

HERE YOU ARE MR. SPORT FAN

THE MAN-HIGHER-UP

The Story of a True American
BY HENRY RUSSELL MILLER

McCamment Signs Up

The salary question has been compromised with Pitcher Lou McCamment by the Tiger management and he will be in Tacoma uniform again the coming season. In addition to McCamment there will be 24 other players, if no more sign up. At present the contracts are in as follows:
Catchers—Berens, De Selle.
Pitchers—Moore, Reardon, McCamment, Hall, Geohan, Schmutz, Taylor, Thomas, Wortley, Annis.
Infielders—Fisher, Rockenfield, McFadden, Howatt, Lange, Baker, Goldenson, Mott.
Outfielders—Warren, Bassey, Nast, Jennings, Lynch.
Coleman will probably not come back and is likely to take up athletic work at the Oregon university.

COMMITTEE WORKING FOR GOOD MEET

The committee consisting of J. G. Fletcher, E. E. Perkins and C. W. Kneiff, in charge of the state high school athletic meet in the Stadium May 20, have issued a statement that they are not seeking to defeat the State university meet, but simply going ahead to conduct a successful meet here. Everything is working out to the end of a big day. It is expected the meet will be the largest ever held in the state.

HACK THROWS CUTLER TWICE

(By United Press Leased Wire.) CHICAGO, Feb. 14.—Through sheer strength George Hackenschmidt today is victor over Charles Cutler, whom he threw twice here last night. Hack's first fall came in one hour and three minutes, and the second in ten minutes, both with toe holds. "Amerley's" and Fred Beel wrestled one hour without a fall and the match was called a draw.

EVERS' ANKLE IS MENDED

(By United Press Leased Wire.) CHICAGO, Feb. 14.—Johnny Evers, the star second sacker of the Cubs is here today, just as good as ever, and Chicago fans are jubilant. With his broken leg entirely mended Evers is optimistic over the team's chances for this season and expects to see the Cubs grab the world's championship. Evers is awaiting the arrival of Manager Chance from San Francisco before signing his contract.

"Bullet" Thoney on First? He May Play for Boston



When the Boston Red Sox take the field this summer, Jack Thoney, alias The Bullet, may be on first base, vice Garland Stahl, now a Chicago batter.
When Stahl gave up his diamond career, he tossed a small bomb into the camp of the red legs. Substitutes there were not, and President John I. Taylor decided to train a man for the job.
In Jack Thoney, Boston has a player who a couple of years ago was considered the fastest man in the business, a great outfielder, phenomenal thrower and heavy hitter. But Thoney was as brittle as glass and broke in various places from time to time. Baseball has few recorded instances of players who have been as unfortunate as Thoney. Injury followed injury until he was no longer considered as a player.
Owner Taylor believes Thoney can play first base. His speed should make him a wonder, if he can master the footwork and become accustomed to the big mitt. Thoney is a .300 hitter, and if he can play the initial sack his batting ability will do much to add to the aggressive ability of the team and fill the gap caused when Stahl laid aside his uniform.

"THE PUG'S PROGRESS"

Or, the Rise and Fall of a Champion. A LIFE STORY IN PICTURES.

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13—THE CHAMPIONSHIP GOES GLIMMERING.

An account of "how it all happened," by Bruise McStew, who was in the fallen idol's corner:
"I don't mind saying I always was leary of the Kid's condition. He hadn't shown much while training and in the first few rounds his punches were without steam. He had lost his wallop. As the fight dragged along I told him to make a wrestling match of it and hang on to save himself, because he was outclassed. He thought he still had a chance. Toward the end Smash just hit him s he pleased. In the 12th he was saved by the gong and I wanted to throw up the sponge for him, but he said, "No, I'll take my medicine even if he croaks me." In the next he got it. He was so weak he could hardly hold up his hands and got beaten to a pulp. No wonder the referee had mercy and stopped the fight.
"Kid Biff cried to me after it was all over and says he can take the title away from Smash again. I wish I could believe it."

(CONTINUED.)

ROW ON REGARDING OFFICIAL BALL

(By United Press Leased Wire.) NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—A big row began today between big league magnates assembled in their annual meeting at the Hotel Breslin, over the adoption of the official ball to be used this season. President Herrmann of the Cincinnati club, attempted to get the league to discard the Spalding ball, which has been in use for years, and adopt one manufactured in his home town.
Murphy, Fogel, Tibbits and Russell held out for the Spalding ball, while four other magnates favored a change. A decision was expected today.

SPORT CHIPS

"There's small choice in rotten apples."
Among wrestlers who have been victims of Frank Gotch's irresistible toehold there is a movement on to have this abolished. Some of them think if they can get the hold done away with they might stand a chance with the big Iowa wrestler.

The peevish feelings in Chicago, over Michigan's ability to make up a football schedule without the pale of the conference colleges, reaches to the sport pages.

