

Damon Runyon's Column

EVERY boxer of any intelligence picks up something from the men he meets in the ring, from his sparring partners and from observing other boxers.

It is generally an easy matter to trace in a boxer the influence of some fellow he has been associated with. Perhaps the boxer has imitated, perhaps he has learned, perhaps he has copied, perhaps he has proved, elaborated on the original.

For instance, Jack Dempsey's best idea in his boxing defense goes back to a chap who never became widely known, yet who was a master boxer.

This chap was Marty Farrell, a middleweight, now at around Los Angeles. Farrell is the only person that kept Farrell from being one of the foremost ring figures of the day.

From working with Farrell, the heavyweight champion got that curious weaving style. The first time he displayed it was in the second fight with Bill Brennan at Madison Square Garden. Those who had seen Farrell recognized the style at once.

For that fight, Dempsey trained in New York, doing his boxing at the gymnasium of the Old Granite State Training Ship for sailors.

This ship, since burned down, was in the Hudson river at the foot of Ninety-sixth. Dempsey never before or since did so little work for a battler and Brennan stuck 17 rounds with him.

It was then that the champion first worked with Farrell. He seemed to fall in love with Marty's queer bobbing style. The Dempsey admirers who thought of him as a rip-tearing slugger, were almost horrified when they saw him in this strange guise trying to box Brennan instead of fighting him.

HEY thought the change in style would prove disastrous to Dempsey, would take away his hitting power.

Men who are going along successfully with a certain method often meet with failure when they try to adopt different ideas.

Farrell was a light hitter. Some thought his lack of punching power was due to his weaving style. However, Dempsey went beyond Farrell, improved upon his style, made it his own.

Where Farrell used the weaving to avoid punches, Dempsey used it as a feint. From behind it Dempsey shoots his punches, his bobbing head confusing his opponent, drawing leads that leave him open to punches.

BEFORE he saw Farrell the champion had a trick of moving his head to pull a lead from an opponent, but he moved it forward. Now he keeps it swaying from side to side.

For all that has been said of the power of Dempsey's right hand, the writer is of the opinion his left hook is the most dangerous, his best punch. That is his "developed" hand.

He was not knocking opponents silly in the days when he "doped" entirely upon his right. It was after he found his left that he became the knocker-out.

"BABE" RUTH says he got batting "stance," his position at the plate as he knocks home runs, from "Shoeshoe" Joe Jackson, the great hitter from the Carolinas.

Jackson drifts about the land, a melancholy memory of the crooked world series of 1919.

Nearly every ball player now tries to copy Ruth, hoping to make home runs, to get as much fame as the big slugger of the Yankees.

Some of them would be much better batsmen if they followed their natural style. Some of the boxers who try to imitate Dempsey's improvement of Farrell's weaving motion would be better off if they followed their own way of fighting.

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Walter Hagen says: "When in position for making the swing, settle the weight back on the heels and keep it there. One great fault with many golfers is coming up on the toes at the finish. On the upswing the weight is shifted to the right, but at the top of the swing, the ball of the left foot carries its share to preserve balance. As the club head goes through the weight is shifted largely back on the left foot, the left leg acting as a brace, with the left foot occupying the position that it did in the address."

