

Jeff Needs More Than an Unbreakable Hat

Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



Judgments

A rumor is current that Mordcael Brown is about ready to quit in disgust as manager of the St. Louis Federals and toss the reins over to Al Bridwell, who jumped from the Cubs. That may or may not be true. Seems a bit strange that a man of the miner's pluck and tenacity would give up on anything, and as there is another team besides his in last place in the race, he cannot claim exclusive grounds for disgust. Of course, it may be a money proposition; maybe the team is falling to draw as Brown thinks it should, and maybe there is nothing to the rumor at all. Well, the situation has its drawbacks. St. Louis fans had determined to go with the winning team, even though it is an outlaw. They tired after many years of following a loser. Neither the Browns nor Cardinals seemed able to get much higher than last place or seventh at best and fans were sore. Along came several gentlemen of plethoric purses and genial dispositions with a chance to break into the Feds. They were going to build up a championship team at the jump-up. Brown was secured for manager. He was also destined to be a great drawing card at the gate. The season opened. The Feds drew for a while and won many games, but alas and alack! Both Browns and Cards had "come back." They went to pawing up the earth. The fans cast a few furtive glances back at the new Feds, then tore over to the other two parks. There is this about it—you can't keep a fan from going to see a winning team play ball; you may be able to beat him back out of a loser's field. It was Brown's fame and popularity against all the other odds. He and his team may yet prosper, but in the meantime interest in the rejuvenated and fleet-footed Browns, and to some extent in the promising Cardinals, is up-never beat with the Browns. There is one place where the invaders are hoing a rough row, but considering this is only their first real year, it may not be so bad.

PREDICTIONS ARE SMASHED

Advos Take Game from Brown Parks Under Heavy Odds.

LIVE BOUT AT ROURKE PARK

Stors and Leland Giants from Chicago Will Take Each Other on in What Promises to Be Big Base Ball Battle.

By FRANK QUIGLEY.

All predictions were smashed to smithereens last Sunday when the Advos marched out to Florence park and marched away with the grapes against the Brown Park Pharmacy squad. According to the wisecracks the Advos didn't have as good a show as the poorest show on the road. The Advos were determined to win this game and win they did. Some how or another it is natural for the majority of humans to bubble over with joy when the leaders are pushed downward and this case failed to prove an exception because all the city leaguers were tickled when they received the joyous news.

Form Athletic Club.