Comes a whisper from Sweden, apropos of holding the 1912 olympic games in this country: "Ah tank not, by yimminy."

OH! MERCY! MABEL—JUST SUPPOSE John L. Sullivan were the man he thinks he is.

Barney Oldfield should have told the truth.

Auto racing was an honest-to-goodness sport.

Telephone conversations were actually recorded.

Hans Wagner should refuse to play ball.

Scientists discovered Cook found the pole.

Baseball magnates failed to claim the pennant.

BOWLING

The Tacoma Stars defeated the Roberts Rollers in a fast bowling contest last night 898, 966 and 811 to 819, 901 and 908.

Reichert, Ballou and Kellerman of the Stars and Bartlett and Lohre of the opposition, each rolled over 200, Kellerman leading with 222.

The First Christian church defeated the Presbyterians at bowling in the church league last night although the latter took the second game.

The scores were: Christian, 1045, 950; Presbyterian, 932, 1022.

Miss Vansog of the Christian team broke the woman's record of the alleys, bowling 154.

WILL TRAIN FOR MATCH WHILE ON STAGE

(By United Press Leased Wire.) CADILLAC, Mich., Feb. 14.—Champion Ad Wolgast will train for his match with "Knockout" Brown on the stage. The champion announced today that he had signed contracts which called for his appearance in vaudeville in New York on February 20. Wolgast believes that he can fit himself for the ten-round batter with Brown and pick up a little easy money at the same time. He is slated to meet Brown March 3.

FLYNN TO MEET CARL MORRIS

(By United Press Leased Wire.) PUEBLO, Colo., Feb. 14.—Jim Flynn is in active training today for his bout with Carl Morris, the Oklahoma "hope," scheduled for Washington's birthday at Tulsa, Okla. Flynn expects to weight 190 pounds. Morris fights at about 225.

AMERICAN LEAGUE MEETING IS TODAY

(By United Press Leased Wire.) CHICAGO, Feb. 14.—The American league meeting this afternoon was expected to be the shortest and most harmonious the organization has ever held. A playing schedule was to be voted on and then the magnates planned to adjourn until tonight, when they will be guests at Ben Ship's banquet. No trades materialized during the morning.

MCCARTHY TO BOX MORRIS BLOOM

(By United Press Leased Wire.) OAKLAND, Feb. 14.—Jack McCarthy of San Francisco, who recently held off Packy McFarland for ten rounds, will box Morris Bloom, a Chicago lightweight, here, for six rounds tomorrow night.

Winners of Doubles Championship



W. M. HARTLEY, AL SELLER.

Hartley and Seller of East Liverpool, O., won the two-men championship at the American bowling congress, in St. Louis, shooting 1246 pins, which was 15 more than the winners last year gathered.

\$426,000 IN GOLD IN ONE SHIPMENT

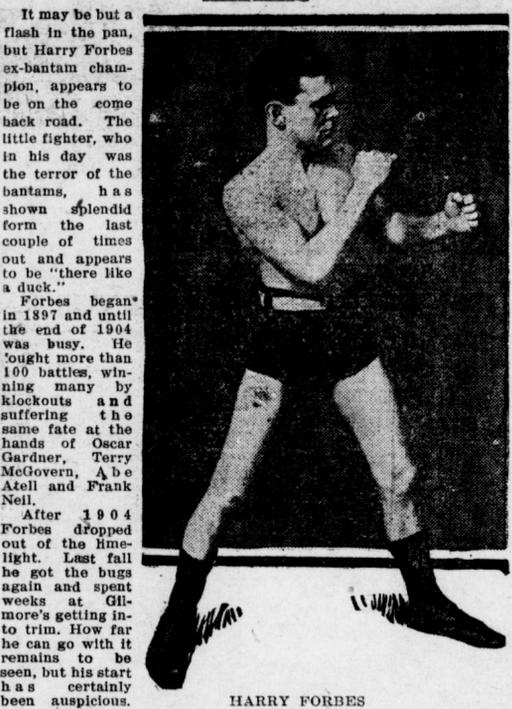
(By United Press Leased Wire.) SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 14.—The second richest express shipment of gold ever sent out of Nevada is here today from the Goldfield Consolidated mines. It consists of 19 ingots, weighing 1,338 pounds and worth \$426,000. It will be refined at the Selby smelter.

The richest shipment of gold ever sent out was from the Hayden-Monnet property four years ago. It was worth \$574,598.

MEN'S CLUB TO BANQUET TONIGHT

The Men's club of the First Congregational church will hold a meeting tonight beginning with a banquet at 6:30. In the business session the plan of organizing the Men's club of the state into a league will be considered.
Oliver Curtis, Rev. E. L. Smith and R. C. McAllister will speak.