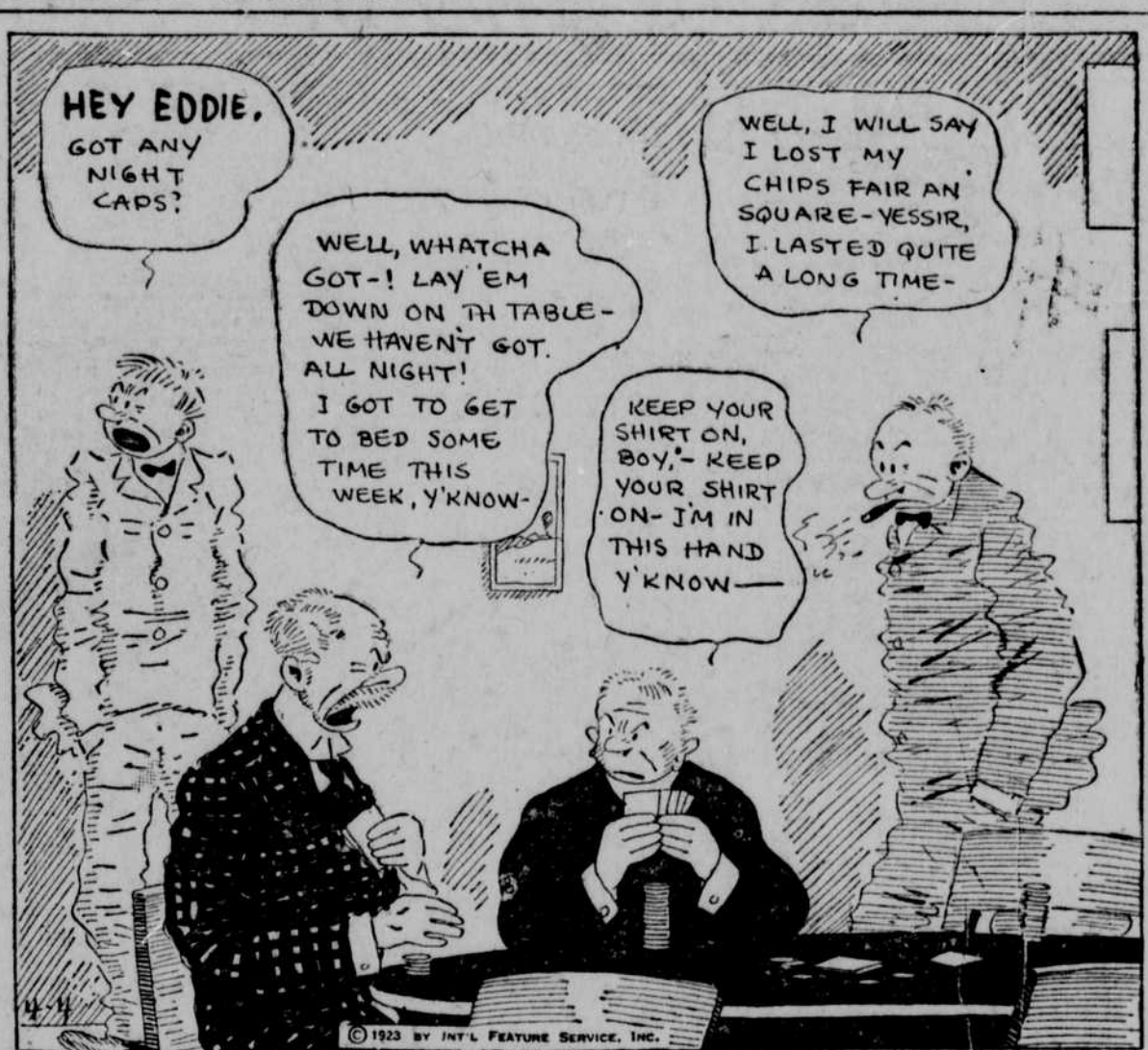
At Buffalo—Jimmy Goodrich, Buffalo, defeated Frankie Callahan, Columbus, 19 rounds. Jack Oakes, Omaha, and Bonnie Ross, Buffalo, were disqualified in third round for lack of pep. Harry White, Niagara Falls, defeated Fritz Meier, Lancaster, eight rounds. Johnny Ward, Mekeemport, Pa., defeated Carl Smith, Rochester, in six rounds.

At Pittsburgh—Marty Burke of New Orleans, and Jack Renault of Canada fought eight rounds and started the ninth. Referee Joe Kelly called off the bout. Alleged stalling was his reason.

At Albuquerque, N. M.—Joe Rivers knocked out Pete McCarthy in the third round.

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EDDIE'S FRIENDS



Detective Has Keen Eye for Both Pins and Crooks



Tony Franci, Omaha detective, who will bowl Hank Lundgren of the Chicago police department for "police bowling championship" at Chicago Thursday, has a keen eye, which serves him both in chasing down crooks and toppling pins.

