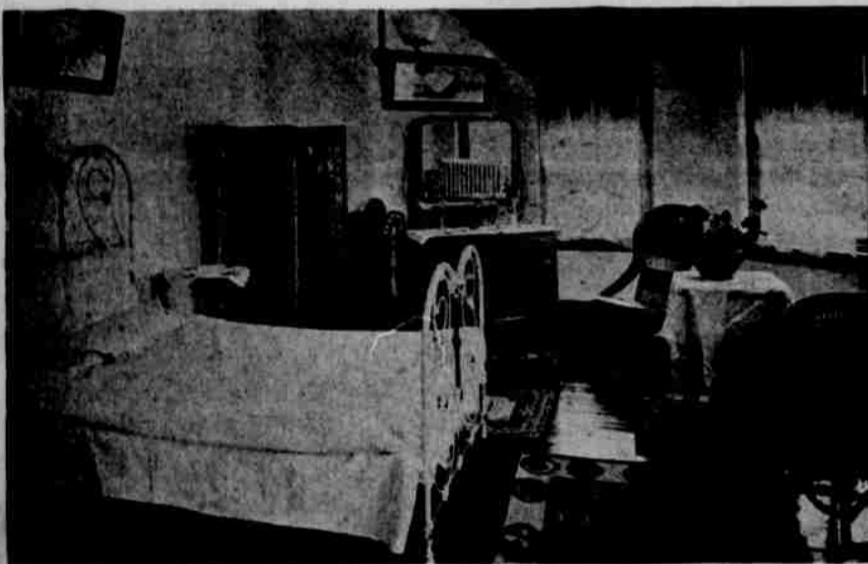
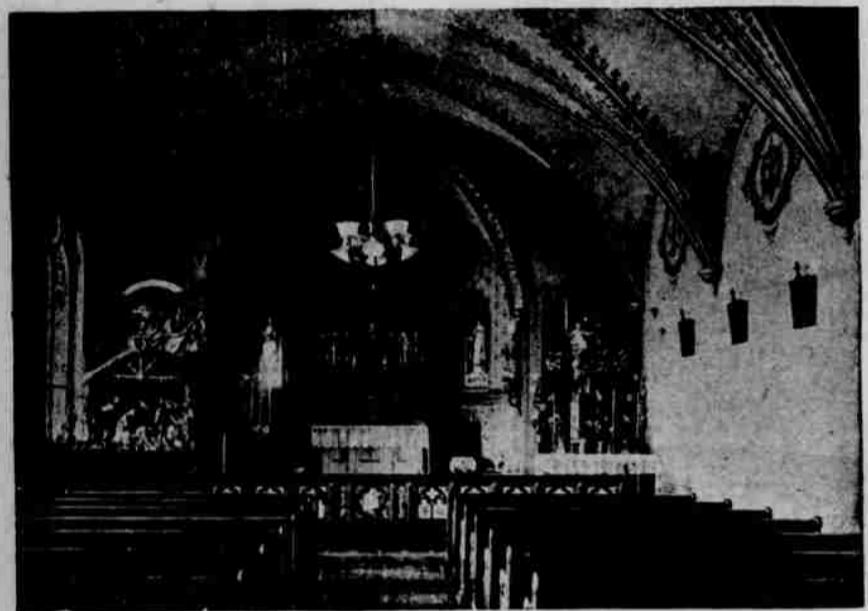
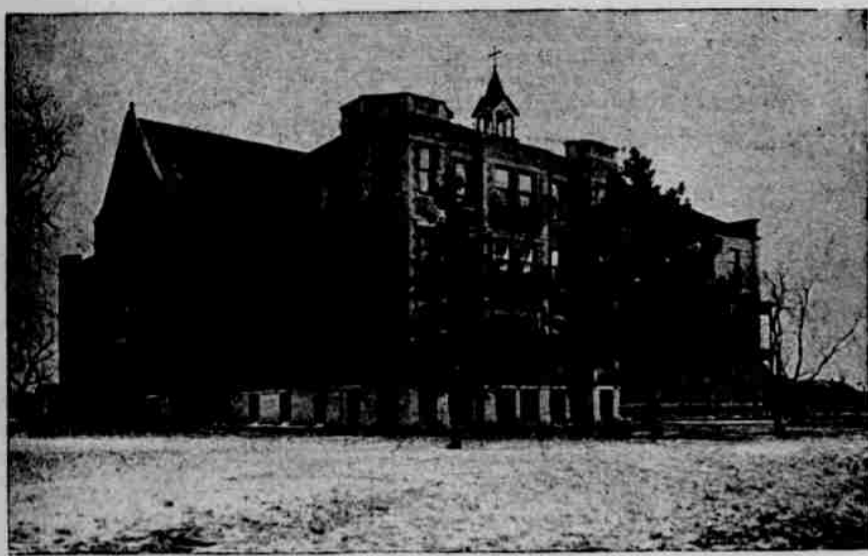