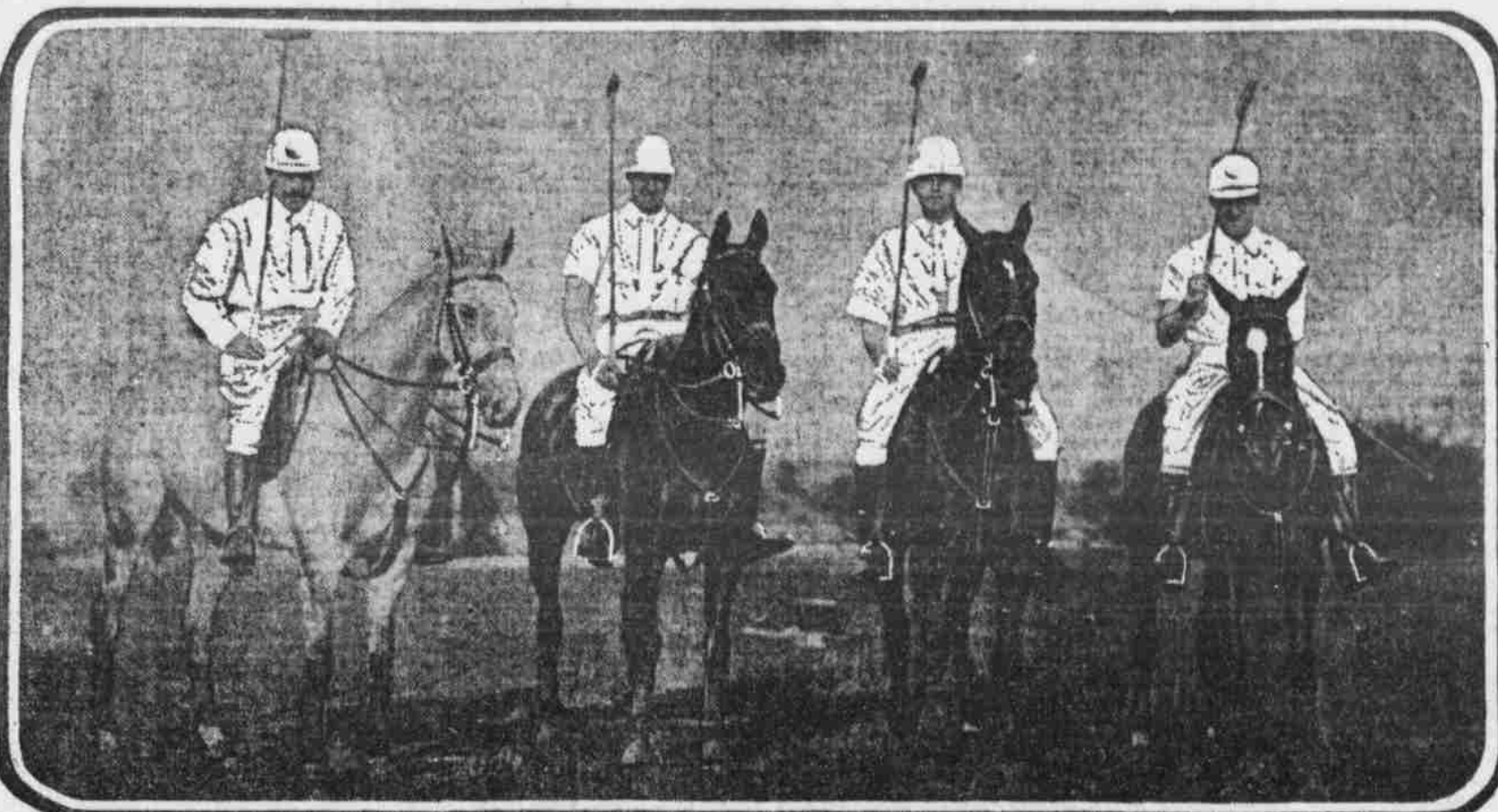
Recently all the dudes that lounge in the vicinity of Twenty-fourth and Vinton streets got their noddies together and after thoroughly digesting everything on the map relative to organizing and maintaining an athletic club they decided in the affirmative. Many athletic clubs have been organized in this city, but the majority of them have died in their infancy because the members would be imbued with an over abundance of enthusiasm on the jump off, but the activity was not of a lasting quality.

An Open Franchise.

At a meeting of the Saturday Class "A" leaguers held last week it was decided to give the franchise left open by the departure of the Auditorium Pharmacy squad to any team that wants it. For several weeks the Saturday league has been composed of seven teams, but regardless of this fact they stuck like glue. Several teams promised with all the sincerity in the world that they would join the league, but their promises never materialized. If they can secure another team they will all stick and the league will be on a solid footing.

At a meeting of the City leaguers held in the city hall last Friday night it was unanimously agreed to slide through the balance of the season with eight clubs.

American Defenders of International Polo Cup



Left to right: Larry Waterbury, Devereaux Milburn, Monte Waterbury and Rene La Montagne, the four daring horsemen who have been selected to form the team that will oppose the efforts of the British team to lift the international polo championship cup, which has been held by the Americans for years.

on account of the James Carr Electric and the Sterlings going via the aviation route. Plenty of teams were willing to join the league, but they were averse to taking the standing of the defunct organizations.

Live Game at Rourke.

Rourke park will in all probability be fairly well packed today when the Storz will again collide with the Chicago Le Land Giants. Generally these two clubs put up a good fight and as a good deal of sour stuff exists between the pale-faces and the chocolate drops, a game worth the nickle and then some is anticipated. Manager "Connie Mack" Bradford is rather bright about the outcome, but as still water runs deep predictions are not in order. Sanders, the phenom who hails from Kansas City, will slide them over the platter for the studs crew and Crawford will probably do the slinging for the gang from the Windy City.

This gent Sanders used to wiggle in the Western association, but on account of parental objections at that time he dropped out of the salaried ring and as he is now holding down a good position with prospects that are very alluring, he isn't in the market for a professional career. From the way he worked last Sunday he ought to be able to garner a berth at least as high as the American association. Ramble around to Rourke's emporium and turn your lamps on him today. Game called at three bells.

Another Good Game.

A couple of tangles that have undoubtedly created an unusual amount of excitement among the local bugs will be on the bill of fare at Fort Omaha this afternoon. The first show will be on the boards at 1:30 between the Alamitos and the Valentines and the second muss the Ancient Order United Workmen against the Luxus. According to the dope they

are going to emphasize their loquacious junk with a pot of dough. Hickey will pose them over for the Ancient Order United Workmen and Snuff Smith will work for the Hop family. This will be called at 3:30.

