

# Newsey Sportlets

The American team to defend the Davis cup, international tennis trophy, will be composed of William Tilden II, R. Norris Williams II, William M. Johnston and Vincent Richards.

The Omaha Buffaloes and Denver Bears meet in the third game of the series this afternoon. Voight is scheduled to hurl for the Grizzlies and Bailey for the Buffaloes.

Cranston Holman, Pacific coast junior, Southern California junior and national municipal tennis champion, has won a scholarship at Stanford university offered by the Stanford club of San Francisco.

It appears that Luis Firpo didn't get all that was coming to him at Indianapolis. But it is unlikely that he will have any such complaint to make after Dempsey gets through with him.

Flint Hanner, former Stanford university javelin thrower, who won the national championship last year with a throw of 133 feet 2 3/4 inches, is on his way to Chicago to defend his title in the annual A. A. U. meeting.

Owing to a rough sea, Charles Toth of Boston yesterday again postponed his attempt to swim the English channel.

Lincoln trapshooters defeated a team of Wymore shots in a blue rock shoot at Wymore Sunday. The Links won by 23 points.

The South Central Nebraska Golf association will hold its first annual invitation tournament at York, September 2 and 3.

The fourth and deciding heat of the 2:08 class pacing the Forest City \$3,000 purse, feature of yesterday's grand circuit program at Cleveland, was postponed because of rain.

Cy sez: "Little Miss Helen Wills gave Molla Mallory the golden gate!"

Marvin Childs piloted Hall Bee to second place when the race was postponed.

Twenty-four baseball teams have entered the annual southwestern Iowa tournament, which starts in Council Bluffs next Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Geraldine Beamish and Mrs. R. C. Clayton, British women's tennis team, defeated Miss Lillian Scharman and Miss Ceres Baker, representing the United States, in the last of the international matches yesterday.

Tom O'Rourke, veteran boxing promoter and matchmaker of the Polo Grounds Athletic club, has resigned. Tex Rickard has appointed Frank Flournoy to the same job.

Neddie and pins, Eye-openers and chins, When you land on the nose The claret begins.

The Eatmore Candy company team wants a game for next Sunday, the Sherman Avenue Merchants preferred. For games, call Manager Angelo Maruzzo at AT. 7584.

Emilo Palmero, former Omaha Buffalo pitcher, was knocked out of the box by St. Paul yesterday when the Saints defeated Columbus, 11 to 3, in the second game of the double header.

A soccer player is not permitted to use his hands. Whereas a baseball player seems to think it is against the law to use his head.

Drake and Grinnell colleges are the only two Missouri Valley conference schools missing from the University of Missouri football schedule this fall.

Plattsmouth, Neb., has gone "horse-shoe pitching mad." The citizens of Plattsmouth, small and tall, young and old, have taken up the game.

Jack Sabo wants to meet Tiny Herman of Omaha. Jack, via his manager, says Herman has turned down no less than five attractive offers to meet Sabo.

Economic experts assert that it takes \$231 to dress a woman properly. But who wants to see 'em dressed that way?

Sam Hyman, former Georgetown hurler and member of the Omaha Buffalo hurling corps, is pitching good ball for New Haven in the Eastern league.

Strange as it may seem the ancient hidden ball trick still bobs up occasionally in major league circles.

Specially trained water spaniels are needed to retrieve golf balls at the southernmost golf courses in the world.

Jockeys in Germany get about 40 or 50 cents a race, with a small percentage added for riding a winner.

The vocabulary of the average American baseball fan is said to include something like 5,000 words, which does not include what he says to the umpire.

Paul Prehn of Champaign, Ill., and Joe Turner of Washington, D. C., middleweight wrestlers, meet in a finish match at Oskaloosa, Ia., tonight.

Australian Tennis Team to Visit Japan on Way Home Sidney, N. S. W. Aug. 21.—The Australian Lawn Tennis association has instructed J. O. Anderson to accept an invitation for the Australian Davis cup team to visit Japan on its homeward journey from the United States. Captain Anderson also was requested to invite the Japanese to play a series of return matches in Sidney.

