

OCEAN DRAWS COLOR LINE

Colored Heavyweights on One Side of Pacific, Whites on Other.

PALZER MAY CLAIM OFF NIGHT

Defeat of Palzer May Add Interest to the McCarthy-Flynn Bout—Flynn to Have All Sorts of Physical Handicaps.

By W. W. NAUGHTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 30.—If Joe Jeannette goes to Australia as Jack Johnson's place, as he has contracted to do, rather than a unique situation will present itself.

All the colored heavyweights will be piled up on one side of the Pacific ocean and all the white hopes on the other.

And that, possibly, can truly be regarded as an unimpaired blessing.

With no dark shadows falling athwart them, it will be a fine time for the palaces allwants to go together and determine who is who. For that matter, the initial move in the wedding out process has already been made, for Jim Flynn and Luther McCarthy are to face each other at Los Angeles on December 10.

The city of it is that Al Palzer, who it was thought was being held in reserve for the winner, should have injured his reputation through a wretched performance with Tony Hoss.

Everybody thought so well of Palzer. He wasn't looked upon as a clever exponent of the manly art, but he was accredited with natural fighting talents and the qualities of strength, pluck and endurance calculated to compensate for his lack of knowledge of technique.

Now that Palzer has been humbled by Hoss, whose leading record is nearly as extended as that of Tony Caponi, we don't know what to think.

It may be that Palzer will claim it was an "off night" with him when he did so poorly with Ross in Philadelphia. Being a prominent pugilist, explaining reverse is thoroughly within his province, but if he acts wisely, he will undergo a spell of training and demand another match with Hoss.

It is the only safe method of vindication and unless Palzer adopts it and turns the tables on Hoss he will remain under a cloud.

It's a poor wind that blows nobody good, and Palzer's setback means added importance to the Flynn-McCarthy bout.

The winner of this affair will be regarded as the best of the white hopes unless Palzer does something amazing meanwhile.

Flynn Handicapped.

In the go at Los Angeles, Flynn will be under all manner of physical handicaps. McCarthy will outweight and outpace him, but disadvantages of that kind never discouraged Flynn.

Among the time-honored adages of the prize ring is one that says in effect, "A good little man cannot be expected to defeat a good big man."

It is doubtful if the argument holds good in modern pugilism. In the old days when there were so few punches known to the ring men and when every bruiser followed a stilted style of mugging it stood to reason, I suppose, other things being equal, weight, strength and stature would tell.

But this is an age of specialists and we have them in the ring as well as in other walks of life. There is no common school of boxing nowadays. Probably no two men have reached the top of the Queensberry ladder in recent years fight alike.

The best men in the game are self-taught and follow out ideas of their own.

"If Jim Maco lived today and pitted his straight lefts and rights against the hooks and jolts now in use he would have his head torn off in five minutes," said a champion who has recently fallen from grace.

Style of Fighters Changes.

That may be putting it rather strongly, but the fact remains that the days when the blows and guards were as defined as they were and parried in saber drill, have departed. This is the age of short upper cuts, loop the loops, under swings, over swings and what not, and the man with a new blow is the dangerous customer.

Sam Langford is a living denial of the contention that a good little man cannot lick a good big man. Sam has licked them right along for years. And all because he has peculiar assaults of his own that are hard to solve.

Whether or not McCarthy is a good big man has hardly been established. He is, however, a fellow of infinite promise. But Flynn has certainly developed into a good little man. And whatever he may be able to accomplish with a good big man he has surely shown that he can play havoc with a big man who is not as good as he thinks he is.

The freeman has profited by experience. In his earlier bouts he knew nothing, but to walk away blindly and trust to the fortunes of war. His stock in trade consisted mainly of a stout heart and indifference to pain.

Indifference to pain. He has been in the best of rings company and has turned the mailings he has received to good account. He has formulated a defense which chimes in with the close style of fighting for which he is constitutionally equipped.

The chances are that Sam Langford, who gave Flynn some of his beatings, would find it much harder to land on the freeman nowadays.

Manager McCarthy says that McCarthy has made a special study of Flynn's style and has devised a special brand of uppercut that will bring the Pueblo heavy to time in a hurry.

It sounds "good." Flynn's style, McCarthy has probably learned, is simply rapid action style. The way to beat Flynn is to fight faster and hit harder than he does.

If McCarthy, after studying Flynn, has made up his mind to this affair at Vernon should be a "hummer," while it lasts.

FOOT BALL CROWDS INCREASE

There is No Doubt as to the Popularity of the Game.