Tony is shown following ball as it rumbles down alley to do damage to inoffensive pins.

Tony shoots lead with same precision as he shoots mineralite balls, for he's one of crack marksmen on detective squad.

Grotte a State League Officer

"Dick" Grotte, of Omaha, yesterday was elected vice president of the Nebraska State League at a meeting of league moguls at Grand Island. Grotte formerly was chairman of the schedule committee, whose schedule of 149 games was adopted yesterday.

Abolishment of the split season was decided upon by the club owners. The schedule, with more games than last year, naturally increased mileage. Fairbury, a little off side, drew the largest, but Manager Seagrave overcame other slight objections when he moved the adoption of the schedule as presented by Chairman Grotte, Norfolk opens at Lincoln, Grand Island at Hastings and Fairbury at Beatrice.

The season opens May 4. Every Sunday is scheduled as a doubleheader with a 75 cents admission for the two games. No games are scheduled on Declaration day, but a double header occurs on July 29th.

Four Teams Tie in Farnam Loop

Four teams are bunched for the leadership in the Farnam Alley Bowling League, which closes its season Thursday night at the Farnam alleys. As the four leaders are paired, there'll be some lively pin tumbling before the evening is over.

The teams tied are the Chase Printing company, Star Furnace, Lafayette Cafe and Farnam Alleys. The Printers roll against the Furnace squad and the Lafayettes oppose the Farnam Alleys.

Dave Woodbury, who rolls on the Farnam team, is way out in front for individual honors with a season's average of 186 pins. Kenneman is his nearest rival with 179.

Husker Trackmen Work Out

Berkeley, Cal., April 3.—The University of Nebraska track and field athletes who are at Berkeley for a meet with the University of California team next Saturday, planned a workout today. They arrived in Berkeley Monday and are quartered in various fraternity houses. There are 22 men in the Cornhusker party.

Says Boxers Stalled

Pittsburgh.—The scheduled 10-round between Martin Burke of New Orleans and Jack Renault of Canada was stopped in the ninth round due to alleged "stalling."

Leslie Mann to Talk on Baseball Here Wednesday

Leslie Mann, the hard hitting St. Louis National outfielder, who bails from Lincoln, will appear in a new role—that of lecturer—in Omaha tomorrow night.

How come? Well, Mann has been coaching basketball at the University of Indiana and athletic authorities there conceived the idea of him collecting stereoscopic views demonstrating the right way to play baseball.

ONE OF OURS

By WILLA CATHER. Famous Nebraska Author.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

SYNOPSIS. Claude Wheeler, living on a Nebraska ranch with his parents and a younger brother, Ralph, has quit Temple College, a small denominational school at Lincoln, at the end of his third year to take care of the home place while his father, Nat Wheeler, and Ralph spend most of their time on their Colorado ranch. Claude's older brother, Bayliss, runs an implement store at Frankfort. Ernest Havel and Leonard Dawson, young farmers, are chums of Claude. In Lincoln Claude has become a close friend of the Erlich family. Mrs. Erlich, a motherly widow, with five sons, having made the boy feel at home on his numerous visits. Claude and Bayliss, who is fondly called End and to Hastings on a shopping trip. While there they visit the Rev. Weldon, one of Claude's former professors. On the way home they encounter a severe thunderstorm.

"You poor drowned children!" she cried, taking End in her arms. "How did you ever get home? I so hoped you had stayed in Hastings."

"It was End who got us home," Claude told her. "She's a dreadfully foolhardy girl, and somebody ought to shake her, but she's a fine driver."

End laughed as she brushed a wet lock back from her forehead. "You were right, Ernest. The sensible thing would have been to turn in at the Rice place; only I didn't want to."

After in the evening Claude was glad to see his mother. He seemed to be at home and to see End at the supper table, sitting on his father's right and wearing one of his mother's new gray dresses. They would have had a dismal time at the Rices', with no beds to sleep in except such as were already occupied by the children. Ernest never slept in his mother's guest room before, and it pleased him to think how comfortable she would be there.