Diamond Dust.

Several changes have been made in the Pagomas lineup. Smith looks pretty sweet behind the tapping station for the Farrell Syrup. Blondes ought to be able to get around the bases faster because they are lighter. So far this season the Armours have played twelve games and muddled them all.

Out of eleven times at bat Feeny, hitched to the South Omaha Shamrocks, made nine hits. Minicus bumped two on the noodle at critical moments during the Townsend-Fremont jamboree.

For the Mountaiores Prall is doing nicely. Last Sunday he held the Farrell Syrup to four hits.

At the short territory, Bucher is playing the cars off the game for the J. H. Bourgeois combination.

Loving of the Chicago Burlington Riders sapped on for the limit against the Omaha Burlington congregation.

Burns, the skycraper who performs behind the willow for the A. O. U. W. team, tickled four on the back off of Andrews at Woodbine, Ia.

Curtis Petersen, formerly of the Florence Athletics, and Edgar, formerly of the Nebraska Auto School, have been glued to the Mickel's Victrolas.

Although Roncka of the South Omaha Flambers whiffed ten of the Springfield clubbers, he had to be satisfied with the short end of a thrilling wrangle.

Huntington of the Bemis Parks was ragged out in his strike-out garments last Sunday. He made thirteen of the Shady Troupe walk back to the bench.

According to reports gathered from Omaha contingents that have evaded Fremont this season, the fans located there fail to decorate the grandstand.

Andrews, the Omaha kinkster associated with Woodbine (Ia.), didn't fare very well against the A. O. U. W. congregation. He was trimmed to the tune of 12 to 3.

Now the Windsor Hotel team is exceedingly anxious to meet the Valentines again. They think they can grab the

Will You Love Me When I'm Old?

BY F. S. HUNTER.

Yachting.

'Tis likely you this day have seen, Those yachts about the races. With old Tom Lip, the Colonel queen, Avast our sailors' traces. But as for us, a landman's plea, We cannot grasp such tales. The difference we never can see, 'Twixt bowsprit and topsail.

Bill Chambers may be cheery over his victory over Harry Legg, but he's got nothing on Charley Sherman. Sherman would rather beat Harding once than Legg forty times.

Glancing over the morning contemp, we have found that among new players on the Rourke squad are "Howard" Grover, "Billy Thomas," "Happy" Ward, "Nap" Crosby and several others. In a minute we'll be reading about "Big Six" Wagner and "Honus" Mathewson.

About two more weeks and Walter Johnson would hop to the Feds for a blamed eight less than \$100,000 the way Joe Benz and A. Rankin Johnson have been wielding the victory club.

As far as we can learn a polo match is only a success when the society ed. can grab names of half a thousand of N'Yawk's elite who were in attendance. And it makes little difference who wins.

Lamping the definition of an amateur, we have cops to the conclusion that an amateur ain't.

Wichita, Kan.

We know the inquisition was a power of mighty force, That old Nero was a demon in a pinch. And that Alexander was a burglar who stole his trooper's horse, And that Caesar never quartered 'em an inch.

But for all these facts of history we amirre with awful scorn, Such grief terrors were but joys. When we say four wins, each one unborn, Turned back against our boys.

If the Witches could only hit all the time like they did against Omaha they would be hitting about 1:10.

In front of the score board the other day a bug announced with appropriate gravity that the Athletics were a hitting team and outside of that weren't

gravy and are willing to risk some dough on the outcome.

Manager Julius of the Valentines has switched Rube Feltman from the outer works to cunion one. This is good a piece of him work. Miss Feitman is at home on the initial pouch.

Heretofore the Luxus team has been known as the hitless wonders, but this season they are breaking up the dope. So far the whole crew look rather sugary with the pole.

Smith, the big cheese of the Pagomas, is now stationed behind the platter for the Pagomas. He hasn't worked behind the hit block for four years, but he doesn't seem very rusty.

Alfred Adams is back. He says the roads are rather rocky for a beginner when you chaw off a big hunk. He was playing with Quincy, Ill.

Harry Smith, formerly with the Luxus brigade, but now holding down the short pouch for the Chris Loyka, is sure smack-out this season. He spanked two out of three attempts last Sunday.

Luikes, who recently dropped into Omaha, is holding down the hot corner for the Alamitos. Teams wishing games with the Alamitos call James Sule at Tyler or write to 219 South Fourth street.

