Western Clubs Easy Prey for Gotham Teams

By DAVIS J. WALSH,
International News Service Sports Editor.

NEW YORK, May 21.—Casting a casual eye over the baseball pennant races at the moment, the impression will not down that the reputed strength of the west is very weak. The Yankees, for example, took the late Horace Greeley at his word and are now willing to concede that the old gentleman played an inside tip. The west is proving a happy hunting ground for ambitious baseball clubs.

In successive series with the Indians, Tigers, Browns and White Sox, the Huggins outfit won 10 out of 11 games, the Tigers being responsible for the lone defeat. The league champions have two more games with the Sox but regardless of what may happen there the trip must go down as one of the most successful the Yankees have known.

Giants Doing Well.

They started the tour with fear and trepidation, duly warned of the dire fate that awaited them west of the Alleghenies. But they found the Indian bubble in a state of collapse, due to unsteadiness in pitching and weakness at first base; the Tigers trying to cover up a ragged hole in the middle of the infield and the Browns hopeless without Sisler.

Seven successive victories have fallen to the Yankees in the west. The Athletics, bearing a singular resemblance to a ball club, have won six straight from western clubs. So much for that.

In the National league the Giants have been almost equally successful in their intersectional games at the Polo grounds. The Pirates, playing indifferent baseball except in the game that Babe Adams pitched, dropped two out of three. So did the Reds, who seemed to be laboring under the handicap of a wild-eyed defense in and around second base. The Cubs flopped two times in three starts and the Cardinals, the only western entry running to form, were beaten with painstaking thoroughness in the opening game of the series yesterday.

Phils Floundering.

Even the Dodgers who were kicked around the east with careless familiarity during the first three weeks of the campaign have been fattening at the expense of the western invaders and have advanced from last place to within striking distance of the Reds and the top of the second division. The Braves, figured to take a dive with all the ease and grace of a finished performer, have done as well as might be expected, leaving the funny Phils as the only eastern club that is losink with almost daily consistency.

McTigue to Fight Beckett.

By International News Service.

New York May 21.—Mike McTigue, world's light heavyweight champion, will meet Joe Beckett in a bout for the British heavyweight title in Dublin, August 18, according to an announcement made today by Joe Jacobs, manager of McTigue. Jacobs declared that he had not yet cabled acceptance of the offer of £20,000 made by Dublin sportsmen, but would do so after a conference with Tex Rickard today. The conference will determine whether the Dublin bout would interfere with McTigue's match with Georges Carpentier in Jersey City on July 14.

Wills-Dempsey Bout.

By International News Service.

New York, May 21.—Paddy Mullins, manager of Harry Wills, the negro heavyweight, informed International News Service today that Wills and Jack Dempsey are virtually matched to meet in a heavyweight championship bout at Long Island city on Labor day. Every detail of the bout except the actual signing of the contract has been settled, he declared, and added that the match would be held in a specially constructed arena seating 150,000 persons.

Ministers to "Inspect" Fight.

Missoula, Mont.—Three ministers, members of the Methodist-Episcopal church in Montana, will attend the championship prize fight between Jack Dempsey and Tommy Gibbons of St. Paul, when they face each other in the ring at Shelby on July 4. The ministers will be there as an official committee of the church, with the sanction of all the Methodist pastors of Montana.

$71,288 Is Wagered.

Louisville.—Racing fans placed a total of 71,288 bets on the seven races Saturday. The amount bet on the Kentucky derby was $385,662.

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EDDIE'S FRIENDS

The Wife Gets Some New Duds.

Pirates Win First of Phillie Series

Philadelphia, May 21.—Pittsburgh took the opening game of the series from Philadelphia today, 5 to 3. Morrison opposed Behan and both were in fine form, two errors by Holke losing the game for the locals in the ninth. Lee hit two home runs and drove in all three of the Philadelphia runs. Score:

