

James H. Dege Co.

—TEMPORARY LOCATION—
913-915 PACIFIC AVENUE. PROVIDENT BLDG.

"A Style Show All Our Own"

James H. Dege says: "We have a style show of our own—a style show second to none—a style show for men and boys."

A Removal Style Show

Which means you can buy this spring's new merchandise at removal sale prices. Low prices at the very first of the season should be some inducement.

Men's Suits

Newest and most up-to-date models with patch pockets and soft roll lapels—new athletic cut vest—in fact, the last word in what will be worn this season.

- \$30.00 New Spring Suits\$24.45
- \$25.00 New Spring Suits\$19.45
- \$20.00 New Spring Suits\$16.45
- \$18.00 New Spring Suits\$14.45
- \$15.00 New Spring Suits\$12.45

Extra Special

One lot of 18 Overcoats and Raincoats—leftovers—sizes 34 to 37; regular values to \$20.00. Removal price **\$3.25**

Men's Pants

- \$2.50 Men's Pants\$1.75
- \$3.50 Men's Pants\$2.25
- \$5.00 Men's Pants\$3.95
- \$6.00 Men's Pants\$4.45

From the Furnishings Department we quote—

NECKWEAR

New arrivals in all the latest shades and colors—large selections—sell reg. for 50c. Removal sale. . . **39c**

SHIRTS

Negligee Shirts with soft turnback cuffs, separate collars to match; reg. \$1.50 values. Special . . . **95c**

SOFT HATS

One lot of Soft Hats; values to \$3.00. Special at . . . **95c**

Shop by Mail—Mail Orders Promptly and Carefully Filled.

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NEW YORK WOMEN PAY \$25 APIECE FOR BOXING LESSONS—IT'S A CRAZE

BY NIKOLA GREELY-SMITH.

NEW YORK, March 5.—I have just come from a prize fight. I have just shaken hands with Battling Levinsky, Young Ahearn, "the Brooklyn dancing master," Knock Out Brown, Jack Britton, Tom Kennedy and other lights of the pugilistic world. And—life hold no further mysteries for me. I have seen them box!

Don't be shocked. You will be by the fact that you are behind the times if the thought of a woman at a boxing bout gives you the tiniest shiver.

New York women are boxing mad. Those who wonder what we were going to do after we got tired of tangoing and fox-trotting need worry no longer! They know the answer now. We are going to box!

Already many society girls are taking lessons in the manly art, and between matches the young hopefuls of the prize ring are giving them boxing lessons at \$25 an hour!

In Paris, of course, women have been going to prize fights quite openly for years. Their husbands and brothers take them. They wear full opera dress, and the ring is backed with palms and tropical plants and there are rare Turkish rugs about the stage.

Boxing has not reached that state of luxury in New York as yet. Brown's gymnasium, where I met the cream of the local-prize ring, is "a bare, dimly-lighted place, and the men and women who composed the invited audience and sat about the ring on chairs or benches wore their every-day clothes. Most of the women were veiled, moreover, and wore a furtive air.

Caroline Bauman is the woman boxer I saw. She is now a professional, but is said to have been a Washington, D. C., debutante a few years ago. She looks like Annette Kellerman.

At the end of a three-minute go with Eddie Toy, Referee Jack Adler walked to Miss Bauman's corner and lifted her right hand high in the air as a token that she had won the bout.

You should have heard the women present applaud and the men cheer! Maybe that bout, in which the woman won was a "frame-up." I don't know about that. But I do know that the three rounds which followed between Jack Britton and Johnny Reize were painfully real.

What impressed me most was the amazing swiftness, the startling physical grace of these young fellows.

I had spent the afternoon before at a private dance in Isadora Duncan's school. Yet the girls



Caroline Bauman.

Miss Caroline Bauman, professional boxer, who performed for Nikola Greeley-Smith, photograph ed as she landed a left jab on the jaw of Eddie Toy, the old lightweight light, who is her instructor.

dancers, as I recalled them, were heavy, cumbersome, almost awkward when compared with these slender boxers in their sketchy, red, green and purple sweaters.

After the fights were over I talked with Dan Morgan, manager of K. O. Brown, Denver Levinsky and several other fighters.