Harry Forbes Back in Ring Seeking the Honors He Lost



It may be but a flash in the pan, but Harry Forbes ex-bantam champion, appears to be on the come back road. The little fighter, who in his day was the terror of the bantams, has shown splendid form the last couple of times out and appears to be "there like a duck."
Forbes began in 1897 and until the end of 1904 was busy. He fought more than 100 battles, winning many by knockouts and suffering the same fate at the hands of Oscar Gardner, Terry McGovern, Abe Atell and Frank Neil.

After 1904 Forbes dropped out of the limelight. Last fall he got the bugs again and spent weeks at Gilmore's getting in trim. How far he can go with it remains to be seen, but his start has certainly been auspicious.

Workers of the World

BY PETER POWER.

CALIFORNIA TROUBLE BOUND TO SPREAD

It is almost certain that the war between the advocates of the open shop and the metal trades, printers and brewery workers in southern California, which has gained national prominence, will spread into the building trades, and probably other branches of industry within the next few weeks. In anticipation of a long and desperate siege the California building trades council has decided to purchase a farm near Los Angeles, which will be utilized for the purpose of raising food products to support the workers on strike.

Many of the international unions are arranging to send stated amounts into the strike district every month, and this money and the farm, it is confidently believed, will enable the workers to continue the fight indefinitely.
The contest has been stripped of minor issues and has simmered down to the question of open or closed shop. The unionists admit that if they are defeated their organizations will be destroyed or badly crippled for many years to come. Hence they intend to force the employers to treat with them, or drive them into bankruptcy.

CHEMIST REMOVES JAGS FROM BEER

LONDON, Feb. 14.—Fifty-two expert brewers got together here to test two samples of beer. They found 'em, smelled 'em, and did everything else possible. More than half the experts declared the two samples identical. A few connoisseurs detected some subtle, undefinable difference.
One of the samples tested was ordinary beer. The other was de-alcoholized beer from which practically every particle of alcohol had been removed.
De-alcoholized beer is the discovery of Otto Overbeck, principal chemist in a large London brewery. After 30 years of research he has perfected a method for removing alcohol from beer and similar malt or brewed beverages, while leaving unimpaired the flavor, sparkle, taste and all nutritive and digestive qualities. Overbeck says:
"I have now found that by subjecting lukewarm beer to a brisk current of carbonic gas it is possible to drive out the alcohol, which escapes in the form of minute bubbles. The quantity of alcohol expelled can be controlled by regulating the current of gas."

Another prospect opened by the discovery is that of the output, as a by-product, of cheap whisky for use in motor-gases of all kinds instead of gasoline.
A company is being formed to take over Overbeck's patents and the first de-alcoholized brewery will shortly be started at Grimsby.
Scott's Studio, Fidelity bldg.

TACOMA THEATER
"THE PLAY I EVER SAW."
By George Broadhurst
Col. Roosevelt.
Prices—25c to \$1.00.

Majestic
VAUDEVILLE
SULLIVAN & CONSIDINE
"THE HOUSE OF EXITS"
FUN GALORE IN THIS BILL (Now Running.)
FOUR MUSICAL AVOLOS
DAINTY EVA MUDGE
Six Other Big Acts.
Get Under the Canopy—Keep Out of the Wet.
The Majestic Corner—Brightest Spot in Tacoma.

PANTAGES THEATER
"UNEQUALLED VAUDEVILLE"
AM This Week.
SIX INTERNATIONAL HOBOES
THE CROMWELLS
And Seven Other Features.
Evening Prices—15c, 25c; Box Chairs, 50c. Matinee, 15c.

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For the next few days Paul saw Eleanor daily. She was very kind to him and he was therefore lifted into the seventh heaven. The generosity of the hopeful lover led him to throw himself more enthusiastically into Bob's campaign. But Bob was very busy and there was little opportunity for anything but business conversation; Eleanor Gilbert's name was never mentioned between them. Nevertheless, Bob was not so busy but that she was often in his thoughts. It was at this time that he finally decided on a plan which had been suggested to him by Sanger's visit. This decision led to several long-distance telephone calls between him and Dunmeade and Murchell.
Paul took Eleanor to call on Kathleen early in the week. His prophecy that they would become good friends was not fulfilled, at least immediately. Kathleen, with a self-consciousness foreign to her, saw in Eleanor's honest efforts to please her only patronage. And Eleanor, chilled, was convinced that the older woman disliked her. Kathleen returned the call a few days later, but at that time Eleanor had left the city to spend the week-end with her cousin, Mrs. Dunmeade.

CHAPTER XIV The Force.