AT SAINT ELIZABETH'S

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BASE BALL PALAVER

We sent the jinx up in a balloon all right, all right, ere the initial game opened last Tuesday. We sent the jinx up, as we said before, but that didn't prevent the attenuated Mr. Hagerman from pulling off the prize wild fling of a generation. Nor did it prevent Mr. Firestine from missing fire on a couple of easy ones, nor Mr. Chapman, the fragile receiver of the Kaws, from leaning up against one that came in the groove with a weight that called for a homer, bringing in three runs ahead of him. It wasn't the jinx at all. We've settled that! It was just a plain case of throwing away a game by an exhibition of the national pastime as we can see any old afternoon on the lot in the Rogers tract at Thirty-third and O. Anybody that lays it to the jinx gets an argument out of us. After having pickled the initial game in rich brine, we deliberately exposed it to the air and let it spoil. Not that we care a darn about losing the first game on the local lot—that merely proves base ball on the square. We'll lose some more. But we hated to lose that first one because it will give a lot of the tallow-spined and saffron fans a rich opportunity to bellyache and knock and masticate the remnant of linen.

A few of the aforesaid tallow-spined and saffron geeks were in the grand stand Tuesday. They belong to the tribe that gives its offspring a penny for going without supper, then swiping the coin from the kids while they are asleep and licking 'em for having lost it. We presume we'll always have specimens like that afflicting us, so let us make the best of it, as the man said when he had the itch and couldn't find a drug store that sold lard and red precipitate.

We're sorry on another ground that we spilled that initial game in the fire. We put our Mr. Despain on a soft cushion in a private box and rather expected to add a bit more color to his cheeks and a pound or two of fat on his slats by feeding him a nice little victory as a starter. We came so dog-gone near losing our Mr. Despain that we yearned mightily to get another turn of the line about him and moor him a bit faster. But it was not to be so, therefore we sent over a few psychological waves by the emperic ether route and rejoiced to see that our Mr. Despain seemd to bear up well.

Mr. Leake of Toe-pee-kaw was fairly weighted down with horseshoes in the initiatory exhibition. He leaked bases on balls like a boarding house collander leaks pruned juice, but just about the time it appeared that he would break the Wright brothers' record he'd stick his spikes into terra cotta and hold fast, whereupon the hoeshoes would jingle merrily in his ears—but O, so dolefully into our own auriculars. But we are not going to gnaw over thoes old bones.

Of course it is all too early to begin sizing up the team as a whole. It has a few grains of sand in its bearings yet, and a few pipes are still unthawed, but just the same it looks a whole lot like a ball team to our igle ee—or eagle eye, as we meant to say. Several of the old pastimers are there with bells on, and just as soon as the new material gets over stage fright, superinduced by appearing before audiences of such beauty and fashion as we turn out here in Lincoln, they will be all right. Anyhow, it is worth the price of admission to watch the beatific smile that sneers itself over the physiognomy of Mr. William Dwyer, the statuesque posing of Mr. Paulopolus Cobb, the graceful gyrations of Mr. McCormick, our midget left fielder, and other characteristic things we accumulated when we herded that bunch together and put our private brand on 'em.

We are still waiting for some dopester to explain to us why they call him "Slow Joe" Doyle. He worked fast enough in the last inning of the initial game for them to slam him to the fence for three runs in less than as many minutes. And that's going some, we kindo reckon. But Mr. Doyle debuted under sad circumstances, therefore we decline to criticize. We are wagering a various assortment of sesterces, simoleons, ducats and lacs that Mr. Doyle is going to put a gratifying number of victories into our grip-sack during the next four months.

We didn't turn out as numerously at the opening as we had hoped to do, but considering all the circumstances we performed pretty fairly well in the attendance line. Without any organized boosting for the opener, and just simultaneously, spontaneously and contemporaneously, we swarmed out to the tune of more than 3,000.

Not that we care a rap, but it would please 'steen hundred bugs if the umps would enforce the rules, cut out all warming up between innings and shove the game along. There isn't a bit of sense in making a ball game last two hours or more. We've even seen 'em go in fifty-five minutes, and surely an hour and a half is long enough. Let's shove 'em along a bit faster.

O, yes, Firestine made a couple or three bad bobbles in the first game, but what of it? It doesn't give us a line on his ability, even if it did afford the yellows a chance to yawp a bit. Firestine is laboring under the handicap of starting off a season under comparison with the record of a Gagnier at his best. We'll postpone damming the new short stopper until we decide that he really deserves it. As it is, he is entitled to consideration, for he has all the earmarks of a nifty man at the abbreviated position.

As for Mr. Barbour, who pastimes around the third station, he started off all to the merry. We hope he'll keep it up, especially with that swat stuff.

Mr. Mullen, the new keystone sacker, has our approval to date, and we haven't any regrets that we instructed our Mr. Despain to snare him.

And Mr. Dwyer—the gentleman with the fetching smile We're all for William. No use worrying about him. He's got more recommendations than little Frank had when he graduated from the Sunday school and started out to show the business world where to head in. Much gray matter concealed under that cap of William's. Also great good nature and managerial ability.

Our pitching staff is still suffering from winter kinks, but

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