"You wouldn't believe how many applications these boys have from young girls here in New York who want to take boxing

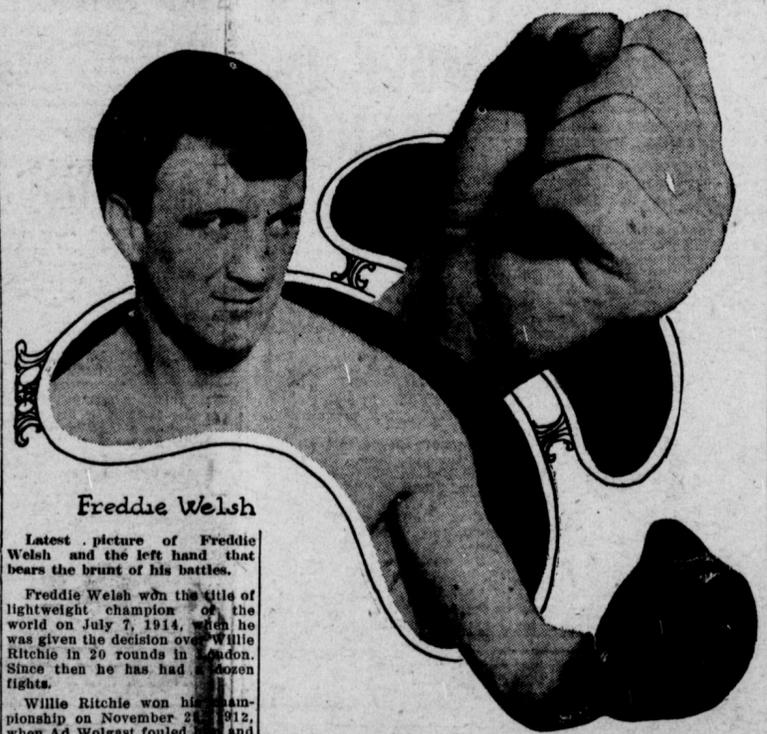
lessons," he said. "Some of them have been paid \$25 an hour."

Mrs. Harriet Edwards Paves, who sent out the invitations to the bouts I attended is one of the New York women who have taken up boxing.

"It beats dancing as a reducer," she told me, "and it's the most splendid exercise for increasing the circulation of the blood.

I feel 20 years younger since I learned to box."

GREED OF BOXERS IS DOOMING THE SPORT



Freddie Welsh

Latest picture of Freddie Welsh and the left hand that bears the brunt of his battles.

Freddie Welsh won the title of lightweight champion of the world on July 7, 1914, when he was given the decision over Willie Ritchie in 20 rounds in London. Since then he has had a dozen fights.

Willie Ritchie won his championship on November 23, 1912, when Ad Wolgast fouled him and his battle with Welsh needed two years after he annexed the title was the sixth he had had in the line of the class.

On the face of things all of this proves nothing. But the close observer of things pugilistic it indicates that the old game of a few long distance fights and big purses for champions has been superseded by ten-round affairs every week at whatever the titleholder can draw against some home boy with a following.

And this means that the promoters are tired of gambling on championship affairs, added to the fact, of course, that there are fewer places to stage them than when California was open to the game. Promoters, those who have survived this long, are just discovering what suckers they

evenly matched men become obsolete the doom of professional boxing is not far beyond.

Just promoters would like to give Welsh a fight with Ritchie for the championship. Neither of them will listen to any reasonable sum. They have been spoiled by philanthropic promoters who have learned their lesson.

So with no immediate chance of mingling with another lightweight in defense of his title Freddie Welsh continues his weekly sparring matches throughout the country, without endangering his championship, his appearance and his earning capacity.

If 20-round affairs between

WOMAN FAN BEATS MEN; GETS SEASON PASS FOR PRIZE

Men fans of Tacoma, shame on you!

A woman fan has shown her superiority in recognizing the masked pictures of famous players, past and present.

Mrs. W. J. Bradford, 721 So. 60th street, guessed eight of the nine players of The Times All-Star Masked Baseball team, while the men fans who won the first prizes Saturday only named seven correctly.

Mrs. Bradford wrote out her answers Thursday and gave them to a friend to bring to The Times office. The friend entirely forgot about the puzzle, and did not bring in the answers until Saturday afternoon.

So The Times has a surprise for this energetic "lady fan." As a special honor, it will give Mrs. Bradford a season pass to Athletic park.

When a woman fan can guess more names of ball players than any of the men fans of Tacoma, it looks as though she is entitled to a season pass.

Mrs. Bradford named every player in the lineup except "Patsy" Tebeau. She named Frank Chance instead of Tebeau.

The Funniest Baseball Play I Ever Saw--No. 9

BY DERRILL PRATT.
Second Baseman St. Louis Browns.

One should know Jim Lafitte and his peculiar way of talking to understand how funny the following incident seemed to the rest of us.

Lafitte is a bit tongue tied, and added to that he has the New Orleans French dialect which breaks out when he is a bit excited.

This happened during a game between New Orleans and Chattanooga in which Lafitte and Chattanooga Joe Jackson took part.

