

Says "Bug's" Daer

BILLY GIBSON says that Mike Tigue is a double coward if he doesn't fight Gene Tunney. Gibson plasters Mike with the sweet stigma of extract of cowardice.

That crack was the duplicate of one that the Glutt hung on the champ of Roughtown. The Glutt had just got his daily morning subpoena from the Roughtown Commission of Rubber Checks. The Glutt slipped in a sour certificate on the Roughtown bank. He had tuned the vibrations of his fountain pen to call for five hundred dollars.

When Gink found that the Glutt had gone into the paper business, he claimed infringement on territorial rights.

They fought for love. Winner take all.

Gink was fighting with his fists and retreating with his feet. In the 67th chapter from the Book of Queensbury, Gink laid a wild fist over the Glutt's jawpiece. The Glutt acted like the prince of Wales in a steeplechase.

He had a 10-minute picnic in the air before he sang the kissing song from the opera "La Canova." Joe Beckett wanted to make it a duet, but Joe was only there as a spectator.

Now Dempsey is in the easiest part of Montana sparring with bankers and cashiers.

Dempsey has already grabbed 200 grand. If he doesn't get another thousand, he will refuse to fight Gibbons.

Gink will fight them both for a piece of burned toast. All he demands is that the winner gets the hat checking privilege in the subway.

Gink is a real champ. He fights because he likes it.

When he fights his opponents, you know he doesn't like it. Fighters get too much money now. When John L. Sullivan fought Charley Mitchell, his slice of the purse was a souvenir postcard.

Gink never made any money fighting. His only bankbook is a cauliflower ear.

Firpo is stepping around labeled as the Wild Bull of the Pampas. Gink doesn't know what Pampas are, but he challenges them anyway.

If Firpo is a wild bull, then Gink is a torador. He will fight Firpo for either 200 rounds or a finish fight.

When Gibson calls McTigue a coward, he is overlooking Gink.

He isn't scared of any of those limousine champs.

The public wants to see Gink fight. They demand to see him fight. They have seen him in a thousand engagements and they are still demanding it. It will be a novelty.

Stearns—Riotville, Texas, is a tough town and worthy of the Knitting Marathon or any other brawl.

Riotville is the home of Lopez Garcia Assaulto y Battery, the Mexican canvas bouncer who met his only defeat when he tried to pull a sardine out of its cage.

He is ready to crawl over Gink like ants at a picnic.

I am his manager when he is feeling good natured.

Yours, J. E. Ercanbrack, Riotville, Texas.

GINK met Lopez Garcia in Roughtown during the Grand Centennial of the Arizona Wife Beaters.

Gink was president of the organization which always did its official marching over flower beds.

Gink slammed him once. The blow missed Lopez by at least three Mexicans. But Lopez went through the ring like an elephant on a hot-house roof.

Gink always picked out small referees who he could throw at his opponents.

Mr. Ercanbrack's dream that he was eating striped awnings while sailing over the Sahara desert in a high hat indicates that internal revenue agents must be dogging it in Texas. However, the Gypsy Dream Catalogue does not have striped awnings listed in its retail department.

We will refer this dream to the Congressional committee on toasted bread. A fair and square decision on this dream would mean that Mr. Ercanbrack smokes such bum cigars that he has to breathe through his ears.

Gink is the Leviathan of fighters. The Leviathan sailed back to America with a broom at her masthead.

Gink always had a broom in his hands.

