

COMING ALONG WITH SOME REAL SPORTING DOPE

Simply no use talking, the luck broke against us in the Skoo City series—gamefully and financially. Umps Clark, whose whose eyes are sadly biased and whose thinkery is kerwolped, handed it to us intentions are doubtless the best, but on two separate occasions, each occasion costing us a game. When he called Cobb out on a delayed steal to second in Saturday's game, he merely presented the aforesaid game to Skoo City. And the day before as pretty a third strike as was ever thrown over the plate was called a ball, and on the next heave the Skoo City batsman slammed out a two-sacker that scored the winning run. Had he been called out on strikes it would have ended the game with a victory for the 'Lopes.

But mind you we're not holerin'. It's no disgrace to lose such games as were played between the Packers and the Antelopes. They were hair-raisers from start to finish. The fan who failed to get his money's worth ought to swear off going to ball games. More brilliant out-fielding was never seen on any diamond. We'd go miles to see any ball player in the country make as phenomenal a catch as Cole made in each of the three games. And when three homers are slammed over the fence of the Lincoln park in one game there is some terrific hitting being done.

But talk about the financial luck we've been playing in. First we lost that juicy bit of Denver pie. Then we lost last Sunday, just when the excitement was keyed up to the breaking point and a crowd of umptysteen thousand ready to fill the grandstand at the Beach as full of humanity as an officerseeker is of promises. Coises on de luck!

Hully gee! It developes that the negotiations for the purchase of the Des Moines franchise have been carried on in interest of William Holmes. Fronting such a contingency we hope Grandpa Higgins will stick.

Wichita has petered out and Isbell has taken his club to Pueblo. This will necessitate a revision of the schedule. But we believe the transfer will be profitable to all concerned.

Rourke has made his long expected shake-up and as a result there will be a lot of new faces on the Omaha squad when it appears in Lincoln. Second Baseman Graham has been unconditionally released and immediately caught on with Des Moines.

Isn't our Herr Unglaub developing in/o the demon swatter though? He has been leauing up against the ball so hard lately that its cork innards have squeaked.

Having followed the base ball game for

something less than forty-seven years, we are prepared to assert that Cole's work in center during the Skoo City series has never been surpassed by any outfielder in professional ball. He made three phenom catches of seemingly impossible balls, and we hold that nothing like it was ever before seen in this section of the country, and that one might witness a game a day for a century and never seen another catch like either of the three.

If there is any one man more than another we hate to see go to bat in a pinch, it is the obese Mr. Towne of Skoo City. Mr. Towne, who runs bases very much like a prohibition candidate for the legislature would run in Douglas county, has a nasty habit of smacking the ball so hard it sounds like a fat man stumbling over the coal scuttle. We usually have trouble getting our heart untangled from our epiglottis after Mr. Towne has buited in and endeavored to hit in the winning score.

Andreas of Skoo City is a mighty classy second sacker if anybody asks about him. And he is always lugging around with him a superabundance of pepper that he injects into his fellows with a lavish hand. Time was when we couldn't admire Andreas, good player though he was even then, because he insisted on acting very much like those with the corrugated thorax. But authority seems to have subdued the Andreas disposition to indulge in warm language and unpretty antics, and he has more ~~time~~ in which to display his skill. There are ~~only~~ a few second-sackers in the game who have anything on the sorrel-topped gentleman who captains the Packers.

If President Tip O'Neill has set out to reform base ball to the extent of preventing the bleachers from rising en masse and making a loud noise at the psychological moment, it's Tip O'Neill to the ping-pong circuit. Bar out the privilege of "rooting" or the incentive thereto, and base ball would be about as attractive as a mumblepeg match with wagonmakers' spokeshaves. About the time an ump's undertakes to banish a player for waving his arms in an effort to get a come-on from the bleachers, there will be something on dit very much like the results of a bunch of Orangemen endeavoring to parade through Tipperary on St. Patrick's Day. President O'Neill should dump the dottle out of his pipe and stoke up afresh.

Just before we bade our boys goodbye Tuesday morning we shaved the horseshoe from the mascot's head, using a baseball bat for the purpose. Also, spying a rusty horseshoe while driving along behind our new 2:46 trottin' horse, we re-

quested our Mr. Despain to alight and annex the same, which he didded. This we stuck into Sketchertary Benson's grip for luck. Now if we can rub our hands on an Ethiopian with an elevated back, meet up with a black cat and catch the proper kind of cottontail rabbit in a cemetery during the dark of the moon and annex its left hind leg, we'll feel prepared for all contingencies.

Either the pitchers in the National and American have accumulated a lot of crystal arms, or else the batsmen have acquired a new outfit of optics. We can not explain the terrific hitting any other way. When the scores in the National run up to 77 in one day it's time to pause and consider.

"Bugs" Raymond is on the sprinkling cart once more, and for keeps, as usual. And the very first day he twirled the first two men up were Hunter and Wilson. Think of a man newly seated upon the sprinkler having to face Hunter and Wilson! Enough to make him fall off with a d. s. t. that could be heard umty miles. It was a horrible joke on "Bugs."

Spider Corhan seems to be setting things afire with the Sox. His work has caused other aspirants for the short stopping job to cast about for "something just as good."

Fremont emitted a loud whoop of joy when we sent Midget Smith back for another year of seasoning. We are confident that after one more year with the state league Smith will have developed into a phenomenal twirler. Therefore we

have a ship's hawser attached to him.

Parson Farthing has shown that he is fit, so we have decided to utilize him. This causes us to remark, incidentally, that our twirling stawf now looks mighty sweet to us.

The Mink and State league seasons are now on in full blast, and the outlook for a profitable summer for both is mighty good.

What do you think of that Doane-Peru game? Twenty-one innings, 1 to 0, three hits in the game and only one error. Either some wonderful ball playing or some wierd scorekeeping.

Looks like another merry war between the N. L. and the A. A.

"Rabbit" Rondeau is setting the wood afire in Muscatine by his brilliant playing. We still have a stout string attached to the "Rabbit."