

WHERE VISITORS GET A CHANCE TO GET INTO THE GAME

Other Things Than Tennis May Be Seen and Enjoyed at the Field Club When the Racquet Experts Get Together for the Annual Mid-West Competition During August's Warmest Days

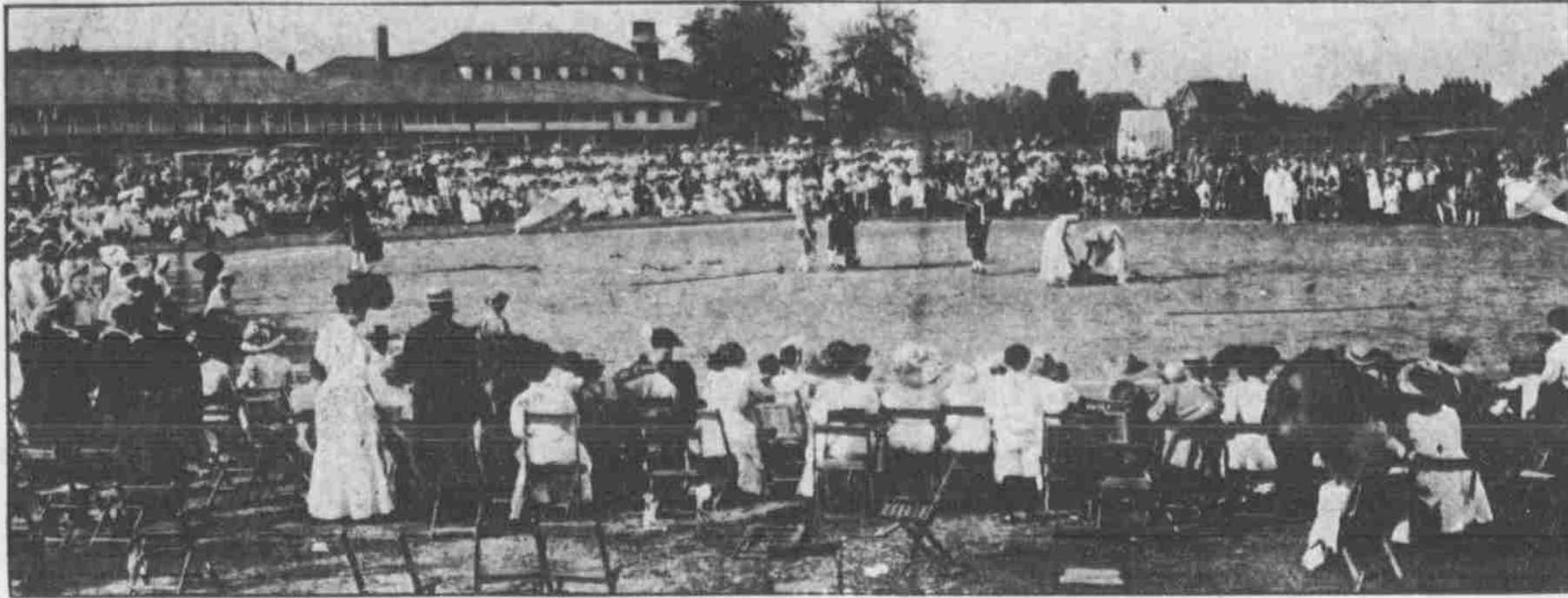
ATENNIS TOURNAMENT is a tournament at which they play tennis. The tennis is necessary, of course, but it is quite incidental. Once in a while a man comes in from some obscure town who expects to put in a full week playing tennis, but he always gets fooled. If he is anything but a whirlwind at the game he finds himself benched after the first performance so that he has to quit, and if he really can play when he arrives he usually finds other things more amusing before he gets through.

For a week before the annual Middle-West tournament at the Omaha Field club there are signs of unusual activity. The committee, which is chosen from the members of the club noted for good fellowship and entertaining ability, is bustling with preparations. Every night in the week must be carefully prepared for.

A man comparatively a stranger to tennis men and their ways made a trip to the Field club just a few days before the opening of this year's affair. The first place he went to was the office. Here he found a member of the committee. He was drawing money out of the safe. "What's that for?" he asked, innocently.

