

THE ANTELOPES

The Antelopes, representing Lincoln in the Western League, is owned by Donald Despain, and under the playing management of Robert A. Unglaub, has been in the first division since the season of 1911 opened, with the exception of a period of three days when it lead the second division. At one time the Antelopes headed the league, and most of the season they have occupied second place.

Mr. Despain broke into the baseball firmament as a magnate in 1910. He had no previous experience as a manager; nor had he ever played professional ball. But he was a lover of the sport, and when the local team gave signs of losing under parsimonious management last year he was quick to see his opportunity. In partnership with L. B. Stoner he purchased the franchise, and later purchased the interest of his partner. From the minute he assumed charge of the affairs of the Lincoln team he began to score a success, financially as well as managerially. In the short space of a year and a half he has made his name familiar to the men who lead in baseball affairs in this country. Determined to give the patrons the best, he has been liberal in expenditures for players, and has scoured the country for material. As a result of this liberal policy the Antelopes today are pennant contenders. Mr. Despain is a lover of clean sports and has a desire to promote them. He studies the game closely and has the knack of getting the best out of the men in his employ. And for one thing is Lincoln especially proud of his management—he insists on discipline, will not tolerate rowdy conduct, and has collected a team made up of individual stars who work together like a machine, and who collectively make up a bunch of gentlemanly ball players who reflect credit upon the community they represent.

Robert A. Unglaub, player-manager, came to Lincoln from Washington this spring, and has "made good" with the management and with the public. He is a strict disciplinarian, full of the "old pep" and is in the game all the time.

Pell A. Barrows, is the press agent of the Antelope aggregation, and he has more baseball dope stored away in his cranium than may be found in most of the text books on the sport. Charles Benson is secretary of the club, and while this is his first year at the business he has developed into a particularly valuable man.

The club roster at the present time is as follows: Pitchers, Ehman, Fox, Applegate, Knapp, Hagerman, Wolverton; catchers, McGraw, Stratton; first baseman, Thomas; second baseman, Unglaub; third baseman, Cockman; shortstop, Gagner; left field, McCormick; center field, Cole; right field, Cobb; utility men, Miller, Dundon.

The ball park is within eight blocks of the business center of the city, and are admittedly among the best appointed grounds in the country. The Sunday games are played at Capital Beach, Lincoln's great pleasure resort.

JUST LIKE HEAVEN

The preacher in the pulpit stood and talked of harps and strings,
Of golden streets, and jasper walls,
and crowns and other things.
And eloquent he waxed about the angel chorus strong
That wings its way about the throne
in sweet melodious song;
Where congregations ne'er break up
and Sabbaths never cease,
And all about is perfect joy, and love and rest and peace.
He drew a picture of the place in words he knew would please.
Till all were carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease.

He had his hearers all wrought up about that golden clime
Until it seemed they could not wait the meet and proper time
To don their white ascension robes and swiftly fly away
To Jordan's fair and happy land where shines eternal day.
"Let all," the pastor loudly cried, "who want to join our band
And go to that celestial home now rise and proudly stand!"
Then came a mighty rustling noise, and all rose to their feet
Save one lone stranger who sat tight and never left his seat.

"My brother, I cannot believe," the pastor cried, "that you
Prefer to join that other throng we know as Satan's crew
And journey on that downward path that surely leads to hell!"
"Well I guess not!" the stranger cried—his voice rang like a bell.

"Then why," the pastor asked of him, "did you not stand to show
That you with us to that fair land would love to quickly go?"
"Because I'm pretty well content," the stranger said with glee,
To stay right here—Nebraska is good enough for me!"

A GREAT INDUSTRY.

"The most sanitary cracker factory in the world" is the verdict of all who visit the mammoth plant of the Iten Biscuit Co. at Omaha. In addition to this proud distinction it enjoys the distinction of being the largest independent cracker manufacturing establishment in the country. Its average daily output of soda crackers alone is more than three carloads, and this phase of the business is by no means

the largest one. In the manufacture of the dainty wafers and "cookies" and toothsome delicacies incident to the baking business, the Iten Biscuit Co. leads them all, both in quality and in quantity. The mammoth building of the company is solid concrete, and there is not a single dark corner to catch dirt; not a place in which refuse can gather. The mixing and baking departments are far above the street level, where pure air and sunlight abound. The employes have every sanitary convenience, and nothing has been left undone to contribute to their comfort. Every hour that the Iten Biscuit Co.'s plant is in operation it is open to inspection in every department. Indeed, the management is anxious that the consuming public visit the factory, for its cleanliness and its perfect organization are the best possible advertisement it can have.

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