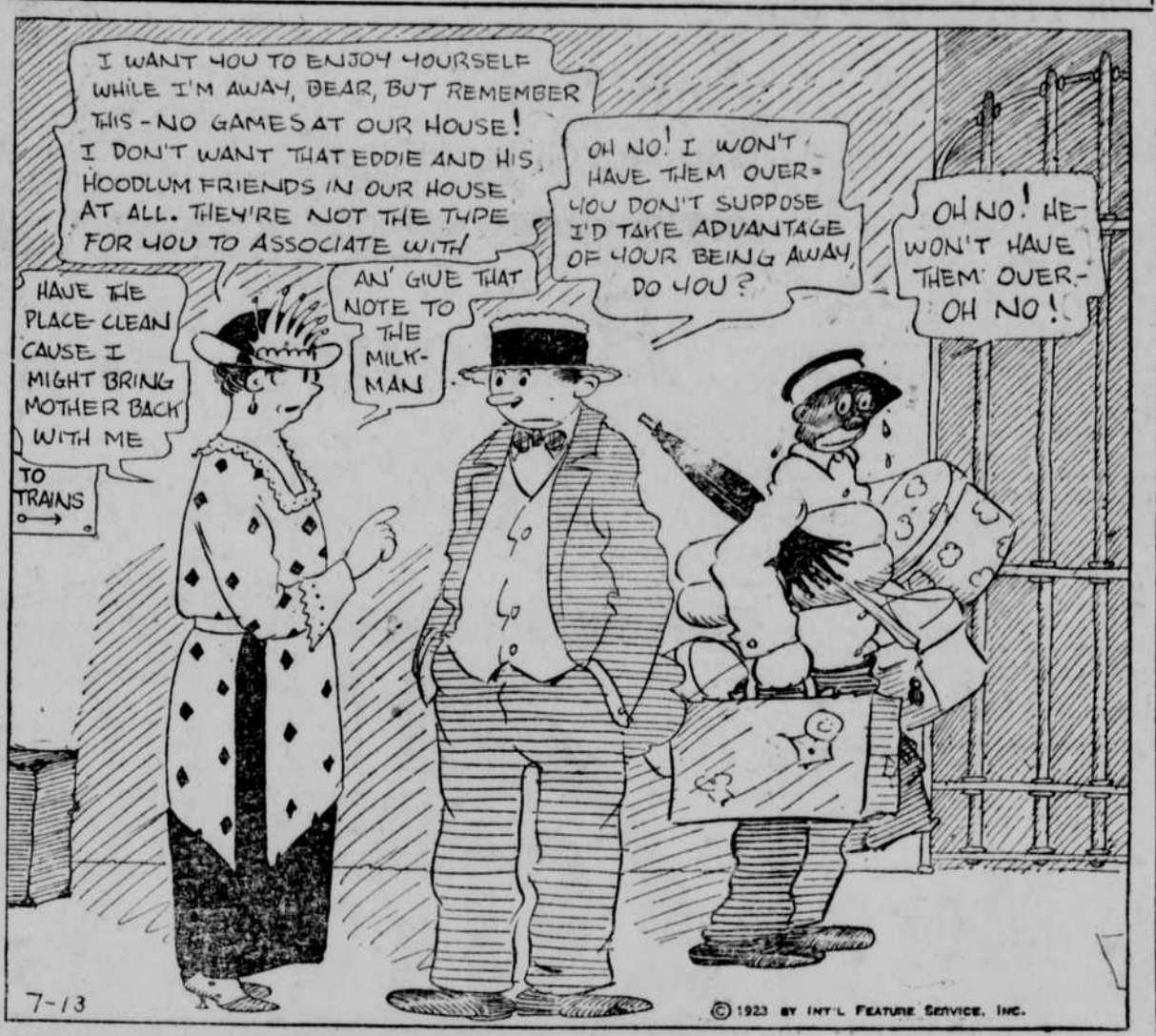
Which makes him either a bum or a champ.

If there is any man on earth, either above the waters or below the waters, who thinks he can whip the champion of Roughtown, then have him call at Gink's office when the champ is out to lunch.

Seeking justice on this earth is like looking for noodles in consomme. But Gink is the champ. Dempsey and Gibbons will fight for Gink's title out in Shelly next month.

Is this justice?

EDDIE'S FRIENDS



Scrambled Sports by "Wag"

FAILURE to hit in the pinches cost the Omaha Buffaloes the third game of the series with the Des Moines Boosters here yesterday.