"Tennis tournament coming," answered the committeeman. "This reserve fund is to buy prizes and furnish entertainment."

He came to the dining room and there was another



ARENA AT THE FIELD CLUB DURING THE POLO MATCH AND THE BULL FIGHT.

scribed this discussion of the game is more or less off the subject. The full and complete program of a good tennis meet goes something like this:

Monday—Morning, greetings; afternoon, discussion of last year's tourney; evening, Ak-Sar-Ben.

Tuesday—Morning, a few social calls on last year's acquaintances; afternoon, calls; evening, dance to form new social acquaintances.

Wednesday—Similar to Tuesday, only worse.

Thursday—Everything called off for the burlesque games.

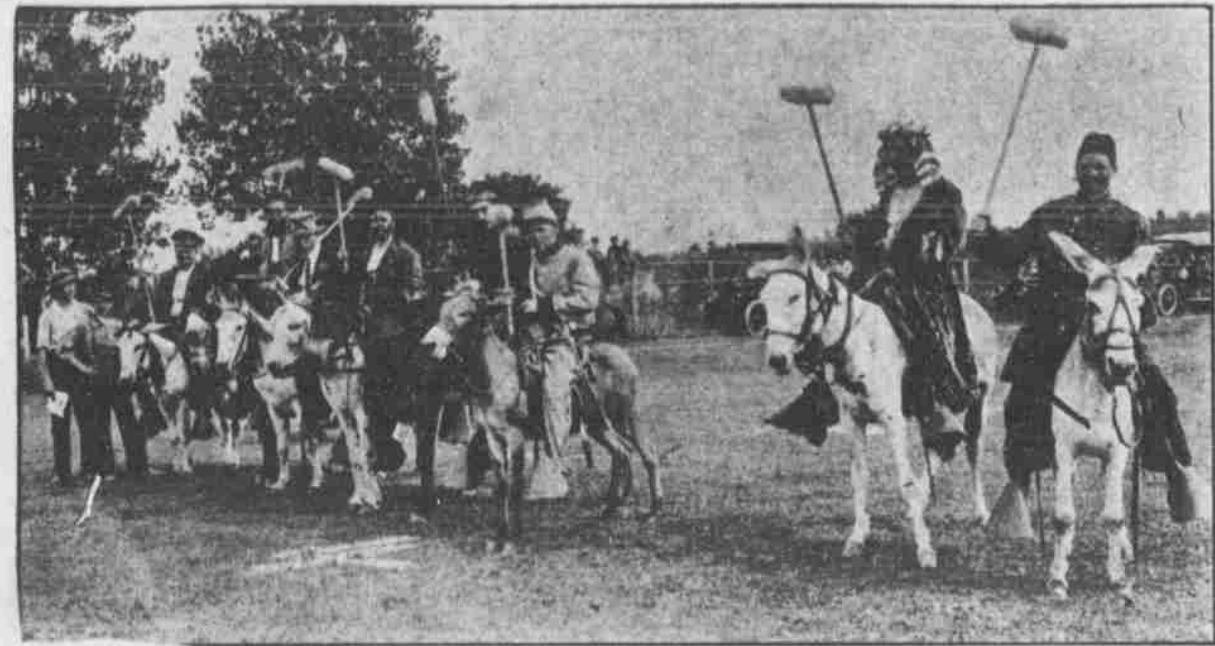
Friday—Morning and afternoon, getting ready for the evening smoker; evening, smoker.

Saturday—Goodbyes.

The athletes who can live through a program like that for several consecutive weeks every summer for four or five years is in shape to get a job and go to work. This does not mean that what was said about tennis being a strenuous game was not just so. This refers only to tennis tournaments.

The real event of the tennis week is, of course, the Friday night smoker. Nobody knows just why it is called a smoker. There is some smoking early in the evening, but it is soon forgotten in the joy of other things.

One of the surest marks of a good tennis player is the knowledge that he can sing. The tennis player is always sure, no one could dissuade him—he knows. So when they get together in congenial crowds as they do at the



"THE FOREIGN LEGION" POLO TEAM.

tourney in the west travel around from place to place on a regular circuit. Those who don't have to work do this and most of them are limited in their tennis travels only by the beginning of the college year.