Demaree Now Free Agent. Chicago, Aug. 22.—Al Demaree, former New York National pitcher and manager of the Portland club of the Pacific Coast league, who was declared ineligible last year for playing semi-professional baseball in Chicago, has been reinstated, he announced here today. The action, he said, was taken by President J. H. Farrell of the National Association of Professional Baseball Clubs, and leaves him a free agent.

## EDDIE'S FRIENDS

The Fellow Who Shows the New Man How to Play the Game.



## Rough-Hewn

By Dorothy Canfield

(Continued from Yesterday.)

SYNOPSIS. Neale Crittenden, typical American young man, grown up in Uniocton, a village near New York city, has been graduated from Columbia university and has taken a position with a lumber firm. He goes to live with Martha Westworth, who declined his proposal to wed. This is a splendid decision in her many with her father. Neale accepts his dismissal of the obligation of the hands his efforts toward success in business. Neale's age, lives with her American father, who is an accomplished linguist and pianist. Marise and her American girl, Eugenia Miller, from Arkansas. They go together to Denver. Eugenia expresses dissatisfaction with the instructor for her. Marise finds another instructor for her. Marise is spending a year in Rome. Neale meets Marise and they become close friends.

Neale pondered this negligent axiom for a time, and then said hesitatingly, "But if the servants happened to mention it?" "Oh," she explained quickly, as if mentioning something that went without saying, "oh, of course, I told the servants not to speak of it." "You did!" He felt that he was looking through what he had always thought was the opaque surface of things, and seeing a great deal more going on there than he had dreamed. "But can you count on them?" She continued to be as surprised at his surprise as he at the whole maneuver. "Oh, of course you can never count on servants unless there's something in it for them. I gave them a little tip piece."

"Why, they found it perfectly natural. They won't mention it—not of course unless somebody else tips them more, and I don't see why anybody should, do you?" Neale stood looking at her, a little consternation mingling with his astonishment. This was what it was to have been brought up in what people called a civilized way, this smooth mystery of concealment... how easy it had been for her, at the breakfast table yesterday, not to give the faintest hint she had just been talking so animatedly with him, and this morning not to give the faintest hint to Livingstone that she was laughing at his expense. Why, that lovely face was just like a mask. You hadn't the least idea what was going on behind it.

"There was a silence. She was looking up at him with a new expression almost timidly. "You don't like my hiding things?" she asked him, coming to a stop. They were near the pension now, standing in the twilight on a deserted street. He aroused himself to shrug his shoulders and answer evasively. "Oh, it's not in the least any business of mine."

"But you don't like it?" she insisted, looking straight at him with the deadly soft gaze that always made him lose his head entirely. "It's of no consequence—none," he murmured. But she still looked at him. He tried to think of some other evasive answer, but in the confusion of his mind he could not think of any. And he must say something. With a start, with horror, he heard himself saying baldly, as he would to a man, to an intimate, the literal truth: "Well, no, not so very well, if you really want to know."

It was as though he had seen himself swinging an ax at an angle that would bring the edge deep into his own flesh. He felt it cut deep and bleed. He dared not look at her. He wished to God he had gone on straight to Naples. Somehow he was looking at her. Her face was deeply flushed. She looked as though he had struck her in the face. Well, now it was certainly all over. He might as well turn around and walk away and never look at her again. He said blunderingly, in a trembling voice, "I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to say that. It's no business of mine. I'm awfully ashamed of myself. Please forget it. What do you care what I think? I'm nobody, nobody at all."

"Why did you say that?" she asked him in a low voice, with a driving intensity of accent, as though more than anything else she must have an answer from him. "Well, you asked me," he said in abject misery, aware of the hideous flat futility of such an answer. It only he was an expansive Italian now, he could think of some way openly to abase himself, instead of standing there solemnly and dully. "Oh, please don't think of it again," he implored her, wishing he could get down on his knees to beg her pardon. She drew a long breath and put her hand to her heart. "It's the first time anybody ever told the truth to me, you see," she said faintly, with a strange accent. "I... I'll like it... I think it's a relief."

clouds, at the infinite depth of the blue, blue sky, at the ineffable clarity of the light, pouring in through the great round opening. It seemed to smile at her, an honest, loving, reassuring smile that flooded her vexed, somber heart as it flooded the somber, ancient building. What strength, what strength in those gray stones, to hold together where everything else had been broken and dispersed! How beautiful primitive things were! How consoling and healing—the hardness and strength of stones, the clarity of light, the transparency of the sky! If you could only somehow make your life up of such things—strength, sunshine, simplicity—and music!