Regardless of May's weakness in the sixth inning when the Iowans scored four runs, the Buffaloes might have won the contest had they cracked out of the pinches at the opportune time. Five members of the Herd were left stranded on the bases. In the second inning after one was gone, Cullough doubled to left but was left on the base. Again in the fifth, with no outs, Wilder doubled, but did not score.

Seems like one day the Buffaloes will hit at the right times, and then the very next day hit any time but at the opportune moment.

May hurled a good game until the sixth, when he was relieved by Prendergast. Des Moines got four runs off five hits in the sixth, and all off May. But was May to blame? It wasn't a hard ball to catch. Prendergast grounded out, but when Klugman came to bat, May hurled over two straight balls. "Buckshot's" third delivery was a foul tip near the Buffaloes' dugout. McDonald muffed the catch, which was an easy one. This was a look the heart out of May.

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Here May cracked. Four successive singles scored three more runs, and Konetsky sent an S. O. S. sign to Prendergast, who relieved the disgusted May.

May seems to have more tough luck when pitching than any of the other Omaha hurlers. Several times this season the Buffaloes have given "Buckshot" poor support. May isn't such a bad pitcher. True, he has off days, but every so often May pitches a mighty fine game and yesterday he was traveling along the path to another victory when his support blew up in the sixth.

It was just another tough break for "Buckshot."

Now comes word from Tulsa that the management of the St. Louis Browns are scouting the lumber for pitchers to ship to the Oilers. "Bill" Friel, business manager of the Browns and former business manager of the Tulsa club, has telegraphed the Oilers owner to this effect: "I am laying awake nights trying to get real pitchers for 'Tulsa.'"

Fans will remember the Tulsa club of 1922. The Oilers were in need of pitchers during the latter part of the season, and what did the Browns do but send Dave Danforth to the southern team. Danforth, together with George Boehler, then hurried Tulsa to a Western league pennant.

This afternoon Tulsa is in second place in the standings and is playing good ball in the field and at bat, but the Oilers need pitchers.

Tulsa might win its second consecutive championship if the Browns keep in and help by sending the Oilers hurlers.

And not so long ago the Western league went on record as being opposed to the draft.

A baseball expert says some difference of opinion exists as to whether or not Rogers Hornsby of the St. Louis Cardinals is the greatest hitter that the National league has produced. To say that a present day hitter is greater than Deleahanty, Wagner, Lajoie, Keeler, Anson or Duffy may be a rash state-

ment, and certainly will get a lot of argument from oldtime fans, yet it may not be very far from the truth.

Two winters ago the Cardinals were offered \$250,000 for Hornsby by the Giants, who wanted the famous slugger to offset the popularity of Babe Ruth at American league games in this city. The offer was rejected after a lot of consideration, but there is no doubt today that Hornsby is a \$250,000 ball player.

An analysis of Hornsby's work last season, in which he broke four records in a league which is nearly 50 years old, entitles him to some consideration as the National league's foremost hitter of all time.

The new records established by Hornsby and the other outstanding facts of his remarkable hitting campaign last season are as follows: Established new record for greatest number of hits in a season with 230.

Former National league record 213 by Keeler, in 1912. Former major league record 248, by Cobb, in 1911.

Established new National league record for home runs with 42, raising former National league mark by 15. Beat previous mark, 27, by Ed Williamson, in 1887.

Established a new National league record for driving in runs, 149; beating Cravath's former mark of 129, in 1913, by 20.

Established a new National league record for total base hits in one season, 450; bettering his own mark of 378 total bases in 1921 by 72 bases.

In the first National league 400 hitter since 1899, the last year of the old 12-club league. The last 400 hitters in the National league were Deleahanty and Burkett, who killed? Brooked, or knocked against the rocks? Man, or woman? Have they got the body out?

"It was probably in this morning's paper," she said to Jeanne, "if you'll get it, I'll read it to you."