The first day of the tournament always sees some tennis playing. There is always a referee whose only idea is to get more scores posted up on the bulletin board and he interferes seriously by insisting that the schedule must not fall behind. And then there are some men who must play tennis. They are the real enthusiasts. Whether they can play or not has absolutely nothing to do with their enjoyment of the game. Tennis is not much of a game for speculators. It is about as exciting as a base ball game played in the

arena. The first and foremost activity in watching a tennis match is talking. At a base ball game or a foot ball game people root, or hop up and down and throw away their new hats, but all the time they are watching the game. If they have anything to say it is directed at the umpire. But at a tennis match it is different. The excitement of the game is flavored with a mild mixture of salad ideas, or somebody's new volie. Once in a while someone takes enough interest in a player to ask where he is from. Occasionally there is a round of dainty applause when a good-looking boy strikes a fine attitude. No perspiration; no hurrahs. Nearly everyone gives or attends a bridge party at least once during the week at the Field club. The hostess usually thinks it necessary to explain



"HAPPY HOOLIGAN" POLO TEAM.

committeeman. He was directing waiters in placing new tables in the corners.

"This," explained the committeeman, "is for the tennis tournament; we must have more room for the accommodation of the visitors and for—entertainment."

Out in the dining pavilion was another committeeman.

"This floor will have to be fixed up a little," he remarked, "this tennis tournament coming, you know, and we must provide for entertainment."

The rest of the committee was found in the buffet in earnest consultation with the dusky chief-of-staff. "Tennis tournament," they explained, with an air of importance, "we must provide a sportsmanlike entertainment."

The visitor hired a golf caddy to lead him down through the locker room into the tennis courts. There he found one big, busy Swede, who was sweeping the courts. The Swede thought there might be going to be a tournament—he wasn't sure of it.

That is why when the tennis player from Yale or Princeton comes into the Field club Monday morning of the tournament he heads for the buffet, spends three hours there getting well greeted, and then borrows some tennis clothes so that he can play a few games.

When the tennis players meet at Omaha they have usually been apart from each other about two days. They saw each other the Saturday night before at Sioux City, and when they part at the Field club they expect to meet again at Kansas City the next Monday. The younger men who form the nucleus of the visiting players at every

next town where you take a look at the board once in a while to see how the game is going. But to the man who is playing it with some understanding of what he is trying to do it is real sport. The dub never realizes his own dubbiness if he can get another of the same sort to play against. He is always highly amused by his own attempts to play a good game. But these real enthusiasts are infrequent and not at all necessary to the success of the event itself. Tennis is a peculiar game, anyway. The average man puts it down without a thought as a lady's game, or at least fit only for young and otherwise inconsequent men. It can be played well by anyone who has been playing it every summer for the last five or six years and by no one else. Practice is the whole secret. The strong-armed man who spends his leisure hours hoisting pianos and safes would usually last through about half of a stiff tennis match. The real tennis arm is made of wire cable and is capable of constant exertion for hours without tiring.

It has been said that no one has ever been tennis champion of the United States who was not a millionaire. Only a man of independent fortune can afford to play all the time, and that is what makes a champion in this sort of a game. For that reason the Californians who have tennis weather nearly all the year round are great tennis players.

Most of the matches in a tournament at the Field club are watched by a gallery of femininity, with a very sparse sprinkling of men—more or less ashamed of themselves.

Tennis spectators are of two kinds, those who know nothing about the game and those who know very little. The first-class is

to her guests that the men on the courts below them are playing tennis. "Having some sort of a tournament," she remarks. "Isn't that beautiful flannel that young man is wearing?"

Once in a while a man comes to the gallery who hefted a tennis racket in his hand the last time he was in a sporting goods store to buy a fish hook and he does the critic. He watches the nearest match for a while and then asks, doing his best to conceal his contempt, "This is not a regular tournament match, is it?" No matter if a point is contested for five minutes by a series of brilliant returns, he will wait desperately for the end and then mutter, "Rotten, rotten," and chew his mustache. The tennis game is easy for this kind of a grouch because everybody loses his points the same way. There are only two things a man can do to lose a point, and these are to drive the ball into the net or out of the boundary line. The grouch knows that he could do the same things the expert finally does, and do them a lot quicker.