PITTSBURGH.	AB.	H.	O.	A.	PHILADELPHIA.	AB.	H.	O.	A.
M'rville,ss	5	1	1	2	Sand,3b	4	0	4	0
Carey,cf	5	0	3	0	Holke,1b	3	0	7	1
Bigbee,lf	5	1	2	0	Will'ms,cf	4	0	3	0
Russell,rf	2	1	0	0	Walker,rf	4	2	0	0
Tierney,2b	5	1	1	4	Lee,lf	4	2	3	0
Traynor,3b	4	2	0	2	P'k'son,2b	3	0	3	3
Grimm,1b	4	2	12	0	xMitchell	1	0	0	0
Gooch,c	2	0	7	1	W'gh'ne,ss	3	0	2	2
Morrison,p	4	1	0	4	Henline,c	2	1	2	0
					Behan,p	3	0	1	3
Totals	36	10	27	13	Totals	31	5	27	11

xBatted for Parkinson in ninth.

Score by innings.

Pittsburgh	021 000 002—5
Philadelphia	020 000 001—3

Summary—Runs: Maranville, Carey, Russell (2), Traynor, Walker (2), Lee (2). Errors: Holke (2). Two-base hits: Grimm, Traynor, Maranville. Home runs: Lee (2). Stolen base: Henline. Sacrifice hits: Russell. Double plays: Traynor to Tierney to Grimm. Left on bases: Pittsburgh, 9; Philadelphia, 5. Bases on balls: Off Morrison, 3; off Behan, 4. Struck out: By Morrison, 2; by Behan, 1. Hit by pitched ball: By Morrison (Henline). Umpires: Klem and Wilson. Time, 1:46.

Senators Rally and Win.

St. Louis, May 21.—Overcoming an early lead Washington won the second game of the series with St. Louis today, 3 to 2. In the second inning Vangilder hit into the right field stands for a homer, scoring Schliebner, who had singled. The winning run was scored by Rice on Evans' slow roller to Gerber. Score:

WASHINGTON.	AB.	H.	O.	A.	ST. LOUIS.	AB.	H.	O.	A.
Bluege,3b	4	1	2	2	Tobin,rf	4	1	0	0
Harris,2b	4	0	4	3	Gerber,ss	2	0	1	4
Rice,rf	4	1	2	0	P'cobson,cf	4	1	2	0
Judge,1b	3	0	7	1	Will'ms,lf	2	0	3	0
Wade,1b	4	2	1	0	McM'us,2b	3	0	4	2
Evans,cf	3	2	4	1	Collins,c	4	0	4	2
P'k'p'gh,ss	3	0	1	2	Rob'tn,3b	2	1	2	1
Gharrity,c	3	1	4	0	Ezzell,3b	0	0	0	0
Wa'outh,p	4	1	2	2	Schl'b'r,1b	3	1	11	2
					Vangilder,p	4	1	0	0
Totals	32	8	27	12	zSevereid	1	0	0	0
					Totals	29	5	27	14

zBatted for Roberston in eighth.

Score by innings:

Washington	010 020 000—3
St. Louis	020 000 000—2

Summary—Runs: Harris, Rice, Wade, Schliebner, Vangilder. Errors: Bluege. Two-base hits: Jacobson, Tobin. Home run: Vangilder. Stolen bases: Tobin, Gharrity. Sacrifice hits: Evans, Gerber (2). Double plays: Bluege to Judge; Peckinpaugh to Harris to Judge; Schliebner to McManus; Evans to Gharrity. Left on bases: Washington, 9; St. Louis, 10. Bases on balls: Off Warmouth, 8; off Vangilder, 6. Struck out: By Warmouth, 3; by Vangilder, 3. Wild pitch: Vangilder. Umpires: Evansn and Holmes. Time: 2:15.

Hoyt Shuts Out White Sox.

Chicago, May 21.—Waite Hoyt pitched in fine form today and New York shut out Chicago, 5 to 0. Thurston pitched a good game for the locals but his support was ragged. The visitors scored their runs bunching their hits.