RULE MAKERS HELP CONTESTS

Five Years Ago Gridiron Sport Seemed to Be Somewhat Doomed, but This Year Opinion Has Changed.

By W. J. MACHETH.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—Today's big battle at Franklin field, Philadelphia, between the Army and Navy, wound up the football campaign for 1912. The season just closed was an exceptional one in many ways and doubtless the most pleasing of many years.

The success of sport depends directly upon its popularity and in this line there was nothing to be desired. Never in the history of the great gridiron competition did such crowds manifest their enthusiasm. It was a treat to watch the magnitude and exuberance of the crowds that cheered on the combatants in the Harvard-Princeton, Princeton-Yale, Yale-Harvard, Penn-Michigan and Army-Navy battles. In none of these contests was there a vacant seat and every field was packed for every battle throughout the schedule. The multitude at the Yale-Harvard game would have made 1909, doubtless, if the Navy-Haven stands could have accommodated that many. The crowds as a rule in every game played in the east were limited only by the stand capacity.

All of which is a tribute to the genius of the rule makers. They have saved a game which five years ago appeared certainly doomed. It took a great deal of tinkering and experimenting with the rules to restore the big autumn sport to its former popularity. That it happens under such conditions seems to have been accomplished. Foot ball as played now seems to be a safe and sane competition in which brain power counts even more forcibly than pure brawn. Many colleges which had the bars up against the sport, because of the alleged danger and cruelty of the old style, returned this season to the fold. All which tried the experiment have no sorrow or regret. The new foot ball game has been here to stay.

Hope for Columbia.

Under the circumstances it is to be hoped that the governing body at Columbia will see the light of reason before another year and will allow this fine school to get in line once more. I am told that the student body and alumni of this institution will make one more gallant effort to overcome faculty prejudice against the game, not that this season's campaign proved so clear. It is indeed a shame that New Yorkers must travel out of town to see all their games when such a big college as Columbia is right at home. It is true that Fordham and New York university both play the game, but neither can ever hope to attain the distinction that its name alone would lend Columbia if this university returned to its just field in the foot ball contest.

Columbia men have taken renewed courage from the fact that Fordham's faculty finally have yielded to the demands of the students. The faculty has never once regretted the step. For the husky boys from the Bronx school, under the able tutelage of Tom Thorpe, gave a mighty good account of themselves. They met and conquered a lot of presumptuous rivals despite the fact that Thorpe has nothing but green men with which to work. It must be remembered that foot ball has not been played at Fordham for three years. It was a dead letter. There was absolutely no experienced material.

Many believe it but a question of time before Columbia will get in line for its old-time foot ball honors. But the longer the delay the more arduous will be the front ranks. It would take three or four years as it is to wipe into line a team worthy of recognition by any of the big five eastern universities. The sooner Columbia returns—if it ever is to return—the better it will be for it. There is no denying the fact that the ban on foot ball has hurt the university. Athletes inclined toward the gridiron sport, who naturally should enroll at the local college go elsewhere.

Bring Out Many Heroes.

The "past foot ball" campaign established many heroes on enviable pedestals, but the majority of them were seasoned veterans like Thorpe of Carleide, DeWitt of Princeton, Devore of the Army, Bonometer of Yale, Blumenthal of Princeton, Koethman of Yale and half a dozen others that might be mentioned. Jim Thorpe of the Indians proved himself one of the finest foot ball men of the present era. Yet all of these veterans did no more than was expected of them.

More remarkable than the work of these was that of three young fellows, who, out for their varsity letters the first time, matched the greatest endeavors of their seasoned team mates. Harvard produced its sensation in Brickley. Yale showed another in "Lefty" Flynn. While Princeton has received a phenomenon of equal worth in "Hobe" Baker.

