

HERE YOU ARE MR. SPORT FAN

ENGLISH FANS NOW THINK LANGFORD COULD LICK JACK

(By United Press Leased Wire.) LONDON, Feb. 22.—Sam Langford was the pugilistic hero of London today and the British fight fans clamored for a match between the Boston "tar baby" and Champion Jack Johnson. Promoter McIntosh announced that he was trying to match the two negro fighters and if he succeeds Englishmen who witnessed yesterday's bout between Langford and Bill Lang will back Sam.

Lang was outclassed and never had a show at any stage of the fight. Sam came out of the battle with a scratch. He announced today that he would remain in training until definite word was received from Johnson.

Langford opened the ball, crouching low as he bored into the taller Australian. The negro was more for shifty than his opponent, who found it difficult to land. Langford got home four hard stomach blows while Lang only landed lightly to the face and head. It was all Langford.

Round Two. When the two again faced in the center, Langford bored in again Lang backing around the ring before a shower of blows and going to the mat at the end of the round under a right swing that laid him flat. Lang was plainly outclassed and the negro's supporters made the roof ring with acclamation.

Langford's rushing tactics again played havoc with the Australian in the third. Sam bored in constantly, landing heavily at will. In a minute Lang's face and eyes were streaming with blood and just before the bell he went down from a savage straight jab to the jaw.

Sam's wide grin was his answer to the first real attempt Lang made to stand his ground and

swap punches. The Australian stayed in close but his blows seemed to lack punishing power and every swing and jab by the negro rocked the white man to his heels. Every time Lang's head cracked back, Sam laughed. There was nothing to it but the negro.

Round Five. In the fifth Langford went after his man in earnest apparently bent on making a quick finish. Twice he downed the Australian for the count of nine, only the gong saving Lang on the last occasion.

Lang plainly outclassed, resorted to rough tricks in the sixth, it being evident that he desired to avoid the impending knockout. The climax came when the negro fell while making a swing at Lang, and before he recovered his feet, the white man landed a vicious punch. Immediately the referee jumped into the ring and Lang was disqualified.

BIG ROAD RACE OPENS TODAY

(By United Press Leased Wire.) SAN LEANDRO RACE COURSE, Cal., Feb. 22.—Conquest of the course today prevented an early start in the Oakland Panama-Pacific automobile road races. At 9 o'clock the grandstand was almost full, the spectators filing slowly in, after a long walk from the car lines. Automobiles, crowded to the running boards, were coming in by the score, and being parked near the grandstand.

HOFMAN QUITS BASEBALL



ARTIE HOFMAN.

By United Press Leased Wire.) CHICAGO, Feb. 22.—Artie Hofman star outfielder of the Cubs, announced today his retirement from baseball. "I have quit for good," said Hofman. "I wouldn't play if my salary were doubled. My loan business at Akron, Ohio, requires my entire attention."

NEW SPRING SUITS

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FREDDIE WELSH, PUGILIST EXTRAORDINARY READS IBSEN, DRIVES MOTOR AND SKETCHES

Lightweight Champion Unpopular Because of His Business Capacity—Is a Vegetarian and Physical Culturist.

LONDON, Feb. 22.—Freddie Welsh, England's lightweight champion, is in the spotlight, owing to his win over Jim Driscoll and the possibility that he will again meet Paddy McFarland.

Welsh isn't popular here—with the club or his fellow countrymen. They say his methods in negotiating for a match and in training and fighting, are unorthodox and un-English—which is another way of saying they are American. As a matter of fact, the Cardiff boxer is the "cutest," brainiest boy in the business, in the United States or elsewhere. He is as different from the typical English member of "the fancy" as chalk is from cheese.

Welsh is a patron of the drama and is familiar with Ibsen as he is with Shakespeare or George Bernard Shaw.

In a word, Welsh is different. It is difficult for an Englishman to give the little fellow credit for what he has accomplished, intellectually and physically. Asked to explain his training methods for the Daily Times Welsh wrote as follows:

BY FRED WELSH, Lightweight Champion of England.

More than anything else I am an apostle of physical culture and what I believe to be right methods of living; so I am always glad of an opportunity to tell how I acquire strength, speed and endurance.