Score:

NEW YORK	AB.	H.	O.	A.	CHICAGO	AB.	H.	O.	A.
Witt, cf	5	2	1	0	Hooper, rf	5	2	0	0
Dugan, 3b	5	1	2	4	Joh'son, ss	3	0	2	2
Ruth, lf	4	2	3	0	gStrunk	1	0	0	0
Pipp, 1b	5	1	9	1	M'C'lan, ss	1	0	1	0
Meusel, rf	5	1	3	0	Col'ns, 2b	3	2	4	5
Schang, c	3	0	3	1	Sheely, 1b	4	1	8	1
Ward, 2b	4	2	4	2	Mostil, cf	3	1	4	0
Scott, ss	5	2	2	5	Falk, lf	4	0	3	0
Hoyt, p	3	1	0	2	Kamm, 3b	3	0	1	0
					Graham, c	4	1	4	0
Totals	39	12	27	14	Thur'on, p	3	0	0	2
					zElish	1	0	0	0
					Totals	35	7	27	11

zBatted for Johnson in eighth.
xBatted for Thurston in ninth.

Score by innings:

New York	010 020 011—5
Chicago	000 000 000—0

Summary—Runs: Dugan, Ruth, Schang (2), Scott. Errors: Dugan, Johnson (2). Two-base hits: Ruth (2), Collins, Mostil. Sacrifice hit: Hoyt. Double plays: Johnson to Collins to Sheely; Pipp to Scott to Pipp. Left on bases: New York, 12; Chicago, 11. Bases on balls: Off Thurston, 4; off Hoyt, 2. Struck out: By Thurston, 3; by Hoyt, 2. Umpires: Owens, Connolly and Ormsby. Time: 2:05.

DERBY WINNER ENROUTE EAST

Louisville, May 21.—Zev of the Rancocas stable, owned by Harry F. Sinclair, the millionaire sportsman, winner of the 49th Kentucky Derby; Martingale, J. S. Cosden's color bearer, who finished second, and Vigil, the proud winner of the Preakness stakes just a week prior to the derby, who finished third, are speeding eastward today in special cars for Belmont track, New York, where they will seek further honors on the turf.

The amount bet on the derby was $483,662, or 25 per cent of the total amount wagered on the seven races.

300 in Net Tourney.

Sacramento. — Many nationally known tennis players will compete in the Central California tennis championship, which starts here next Friday and continues Sautrday and Sunday. The number of entries will be close to 300.

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ONE OF OURS

By WILLA CATHER.
Famous Nebraska Author.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

SYNOPSIS.

Claude Wheeler, son of a Nebraska farmer, is disappointed in wedded life with Enid Royce, religious daughter of Jason Royce, Frankfort, Neb., miller. After a year and a half together she goes to China, where her younger sister, Caroline, a missionary, is ill. Claude goes to officers' training camp and is commissioned a lieutenant. He had three years at a small denominational college in Lincoln, where he became a friend of the Erlich family, motherly widow with five sons. Claude has friends in Ernest Havel and Leonard Dawson, young Nebraska farmers and neighbors of the Wheeler family. He has an elder brother, Bayliss, in business in Frankfort, his father, Nat, and a younger brother, Ralph. His mother is prideful of her sons. While home on leave from camp Claude finds he loves Gladys Farmer, high school friend of his wife. He leaves with his company for Europe, an epidemic of "flu" breaks out on shipboard and several soldiers die and are buried at sea. On board Claude makes friends with Victor Morse, young aviator; Albert Usher, marine from Wyoming; Private Bert Fuller and Lieutenant Fanning. The transport docks at a French port. Claude places Lieutenant Fanning, ill, in a hospital and gets his first glimpse of the horrors of war when a trainload of wounded American soldiers is brought in from the front. He and his company are sent to training camp in northern France. Claude is billeted with Lieutenant Gerhart at the home of M. and Madame Joubert in a little village near camp. Claude goes for a walk in the wood nearby.

Down in the grassy glade, among the piles of flint boulders, little white birches shook out their shining leaves in the lightly moving air. All about the rock were patches of purple heath; it ran up into the crevices between them like fire. On one of these bald rocks Lieutenant Gerhardt, hatless, in an attitude of fatigue or of deep dejection, his hands clasped about his knee, his bronze hair ruddy in the sun. After watching him for a few minutes, Claude descended the slope, swishing the tall ferns.

"Will I be in the way?" he asked as he stopped at the foot of the rocks.

"Oh, no!" said the other, moving a little and unclasping his hands.