"The time will come when you will be forced to join with us," Mrs. Dunmeade had once predicted to Bob. And the prediction had come true.
But not alone because of the exigencies of his political situation. If it had been a question of political strategy, I doubt that he would ever have gone to Dunmeade or Murchell. Even Mrs. Dunmeade, keenly as she had analyzed him, did not realize the daring and sweep of his ambition. Left to his original plan of campaign, he would have waited until the governor's political necessities compelled the latter to make the overture; then the alliance would have been effected on terms bound to insure Bob's ultimate mastery. Just what sort of history would have been written under Bob's boss-ship, as he first dreamed it, we need not surmise. For another factor had entered into his calculations—Eleanor Gilbert.

As the days went by and the change in Paul—attributable to but one cause—became more and more manifest, and his own resentment against her influence over the younger man bit deeper, Bob abandoned the crude, callow reasoning with which he had defended his opposition to her. He admitted frankly to himself that his opposition sprang from his jealous love of Paul and his strong dislike for her—he so called it. For the life of him he could not decide which was the stronger motive. Also he bowed to her taunt that he had no weapons to match hers. Nevertheless it was not in him to yield, and he resolved to sacrifice a part of his ambition that he might offer a chromo with his pound of tea.
"Some day I'm thinkin' ye'll love somebody—hard. Thin God pity ye!" Patrick Flinn had prophesied.

Therefore, with little joy in his heart, he went to the capital for his interview with Dunmeade and Murchell.
Twenty-four hours in the governor's mansion made Eleanor regret her visit. The beautiful sympathy and simplicity of the Dunmeade household, by its very contrast recalling her own unhappy marriage, made her life seem utterly empty. The afternoon of her second day at the capital she had gone to Mrs. Dunmeade's sitting-room and had surprised the governor there. He had stolen away from his office for a few minutes, and was romping with the children, while his wife looked smilingly on.
Eleanor, unnoticed and feeling her presence in the pretty little family group a profanation, tip-

ped on her loneliness. Not until the governor's footsteps sounded along the hallway did she venture to return to Mrs. Dunmeade. The youngest child, a little boy just learning to walk, was rubbing his eyes sleepily, and Eleanor, taking him into her arms, crooned a slumber song to him, while Mrs. Dunmeade sewed.
"I always make the little ones' clothes myself," Mrs. Dunmeade explained.
Eleanor nodded understandingly. "I know. I would myself, if I had babies of my own. And I wouldn't leave them to a nurse." She held the little sleeper closer. "I understand now how you could leave your beautiful home and all your old friends to come here."
"It was a little hard at first," Mrs. Dunmeade said softly, so as not to disturb the baby's slumber, "but I soon got over that. We've been here six years now and I'll hate to leave it. I've had John and the children, and our old friends, the best of them at least, visit us often. Occasionally, too, we meet very interesting people. By the way, we are to have one such for dinner this evening."
"A personage?"
"I think we may call him that," Mrs. Dunmeade smiled. "One of your city's politicians, Robert McAdoo."

Eleanor almost dropped the child in her astonishment. "Robert McAdoo?"
"You know him, then?" Mrs. Dunmeade's question convicted her of duplicity, since Paul Remington had written her, confiding to her a little of his trouble.
The child stirred uneasily, and Eleanor hummed a few bars of the slumber song before she answered.
"Yes, I've met him three times in my life. And he hates me."
"He hates you? Why?"
Eleanor laughed shortly. "He thinks I'm in love with Paul Remington and am trying to break his—Mr. McAdoo's, I mean—influence over him."
"Well, are you?"
"Which?"
"In love?"
If the question had come from any one else or at another time, Eleanor would probably have laughed it off. But she was in a mood for confidences. She shrugged her shoulders.
"I'd like to be."
"And to the other?"
Eleanor nodded vindictively. "I'd like that, too. He's so sure of himself and so arrogant. He stirs all the wickedness in me—there's a lot of it—to life. I'd like to hurt him. Or, at least, I'd like to prove that I could if I chose. Isn't that childish?"
Mrs. Dunmeade shook her head gravely. "My dear, never tempt a man you love to a dishonorable act, even though you hate another."
"But I'm not sure I love the one—in fact, I'm almost sure I don't—and I really dislike the other."
"Then why do it?"
"Sheer deviltry, I suppose. It's all his fault," she added, almost petulantly. "If only he would behave as a normal man and withdraw his gratuitous enmity, I should be willing to leave him in peace. I confess my vanity."
"Then by being normal you mean succumbing to your charms like other men? But, my dear, Mr. McAdoo isn't a normal man. Which is proved by the fact that he, an ex-mill-hand, receives so much thought from a woman who, I remember, as a girl judged all men by the standards of gentility," Mrs. Dunmeade smiled into her sewing.
Eleanor winced. "I've been effectually cured of my snobbery," she laughed contemptuously. "No American who has ever lived abroad, and especially we nouveau riches trying to break into society, can comfortably hold to his reverence for—breeding and pedigree."
"Still, Robert McAdoo leaves much to be desired," Mrs. Dunmeade demurred.
(Continued Tomorrow.)

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