My interest in diet and physical culture grew out of the fact that at sixteen I was given up by doctors and that I recovered my health and made myself what I am through the study and practice of the methods I advocate. I am a strict vegetarian when in training because I have found that I am stronger, swifter and more enduring when on a non-meat diet. Also I have found that I can control my weight better.

When I gained the decision over Abe Attell I had trained on a strict diet of fruit and nuts, at the same time "Fletcherizing" (thoroughly masticating my food). Usually, however, besides nuts and fruit, I eat eggs, salads, macaroni, beans, peas, cheese, a great deal of olive oil, honey and whole wheat bread.

My sister traveled all over the United States with me, superintending my diet and witnessing most of my important fights. When I prepared for my battle with Johnny Summers in November of 1909, I trained at Macfadden's health home at Chelsea, and the result was that I lost my sister as a companion, as she soon after became the wife of the doctor-manager.

I have trained a great deal in public, with the object, partly, of making my methods known. Sometimes I have charged admission, turning the receipts over to charity, and I am glad to say I have been able to contribute several hundred pounds in that way. In America I often had more than 2000 men, women and children to see my training performance.

I try never to be out of training, but as relaxation is an important part of my system, I find that between contests I need a complete change of life and scene. In these intervals I see as many good plays as possible, go for long motoring trips, sketch a little along the Welsh coast, and read poetry—in a word, I get as far away as possible from the gym and training camp.

I believe in an abundance of fresh air. I do not use tobacco, liquor, tea or coffee. I eat only two meals a day.

The only way to keep fit is to lead a natural life, that is what my system amounts to.

—FRED WELSH.

VICTORIA TEAM MAY BE "BEES"

(By United Press Leased Wire.) VICTORIA, B. C., Feb. 22.—The troubles of Manager Wattalet of the Victoria baseball team of the Northwestern league have started. He advertised the fact that he would give an annual pass to the person supplying a name for his new team. Since then his mail has been heavy. One letter seems to have made an impression on him. It is from a young lady, and among other things says: "The Bees" is the name best suited. The Bees' will be the busy sweet workers of the Northwestern league, whose 'stings' will be felt this season, and when the 1911 pennant waves in the Victoria breeze 'stung' will be the message wafted to the vanquished hosts of Vancouver, Seattle, Spokane, Tacoma and Portland."

JOHNSON TO SPAR

(By United Press Leased Wire.) SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 22.—Champion Jack Johnson has agreed to give a boxing exhibition with his sparring partner, Walter Monahan, at Dreamland rink within the next two weeks, it was announced here today.



FREDDIE WELSH AND HIS SISTER.

FAMOUS DRIVERS WILL BE IN 500-MILE RACE

(By United Press Leased Wire.) INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 22.—The most famous drivers in Europe and the United States are to participate in the 500-mile automobile race to be held at the Indianapolis motor speedway on May 30, according to official announcement today. Ralph DePalma, Johnny Atkins, Joe Dawson, the Chevrolet brothers, Eddie Hearne and Jack Fleming will be among the contestants.

HOGAN - BROWN BOUT TONIGHT

(By United Press Leased Wire.) NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—The acid test on pugilism will be put to "One Round" Jack Hogan here tonight when he clashes with "Knockout" Brown in a ten-round bout. Since Brown nearly trimmed Ad Wolgast in Philadelphia, New York sporting writers have boosted him as the coming lightweight champion. In Hogan he will meet one of the hardest auto in the business, and the winner of tonight's milling will be in direct line for a fight with the champion.

Both boys are in excellent shape and fight fans are looking for a rattling good bout.

BASKETBALL

The Whitworth basketball team which has been laid up with grip for a week all got well suddenly last night and went on the floor and defeated St. Martin's academy by 39 to 21. The team will tackle the University of Puget Sound Saturday night.

He Goes to White Sox



This solemn person is Jess Baker, who will join the Chicago White Sox shortly. Jess pitched 46 games for the Spokane Indians last season and won 28 of them, losing 10 and either getting a tie or a called game in the others. He led the league as winning pitcher, his percentage being .737. He is a right-hander, bats as a fair clip for a pitcher and fields his position in the .900 class.