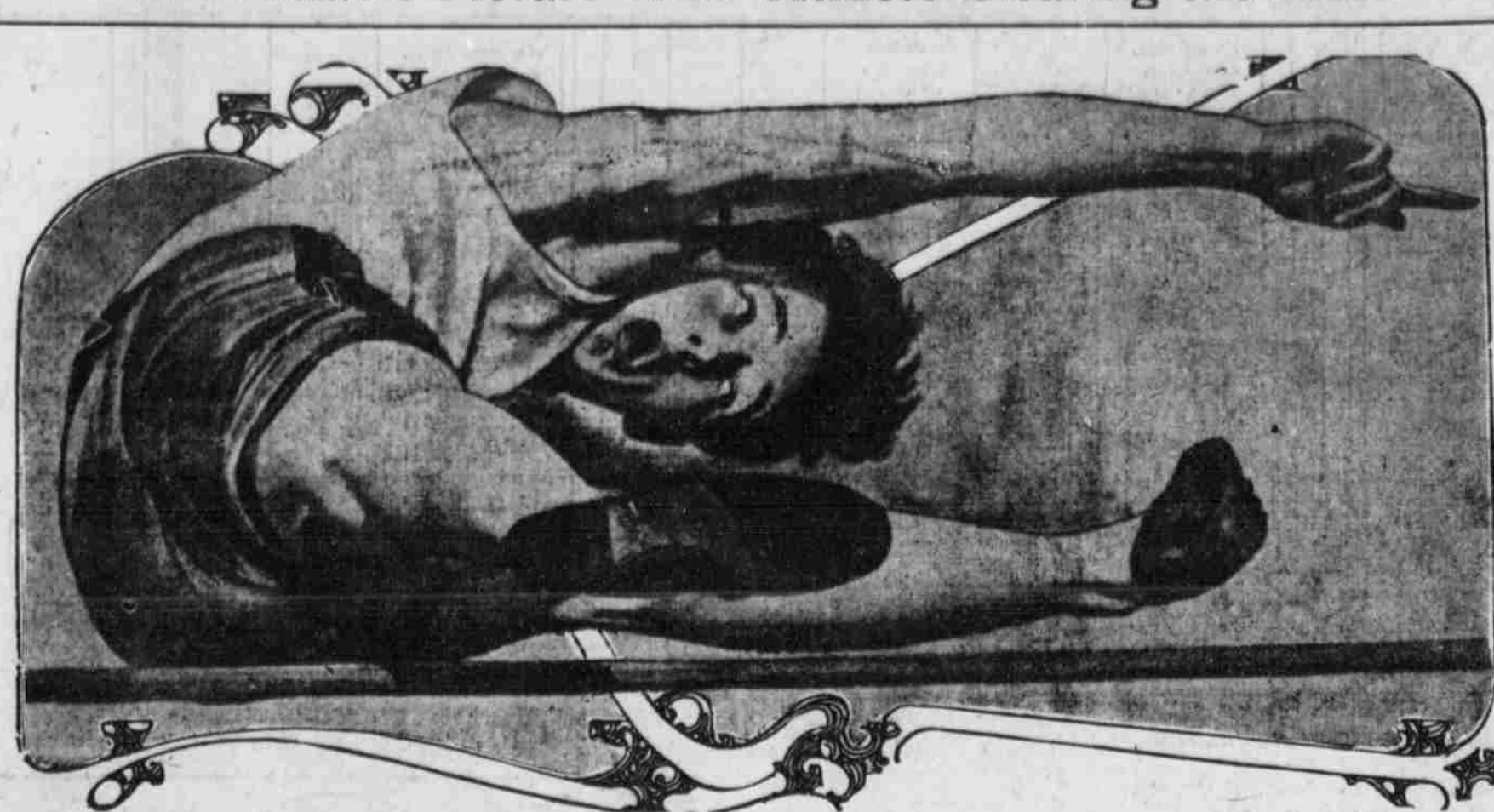
Strange as it may seem all of this year's sensational proved kickers of exceptional worth. "Lefty" Flynn, for Yale, developed into one of the finest punters the Blue had discovered in many seasons. He also was able to kick goals from placement with deadly accuracy. Brickley earned his spots from his drop kicking, and Baker demonstrated his skill in his ability to rip through a stubborn line. And he is no mean "riper" at that. "Hobe" Baker, who booted both of Princeton's goals against Yale in the last game of the Tigers, saved the erstwhile champions from defeat.

Sub Comes to the Fore.

Another luminary developed in this memorable game is Fumely of Yale. This substitute played a most effective one of the greatest feats of foot ball history in a drop kick from the fifty-five yard line. Little more than a minute of time remained and Yale seemed hopelessly beaten, 6 to 3, until this sub gambled on his desperate chance. He was slightly favored by the wind, which was a quartering one, but still he had to show rare judgment at that distance. So accurate was he that the ball traveled fairly over the center of the crossbar. He just did have power enough in his drive to save thousands of Yale dollars, for the ball in its flight struck the stick as the rear end settled in its flying name.