It is only on the last day that there is ever any real interest in the gallery. On Saturday afternoon, when somebody has emerged from entangling opponents for the ninety-third time to establish himself as champion, with only one lone fighter clinging to him for a last fight, then the gallery is scattered slightly with men folks and it assumes something of the proportions and manner of a crowd. The play is watched with intense interest for five or ten minutes, after which the talk is resumed with fervor. A championship tennis match lasts for nearly three hours sometimes; at least that is said to be the case. No layman ever was known to hang around and find out. But, as we said before, when a tennis tournament is to be de-

tournaments, and everything is supposed to be for them and by them, they take advantage of the committee.

For years the favorite selection at the Omaha Field club related how.

Around her neck she wore a yellow ribbon. She wore it for her lover, who was far, far away.

It is asserted that when this song first came out it had a plot, but if so it was the author's reason for writing it. This year a newspaper editor from Des Moines who happens to attend tennis meetings offered a ditty that went like this:

Some folks say the Field club, she ain't got no style, Why, she's style all the while, all the while.

This song went big. At the smoker it was sung no less than 700 times. It was reduced long before morning to a pleasing uniformity of tune which made it distinguishable among the others. At the smoker everybody sings. That is why the big events of Saturday the next day are all put off until the afternoon.

A man came into this year's tournament from Doniphan. He probably never attended a tournament before. It is possible that he was never out of Doniphan before. He played a good game of tennis and he played hard the first day. After that first day he was lost in the melee of the entertainment. Saturday morning he went home with a headache. He sat on the street car going toward the depot and drummed on his hat ruminatively. "That tennis," he remarked, "that tennis surely is a great game." Then he went away, humming sadly:

Around her neck she wore a yellow ribbon. She wore it for her lover, who was far, far away.

Governor Shallenberger's Invasion of the Northwest a Social Success

ONCE again has a Nebraska chief executive and his armed staff visited the great northwest on a mission of peace and good will, and returned heavily laden with good cheer and good words that tend to knit closer the bonds that unite two great sections of a great country.

The visit of Governor Shallenberger and his staff of colonels to the Seattle exposition is the fourth invasion of this region by Nebraska executives in the last eight years. In fact, it has become a habit with Nebraskans to send their chief executive to the northwest every biennium, and the great reception given them is evidence of the appreciation of the people of that section. Back in 1902 Governor Savage and his staff made the trip and the governor drove the first rivet in the battleship Nebraska. Governor Mickey and his staff were present on the occasion of the christening of the mighty battleship two years later. Governor Mickey also went to the Portland exposition. Then Governor Sheldon and his staff visited the battleship at San Francisco last year when the state presented the officers with a silver service. In the meantime, however, Governor Sheldon headed the Omaha business men who visited the northwest two years ago.

So by this time the people of the northwest are acquainted with Nebraskans, which probably accounts for the elaborate entertainment they furnished.

Of course, the feature of the Shallenberger trip was Nebraska day at the exposition. Here the governor and his staff not only met many hundreds of former Nebraska citizens and Nebraskans who were visiting on the coast, but were entertained and did entertain from early morning until late at night. So inspiring was the occasion and such were the heights attained by Governor Shallenberger in delivering an address that Congressman Sulzer of New York formally nominated him for president on the democratic ticket in 1912, and the Seattle Daily Times had this to say of him:

"For half an hour this morning hundreds of former Nebraskans, packing the auditorium of the New York state building at the exposition, listened with rapt attention to the most scholarly, powerful oratorical effort delivered since the opening of the fair. The speaker was Governor A. C. Shallenberger of Nebraska, an orator of exceptional power and pleasing personality. During his masterful address on the greatness of the agricultural resources of his state, a pin could have been heard to drop, so entranced were his auditors with his words. Exposition visitors and officials who have heard many speakers at the exposition unanimously declared after the address that they had never heard so pleasing an effort since the fair began."

That little excerpt of the doings of the governor and his staff just gives an inkling of how they got off on the right foot at the start. From that time on the Nebraskans "were doing very well."