Claude sat down on a boulder. "Is this heather?" he asked. "I thought I recognized it, from 'Kidnaped.' This part of the world is not as new to you as it is to me."

"No. I lived in Paris for several years when I was a student."

"What were you studying?"

"The violin."

"You are a musician?" Claude looked at him wonderingly.

"I was," replied the other with a disdainful smile, languidly stretching out his legs in the heather.

"That seems too bad," Claude remarked gravely.

"What does?"

"Why, to take fellows with a special talent. There are enough of us who haven't any."

Gerhardt rolled over on his back and put his hands under his head. Oh, this affair is too big for exceptions; it's universal. If you happened to be born 26 years ago, you couldn't escape. If this war didn't kill you in one way, it would in another." He told Claude he had trained at Camp Dix, and had come over eight months ago in a regimental band, but he hated the work he had to do and got transferred to the infantry.

When they retraced their steps, the woods was full of green twilight. Their relations had changed somewhat during the last half hour, and they strolled in confidential silence up the home-like street to the door of their own garden.

Since the rain was over, Madame Joubert had laid the cloth on the plank table under the cherry tree, as on the previous evenings. Monsieur was bringing the chairs, and the little girl was carrying out a pile of heavy plates. She rested them against her stomach and leaned back as she walked, to balance them. She wore shoes, but no stockings, and her faded cotton dress switched about her brown legs. She was a little Belgian refugee who had been sent there with her mother. The mother was dead now, and the child would not even go to visit her grave. She could not be coaxed from the courtyard into the quiet street. If the neighbor children came into the garden on an errand, she hid herself. She would have no playmates but the cat; and now she had the kittens in the tool house.

Dinner was very cheerful that evening. M. Joubert was pleased that the storm had not lasted long enough to hurt the wheat. The garden was fresh and bright after the rain. The cherry tree shook down bright drops on the tablecloth when the breeze stirred. The mother cat dozed on the red cushion in Madame Joubet's sewing chair, and the pigeons fluttered down to snap up earthworms that wriggled in the wet sand. The shadow of the house fell over the dinner table, but the tree tops stood up in full sunlight, and the yellow sun poured on the earth wall and the cream-colored roses. Their petals, ruffled by the rain, gave out a wet, spicy smell.

M. Joubert must have been 10 years older than his wife. There was a great contentment in his manner and a pleasant sparkle in his eye. He liked the young officers. Gerhardt had been there more than two weeks, and somewhat relieved the stillness that had settled over the house since the second son died in hospital. The Jouberts had dropped out of things. They had done all they could do, given all they had, and now they had nothing to look forward to—except the event to which all France looked forward. The father was talking to Gerhardt about the great seaport the Americans were making of Bordeaux; he said he meant to go there after the war, to see it all for himself.

Madame Joubert was pleased to hear that they had been walking in the wood. And was the heather in bloom? She wished they had brought her some. Next time they went, perhaps. She used to walk there often. Her eyes seemed to come nearer to them, Claude thought, when she spoke of it, and she evidently cared a great deal more about what was blooming in the wood than about what the Americans were doing on the Garonne. He wished he could talk to her as Gerhardt did. He admired the way she roused herself and tried to interest him, speaking her difficult language with such spirit and precision. It was a language that couldn't be mumbled; that had to be spoken with energy and fire, or not spoken at all. Merely speaking that exacting tongue would help to rally a broken spirit, he thought.

The little maid who served them moved about noiselessly. Her dull eyes never seemed to look; yet she saw when it was time to bring the heavy soup tureen, and when it was time to take it away. Madame Joubert had found that Claude liked his potatoes with his meat—when there was meat—and not in a course by themselves. She had each time to tell the little girl to go and fetch them. This the child did with manifest reluctance—sullenly, as if she were being forced to do something wrong. She was a very strange little creature, altogether. As the two soldiers left the table and started for the camp, Claude reached down into the tool house and took up one of the kittens, holding it out in the light to see it blink its eyes. The little girl, just coming out of the kitchen, uttered a shrill scream, a really terrible scream, and squatted down, covering her face with her hands. Madame Joubert came out to chide her.

"What is the matter with that child?" Claude asked as they hurried out of the gate. "Do you suppose she was hurt, or abused in some way?"