O'Brien Under Arrest

Jack O'Brien, the baseball player with Vancouver last year, was arrested and jailed in default of \$500 bail here yesterday on a charge of threatening to kill his divorced wife, Carrie Ryneros. She says he came to her and wanted money, saying he was broke. O'Brien says she tried to persuade him to leave his present wife and remarry her, and that her charge is spite work.

PARKLAND FAILS TO SHOW UP

When Parkland academy flunked last night and failed to appear for the basketball game at Puget Sound university, the latter quickly substituted two lively inter-class games and held the crowd. The college team defeated the Commercial boys 26 to 8, but it was a fight all the way. A picked academy team went down before the third team of the academy 43 to 20.

COHN NOW BEGINNING TO LET MEN GO

(By United Press Leased Wire.) SPOKANE, Feb. 22.—Joe Cohn, who signed up everything that looked like a ball player, is beginning to cut down. He released Pitchers Smithson and Scott and Infielder Harms and Fielder Marsh, and has signed up Catcher McIntosh, who was with Moosejaw last year.

Basketball League Is Opened

The new Commercial league of the Y. M. C. A. started last night on the basketball contests, and three games were played. The Bankers defeated Butel Business college 17 to 12; Rhoads Brothers defeated the Y. M. C. A. day school 14 to 12; Postoffice defeated the State Business college 2 to 0.

MORRIS MEETS FLYNN TODAY

(By United Press Leased Wire.) OKLAHOMA CITY, Feb. 22.—Carl Morris, the Oklahoma giant who is referred to as the "white man's hope," will be given another tryout here this afternoon when he meets Jim Flynn, the Pueblo fireman, in a ten round bout. If Morris beats Flynn he probably will be matched with Al Kaufmann.

WEIGHT DISPUTE IS SETTLED

(By United Press Leased Wire.) NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—With the dispute over the weight question practically settled, New York fight fans believed today that the match between Paddy McFarland and Owen Moran is a certainty. Moran today agreed to McFarland's demand that the two scrappers weigh in at 135 pounds at 5 o'clock. Charley Harvey, Moran's manager, has gone to Philadelphia to meet McFarland.

RIVERS FAVORITE

(By United Press Leased Wire.) LOS ANGELES, Feb. 22.—Betting on the "Young" Rivers and Jimmy Reagan fight at Vernon this afternoon went to 10 to 7 today, with Rivers the favorite. The articles of agreement called for catch weights, letting Rivers in about five pounds heavier than Reagan.

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THE MAN HIGHER UP

The Story of a True American

BY HENRY RUSSELL MILLER

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"It was quite true, what Haggan suggested. The strain was telling even on Bob's strength. Unwonted hollows appeared in his cheeks and temples. His deep-set eyes sank under his brows. But he showed about his mouth. But feverish activity was a necessity to him, to deaden all thought of the thing which haunted him—the thing which, unless he dragged home a body wearied to the point of exhaustion, kept him tossing in bed or pacing the floor sleeplessly—the face of a woman whom he had brutally struck down in his wild anger.

But his work told. The city was in a turmoil of political excitement. The press revealed in the opportunity, bristling with charges and counter-charges, innuendo and recrimination. At the club, over lunch-counters, by the fireside, men—and women, too—discussed and took sides over the campaign. The children on the streets became bitter partisans. Murchell was as good as his word. Soon after Bob's return to the city he received from the old man a substantial check for the campaign fund. Also certain gentlemen who had hitherto been inactive took a sudden keen interest in Bob's candidacy.

But back of Murchell's help, back of the newspapers, back of the machine, was the dynamic personality of Bob McAdoo. The issues may have been "The people against the trust," "citizenship against wealth," as Bob's press agent and orators declared, but to the Steel City the issues took concrete form in the person and name of one man, Bob McAdoo. Either you were for or you were against Bob McAdoo; mostly you were for him. When, during the last three weeks of the campaign, he took the stump in person, speaking three or four times every evening, the school-houses were packed to overflowing by friends and enemies alike. He was no orator, but his short, crisp speeches were received with greater attention and enthusiasm than even Paul's fervid oratory or Marth's keen, analytical arguments.