That one kick made an undying name for Fumely. But even in spite of it he could not be classed with Brickley, Flynn or Baker. These three lionized heroes stood the brunt throughout the matter of injury overtakes them as they are likely to shine more brilliantly in the future. "Hobe" Baker and "Lefty" Flynn are great runners through a broken

Remarkable Picture of an Athlete Clearing the Bar



The above photograph depicts F. Spoule of the Stone school, U. S. A., crossing the bar in one of the most peculiar attitudes ever caught by a camera. The contest took place at the recent games of the University of Cambridge, England. When the artist clicked the camera the jumper was within a few inches of the bar. The expression on his face plainly shows that he has concentrated all his energy in an effort to make a clear leap. The tenseness of the muscles of his arms and legs can be noticed. The whole picture is really a culmination of the natural spring of a man.

ACTUAL PITCHING BEST TEST

Twirler Cannot Be Judged During the Warm-Up Period.

SPEED NOT FIRST ESSENTIAL

Successful Boxman is One Who Has Brains and is Able to Give Batter Something that He Does Not Want.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—"Billy" Evans, the well-known American league umpire, had the following to say regarding pitchers:

"All things being apparently equal, why are some pitchers superior to others? Watch them during the warm-up period, and there appears to be little, if any, difference immediately asserts itself. It is the test under fire that proves the relative merits of the boxmen."

"Lots of people labor under the impression that speed, curves and strength are the necessary requisites of a great pitcher. True, few pitchers acquire greatness unless they have plenty of speed and a good curve, yet those two assets are far from being the most essential. I know many pitchers who possess terrific speed, are the masters of an assortment of puzzling curves, yet they are only mediocre when put to the test. I could name a dozen pitchers who appear to have nothing, yet they must be classed as really great twirlers."

A brain that is able to think quickly, a heart of oak and a good disposition are even more essential to good pitching than speed and curves. There are lots of twirlers who are untable in batting practice, but who have nothing when sent to the mound. There are many pitchers who are wonders just as long as the bases are empty, but who "blow" just as soon as the sacks get populated. Many go along amiably just as long as their support remains intact; but a few errors will cause them to establish new altitude records. These pitchers have the speed, the curves and the strength to be stars, but something more essential is lacking."

On the other hand watch a certain pitcher warm up and you will witness in his lack of speed and faulty curve. You probably have seen him pitch many a brilliant game, yet you wonder how he does it. You compare him with some other member of the staff who has a world of speed and a fast breaking curve, yet is unable to win. It resolves itself into a puzzle that you are unable to solve. You say to yourself he must be lucky, but he isn't. It is a pretty safe bet that the gentleman who appears to have nothing is some pitcher."

Jack Powell interesting.

Perhaps nothing has caused the praise sung of Mathewson, Walsh, Rucker, Johnson and other star twirlers in the two big leagues. Their deeds of valor are being constantly related. They are great pitchers and merit all the praise handed them. Still no pitcher in the business is more interesting to me than the veteran Jack Powell of the St. Louis Browns. Powell is what a lot of players who are unable to solve in this term a "nothing pitcher."

Usually when a star is unable to do anything with the stick he contents himself by insisting that the pitcher who is fooling him has "nothing," meaning neither speed nor curves. You hear players make that remark about Jack Powell more than any other pitcher in either league, yet American league umpires to a man will tell you that Jack Powell has "something," and that they are more liable to "like" strikes on him than many of the stars.

There are few pitchers in base ball like Jack Powell. His nerve is unlimited. No situation is too tough for him to tackle. He is best in the pinches. Like Mathewson, Powell always takes into consideration the fact that there are eight other players on the field besides himself. With no one on the bases he delights in having the players hit the ball. It is a pretty safe bet that Powell has no other pitcher. When things are breaking easily Jack is getting away in the same manner. When the pinch comes he always has something on the ball. He can send the batters just a little more speed and a little better curve than he has previously been serving them.

Perhaps nothing makes Jack's delivery look easier to him than his peculiar wind-up. It is perhaps stretching the point to refer to it as a wind-up. All he seems to do is make a quick hitch and the ball is on top of the batter before he realizes it. It is Powell's lack of a wind-up that makes him look easy, but those who know will tell you that it is this quick delivery that puzzles the batsman. On top of this no situation, no matter how critical, worries Jack. Don't forget that it was Pow-

French Taking Up American Game to Promote Athletics

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—The French athletic enthusiasts think they have solved the Olympic question. Those involved in the development of athletics in France attribute the success of Americans in the premier games to base ball. And now France is going to take up base ball on a wider scope. In order to figure prominently in the next Olympic games, which will be held in Berlin in 1916, the French athletes will be planted on a base ball diet, so to speak. Plans along this line have been started, according to word received from a prominent French sportsman, and the proposition is meeting with the approval of athletic followers all over the country.

