

SPORTING DOPE.

Well, the Grizzlies handed it to us proper, all right. The outplayed us, out-batted us, out-footed us, and in general ran away from us. In truth they won on merit, but this doesn't mean that Ump McKee didn't serve us with lemons galore. McKee is blind in one eye, and seemingly has a bad case of strabismus in the other. His only redeeming trait is that he hasn't any worth mentioning.

It looks like Denver for the flag, to be sure, but you can't always tell. But even so, the fight for second place is sure a hummer, with our own Antelopes doing most of the humming. Now that we've got away from the influence of that Denver jinx maybe we can hit the old stride again.

Early this week we handed our Mr. Despain a roll of money big enough to strangle a bovine and instructed him to hie forth in search of some new material. After looking 'em over in the triple optic league for a few days he will hit the Pennsylvania loop and thence over into New York. We have put him on the trail of a few who look like comers, and we expect him to pick off two or three.

Let us cheerfully confess that Mr. Hendricks of Denver seems to be one of the smiling managers who is capable of getting the best there is in a player. We are not begrudging the Hendricks outfit the right to fling the three-cornered rag to the mountain breezes, being as how we can't fling it here, for Mr. Hendricks is sure some pretty nifty manager as well as being a very genial sort of a gentleman.

Grandma Shaffer of St. Joe has been on the sick list. One of her antedeluvian antics seems to have ingrown, superinducing chorrosis of the think works, or something like that.

Speaking as a mere "fan," and not as an expert on inside ball, we diagnose the chief weakness of the Antelopes as inability to hit in the pinches and a species of coaching that wouldn't create any excitement at a funeral.

Preparations for that Field Day in September go merrily forward, and have progressed for enough to warrant us in saying that it will be the best athletic exhibition ever pulled off in the west. A game between all-star teams, base running, fungo hitting, base throwing, base stealing, etc., will make up a program calculated to arouse great interest.

Benz of Des Moines has been sold to the White Sox and has already joined the Chicago bunch. Benz is a corking good flinger, and had he been backed by a first-division team in this loop he would have set it afire.

Spider Corhan is back in the game again, and he seems to have acquired a new batting eye during his lay-off.

Seven straight to Denver! Will somebody please pass the smelling salts?

Manager Unglaub is playing from the bench on account of a bum toe and a bumper ankle. Robertus is missed from the line-up where his trusty old bat and heady base running help things along wonderfully.

A lot of would-be wise ones haven't yet figured out a little incident of last Sunday's game. Stratton went to bat and struck twice, retired and let Applegate go up to retire on one strike. The explanation is easy. It was Applegate's turn to bat, but he

wasn't available, so Stratton went to bat. Before he could whiff three times Applegate showed up and was sent in, the idea being to keep him in the game. He whiffed once, which was really the third time, and retired to the bench.

Rumor has it that a young 17-year-old farmer lad showed up in the ring at Havelock a few nights ago and put a couple of would-be scrappers out of business, much to the delight of a lot of "bugs" who had been disappointed in not seeing a largely advertised bout pulled off.

Just as soon as we can arrange our other affairs and assume active management of our team, we are going to adopt the policy of benching a player the minute he evidences a grouch or begins to hammer. The boys who take our money have simply got to deliver the goods. When we want hammerwielders we'll sign a few from the Havelock shops.

We were genuinely sorry to see that fans go after McKee's scalp last Saturday—and not get it. This McKee thing fails to make anything that looks like a hit with us. It has come to such a pass that we believe Prexy O'Neill puts in all his spare time looking for incompetents to add to his umpiring staff. It sure takes a genius

O' Cy Young has been released by the Nap management. He says he will come back and sign with another major team. Maybe so; maybe so! We heard tell o' a feller named Jeffries who said he could return.

Wish we could sign up a few sick men like Tyrus Cobb.

And not another game on the home grounds this month. Ain't that tough luck?

THE BLANKET FISH.

This Dreaded Sea Monster Wraps Its Body Around Its Prey.

The manta, or blanket fish, is common to the warm parts of the Pacific. Around the Mexican penal colony on Tres Marias islands, not very far from Manzanillo, it is one of the most efficient guards for the prisoners incarcerated there. Not a man has ever been known to escape from this dreaded prison by swimming. No sooner does a human body strike the water than a school of these monsters appear, flying like giant bats through the sea. They throw themselves on the hapless swimmer, crushing him to the bed of the sea, and there suck the flesh from his bones with their powerful mouths.

The manta grows to mammoth dimensions, though the one which I saw, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, was comparatively small, not weighing over two or three tons and not being more than fifteen feet across. The fish is nearly square in outline, the wings forming great right angles, which stretch out from the body, giving it a rectangular appearance. The fish swim by flapping these wings and are sometimes called "sea bats" on this account.

Mantas swim with incredible rapidity for what is apparently so ungainly a fish, and once they sight anything in the water, unless it be the speediest fish or shark, they overhaul it and simply close it, wrapping the entire blanket-like body around the unfortunate victim. Even with a sharp knife it is almost impossible to reach a vital point in the manta's body. For this reason they are the most dreaded by divers of all the dwellers in the sea, and the diver's life is not without its perils, take my word for that.

Spigot vs. Bunghole

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