Rough-Hewn Dorothy Canfield

SYNOPSIS. Neale Crittenden, a typical, red-blooded American youth, lives with his parents in Union Hill, a village near New York City. While attending preparatory school, and working for his living, he takes an active part in all kinds of athletics, and makes a name for himself. He meets Marie Allen, a year or two younger than he, who is studying in the home of Anna Kierstegger, a French woman. Marie's father is foreign agent for an American business firm. Jeanne Amigrona is an old French servant in the home of Anna Kierstegger. She is a diligent student of the study of music and French and wins a prize in a musical contest. She is much interested in Jeanne's work, and she has just returned from a two-year study in America. She sees him sitting on a bench across the street from her window and feels a strange emotion as she drops her book and runs to him. She is taking her music lesson her thoughts are centered on the beautiful and talented young man. She is brought home in a serious condition and taken to the hospital, where Marie is not allowed to see her.

CHAPTER XX. It occurred to Marie, and the idea of a responsibility dried her tears with a start, that she ought to get word somehow to her father. Her heart sprang up, she thought that perhaps if he knew Maman was so upset he would come back at once. She did want somebody so much, beside Jeanne, and Isabelle.

But she never knew papa's address when he was away on business. Perhaps there was something on Marie's writing desk. She went quickly into the salon, drew aside the curtains which shut off the writing desk's alcove from the salon, and began rather helplessly to fumble among Maman's papers and novels. There were very few letters of any sort. Maman didn't keep up her correspondence with America very much. Jeanne had heard Marie moving and through the alcove curtains Marie saw her now come into the salon with a basin of water in her hand, pretending that she needed to water a plant. Marie remembered that she must as usual arrange something to present to Jeanne that would not reflect on Maman's fancifulness. But perhaps Sour Ste. Lucie had told her something. She inquired cautiously, but Jeanne said stiffly, still outraged at having been shut out of the room, that she knew nothing. Everything about her except her words said forcibly that she cared less and that all this foolishness was a part of the usual nonsense.

"Oh, Jeanne, a terrible thing has happened to poor Maman—she saw somebody swept away in the Gaviarne and killed right before her eyes, and it's upset her fearfully."

"Killed?" said Jeanne with a greedy eagerness, her eyes shining. "How killed? Drowned, or knocked against the rocks? Man, or woman? Have they got the body out?"

"It was probably in this morning's paper," she said to Jeanne, "if you'll get it, I'll read it to you."

But Jeanne came back in a moment with an astonished face, saying that Isabelle reported that, of all queer things, Mlle. Hasparren, the music teacher, had stopped in that morning and asked to borrow the paper. Jeanne's astonishment never on an occasion remained more than an instant untinged with suspicion, and Marie, who knew the old face so well, saw the suspicious expression begin slowly to color the surprise.

"What in the name of God did the Hasparren want with our newspaper?" she asked herself, aloud, obviously sniffing around a new scene. Marie hated Jeanne's face when it looked like that—crafty and zealous, as though she were licking her chops over a nasty snail.

They were still standing in the alcove, beside the writing desk, when the doorbell rang. Jeanne turned to the door, and, standing between the half-open door and Marie's head to listen, Marie heard nothing but a man's voice, and Isabelle answering, "Oui, monsieur, oui monsieur." The door opened, and Marie saw the color of the door, looked around the corner. The door shut, steps were heard at the other end of the long hallway. Isabelle was evidently bringing the visitor to the salon. Jeanne looked around wildly at Marie, her face suddenly the color of lead, her eyes panic-struck. The steps were nearer; there seemed to be more than one man. Jeanne ran back, pushed Marie into the chair in the corner of the alcove, motioning her violently but without a sound to keep perfect silence, and noiselessly drew the curtains together before the alcove. Marie heard her step quickly back to the salon, where the plant stood and the click of her tin basin against the earthenware of the pot, and then she heard her say in exactly her usual voice, only, with a little surprise, "Good day, messieurs, what can I do for you?"