In the eighth inning New Or-

leans was leading by what seemed a safe margin, but Chattanooga rallied and filled the bases after two men were out and Pete Lister came to bat. With the count three balls and two strikes Pete connected with a fast one and drove it on the line to left center.

Jackson made a desperate effort to get the ball but only succeeded in blocking it.

In the effort he fell and lost sight of the ball which rolled only a few feet away. Two men scored.

Lafitte, thinking Joe had the ball, yelled "Trow dat ball." Joe ran around in a circle looking for the lost pellet and the runners kept going.

"Trow dat ball, man," screamed Lafitte. Lister was nearing third when Joe finally spied the ball and made a dive for it just as Lafitte screamed:

"Joe Cripes, naa, trow dat ball; here dey all come."

Somewhere, Birds Are Singing, But Not Yet in Philadelphia

PHILADELPHIA, March 8.—The well known depths of despair hold Philadelphia's hopes for a pennant this season. Even the most optimistic fans cannot see themselves standing in line for world's series ducaats next October.

Philadelphia fans had come to look upon a world's series as an annual affair with Philadelphia—one that was theirs by divine right, or something of that sort—and the crash that shot the famous aggregation into history shook them to their toes.

The justly famous "\$100,000 infield" now looks like thirty cents—some of the more belligerent even assert the three should be erased. The famous "Barry to Collins" to Melnitz that figured daily in the box scores is gone. Quaker fans began to sit up and take notice when Bender and Plank, the two men who have brought pennants to Philadelphia year after year with their sterling performances were gone. Then came the Collins deal. That left their hopes stunned a bit more. Before they had time to recover, Frank Baker, king bee swatter of all worlds' series, announced he was through.

That was the proverbial last straw.

Mack is now back where he was five or six years ago. True, he still has Barry and Melnitz, but the pair seems like the skeleton of a once solid structure. The addition of Larry Lajoie is going to help some, but the veteran is

slowing up. Kopf, the little utility infielder, will try to fill Baker's shoes at third, but is woefully weak. He only batted .182 in 34 games last season.

Read the Classified Ads on Page Six.

Puget Sound Electric Ry.

FOR SEATTLE—Limited Trains every hour. Running time of Limited Trains seventy minutes.

Trains Leave 8th and A Streets, Tacoma

LIMITED TRAINS—7:35, 8:25, 9:35, 10:35, 11:35 a. m.; 12:35, 1:35, 2:35, 3:35, 4:35 and 5:35 p. m.

All Limited Trains Stop at Auburn and Kent.

LOCAL TRAINS leave 6, 8, 10 a. m., 12 m., 2, 4, 6, 8, 10:05 and 11:35 p. m.

FUYALLUP SHORT LINE —Trains will leave Tacoma at 7:10, 9:10 and 11:10 a. m.; 1:10, 3:10, 5:10, 7:10, 9:10 and 11:30 p. m.

*Daily except Sunday.

HARTNET WINS

Leo J. Hartnet had low score in yesterday's competition on the Lochburn golf links for the Mark Davis cup. His card was three up on par. Under a recent ruling, this would give Hartnet permanent possession of the cup, but Chairman Howard Wright will check over the cards before making the award.

BATES TEAM WINS

The Bathes Clothes team won their initial practice game from the Tacoma Steam Laundry yesterday, 3 to 0. Bates made one error and the T. S. L. 3. Hangwood and Nevers, Petterson were batteries for Bates, opposing Polten, Aumen, Elkins and Brennan, Bergstrom.

WOODS IS STAR

Before a large crowd, the Milwaukee defeated the Nationals, 2 to 0, on Whitman grounds yesterday. "Cannon Ball" Woods, pitching for Milwaukee, put over 23 strikes in 26 pitched battles.

JOHNSON- WILLARD FIGHT IN APRIL

EL PASO, Tex., March 8.—Jack Johnson and Jess Willard will battle for the heavyweight championship in Havana, Cuba, during the first week of April. This announcement was made here Sunday afternoon by Willard's manager.

RESTA WINS THE VANDERBILT CUP

SAN FRANCISCO, March 8.—Darius Resta, an Italian racer, driving a Peugeot, a French car, won Saturday's Vanderbilt cup race, after capturing the Grand Prix honors a week before. Resta's time for the 236-mile course was 4:27:37, or an average of 67 1/2 miles per hour. Howard Wilcox in a Stutz was second, Eddie Pullen in a Mercer, third, De Palma fourth and Carlson fifth. Bob Burman's car rolled over on Machinery curve, crumpling into wreckage, but not injuring the driver seriously.

