

# COMING ALONG WITH SOME REAL SPORTING DOPE

When the Topeaks lambasted us in the first game we took it very good naturedly realizing that our loss meant a lot for Cripple town. But when our manager, Herr Unglaub, so durned generously gave the Topekas the second game we seized the Link end of a tellygraft wire and shot over a few caloric words that had a proper effect. The next day Herr Unglaub dogged himself and the bunch by handing Topeak a large pailful of the stuff Uncle Rastus used to paint the chicken coop. We believe in being easy and generous with the unfortunate, but we protest against our manager giving the pocket-book away with the contents.

Edouard Gawnyer, the affable gentleman who plays the comma position for us, must sidestep this accident business. His last one was to attempt to stop a pitched ball with his head, and as a result he blamed near spoiled a bran new ball. We get those balls by the gross at a reduced price, but that is no reason why Edouard should treat them so roughly.

With Parson Farthing on the pitching staff the 'Lopes look better than ever. We refuse to make any pennant predictions, but we have already put in an order for an ornamental flagpole.

Rumor hath it that Sam Crawford and Ty Cobb, after having been at outs for a year, have made up and shook hands. Sounds good, but if we can secure a couple of outer gardeners who can swipe the ball like the two Detroiters, we don't care a fig whether they ever speak to anybody or not.

Some opening day crowd, eh? More than 5,000 people out. Some game, eh? Three to two and a hoss race at every stage of the proceedings. And some ball park since we pruned it up a bit, eh? We are not much given to boasting, but we are sitting around with our hat in our hands awaiting the congratulations of our friends and admirers on our having fitted up Antelope Park till it looks like a sweet-seventeener in her graduating gown, and assembling a ball team that looks like it would be reaching for the lanyards of the pennant pole from now until the season closes.

Baseball is a funny thing, full of surprises. For instance: At home St. Joseph lambasted the champ Sioux Cityans for fair, then went over to Des Moines and let the Weaklings trounce them to a finish. Remember last year on the home lot? The 'Lopes would play rings around the leaders when they showed up. Then a competitor for tail-end honors would limp in and put all kinds of crimps into our bunch. It is the constant surprise and the element of uncertainty that makes base ball so fascinating.

## JUST A TOAST.

Here's to the team we hope will win,  
The Antelopes!

And under th wire come romping in,  
The Antelopes!

Here's to Robert and Jim and Jack,  
And Cobb and Cole and Gag and Mac,  
Farthing and Fox and Stafford, too,  
Knapp, McGraw and the whole blamed crew.

The whole blamed crew and Prexy Don—  
The swiftest bunch that the sun shines on.  
Here's to the team we hope will win  
And under the wire come romping in.

Here's to the team we hope wins out,  
The Antelopes!

That puts the rest of the league to rout,  
The Antelopes.

Here's to the 'Lopes as they set the pace  
For the other teams in the pennant race.  
Fighting fair till the game is done,  
And sticking tight till it's lost or won.

Here's to the team and Prexy Don—  
We'll boost 'em on til' they win. Praise  
John!

Here's to the team we hope will win,  
And under the wire come romping in.

—From "Nebulous Nightmares of a Nervous Novice," by Billy Turner.

Speaking of surprises, the news from the last Topeka game was to the effect that McCormick actually stole a couple of bases. But we saw Jimmy Sullivan turn the same trick once.

Art Fenlon seems to be the champion club-hunter of the lot. He has been traded by Atlanta and is now with a Tri-State League club somewhere in Pennsylvania. Fenlon lacks just two things of being a great ball player. He pays too much attention to highballs and not enough to pitched balls, and his brain apparatus suffers a temporary eclipse the minute the umpire says "play ball."

William Holmes has been suspended for making a few Holmeseque remarks to the umpire. When the Holmes vocabulary gets to going it can exhaust all the vile epithets known to the English language. It is usually going.

Willyum Rourke, better known as "Pa," seems to have assembled a pretty lively bunch of young ones. Young Johnnie Goding, who will do some of the backstopping is a young player of much promise. After a couple more seasons of work with real live ones he will be quite a catcher. Captain Shipke is another promising youth, quite young and inexperienced to be trusted with managerial honors, but he seems to be making good. Rourke has a knack of developing good players, and we opine that in Goding and Shipke he has a couple of youngsters who will create a stir in baseball circles in two or three

years. It would be surprising to see a couple of grayhaired grandfathers playing in organized base ball, wouldn't it?

Sunday we meet up with the Wichita bunch at the Capital Beach grounds and will undertake to show Bizzie Izzie Isbell how the national pastime is played. Thursday the Topeka cripples—not so awfully crippled—will debut for the season at the M street grounds and attempt to do it again. Monday being May Day we expect to see the M street grounds packed to repletion. Tuesday being election day we expect to see a lot of "wet" and "dry" voters out there amicably agreeing to disagree on everything but the matter of whooping the 'Lopes on to victory.

Pell Barrows is officiating as official press agent for President Despain, and it is one of his manifold duties to keep the country press supplied with hot stuff calculated to interest the fans in their respective localities. Mr. Barrows can write the "dope" all right, and every weekly newspaper in Nebraska has a lot of clients who will appreciate good live news concerning the progress of base ball in Nebraska. President Despain could not have selected a better man for the position.

Omaha started off like a house afire—five games out of the first six. And Des Moines started off like the last gasp of a still alarm blander the chemical. But Higgins says he is going to give Des Moines a winner if it costs him a round million dollars, real money. We'll bet him a million dollars he'll never do it unless he changes his ways.

Under the new system of entrances and exits it is now possible to turn 5,000 people out of Antelope Park in less than five minutes, without undue crowding. Coming down to brass tacks, the Lincoln base ball park is just as nifty as any park in the circuit—and better than most of 'em.

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