"Terrorized. She often screams like that at night. Haven't you heard her? They have to go and wake her, to stop it. She doesn't speak any French; only Walloon. And she can't or won't learn, so they can't tell what goes on in her poor little head."

In the two weeks of intensive training that followed, Claude marvelled at Gerhardt's spirit and endurance. The muscular strain of mimic trench operations was more of a tax on him than on any of the other officers. He was as tall as Claude, but he weighed only 146 pounds, and he had not been roughly bred like most of the others. When his fellow officers learned that he was a violinist by profession, that he could have had a soft job as interpreter or as an organizer of camp entertainments, they no longer resented his reserve or his occasional supercilliousness. They respected a man who could have wriggled out and didn't.

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

Our Children

Prying.

We all have family troubles; family secrets. Usually they are little personal matters that we would rather not discuss with the neighbors, just because they are so little and so very personal.

It is almost impossible for us to keep them from the children. They seem to soak them up through their skins. We may not have uttered a word about it in their presence. We may have been models of discretion all day, and yet at sunset we know that they know.

We betrayed the secret in a dozen different ways. Our eyes kept straying. The tones of our voices changed. We did not open a certain door. We whispered once. We omitted doing something we always have done and did something we never did before.

And the children sensed the thing that was troubling us.

To be sure they did not know it accurately. They could scarcely put it into clean-cut words. For that matter neither could we. They have a vague uneasiness about the hidden thing and dread it. That is why it is so mean, so unsporting, to question a child about what goes on in his family.

If children can talk, the best way out is to teach them that what happens in the home must stay there. Tell them, "We don't want this spoken of outside the family. Only you and father and I must know. It is our business and real people never tell their secrets to outsiders. This belongs to us. Just us!"

Loyalty is essential if there is to be a family feeling and the sooner the children get the idea the better. Teach them that when people question them about family concerns that they are to answer politely, just nothing at all! Silence is the child's wall of defense. Silence and flight!

Patsy was 4 years old when something happened in his family that greatly interested a neighbor down the street.

"If only she could get the right of it!"

She stopped Patsy on his way for the morning milk. His mother, watching from the window, saw and hoped that Patsy would remember her cautions. He did.

When he trudged up the steps with the pail his mother asked, "What was the lady saying to you?"

"She told me how did I do and I told her how did she do herself. Then she told me did her see something coming into our house this morning, and I told her nothing a'tall and came on home with the milk. Was I a good boy?"

"Fine boy. None better. Just tell her nothing at all and you'll be quite right." But wasn't it mean to ask him?

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Adele Garrison
"My Husband's Love"

The Way Madge "Jollied" Mrs. Durkee Home in Better Spirits.

I looked at Mrs. Durkee closely to find out what thought lay behind her comment upon Dr. Foxham's farewell words to her.

Was she apprehensive that she, too, like the soldiers she had named, might not "come back" if she followed his advice and went under a surgeon's knife? Or was her speech simply a flippant mask for the nervousness which I knew was shaking her?

Whichever it was, I knew that my cue was to ignore it, and I took the surest way of changing the tenor of her thoughts.

"It would be a joke on me," I remarked with apparent uneasiness, "if that taxi shouldn't be in front after all my assurances to you that it would."

"Oh, Madge!" She caught her breath changed her walk to a funny little trot, dragging me with her. "Hurry till we see. I'll never forgive myself for leaving those suitcases in the cab."

"Yes, you will," I smiled, as I stepped ahead of her, and swung the street door open, "for here are the man and the cab, both apparently intact. I am sure the suitcases are equally safe."

"I won't be till we get a chance to open 'em," she replied darkly, but—I was relieved to note—in a subdued key. "He had a chance to drive somewhere near and take out everything he wanted. Look at him closely, Madge, he looks bulgy to me."

She had the grace to whisper the last words, but they set me off into irrepressible laughter, and I saw the cabman glance furtively at me ,as if he suspected me of insanity.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," she whispered pettishly when we were safely in the taxi, with the thick glass slide between ourselves and the driver. "He does look bulgy. I'll bet he's got Dicky's dress suit wrapped around him inside of his coat this minute."

