

COMING ALONG WITH SOME REAL SPORTING DOPE

Every game sees the usual bunch of "yellows" perched in grandstand or bleachers. They see a ball game lost if a home player makes a bobble, and they are ready to throw up their tails and quit like a quarter horse in a seven-furlong race the minute luck begins going against them. These "yellows" make the real old-time fan crazy. Your real fan is the gazabo who can riz up on his hind legs and holler like a Comanche Injun when the home team is playing a losing game. He is the d. g. sport who can give a cheery word to the player who has just messed things up and wish him good luck on the next one. That's the boy that makes a hit with the players who are doing their best to earn their stipends. We always feel like taking a poke at the "yellow," but being of a somewhat cautious disposition we have heretofore refrained. Some of these days, however, we may forget ourselves and get into a whole bilin' o' trouble. But if we do some "yellow" will come out of it with a shriek for the ambulance.

Last Tuesday Herr Unglaub, than which there is no headier, steadier player in ball togs, mussed up a couple, and immediately he got the belching of a lot of "yellows" who just knew he was a dead one. But Bobiculus just muttered a few "Praise Johns," spat upon his palms and went to it. A bit later those same "yellows" were lauding him to the skies.

Mr. J. Fox is a regular old plowhoss for steadiness, and a regular Crescus for speed when speed is necessary. And Brer Fox is also in the immediate vicinity with the timely swats. In last Tuesday's game he actually batted 1,500—an almost unheard of percentage. Of course the know-it-all dopestears will dispute this percentage, but it's true, just the same. We'll admit, however, that the percentage is arrived at by giving Brer Fox a little present of 500 for doing it so gracefully.

Parson Farthing arrived on the scene of action Tuesday and found President Donald somewhat gruff and unresponsive. We would regret it very much if it became necessary to take up a little slack in the back of the parson's cap, but we have hinted to our check-signer, Mr. Despain, that he must put on the stern look and assume the unyielding attitude. Just as soon as the parson evidences that his salary wing is in order we will consider having Mr. Despain resume cash transactions.

Losing a game and dropping from second to fifth place as a result is rather unique. That is what happened to the Joetown bunch last Monday, when it lost a game to the Wichitas by a score of 14 to 1.

A JEREMIAD.

O, let me lie in the tall grass high,
By the banks of a dank bayou;
Where winds that sigh as they pass by
Give many a dismal "who-o."
O, lay me deep in untroubled sleep
Where the cat-tails blow and bloom;
For I wail and weep as the long days
creep
With their gobs of grief and gloom.

O, hide it o'er—the dad-binged score
That gives me the mully grubs;
I'm sad and sore and smeared with gore
Of my bally gang of dubs.
O, woe is mine, for my bunged-up nine
Has shattered my fondest hopes;
And I peak and pine for some real sunshine
And a team like the Antelopes.
—From "Lugubrious Lucubrations of a
Lamentable Lobster," by Pa Rourke.

We claim that Midget Smith is the only man on the team capable of picking out a wild pitch for his third strike, and not only getting away with it to the extent of landing safely at first, but actually bringing in two runs with it. That's what our Fremont discovery pulled off in the game with Omaha Wednesday.

Soo City offered to loan Harry Welch to Des Moines recently and the offer was declined. Is that the same Welch who was touted as having batted .470 a year or two ago?

As it is our duty to "O. K." the repair bills we know it took 700 pounds of nail to fasten the grandstand at Antelope park together after last Tuesday's session with Pa Rourke's aggregation. Had that fateful eighth inning lasted a few minutes longer we would have been under the painful necessity of building a new grandstand.

During the Omaha-Antelope series Kneeland gave no evidences of being the kind of an umpire to call for the abuse of any real ballplayer. The attack on Kneeland at Omaha last week was a brutal outrage, and the Omaha players guilty of it should have been eliminated from base ball for a month or two. It is said that most of the spectators who attempted to mob Kneeland were women. We doubt it. They may have been "ladies," but we hold too high an opinion of Omaha women to believe that they would be guilty of any such thing.

It's up to Wichita, Denver and Lincoln to put a crimp into the winning streak of the Skoo City bunch. Cap'n Andreas is pulling his team too far ahead to make it pleasant contemplation of pennant possibilities.

Captain Jinx seems to have a hammerlock on the Rourkes. In the series here

this week they seemed to have a lead pipe cinch on the games until about the last minute, then Cap'n Jinx walked in and laid his cold, clammy claws upon them. We had to put three new boards in the front of the box occupied by Pa Rourke after that second game. He gnawed 'em so full of holes that they threatened to fall apart.

Herr Unglaub's experimental shift of the batting order seems to have vindicated itself. Monsieur Gawnyer has been swatting safely with commendable regularity of late, and Manager Bob has also been connecting well. Then Cole, now third up, has been going along nicely. Anyhow, since we switched the battling list we have pulled down a majority of the games—which makes it all right, all right.

There is a growing feeling in Western League circles that President Tip O'Neill isn't giving sufficient attention to league matters, being too busy with other affairs, chiefly that of scouting for Commie. If O'Neill would spend about a week in each city in the circuit and watch his umpires working he might make a few changes.

With her team in second place and only two games behind the leaders, Wichita turns out 2,100 on an ideal Sunday afternoon, and on the following day, after a win turns out less than 300. No wonder Izzie is growing balder every day. No visiting team has ever been compelled to take the guarantee in Lincoln. And we'll wager a cookie that there isn't a city in America that supports professional ball that averages as many paid admissions per game as little old Lincoln, Nebraska. Nor is there a more loyal bunch of fans than those of Lincoln. Nor is there a team that tries harder to keep itself in the good graces of the game's supporters than the Antelopes. Just take notice of the number of games that the 'Lopes pull out of the fire on the home grounds. That's because the fans are there with the rootlets harder than ever when the 'Lopes are behind. We know right where we are going to plant that flag pole if we win the pennant, but we are making no pennant claims as yet. However, in confidence we will state that the team winning it away from us will have to scrap for it in a way calculated to make base ball history.

'Tis the uncertainty of the game that makes base ball popular. Now we hand tin cans to Denver, and Denver passes 'em on to Wichita. Then we hike down to Wichita and are decorated with the same old cans we handed Denver a week or two before. Coises on the luck!