

SOME SPORTING DOPE

Bully! Magee of the Phillies has been indefinitely suspended and fined \$200 for assaulting Ump Finneran. We insist that no one but a fan has a right to assault an ump, and even then assaults must be confined to linguistic castigation.

Parson Farthing will be sold to a state league team, probably York, but with a string attached so he can be yanked back in case he recovers his form. The Parson's case is mysteriously baffling. Last year he set the Western afire. This year he is about as effective in the box as a lone Orangeman in a St. Patrick's day parade.

Leviticus Knapp has every reason to feel proud of his hold on fandom in these parts. When there was danger that Leviticus would be sent back to a minor team everybody mourned. And when he suddenly came back fandom stood right up on its rear underpinning and vociferated in glee. It is going to be many a long day ere the record he set in that 'Lope-Kaw game last week is equalled. To have but twenty-eight batsmen face him in nine innings, allow but one hit and issue but one pass—that's going some. That Knapp boy is going to wing a lot of victories for us before the season closes if some wretch doesn't come along and amputate his pitching arm.

Manager Robertus is occupying the bench quite some considerable these days, utilizing the time in putting up the spike holes in his ankles. But he wholesales the peppersass as of old. In the meanwhile Guiseppe Dundon is cavorting around the secondary hesitating point in a manner that wins our unqualified encomiums.

Anxious Inquirer: Yes, sir; Kansas City once occupied a place in the National League. It was in 1885, and then, as now, Kansas City hung at the bottom.

Paulopolis Cobb has recovered the batting optic for which we have been offering such a liberal reward. Wherefore Paulopolis is hitting for extra bases with cheerful regularity.

The 'Lopes come back Saturday and will remain with us until the end of the month. Fifteen games on the home lot. Last Wednesday's victory put us back in second place for a minute. From fifth to second in less than two weeks is traveling some, Mr. Knocker!

Tex Jones will be out of the game for a month, nursing a split thumb.

This will injure the Joetown materially, but if Tex utilizes the lay-off to improve the quality of his language his temporary retirement will not have been in vain.

Spider Corhan has rejoined the Sox and shows himself ready to get back into the game. If the Spider ever begins hitting .285 or better he will have to hire a dray to haul his monthly wage to the bank.

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Five errorless games in a row—191 chances without a bobble—is something of a record. It was made by the 'Lopes recently.

Every notice that it's not the big huskies that slam the ball the furthest, nor the biggest huskies that pitch the swiftest ball? It isn't in the muscle; it's in the knack.

President Despair went down to Tawpoka with his snickersnee in hand, intending to amputate a couple of pitchers from his elongated staff. Also to accompany the team to Pueblo with a view to sitting on the bench and inspiring the 'Lopes to greater deed o' daring do by the glorious light of his presidential presence. As before mentioned, we have decided to play Don Espano on the bench for quite a spell o' periods. He has been hitting .375 as an inspirer ever since he doffed his cutaway coat and mingled with the gentlemen who accept his money.

The July 27 game with St. Joe will be played at Capital Beach at 2:15 p. m. This is because it is the day set for the Grocers and Butchers' annual picnic at that popular resort.

Jeems Cockman has secured a new lease on batting eyes and is now punching them to the fence. While Jeems was playing with a hand swelled up like a poisoned pup, and missing a few now and then because of it, the "Yallers" said he was a has-been. Now that his hand is in shape Jeems is daily demonstrating that the average "Yaller" is also a liar.

A Modernized Fable

Once upon a time a Grasshopper perched upon a rye straw and fiddled away to beat the band.

An Ant, busier than a hen with one chick, hustled to store away grub against the winter time.

"Foolish creature," chortled the Grasshopper, "to waste the golden hours tolling like a slave. Why not enjoy life while you live. Me for the bright lights and the hurrah time."

So saying the Grasshopper fiddled away the bright summer. But the Ant continued to hustle for all get out.

When the first blizzard swooped the Grasshopper had no more to eat than a mummy, and when just about to expire from hunger saw the Ant going by looking as well fed as an alderman.

"Give me a bite," said the Grasshopper.

"Not me," said the Ant. "I hustled while you fiddled. You had your fun, now I am eating regularly."

And a bit later the Grasshopper succumbed to the inevitable.

Moral: Do more hustling and less fiddling now, and later in life you can fiddle without danger.

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