak
Of taking recreation on their only holiday.
He could drive his speedy auto every Sunday, to be sure,
Or see a game in mid-week without losing any wage;
But ball upon a Sunday—that he never could endure,
And the very mention filled him with a deep religious rage.
He summered in the mountains and he wintered in the south,
And lived upon the profits of his toilers in his shop;
About the "joy of labor" he at length shot off his mouth,
But mention Sunday baseball and with rage he'd fairly hop.
He prated of the gospel and its wondrous power to save,
And said from every being all of evil it would rub;
Then confessed by all his actions and the way he'd rant and rave
That he put far more dependence in a legislative club.
—From "Musty Meditations of a Miserable Misanthrope", by Levi Knapp.

Just two weeks from today and Herr Unglaub will trot his bluish Auntylopes out upon the sod and sic 'em on the shaggy grizzlies from the feet hills of the Rockies. You've heard of the brand of whisky, one drop of which on a cottontail rabbit's tongue would make it go out and fight a bulldog? Well, Herr Unglaub has a line of conversation all ready to hand to his Auntylopes on that fateful day, April twenty-wunst, and it will make his Auntylopes lope right out and slap the grizzlies on the left hind wrist in a very waspish manner.

The two rounds with the Sox and the one round with the Detroit Bengals gave us a fairly good line on the aggregation Don Espano has gathered unto himself. And it's a very pleasing line. Individually and as a whole the team looks mighty good—better than usual. Don Espano has angled successfully for a new battery and it will be here in time to answer the bell. This makes everything snug, and we predict that the Auntylopes will be the pole hosses at the start.

Just for the fun of it the team laid a pipe from the club shanty to the players bench one day last week. Gallagher was made foreman of construction, but he didn't make good until a bright thought struck Unglaub. Then the manager loped off to a nearby grocery store, bought a clay pipe, broke the stem off within two inches of the bowl, and then loped back to the park. Thrusting it into Gallagher's hand he shouted: "Here's your dudeen, now go to it." The trick worked, for Gallagher drove the boys harder than an Irish section foreman could drive a new gang of navvies from sunny Italy.

The sympathies of local fandom go out to Willis Cole, called home by the news that his sister was near to death's door.

Once more has the name of Smith been immortalized. Smith, of Fremont. He's the lad that let the Tigers down with one run, and himself slammed the ball up against the fence a couple of times just to show that he could do something else than pitch. We have decided to keep Mr. Smith, provided Don Espano will sign the salary check.

An Albion sport asked Sandy Griswold "what year the pitcher's box was moved back fifteen feet," and Sandy replied, "1895." What?

Experts have discovered that Jack Johnson's skull averages an inch in thickness. That appears to us to be about the same average as that of some of the state officials who had to do with late lamented base ball bill.

Mister Kruger, the catcher who was much put out because his salary wasn't raised, is

going to experience some trouble before he gets on the salary list of another club. We will miss Artie, but as he is not the only catcher by a few we'll have to wiggle along without him.

Out on a foul!—the Sunday base ball bill.

The Tigers took more money out of Lincoln for last Sunday's game than they took out of all the rest of their exhibition towns put together. And this is the "dead burg" that some people around here are talking about.

Leo McGraw is the name of Don Espano's new backstopper, who will more than fill the hole left by Artie Kruger's peevish refusal to report. McGraw is a classy backstopper, hits 'em to the fence and uses his head-piece in every game. He cost us more'n a 2:07 trottin' hoss, but we're figgerin' we got the worth of our money.

Two weeks till the bell rigs and Des Moines still in the dumps. We suggest that the Greater Des Moines club pry Higgins loose and make some live Des Moines manager. At this distance the Higgins head-piece seems to be suffering from a severe attack of ossification.

The White Sox toyed a couple of games with Pa Rourke's youths, and so far as we've heard not a single "beaut" or "chiv" was at the game.

Well, if we can't see a ball game on Sunday we can go to the Country Club and watch 'em play golf or tennis.

They may prevent us from sitting on the bleachers and rooting forr the home team, but they can't make us sit in the pews and sing.

Base bawls: The "noes" on the Sunday base ball bill.

A local dopester complains that Sandy Griswold's "beauts and chivs" will be on duty again this season. Maybe Sandy would consent to make it "cheauts and bivs" for a change. Anything to keep harmony in the dopester circles.

Our heartfelt thanks to our Denver friends who are worried nigh to death cause we ain't got no seasoned catchers nohow. It's them little sympathetic feen's that make us like for to live in this world. But how much seasonin' must a catcher have? Our Kernel Stratton has been ketchin' 'em in big company for nigh on seven years, and he looks good purty good to us. We ain't worryin' half so much about our catchers as we are about the weather on opein' day. But we're expectin' Artur Kruger to show up most any day with an excuse of some kind.

Claiming that a few flowers around the club house would look good and tend to develop the artistic in the players, Herr Unglaub secured from Prexy Despain an order for a few packages of flower seeds. The seeds have been planted with eclaw and a hoe, and in a few weeks Herr Unglaub ex-