"We have been sent," said a man's deep voice, and not a "monsieur," but a common sort of man, Marie could tell by his accent and intonation, "to see and question Mlle. Allen." Jeanne evidently went through some preliminary of astonishment, for he explained: "A part of the inquest over the death of M. Jean-Pierre Garnier, but the maid tells me she is already not here."

Jeanne answered, and she caught her breath or flinched there was not the smallest external sign of it. "No, M. l'inspecteur, our poor lady was so terribly upset over seeing such an awful thing that the doctor has just sent her for a few quiet days' retreat at the Holy Cross convent. What a terrible thing, to be sure, M. l'inspecteur."

The man answered wearily: "Eh bien, vous n'avez rien à craindre, mais ne retirez pas. We have the blanks just over a ridge of the Pyrenees to fill out by all witnesses, and she is the only witness. This is the inspector from St. Sauveur."

"Oh, the poor lady is in no state to be questioned," said Jeanne with an affectionate warmth in her voice. "She is as tender-hearted as a child, and besides had been a great invalid. She took the whole course of baths at Saint Sauveur last season, and was starting in again."

"Oh," said the man, as if surprised, "she had been at Saint Sauveur before? For the baths?" And then, as if speaking to some one else, "it would be harder then to establish that she was there to meet the young Garnier."

Jeanne seemed so astounded at this idea, that she could scarcely get her breath to protest. "Oh, M. l'inspecteur, oh! Who ever heard of anything so wild! Is that what people are saying? Oh, why?" she laughed out in her amazement, "she hardly knew him by sight."

"Why," said the man, evidently not speaking to Jeanne, "didn't you say that she ran down along the bank of the river, screaming that he had killed himself for her sake?"

"Yes, I said that," answered another voice, astonished and on the defense, "and she did, too. And when the body was pulled out and she flung herself down on it and shrieked that she wanted to die with him."

"Nom de Dieu!" said the first man's voice in extreme surprise. "Hadin't seen him for two years?"

from Saint Sauveur, and Mlle. Marie said: "Why, is not that queer? My maman is at Saint Sauveur just now! Why don't you take the other train at Pierrefitte-Nestalos and run up to Saint Sauveur for half a day, and take Maman a message if you can, something I forgot to ask her before she left?" and the young man said he had been half planning to go to Saint Sauveur on business anyhow, and to tell him the message and if he saw her maman he'd repeat it. Only he said, "I don't believe your maman knows me," and Mlle. Marie said, "Well, you tell her you are Danielle's big brother, and she'll know. She knows all about my schoolmates," and the young man asked which sanitarium it was in—Luz? And Mlle. Marie reminded him, "No, it's at Saint Sauveur where Maman is," and told him the name of the sanitarium, and then he said he hoped he'd get a little fishing in the Gaviarne, and I said the water would be too high, and he said he'd go and have a look at it anyway. And then he went along with his maman, and Mlle. Marie is at school or you could ask her all about this, too."

"Eh bien, my friend from Saint Sauveur," said the first man's voice in a rallying tone of jocularity. "This sounds as though some of you country people must have lost your heads a bit. Come now. Did you yourself hear her saying all that?"

"No, of course I didn't," said the other man stiffly. "I was in the office at Luz. How could I know anything was happening? But the man who cut the body out said she was awful to hear."

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

Trip of Inspection. Ten members of the streets and boulevard division of the Chamber of Commerce civic improvement committee made a trip of inspection Tuesday of new street jobs, under the guidance of City Commissioner Koutsky.

Burglars Routed. Mrs. C. H. Miller, 4290 Wirt street, reported to police that burglars who cut a hole in a rear window screen at her home were frightened away without gaining entrance.

