

more quickly to kindness than to brutality.

A year ago, so the story goes, Jess Willard had to scrape to get enough money to pay interest on a mortgage on his home.

The other day he paid \$33,000 for the share of two men in his contract, leaving the split of his earnings between himself, Jack Curley and Tom Jones, his managers.

Curley says Willard will have \$50,000 in bank in a short time and all he makes from now on will be split three ways instead of five.



Miss Loretta Hoag of New York is not the only girl fight manager. Miss Elizabeth Tucker, an Indian girl of Oklahoma, is managing her brother, Lonnie, who she touts as a coming champ.

Miss Tucker traveled to St. Paul, Milwaukee and Chicago, looking for matches. Besides handling the business end of bouts, she supervises her brother's training.

## BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, WELL KNOWN NEGRO, DEAD

Tuskegee, Ala., Nov. 15.—Booker T. Washington, leader of the negro people and principal of the Tuskegee Institute for Negroes, died yesterday as a result of a nervous breakdown. He was believed to be 56 or 57 years old, but no one knew the date of his birth. His funeral will be held at the Tuskegee Institute Wednesday morning.

Booker T. Washington was born on a plantation near Hale's Ford, a slave. His father is believed to have been a slave from a neighboring plantation. As the boy had no last name he adopted the name "Washington" when he first went to school.

When the slaves were freed in 1865 he went to work in a coal mine to support his mother and himself. Hearing of the Hampton Institute, Virginia, he walked 500 miles, was admitted to the classes and did chores and janitor work for his living. While in Hampton he conceived the idea, which he worked out in Tuskegee, of an industrial school for negroes.

### —O—O— HE UNDERSTOOD

An automobile was going up the mountain. A man, driving a team of mules, was coming down.

There was not room enough to pass, and, of course, the motorist felt that it was up to him to back down and give the mules right of way. But there was an obstacle. In the back seat of the automobile sat a woman, the wife of the driver.

"You'll not back down," she said.

"But my dear, the man can't back his mules up the mountain."

"I don't care. We'll not back down."

There was a pause, then the man with the mules sighed, shook hands with the motorist and, looking toward the woman, said:

"That's all right, old man. I'll back the mules up the mountain. I've got one just like that at home."