

COMING ALONG WITH SOME REAL SPORTING DOPE

Far be it from us to kick, but we would advise Manager Holland of the St. Joe Drummers to take "Tex" Jones outside of town some night and wash out his dirty, blackguarding mouth, using some home-made soap. After the washing he should further deodorize the aforesaid mouth by copious applications of axlegrease.

Shafer of the Drummers had no license to make such a Jerusalem pony of himself as he did at last Monday's game. Cooper did not come within a mile of touching Gagnier at the plate. Umpire Wood, who officiated had no legal standing or Shafer would have been chased to the woods with a stiff fine. As it was Shafer merely made a large, voluptuous, quivering, tiresome Balam's saddle animal of himself, and kept it up until he retired from sheer exhaustion. Wood had some fearfully close decisions to make, and he satisfied everybody but Shafer and Jones. Then the Drummers sailed in and won the game on absolute merit.

We have been really delighted at the way our fetsive pastimer, Mr. Miller has been swatting the ball when called into action. The more we see of Mr. Miller the more cheerfully we instruct our Mr. Despain to sign his semi-monthly pay check. And what we herein say about Mr. Miller goes as to Guiseppe Dundon.

If memory is not at fault last Tuesday's game is the third successive shut-out game wriggled by Jake Wolverton. Jacobus pitched stellar ball all the time, and while hit with some frequency kept the hits so scattered that they looked like a few flyspecks on the "big top" of the Ringling circus. Incidentally some dazzling fielding behind Jacobus contributed very materially to the shutout.

We are not going to interfere, preferring to leave all such matters to our trusty Mr. Despain, but we opine that the practice of grabbing off the balls that go over the fence and making off with them has met with its quietus. The delver after knowledge who opined for a time that because he made quite a hit as an athlete in educational circles he could get away with one of our dollar-and-a-quarter base balls, has grabbed off a bit of knowledge that may serve him in good stead in the days to come.

What's the matter with Des Moines? Individually the "Boosters" are good ballplayers, but they fail to work harmoniously on the field. Their mental cogs don't mesh. And with a Higgins at the helm it is no wonder their course is always leading them on the rocks of defeat. We don't wish Higgins any hard luck, of course, but we do wish he couldn't eat, sleep or drink until he let go of the Des Moines franchise and gave a real base ball manager a chance.

THE GENUINE "FAN"

Anyone can laugh and holler when the home team's in the lead
And the score is all lop-sided and opponents "off their feed;"
But commend me to the fellow who can smile and still stay sweet

When the visitors are winners and the Home Team's Beat!

We contract a tired feeling when we hear a noisy "fan"
Knock the home team when it loses like a premium hammerman
'Stead of cheering up the locals with enthusiastic shout
And boosting like the mischief till the Last Man's Out!

O, it's easy to be cheerful when the home team is ahead
And the kalsomine in plenty on the visitors is spread;
And it's easy for our faces to expand in joyful grins
When we've got the foemen going and the Home Team Wins!

But the man we love the greatest is the man who smiles and smiles
When the visitors are hitting our home pitcher miles and miles.
He is always optimistic and it does us good to meet
With the man who keeps on boosting when the Home Team's Beat!

Say, you fellows in the grandstand, and you on the bleachers, too—
Stop your knocking! Go to boosting!
Help to pull the home team through!
Always be a cheerful loser—knocking bears most bitter fruit—
Through the goose eggs come a plenty, for the Home Team Root!
—W. M. M.

And to think that mild-mannered Davidson was suspended for a time for raising a ruction on the ball field! We live in daily expectation of hearing Robertus Unglaub utter a real vociferous "dog-gone it!"

Senor Applegate, on whom we have been waiting and counting for some time, has given ample evidence that he has rounded into form. When in form Applegate is some heaver catcherward. A

little wild at times last Sunday, he steadied when necessary and gave a fine exhibition of pitching. We have been compelled to work Knapp, Fox and Hagerman rather hard so far, but with Applegate in form, Farthing showing signs of getting back into the game and Midget Smith promising to develop in to a phenom, we are going to quit losing sleep over the pitcher situation and roll right over and sweetly slumber when night falls.

Graham is not giving satisfaction to Rourke and will grace the bench for a time at least. Graham has never recovered from that injury to his knee and we fear that a splendid and clean young fellow who gave promise of being a great pastimer is due for some other occupation. And no one regrets it more than the dopester of this department.

When George Stone was sold by St. Louis to Milwaukee he announced that he would quit the game and retire to his Nebraska farm near Cambridge. Thereupon there was gloom in the camp of the Brewers. The other day George took another think and announced that he would report at once to Schlitztown. George and his hit stick will strengthen the Brewers materially.

Omstead is going to report to Denver, which means that the slabster situation of the Grizzlies will be materially strengthened. Omstead is a great pitcher, all right, and he seems always to have something on the Antelopes.

Up to last Monday evening Des Moines had won but three games out of twenty-four—and to think that our bunch of athletes gave them one of the three! Were it not for the looks of the thing we'd fine every 'Lope on the payroll for it.

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