Ross, the lad that hails from Superior, Neb., is a dandy in the outer works. He nailed three Sunday, three of which looked like safe blows. He is tied to the Black Kats.

Joe Gillham is now holding down the short field on Saturdays for the Telephone troupe and on Sunday for the A. O. U. W. With both teams he is playing excellent ball and hitting better than ever.

Nebraska School for the Deaf Third Team



Top Row—Kuhn, pitcher; Hochst, catcher; Rippe, substitute; Kowkin, center field; Kennedy, substitute; Babcock, substitute; Terpening, pitcher; Kluhn, left field; Folk, third base. Bottom Row—Bumast, substitute; Zabel, shortstop; Chase, right field; Dietz, second base; Anderson, substitute; Peterson, catcher; Schenman, substitute. They are the very strongest players of the N. S. D. 3d team and won seven and one tie. The final scores were N. S. D. 2, 28; Fentelle Park school, 8; N. S. D. 3d, 2; Fentelle Park school, 9; N. S. D. 3d, 4; Walnut Hill school, 6; N. S. D. 3d, 5; Fentelle Park school, 6; N. S. D. 3d, 5; Walnut Hill school, 2.

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much. Which would be like saying that outside of the fact that he had a couple of billion bones John D. Rockefeller is a bankrupt.

How many fight fans know when and where the Johnson-Moran match is to be pulled off? What? Both of you? Well, then, who gives a care who wins? Unanimous again.

We have finally come to the conclusion that to be a polo player of any merit it is necessary to have a title or a bank account.

R. S. B. asks if Walter Johnson is really worth \$100,000. Well, if it was worth \$10,000 for Coulton to fight eight minutes and then flop on his back it must be worth a couple of million to have Johnson pitch an hour and a half.

Modern Base Ball. We ask not for the ball fans cheers, nor for his praise we join. We play the game for O. H. B. and want magnates' coin.

The new ump, Mr. Frye, is said to be a very good musical instrument but a little off tune as an umpire. Flat decisions a specialty.

Charley Heroe has not up to date claimed the pennant. And now we know that gesser is not a regular manager.

By a Fan. The saddest words That come my way Are these by far: No game today.

Well the Rourke will be back Tuesday and we'll be able to give 'em the once over and form our own opinions.

Our idea of the classiest time of mediation would be when Walter Johnson pitches against Ty Cobb.

Or when Omaha plays Wichita next.

Do not condemn the man who says "the Rourke is a rotten bunch." Perchance he's off in the attic or the heat has touched his brain. But turn your orbs toward the other West, the gink with the awful hunk. Who writes those jokes about that man—He only should be slain.

Florence Athletic against Moose club, second game, at Florence park.

Mickel's Victrolas against Twenty-fourth Street Merchants, second game, at Thirty-second and Dewey avenue.

Holly against Mountaiores. Looking for a diamond.

Victors against Imperialis, first game, at Miller park.

Pontenelle against Jepsen Bros., Thirty-first and Taylor.

Nebraska Auto School against Vinton Street Merchants, Fontenelle park.

Southtown Imperialis against Walnut Hill Merchants, Forty-fourth and Dewey avenue.

Bemis Parks against Brown Park Pharmacy, second game, (west diamond), Fontenelle park.

West End Merchants against Dundee Woolen Mill Reserves, first game, Thirty-second and Dewey avenue.

Dundee Woolen Mills against Polish Athletic club, Twenty-sixth and Martha.

R. L. Tinsam against Trimble Bros., second game, (east diamond), Fontenelle park.

Bemis Parks against Auto Row, second game, Elmwood park, new diamond.

Advos against Beacon Press, second game, Miller park.

Columbia Fire Writers against Merchants National Bank, Fontenelle park, (west diamond), this morning.

C. B. Grays at McClelland Ia. K & M's against C. B. Columbians, first game, at Chris Lock park.

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Local Teams Have

List of Games for

Various Diamonds

The following games will be played today by the local sand-lot teams:

A. O. U. W. against Luxus, second game, at Elmwood park, this morning.

Dundee Woolen Mills against Alamitos, first game, at Fort Omaha.

Stors against Chicago Leland Giants, at Rourke park.

Biar against Bennington, at Blair, Neb.

John Deere Plow Co., at Wahoo, Neb. Windsor Hotel, at Arlington, Neb.

Tousends against Chris Loyka, second game, at Chris Lock park.

Independents against Knights of Ak-Sar-Hen, second game, at Elmwood park, old diamond.

Western Auto & Supply, at Missouri Valley, Ia.



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