At a table near Mrs. Wheeler's a candle to light her guest to bed. End passed near Claude's chair as she was leaving the room. "Have you forgotten me?" she asked. "What made you so big-headed? Do you want to frighten me? or show me how well you could drive?"

"Neither. I wanted to get home. Good night."

Claude settled back in his chair and shaded his eyes. She did feel that this was home, then. She had not been afraid of his father's knowing grin. Her ease in the household gave him an unaccountable pleasure. He picked up a book, but did not read. It was lying open on his knee when his mother came back half an hour later.

"Move quietly when you go up stairs, Claude. She is so tired that she may be asleep already."

He took off his shoes and made his ascent with the utmost caution.

CHAPTER IV. Ernest Havel was cultivating his bright, glistering young cornfield one summer morning, whistling to himself an old German song which was somehow connected with a picture that rose in his memory. It was a picture of the earliest plowing he could remember.

He saw a half circle of green hills, with snow still lingering in the clefts of the hillsides behind the hills rose a wall of sharp mountains, covered with dark pine forests. In the meadows at the foot of that sweep of hills there was a winding creek, with pooled willows in their first yellow green, and brown fields. He himself was a little boy, playing by the creek and watching his father and mother plow with two great oxen, that had rope traces fastened to their heads and their long horns. His mother walked farthest beside the oxen and led them; his father walked behind, guiding the plow. His father always looked down. His mother's face was almost as brown and furrowed as the fields, and her eyes were pale blue, like the skies of early spring.

The two would go up and down thus all morning without speaking, except to the oxen. Ernest was the last of a long family, and as he played by the creek he used to wonder why his parents looked so old.

Leonard Dawson drove his car up to the fence and shouted, waking Ernest from his reverie. He told his team to stand, and ran out to the edge of the field.

"Hello, Ernest," Leonard called. "Have you heard Claude Wheeler got hurt day before yesterday?"

"You don't say so! It can't be anything bad, or they'd let me know."

"Oh, it's nothing very bad, I guess, but he got his face scratched up in the wire quite a little. It was the queerest thing I ever saw. He was out with the team of mules and a heavy plow, working the road in that deep cut between their place and mine. The gasoline motor truck came along,

making more noise than usual, maybe. But those mules know a motor truck, and what they did was pure curiosity. They began to rear and plunge in that deep cut. I was working my corn over in the field and shouted to the gasoline man to stop, but he didn't hear me. Claude jumped for the critters' heads and got 'em by the bits, but by that time he was all tangled up in the lines. Those damned mules lifted him off his feet and started to run. Down the draw and up the bank and across the fields they went, with that big plow-belt jumping three or four feet in the air every clip. I was sure it would cut one of those mules open, or go clean through Claude. It would have got him, too, if he hadn't kept his hold on the bits. They carried him right along, swinging in the air, and finally ran him into the barb-wire fence and cut his face and neck up."

"My goodness! Did he get cut bad?" "No, not very, but yesterday morning he was out cultivating corn, all stuck up with court plaster. I know that was a fool thing to do; a wire cuts a wire, and he got overheat in the dust. But you can't tell a Wheeler anything. Now they say his face has swelled and is hurting him terrible, and he's gone to town to see the doctor. You'd better go over there tonight, and see if you can make him take care of himself."

Ernest drove on, and Ernest went back to his team. "It's queer about that boy," he was thinking. "He's big and strong, and he's got an education and all that fine land, but he don't seem to fit in right. Sometimes Ernest thought his friend was unlucky. When that idea occurred to him, he sighed and shook it off. For Ernest believed there was no help for that; it was something rationalism did not explain.

The next afternoon End Royce's coupe drove up to the Wheeler farm yard. Mrs. Wheeler saw End get out of the car and came down the hill to meet her, breathless and distressed. "Oh, End! You've heard of Claude's accident? He wouldn't take care of himself, and now he's got erysipelas. He's in such pain, poor boy."