The evident sincerity in her voice, the wrathful belligerence of her manner, set me off again, and I laughed until she—always the possessor of unruly risibles—was compelled to join me.

"When we get to the station, I'll grab him by the collar and hold him while you search him," I proposed gravely, after I recovered my breath.

"I only wish I had the nerve to do it," she retorted, then added with apparent irrevalence: "What time is it?" and I knew that her fussing concerning the taxi driver was at an end.

"Ten minutes of 3."

"Do you suppose we can make that 3:10 to Marvin?"

"I am sure we can, barring some traffic jam, which isn't likely."

"That will be fine. I do so want to get home and out of this rig before Alfred and Leila reach the house. And don't you peep about seeing me in the city. I'll hide Dickly's suitcase so they won't suspect anything."

"But," I protested, dismayed, "surely you're going to tell them about Dr. Foxham's advice."

"No, I'm not," she said, "but you are. I'll give you plenty of chance after dinner. But I don't want to be anywhere around when you talk about it. I'll—I'll do anything Alfred thinks best, although I do want to wait until Dr. Pringle gets back to see what he thinks about me. But I want Alfred and the rest of you to go ahead and make any arrangements that are necessary and tell me about it only when you're ready. I'm going to forget the whole thing from now on—that is, when the pain will let me, and to have the best time going. What's that old verse—'eat, drink and be merry—'"

"Stop it," I said, with an assumed pettishness I hoped would be effective. "You're enough to give anybody the horrors. Even if you do have to go to the hospital, you'll be there only a week, and everybody gets over operations nowadays. It isn't fashionable to do anything else. And just think what an interesting invalid you'll be. I hereby promise to bring or send you something pretty every day until you're well again."

"Look out. You may be bankrupt," she warned, but I saw that the idea had caught her fancy and that she was revelling in it as would a child.

"Then I'll gather all of 'em you haven't eaten, and have an auction to retrieve my fallen fortunes," I said lightly, and was rewarded for the banal jest by a peal of genuine laughter.

For the minute, at least, I had succeeded in banishing her morbid fears, and, indeed, I saw no further sign of them during our railroad journey to Marvin, nor the short taxi ride to the Durkee home.

She was in exceptionally high spirits as we drew up to the house door, but her face darkened with annoyance as a woman who evidently had been ringing the bell in vain, turned to greet us, and we saw the well-remembered but unwelcome face and figure of Bess Dean.

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Strand 18th & DOUGLAS
NOW SHOWING
"Prodigal Daughters"
with
GLORIA SWANSON
THEODORE ROBERTS

AUDITORIUM
TONIGHT
Elks' Spring Frolic
9--Big Acts--9
Free Dancing Free Concerts
10c Single Admission 10c
A Real Show—40 People

EMPRESS
NOW SHOWING
Lionel Barrymore
—in—
"The Face in the Fog"
An Exciting Romance of New York's Great White Way
A Paramount Picture

Gayety NOON TO 11 P. M. NOW
GOOD Photoplays
AT IRRESISTIBLE PRICES
Norma Talmadge & THOS. MEIGHAN in "HEART OF WETONA"
EXTRA The Famous African Hunt Films Man vs. Beast
Fox Newsreel—Comedy Subjects
MAT. UNTIL 3 P. M. 15c ANY Seat 25c AT NITE
Thurs. Noon: Wm. Russell in "Boston Blackie"

NEIGHBORHOOD THEATERS
HAMILTON - - - 40th and Hamilton
SPECIAL PRODUCTION
"ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT"
VICTORIA - - - - 24th and Fort
"Coolest in Omaha"
"THE WEB OF THE LAW"
PEARL WHITE in "PLUNDER"
GRAND - - - - 16th and Binney
DOROTHY MACKAILL
In "MIGHTY LAK A ROSE"

"DIP OF DEATH" at Krug Park
Every Night
FREE--FREE--FREE
Girl in Red and Diving Horse
In Daring 55-Foot Leap
"It Takes Your Breath"
—the home of polite dancing—better picnics.

THIS WEEK MOON THIS WEEK
"The Westbound Limited"
Mighty Drama of Flesh and Steel

Summer Season Open
Peony Park
Dancing Tonite