She continued to gaze up, her hands clasped. Yes, she was praying, she was praying for a little share of all that.

What was that absurd Mr. Livingstone saying? Marise glanced up sharply from her book and listened. Why, he was talking about Crittenden's—old Mr. Crittenden's dead and had left that lovely old mountain home to some indifferent nephew? To make sure, she put her book down and asked a question or two. How continued to look up at the heaped golden

strange that she should be talking about Ashley to people here in a Roman pension! Ashley! Crittenden's! Cousin Hetty! She seemed to have gone again back to her book, but she was not reading. She was looking at a supple green valley, a white road winding through it, a glass-clear little river chanting under willows, low, friendly he under tall elms, ugly old people with plain speech and honest, quiet eyes, smiling down lovingly on a skipping, frisking little girl.

"I see them shining plain! The happy highways, where I went. And may not go again."

After a time she closed her book and went up on the roof for a quiet moment alone, to go back to Ashley, to look at those blue, remembered hills.

But there was some one else on the terrace. She saw a man's figure under the grapevine. Being a girl, she thought impatiently, she would turn back and shut herself up in her stuffy room. It continued to be exactly as it had been in Bayonne. The world was one great Jeanne, with a nose twitching for scandal. Ashley was far away!

She had watched the horrid little tragedy of the swallow with such intensity that when the catastrophe came she almost felt those curved claws sink into her own flesh... bon Dieu! What was that man doing climbing out of the window—a madman? No, he had seen the cat, too! What a leap! And now how he ran—like a prestissimo alla forte passage! Ah! He had caught that wretched cat. But the swallow was dead. He was too late! How gently he picked it up. Did men ever feel compassion for things hurt?

Oh! oh! the swallow had flown out of his hands! How it soared up and up! Who would not soar, saved by a strong, kind hand—from such terror! He had turned to come back. It was a good face—but after she had seen the expression of the deep-set, steady eyes she could see nothing but that. Eyes that looked kind, but not weak. In the world about Marise it had been an understood axiom that only weak people were kind.

And what now—oh bien! To defend the cat! What did he care about a cat? Yet she saw it at once. What he wanted was justice. Think of any one's wanting justice for anything—let alone a cat! No—how quaint, how amusing—one

unexpected thing after another—he wasn't a bit conceited about what he'd done—how funny that he was embarrassed and shy! Why, no man with Latin blood could have restrained himself by any effort of self-control from a little flourish of self-satisfaction after such a dashing exploit. He wasn't thinking how she must be admiring him. He wasn't thinking of himself at all. How—how nice—to see him blushing and stammering like a nice, nice boy. She could scarcely keep back the laugh of touched and pleased amusement that came to her lips.

## THE SILENT DRAMA

On the Screen Today. Strand—"Main Street." World—"Success." Sun—"Legally Dead." Moon—"Railroaded." Rialto—"Children of Dust." Muse—"Oh! Mary, Be Careful!" Grand—"Pawnticket, 210."

## AT THE THEATERS

ONLY two days remain to see the World Theater's "Road Show," Francis Ronald headlines the list of six stellar vaudeville attractions supplemented by the usual Monday feature. Starting Saturday the World presents a 7-act bill as a feature of its daily offerings. Two big headline features are found in Gaudier's Animated Toy Shop. The orchestra is a symphonic band said to be one of the favorite size bands of the country.

Ladies and kiddies will laugh just as heartily, and enjoy as thoroughly the funny side of "Sliding Billy Watson" as do the men. It is therefore, taken for granted that the daily matinee for ladies at the Gaiety theater will be very popular next week during the engagement of "Sliding Billy Watson and his Old-Fun Show." The box office opens at 10:30 this morning. Season reservations may be made.

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