End took her arm, and they started up the hill toward the house. "Can I see Claude, Mrs. Wheeler? I want to give him these flowers. Ernest brought them for me."

Mrs. Wheeler hesitated. "I don't know if he will let you come in, dear. I had hard work persuading him to see Ernest for a few moments last night. He seems so low-spirited, and he's sensitive about the way he's handled up. I'll go to his room and ask him."

"No, just let me go up with you, please. If I walk in with you, he won't have time to fret about it. I won't stay if he doesn't wish it, but I want to see him."

Mrs. Wheeler was alarmed at this suggestion, but End ignored her uncertainty. They went up to the third floor together, and End herself tapped at the door.

"It's I, Claude. May I come in for a moment?"

A muffled, reluctant voice answered. "No. They say this is catching, End. Anyhow, I'd rather you didn't see me like this."

Without waiting she pushed open the door. The dark blinds were down, and the room was full of a strong, bitter odor. Claude lay flat in bed, his head and face so swollen that he could not see. Only his eyes and the tip of his nose were visible. The brown paste with which his features were smeared oozed out at the gauze and made his dressings look untidy. End took in these details at a glance.

"Does the light hurt your eyes? Let me put up one of the blinds for a moment, because I want you to see these flowers. I've brought you my first sweet peas."

Claude blinked at the bunch of bright colors she held out before him. She put them up to his face and asked him if he could smell them through his medicines. In a moment he ceased to feel embarrassed. His mother brought a glass bowl, and End arranged the flowers on the little table beside him.

"Now, do you want me to darken the room again?"

"Not yet. Sit down for a minute and talk to me. I can't say much because my face is stiff."

"I should think it would be! I met Leonard Dawson on the road yesterday. He told me how you were worked in the field after you were cut. I would like to scold you hard, Claude."

"Do it might hurt your eyes, but better. He took her hand and kept her beside him a moment. "Are those the sweet peas you were planting that day when I came back from the west?"

"Yes. Haven't they done well to blossom so early?"

"Less than two months. That's strange," he sighed.

"Strange? What?"

"Oh, that a handful of seeds can

make anything so pretty in a few weeks, and it takes a man so long to do anything—and then it's not much account."

"I'm not that way to look at things," she said reprovingly. (To Be Continued.)

Girls' Face Cut When Ball Shatters Car Windshield

Marguerite Green, 11, daughter of W. Green, 2408 Cass street, received severe lacerations on the face when a baseball shattered the glass in the windshield of the car in which she was riding with her father on Dodge street between Eleventh and Twelfth streets Tuesday afternoon.

Two boys, Harry Schmit, 14, 2122 Grace street, and Luman Barnes, 13, 201 North Twenty-second street, were playing catch in the street. Schmit made a wild throw, and the ball struck the windshield of Green's car. Marguerite was attended by a police surgeon. Both boys were taken to the police station, although no charges were preferred against them.

Dodge Market Will Open for Business Saturday

The Dodge Market, 112 North Sixteenth street, Omaha's newest food dispensary, will open its doors for business Saturday.

The interior finish is in grayish marble, with a refrigeration plant built in the display cases, and a small aquarium in the rear. Game fish and seafoods will be carried in season. The store will include a meat department, a fruit department and an egg and produce department.

Investment in the new store is approximately \$50,000, according to Jacob Rosoff, manager.

Art of Getting Batik Effects Now Taught Omaha Women

The art of tying and dyeing fabrics to produce the wonderful effect of batik work is proving of great interest to Omaha women, and especially to students of art worker, Miss E. O. Bonner, expert instructor from Chicago, has brought with her a number of exquisite pieces to serve as

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I HAD occasion recently to explain the manufacture of La Palina cigars to several business men. I brought from the factory the various tobaccos of which La Palina is made, and rolled several cigars for them to smoke.

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In short, if I could make you one La Palina I am sure you would always smoke this cigar. But since I cannot do this, I do assure you that each La Palina at the cigar counter is made exactly as though it had been rolled for you.

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