

# COMING ALONG WITH SOME REAL SPORTING DOPE

And just to think that the smartest game on the local lot this season was last Tuesday's game with the despised tail-end Des Moines team. Thirteen innings, 3 to 2, with our beloved 'Lopes on the small end of the score. But the Des Moines outfit won the game because it deserved to win. The wonder is that the Des Moines team loses so often. Individually it has a pretty classy lot of players. Houston would adorn the pitching staff of any team in the loop. Siling Bill Dwyer would strengthen not less than six teams if located on first. Mattick lacks a lot of being the poorest center fielder in the loop, and Anderson is showing vastly improved form since he retired from Pa Rourk's outfit. We lost that game because Des Moines outplayed us. Houston had our hired men feeding from his right hand at all stages of the game. Yet Brer Fox of our own beloved 'Lopes pitched in a way that would win eight out of ten games.

Sioux City has been sliding cellarward with all the rapidity of a man thinking up a new one to tell his wife as he hurries home after being out late. It has been the worst case of slump the loop has experienced. But the streak of bad luck seems to have been broken. He who counts the Packers out of the running has another guess coming.

No use talking—that aggregation of Hollanders from ol' Joe Robideaux's village has got a jinx on us somewhere. We wollop 'em all, only to go down before the Hollander like a tomato plant before a cutworm. Why this is thus we can not say. We can only talk about being out-lucked, swear at his Umps and kick the cat when we get home. That we did get the worst of the umpiring in the first game of the series is beyond question, and but for that we'd copped the first game. But we lost the other two because we were outbatted and outfielded. But we are still lingering in and about the .600 mark, and if we can stick there we'll make the team that grabs the bunting go to beat the band.

Paulopolis Cobb has slumped fearfully in his batting. We know why, because we were once young ourselves. It always has a bad effect on a young man's nerves. Time was when we had periodic attacks of the same thing ourselves, and we moped around like a kitten with the distemper, gazed vacantly at the moon, sighed doleful sighs, spent our lonesome moments in wandering about in the moonlight. We greatly fear we will have to prescribe for Paulopolis' case. The prescription will be drastic, but effective.

Parson George has rounded into form at last and from now on the 'Lope pitching staff is going to set 'em afire around the loop.

## THE YEARNING FAN

I want to get out on the bleachers,  
Unmindful of withering heat,  
Along with my wild fellow creatures  
Who there on equality meet.  
I want to set my voice a roaring,  
And chriek at His Umps till I'm  
hoarse;  
I want to dance juba when scoring—  
A man on the home team, of course.  
  
I want to fill lungs full of weather,  
And eyes full of cloud and of sky;  
A hint of the woodland and heather  
Out there where the wide stretches lie.  
My brain is a cobwebby attic;  
It's grimed with the dust of the years;  
My limbs have grown weak and rheumatic—  
I long for the pastime that cheers

I want to see Unglaub so natty;  
I year for His Umps strident call.  
To get on the bleachers I'm batty;  
I've just got to see 'em play ball!  
I want to get out on the bleachers  
And sit with the genuine fans;  
To take a full part with the screechers.  
Unmindful of hot sun that tans.

I want to sit sans coat and collar  
And munch on the goobers, and yell;  
I want to stand straight up and holler  
When the home team's batting like  
—well,  
You know how you feel when the batter  
Leans up 'gainst the leather kerflop!  
And then, midst the noise and the clatter,  
Scotts safely to second and stop.

I want to pump air in my bellows  
And get some more blood rich and red;  
Rub elbows with jolly good fellows.  
And get the moss out of my head.  
I want to yell "robber!" and "rotten!"  
And whoop as I did when a boy;  
The cares of my busines forgotten  
Out there at the ball game—O, joy!

Here, give me a big sheet of paper,  
My pen and a bottle of ink!  
I'll show you the real proper caper—  
I'll stay here and toil, I don't think!  
There, let this neat sign be adorning  
The front of the old office door:  
O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O  
O A GREAT AUNT DIED YES- O  
O TERDAY MORNING. THE FU- O  
O NERAL THIS P. M. AT FOUR O  
O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O O  
—W. M. Maupin in *The Commoner*

We are off for a hour of the east end of the loop, and we expect to grab off a majority of the games—enough, at any rate, to keep right around that .600 mark. The Grizzlies also start off on the road and we expect to see them stopped in their mad career. Sioux City is home for a stay of a couple of weeks, and we're bet-

ting our four-dollar dog against any four one-dollar cats that the Packers wind it up with a much better standing in the percentage table.

With all due regard for the ability of Robertus Unglaub as a first-sacker, we yearn to see Jack Thomas back on the first corner. As a first sacker the agile Mr. Thomas can give 'em all cards, spades and little casino and then beat 'em out on the count.

If it be a violation of good morals to attend a Sunday ball game we confess to a couple of grevious sins last Sunday. First we saw the game, and secondly we muttered some pretty strong language in our own ear concerning a few yellows who sat in our part of the grand stand and groused because the 'Lopes piled up the errors. Considering the gale that blew and the way those Hollanders were smashing the ball, the wonder is that error column didn't show up three or four times as big.

Our capable hired men will be home again on June 28, and that's to be the big noise in local ball annals. It is to be a big reception to the Antelopes, and the Commercial club is engineering the deal. We expect to meet and greet about 7,000 of our friends at the park on that eventful day. The weather man has been warned of a direful fate if he interferes. Arrange your dates so as to be there on June 28.

After several seasons as the possessor of the tailenders, and a season or two without any team at all, Pueblo is crazy with joy over having the team that is right up behind the leader. Isbell's bunch is playing ball for fair, and the beauty of it all is that the fans of Little Pittsburg are giving it a support that makes that which Wichita accorded it look like the Irish section of an Italian day parade.

The proposition to secure Gonding's release from Pa Rourke's team and make him an official umpire has one drawback—it is so blamed good that President O'Neill is not likely to listen to it. Gonding knows the game backwards, has rare judgment, the confidence of the players and the respect of the fans. That's more than can be said of 75 per cent of the umpires selected by O'Neill, who persists in giving the affairs of the Western League Christian Science treatment.

Cut it out, fellows! We mean the umpire batting. It was no credit to Lincoln that Shoemaker felt it necessary to ride away from the grounds with the visiting team last Saturday, with a policeman hanging on to the back steps of the carriage. We admit that we felt im-