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TEE, FAIRWAY, AND GREEN BY CHICK EVANS

Some Special Strokes. NOW that the stymie is with us again and since the season is well under way, suppose we take as our text today, "How to make the ball perform on its ear." Golf turns up some strange correspondences. For instance, I have on my desk right now, two letters from enthusiasts. One of these wants to know how he can avoid slicing and pulling while the other asks me to tell him just how to go about it to make the ball slice or pull.

It frequently happens that an intentionally sliced or pulled drive is of the greatest advantage to the player. In fact, Barry Vardon, the master, claims that golf's greatest shot is the one wherein the player gains through intentionally hooking or slicing his drive, an advantage that could be gained in no other way. Moreover the intentionally curved ball always lets the player out of some unusual situation without loss on his score card.

As every expert golfer knows, an intentional slice or pulled shot is perfectly possible and is quite frequently used by skillful players. The execution of such a shot is primarily a matter of stance, so that the face of the club may be drawn across the ball in such a way as to impart the desired curve to it. There is rather an analogy between the slice and put shot and billiard play, as is also the case in a pitched baseball. The main idea is to impart a whirling motion to the ball, which makes it curve to the right or left as the case may be. It is comparatively easy for me to tell how to execute these shots, but I say frankly, it will be a more difficult matter for you to successfully play.

Swimming Tips

By MISS IRENE BROOKER.

AFTER the back stroke is mastered so that it can be done with ease and smoothly, the side should be learned. This stroke is the basic stroke for all advanced methods of swimming as the "scissors" kick is the foundation for most all leg movement. It also is invaluable in life saving, as the side stroke for carrying either an unconscious person or one who is struggling is considered the best for the purpose. Once the stroke is mastered it is one of the easiest strokes to use as there is a minimum of resistance to the body and the stroke may be kept up almost indefinitely.

This stroke may be used with the body lying on either side, although the right side is the most common. As in learning the back stroke, the leg stroke should be mastered first in order to obtain the correct form automatically.

Seize the side of the pool with your left hand if you swim on your right side and brace your right palm, fingers pointing down, against the side of the pool, about two and one-half feet beneath and directly under the left hand. Now straighten the arms, push the legs within three or four inches of the surface of the water, keeping the body directly on its side. Balance the body by shifting the lower hand slightly. The starting position: The body is straight and legs together. The stroke is taken in three counts.

On count one, bend both legs, the knees touching each other, keep toes pointed ahead and brace your right leg is extended forward straight, and the lower leg backward, the knees slightly bent. Get the spread of legs from the hips. Count three: Pull legs together straight. Take care that the top leg is kept straight after the second movement. Take this stroke slowly and make each movement correct, because it is very easy to form incorrect habits, but very difficult to overcome them.

Besides performing well on the mound, Light took an exciting home run in the afternoon. He collected eight hits out of 15 times at bat during the day, coming out being a homer with the bases loaded in the first frame of the report.

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Rickard Threatens to Get Law After Champion Benny Leonard

By International News Service. New York, July 12.—Promoter Tex Rickard threatened the law on the crowned head of Benny Leonard, lightweight champion, today. Rickard promised suits against Billy Gibson, Leonard's manager; Charley White, Chicago mitt artist, and any and all persons who interfered with a meeting of the two pugilists.

At the same time the Cromwell Athletic club of New York, lease-holders for fights at the Yankee stadium, announced the signing of Leonard and Lew Tendler, Philadelphia, to meet in a 15-round decision to be staged the night of July 23.

"Ump" Quigley in Hospital

Philadelphia, July 12.—Ernest C. Quigley, veteran baseball umpire, who was knocked unconscious yesterday by a foul tip while officiating behind the plate in the first game of a double-header between the Philadelphia and Cincinnati Nationals, will be back in the game within two weeks, physicians at the homeopathic hospital said tonight. The accident, the physicians stated, resulted in nothing more serious than a severe contusion high up on the left temple.

There had been a slight concussion of the brain, but this condition had cleared up, it was said. Quigley was hit by a foul from the bat of James Caveney, Cincinnati shortstop, in the second inning.