Governor Shallenberger delivered his address on the morning of August 17, and that night he was given a banquet by the exposition managers, to which was invited his entire party and Governor Gilchrist of Florida, Governor Vessey of South Dakota, Congressman Sulzer of New York, with whom the governor served in congress; Mayor Pratt of Seattle, President Chilberg and the directors of the

exposition. At the banquet the governor made another hit, but he was not the only one. James E. Kelby, general counsel for the Burlington railroad, who, with Mrs. Kelby, was visiting the exposition, accepted the title of colonel for the evening and therefore was a guest at the banquet. His fame having preceded him, he was naturally called upon for an after-dinner talk. He spoke for Omaha, the toastmaster announced, the last city to hold a successful exposition. Among other things Colonel Kelby said, speaking for the benefit of the several governors present:

"I am impressed with the sovereignty of the state. I never come under the wing of a governor but what I am reminded of the strict observance of the statutes of the several states. So it pains me that one of the most prominent laws of our state has been so ruthlessly violated tonight—the 8 o'clock closing law."

Which also indicated that the governor and his staff were "still doing very well."

In his talk at the banquet Governor Shallenberger referred to the nine battleships which had been seen in the harbor that day, and which had been such a treat to all the visitors. In speaking of the huge affairs, the governor said there must be men behind the guns, men of good material, and he was proud to announce that the "bacon which gave the men courage and staying qualities came from Nebraska." Which statement was literally true, for the governor investigated the commissary and discovered the bacon had all been bought in Nebraska.

The governor and his party reached Seattle on Sunday afternoon and Private Secretary W. J. Furse, who had charge of the colonels, at once notified President Chilberg of the exposition officially of the

arrival of the party. The announcement to President Chilberg was the signal for the city to turn itself over to the Nebraskans. The exposition management left to Mr. Furse the matter of the program for Nebraska day, Tuesday, and in the meantime presented to him the right-of-way over everything on and off the exposition grounds for every member of the party. The New York state building was turned over to the Nebraskans and on Tuesday the entire party, headed by the Clan Fraser pipers, marched into the grounds and to the building, where the exercises occurred. Then guides were furnished and every member of the party was given an opportunity to see the exposition.

Following the banquet in the evening an informal reception was held, during which Governor and Mrs. Shallenberger were presented to hundreds of wandering Nebraskans who still carry in their hearts a great love for the prairie state.

A feature of Nebraska day was the meeting between John Hartman, now one of the most prominent attorneys on the coast, but formerly of Kearney, and Colonel Marshall of Omaha. These two had not seen each other for twenty-five years, when they were school-boys together. They fell on each other's necks at sight, and as the lid was off there was no end to the reminiscences they told each other. All of which was thoroughly enjoyed by the remainder of the party. Mr. Hartman presided over the exercises in place of President Chilberg.

The first important stop made by the governor's party was at Spokane, where the irrigation congress was in session. Here a reception committee met the party at the station and marched to the convention hall, where seats had been arranged on the stage. As the governor at the head of an gallant lot of colonels as ever drew a sword in defense of the right, and as beautiful and stately women as ever crossed a continent, entered the audience forgot for the time the Pinchot-Ballinger differences and the applause paved the way for the harmony speech delivered by the governor. The chief executive scored here when, after listening to the governors of half a dozen states tell of their products and resources, announced that none of them had produced the goods while he brought "specimens" with him, and he waved in the direction of his party. The audience, so the papers said, showed its approval by prolonged applause.

That night the Commercial club of Spokane gave a dinner to the Nebraskans and tried to get them to stop and live there. Among the distinguished outsiders at this dinner were: Governor Brady of Idaho, Governor Norris of Montana, Governor Vessey of South Dakota, Governor Gilchrist of Florida and Governor Hay of Washington. Governor Hay addressed the party on behalf of the state of Washington and Governor Shallenberger responded on behalf of the visiting executives.

But that was not all the entertainment furnished by the Washingtonians. Robert Jones, a relative of the governor of Nebraska, who is married to a niece of Mrs. Shallenberger, felt it doubly incumbent on himself to do something for the visitors, so he and Mrs. Jones took the party on a trolley ride to Prospect lake, where a



GOVERNOR SHALLENBERGER AND PARTY AT THE ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION.

(Continued on Page Two.)