

COMING ALONG WITH SOME REAL SPORTING DOPE

Curses on the luck! Wednesday night we sat ourselves down in front of our trenchant typewriter and ground out the finest bunch of sporting dope that every came out from the fingertips. Thursday morning we started this elegant dope by messenger to the typesetting establishment that attends to that end of he game for us. The messenger lost the copy in transit. What we thought of that messenger may be imagined if you will recall what you thought of his umps the time he robbed us of that game we had fairly won. We thought so much of that lost copy that we offered a reward of \$13,000, 50 cents of it in cash, for its return before 8:30 p. m., Thursday. But it didn't show up. Now we wouldn't give Umpire Clark for it. And you ought to know what we think of the Clark person.

Jawnie Fox has succeeded in ironing the kinks out of his spine, and Jawnie minus a kinky spine is a mighty sweet flinger. With him taking his turn in the box, and with the nifty Mr. Smith added to the staff, we are going to win a fine mess of games during the rest of the season.

Praise John, we've emerged from that slump! We knew all the time that it was only a matter of a few days, so we sat back and waited, utilizing the time in mentally cursing the "Yellows" who sat back and waited, utilizing the time in mentally cursing the "Yellows" who sat around and knocked. They knew the team was sloughing. They knew that Despain didn't know any more about baseball than a rabbit. They knew that Unglaub was a failure as a manager. That was while we were in the slump. Today those same "Yellows" are standing on their hind legs and yawping for joy. But, believe us, the fellows that the players cleave unto are the fellows who kept kept a stiff upper lip and stood by the team all the time. And why shouldn't the team have slumped a bit? Gagnier out of the game with a busted underpinning. Cockman playing third with a right hand puffed up like a hasty puddnig, Unglaub limping around on a bum leg, Thomas guarding first with a right hand thumb that looked like a red toy balloon, Fox laid up with a kinked spine. Knapp nursing an arm as sore as a boil, and other players suffering from the effects of trying to make up the loss entailed by the disability of their mates. The wonder is that we didn't slump further and harder. But the crips are all back in the game again, and we are winning with glorious regularity.

Funny old playing schedule we have. Monday we sent the team hiking to Denver, 500 miles away, for a series. Then we hiked them the same 500 miles back for six games. Then we hiked them down to Topeka for a series, and then on to

Pueblo, another 500 miles for a series. Then we hike them back to the local lot for fifteen games. And last Thursday we saw the Topeka Kaws on the local lot for the first time in sixty days. Those schedule makers must have thought they were playing a game of 500.

A lot of the would-be knowledgeable fans smiled sardonically when Frank Isbell debuted in the box near the final of the first game last Sunday. They hugged themselves with joy at the thought of how Izzie was going to be hammered to the four quarters of the globe. They didn't know that Frankfurter Isbell started his base ball career as a pitcher. But he showed such hitting ability that his manager saw the wisdom of keeping him in the game instead of using him once or twice a week. After trying him out in various positions it was discovered that he was a natural born first bagman, and there he's been ever since. And instead of knocking Izzie galley west last Sunday, just three men faced him. Two were retired on little pop-ups, and one died easily at first.

After seriously considering the matter in all its phases we decided, early last week, to have our Mr. Despain perch himself on the players' bench during the games. We had our reasons for making this decision, and results have amply justified us. The presence of the prexy on the bench had an almighty good moral influence if the score board is a good criterion by which to judge. We emerged from the slump with a whoop. We have decided to instruct Mr. Despain to continue there for a short spell of periods.

Captain John Smith is not the only Smith of fame. Indeed, Captain John who has been a dead one for many years, is hardly worth reckoning in these stirring days. Anyhow, about the only thing we remember concerning him is that he escaped a healthy swat over the head with an Indian club through the interference of an Indian maiden named Pokerhuntas. But the Smith we are now whooping it up for never was captain of anything, and he owes not his life to any copper colored Injun of the shemale persuasion. He is a rather small blonde gentleman with a powerful right wing and more cunning in his fingers than ol' Cap'n John ever had in his head. We used the young un' a bit early in the season and then loaned him to the Fremonts to be strung up to the proper concert pitch. The stringing up was properly attended to, and last Sunday we yanked him back and posed him on the slab against the skyrocketing Izzies. And young Smith spat upon the fuse of the aforesaid Izzies and they failed to mount. He had 'em eating out of his hand. We desire to call attention to our ability as a prognosticator. We told you some spell

ago that young Mr. Smith was going to come back on call and show himself to be some punkins as a flinger.

By comparison Hack Jaskell is a fine old umps—by comparison with the Clarks and the Shoemakers. But even ol' Hack Jaskell tried to burglarize our game bag last Sunday in the first game with the Izzies. Owing to all we suffered at the hands of the Clark and Shoemaker persons we contented ourselves with scolding Hack and theoretically slapping him on his fat old wrist.

Next to seeing a 'Lope smash out a home run we love to see Colonel Charles Jeewhilikens Bills march from his buzz buggy to the bench and dramatically hand a five spot to the smasher of the home run. We've enjoyed the parade of the Greatest Show on Earth. We have seen the Mardi Gras and th Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben. We have seen Dockstader's minstrels shedding glory on the circumambient atmosphere. In fact we've seen about all that it is possible for a man of our young and tender years to see, but the most glorious sight of all is the march of Colonel Jeewhilikens Bills from the aforementioned buzz wagon to the bench with a five-case note fluttering from his good right hand. We love the sight so much that we hope the 'Lopes will smash out enough home runs to keep the colonel chasing from buzz buggy to bench until his tongue hangs out.

Glory be! Higgins announces a desire to let go of the Des Moines club. We've got Higg sized up. He is waiting for the other seven managers to pay him his price as a matter of self preservation. We opine that Des Moines' record as a base ball town would show a vast improvement if the Boosters had a manager that enjoyed the confidence and respect of the people. The Des Moines team is made up of good ball players. Practically every team in the western loop could be strengthened by adding to themselves members of the Boosters. But the team is disgruntled. Any wage earner knows how hard it is to give good service to an employer who is not liked or who is unappreciative of faithful service. But a manager at the head of the Des Moines team that will enjoy the confidence and respect of the team, and there'll be a different look to the percentage table. But in heaven's name let us hurry up and make some move that will amputate Higgins from the roster of base ball magnates.

It's hell t' be poor, but de rich gits deir bumps once in a while.

Till times change a bit de feller dat calls me "senator" is goin' t' git de same wallop dat I'd hand out t' de guy dat called me a t'ief.