And Henry Sanger, Jr., waxed desperate. One noonday—not two weeks before the election—Bob found himself alone in the "engine room." He leaned back in his chair with an air of fatigue that sat strangely on his stalwart figure, and let his eyes stare vacantly into space. While he sat thus abstractedly, Paul entered. Bob nodded mechanically. Paul addressed a remark to him, which did not pierce the abstraction. Bob made no answer. Then Paul noticed the absent manner. He repeated the remark more loudly. Bob came to himself with a start.

"Eh?" he exclaimed. "O, it's you, Paul." Paul looked at him curiously. "What the matter with you, anyhow? I said I've a tip on Consolidated Glass."

"Which way?" Bob asked, without interest. "To buy." "All right. Sell." "No," Paul said eagerly. "This is a good tip. I got it from Brown, Hartley's broker. Hartley, you know, is a director. Next week they're going to declare a four per cent increase in dividends."

"Humph! The broker who will doublecross his client will do the same to you." "Not this time. I got it last night at the club. Brown was out of one of his periodical sprees. I put him to bed and, as a special favor to me, his 'dear, dearest friend,' he gave me the tip."

Bob grunted again sententiously. "Steer clear of the stock market." "But you've speculated yourself," Paul retorted. "That's different." "I can't see it," Paul answered impatiently. "Anyhow, I'm going into this."

"All right. How much money have you?" "O, only a measly two or three thousand," Paul answered contemptuously. "Well, go ahead," Bob said with skeptical indifference. "You can't lose much and the lesson will be cheap at the price."

"But I tell you it's a good tip," and Paul pounded the table in his earnestness, "and I want to raise twenty-five thousand or so for it. I can't trouble the money in a week." Bob smiled tolerantly, as though Paul had been a child asking for an expensive but useless toy. "What do you want with so much money?"

"O, I'm serious about this, Bob. Will you lend me the money?" Bob did not answer at once. In the gray twilight the red-iced eyes gleamed with a hot, fierce light. "Why not? Why not add one more link to the chain of obligations by which he would break the hold of—?" He stirred as one in sudden pain and left the thought unfinished. The hot, fierce gleam slowly faded into a dull stare Paul did not recognize. The noonday sun was streaming in through the shadeless windows, yet Bob was seeing again the face of the stricken woman, as he had sleeplessly looked upon it through the small hours of that morning, accusing, fearing, appealing. To his thin face, ugly in its gaunt lines, surged the slow, painful red. When he spoke, Paul hardly knew the voice, so constrained and querulous was it.

"I can't do it." "Why not?" "Bob's words came uncertainly. "I can't afford it. I need every cent that isn't tied up, for the campaign."

"You could go on my paper." Bob shook his head. "No, not on an uncertainty." Paul said nothing. For a minute he sat by the desk, drumming his fingers on the polished top. Then he rose, drawing a long, whistling breath, and without another word went out.

Bob started in troubled perplexity at the doorway which Paul had neglected to close. He did not know that he spoke aloud, in the same constrained, querulous voice.

"What is it? I can't use the weapons I have. The game has passed out of my hands. . . . And he's not worth the trouble he causes. It's not worth what I offer. He's not worth—her. I'm not worth—her."

Paul went out into the streets, disappointed, hurt, almost bitter against Bob. Poor Paul! He was one of those to whom the present want is always the keenest, in all probability twenty-four hours later the desire would have lost its force, but when he left Bob his one want was to clear fifty thousand dollars in Consolidated Glass, and he could not know that Bob, swayed by a new-born shame and self-distrust—yes, self-distrust—had refused the loan only that he might never be tempted to use the obligation as a club.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

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Geo. W. Tibbatts, Superintendent Soldiers' Home.
J. H. Wall, proprietor Evergreen Beer.
Mrs. J. Cannon, 3711 So. M.
T. C. Myers, proprietor American Meat Market, Tacoma avenue.

August Culum, Bernice Bldg.
John Moe, merchant, 28 Browning.
Mrs. G. Allen, 5313 So. Alder.
Mrs. H. W. Attlesy, 3525 So. Cedar st.
Mrs. W. C. Bell, 644 No. Fifth.
Mrs. C. F. Bissell, 4115 No. 30th.
Mrs. O. J. Conway, 716 So. 59th.
Mr. Callison, proprietor merchant tailor store, 11th and Pacific.

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