

# A LITTLE SPORTING DOPE

"Field Day," September 14, at Antelope Park, is going to be some athletic stunt, believe me! When we gave our Mr. Despain blanch mange to go the limit on the field day business we were wise to what we were doing. Not only did we relieve ourselves of a lot of work, but we passed the buck to a gentleman who is always there with the industrial exhibition. Taking advantage of our generosity Mr. Despain has spent enough postage stamps to keep a university student supplied with means of writing home for money, and the result of it all is that he has got the whole western hoop wrought up over the stunt. When the great day comes there will be enough stalwart athletes on hand to break up even a suffragette convention, and the exhibition they will put on will make Ringling Brothers' show look like a "Ten Nights in a Barroom" date on the kerosene circuit. Even President Tipup O'Neil has paused in his search for the rottenest umpires long enough to issue a proclamation calling attention to the meet. Stranger still, Pa Rourke seized his jealousy of Lincoln by the throat and throttled it long enough to permit him to affix his mark to the bottom of a little note saying he would be here with a few choice specimens of his aggregation of relics of the paleozoic age. All this is the sort of stuff that makes us pat ourselves on the clavicle because we were clever enough to tell our Mr. Despain to fix his own limit and then go to it.

Denver dopesters may oppose the salary limit clause all they want to,

but it is coming, just the same. It will not be any little old measely limit, but it will make it impossible for a city like Denver to sacrifice the interests of the whole league in order to gain a selfish end. Denver can afford higher salaries than the rest of the cities in the league, but Denver can not afford to break up the league if it would continue in organized base ball.

Funny how long a fool story will keep going, even after it is branded as false. Gagnier has not been "repeatedly tried out in the majors." He has never been tried out at all by a major league manager. Comiskey secured him last fall, but turned him back to Lincoln without a tryout, having what he deemed a good enough man for the position. If Washington is wise enough to give Gagnier a fair show, we'll bet a couple of two-dollar cats against any man's four-dollar dog that he sticks.

Mr. William Holmes is to be player-manager of a team in the Northwestern league. We hope the cooler weather of that region will serve to protect the fans of that section from the effluvia of the language we were once wont to hear in this section of fandom.

We have been following this base ball game for something less than forty-eight years, and we opine that we know a little bit about it and about players. So opining we desire to remark, openly and above board, that the dope writers of the St. Joseph

dailies merely make monkeys of themselves when they fill up their departments with stories about the "rowdy tactics of the Denver team" and the "roughneck actions" of Manager Hendricks. We have seen every game between Lincoln and Denver on the Antelope grounds, and at no stage of any game, nor before or after, has the Denver team, its manager, or any individual player given the slightest indication of being either a "rowdy" or a "roughneck." And we've sat in the grandstand and watched the Grizzlies lick the Antelopes to a fare-yewell. Manager Hendricks impresses us as a clean sportsman who can win without letting his head swell like a boiling of rice, and take a licking without acquiring a case of mully-grubs. Naming no names, but we've seen one St. Joseph player exhibit more "rowdy" and "roughneck" symptoms in one game than all the Denver players have exhibited in all the games played on the local lot. And at that we've several times felt like arising on our rear underpinning and hurling anathema upon the Grizzlies—not because they were not playing the game square, but because they were playing it too darned well. The St. Joseph dopesters ought to take a tumble to themselves.

A short time ago we tipped it off to our Mr. Despain that there was a possible pitching phenom down in Auburn, by name Hirsch, who served 'em from the thumb-hand side. Whereupon Despain puckacheed to Central City lieus of Auburn and after sleuthing on the trail of Mr. Hirsch for a time took him into camp. Having thus started Mr. Despain purchased t Central City and became impressed with the sweetness of the pitching stunts performed by one Earl Laub, who serves 'em from the sta'bb'rd side. Laub formerly played with the Cheyenne Aborigines. He won twenty games out of twenty-three pitched. Mr. Laub was snared. Also, too, likewise, one Mr. Duryea, a la'bb'rd hurler of Arcadia, who is touted as being some flinger by traveling salesmen who are bugs on the national pastime. This trio of promising phenoms will be given a chance to show what's in 'em and we're hoping to find that we've opened real prize packages.

The race for place in the western loop still continues to be neck and neck. Wednesday night St. Joseph, Lincoln and Pueblo were piled up in a heap. Pueblo could hop to second by winning two straight if Joetown and Lincoln lost two straight. Joetown could go to fourth place by losing two straight while Lincoln and Pueblo lost two straight. Lincoln could go to second place by winning while Joetown lost. Believe us, gentlemen, that is what we call some contest.

All those stories about the enmity existing between Ty Cobb and Sam Crawford remind us of the supposed enmity between Unglaub and Gagnier. Local fans who have seen Unglaub and Gagnier ragchewing on the diamond would naturally suppose that after the game they would hike out behind the back fence and fight it out. Not so, Pauline! Washington, Unglaub's old team, needs a shortstop for next year, and it was Unglaub who told the

Washington management that Eddie Gagnier was just the man needed. There's an awful lot of ballyrot flung out about the enmity existing between teammates.

And Marty O'Toole the \$22,500 prize beauty—a hefty proportion of it being stage money—made good in the first game he pitched in the majors.

Perhaps the files of the Lincoln papers will not show it, but there was a triple play unassisted pulled off in Lincoln during a ball game away back in the late '80's. We've forgotten the date, but we saw it pulled off. The "Cuban Giants," a team of negro players, were pitted against a local team on the lot known as Antelope park. LaMountain, if we remember the name rightly, played second for the giants. He was about 6 feet 6 inches tall and almost as thick as a hoehandle. There was a man on first and a man on second, nobody out. The man at bat hit a high line drive that looked good for a safety. The man on first and the man on second started at the crack of the bat. LaMountain gave a running jump and caught the ball, tagging the man trying to reach second and then diving to the second bag before the other runner could get back.

The Antelopes will be with us again Sunday, and it's us for the Capital Beach lot to do some ground and lofty rooting. Come on, boys!

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