After the success of the American team at Stockholm the universal opinion among foreigners was that base ball indirectly was responsible for the American victory. They all agreed that the national game of the country formed a fine basis for training and development.

Now the Frenchmen think that if they take up the game they will receive the same benefit as attributed to the Americans.

Base ball has not reached the popular stage in France as yet, for the simple reason that Frenchmen know little of the game. Americans living abroad play the game, but the present step to organize a league is the first move in the direction to put the game on a firm basis. Now that France has begun a movement to learn real base ball and what's in it, it is very likely that American instructors, such as professional players who know the game from A to Z, will be imported to conduct the "schools."

The attitude of the French sporting people is another illustration that base ball is fast changing from the national sport to the international game. The Japanese are crazy over base ball and were one of the first of the big countries to introduce it.

James E. Sullivan, who was a commissioner at the recent Olympic games in Sweden, is in receipt of a communication from Frans O. Messerly, who is president of the French Union of Base Ball, which letter tells of the new organization's plans and purposes. The letter reads as follows:

"Dear Sir: I have the honor to inform you that on Sunday, October 27, there was formed in Paris at 35 Rue Bergere, the French Union of Base Ball. The committee which founded the association is composed as follows: President, Frans O. Messerly; first vice president, O. Reigle; second vice president, M. Reckinger; secretary, E. Benoit; treasurer, George O. Messerly. The French Union of Base Ball is founded for the purpose: First, the organizing of a base ball club; second, to propagate the American game of base ball in France; third, to aid in the formation of other base ball clubs. In order to attain this end, the French Union of Base Ball is at the service of all sportsmen desiring to play American base ball; also of all those who wish to form a club in France, in order to give them the necessary information. Accept, sir, my sincere salutations.

"F. MESSERLY, President."

Police Stop Prize Fight at Calgary

CALGARY, Alberta, Nov. 30.—Maurice Thompson of Montana probably would have been knocked out last night by Dick Hyland of California if the mounted police had not stopped the fight in the thirteenth round. The bout was for the lightweight championship of western Canada. The fight was all in Hyland's favor. In the last round Thompson was knocked down twice for the count of nine before the police interfered.

HARNESSEASON SUCCESSFUL

Nineteen New Trotting and Pacing Records are Established.

Speed is Shown Late in the Season, All Records Having Been Broken in the Last Quarter of the Harness Year.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—That the light harness racing season, which just recently came to a close, was not only the most successful in many years, but the most productive of records is shown in the list of records that fell in 1912. Nineteen new world's trotting and pacing records were established. It was a peculiar fact in so successful and productive a year that the horses were all slow in getting into the form they later displayed and that all the record breaking was done in the last quarter of the season.

Ulian, with a mark of 1:58, established himself as king of the harness horses for any gait, sex or age, while Evelyn W. set a new world's low mark for a heat raced by a mare by clipping a full second off the previous record of 2:04 1/2 held by Lady Maudie C. The same good daughter of the Spy, by the same performance, reduced the best record for a second heat, formerly held by Prince Albert, who stepped it in 2:04 in 1901. Evelyn W. also goes into the table a third time as holder of the honor of the fastest two-heat race by a mare by miles in 2:05 3/4 and 2:04, the former record being the 2:03 3/4 and 2:04 of Darkey Hall, and yet a fourth time as winner of the fastest three-heat race in evidence, the time of which was 2:01 1/2, 2:01 1/2, 2:01 1/2. Evelyn W. formerly held this distinction with time in 2:01 1/2, 2:01 1/2, 2:01 1/2.

The following is a list of the records established during the season:

FASTEST FOR AGE AND SEX. Yearling Colt—Ardale (Whitby) Lou, 1:52, 2:05 1/2, 2:15 1/2.

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Five Heats—Grace (Brace Girde, 1911), 2:01 1/2, 2:01 1/2, 2:01 1/2, 2:01 1/2, 2:01 1/2.

Two Heats—Evelyn W. (Darkey Hall, 1908), 2:05 3/4, 2:04 1/2.

Three Year-Old Colt—Impetuous Palmer (Kiatawah, 1908), and Jim Logan, 1909, 2:06 1/2.

Four Year-Old Colt—Graben Direct (Orchard, 1894), 2:04, 2:03 1/2.

Five Year-Old Stallion—Don Pronto (Searchlight, 1899), 2:03 1/2, 2:03 1/2.

Four Year-Old—Braden Direct (Searchlight, 1897), 2:03 1/2.

Seventh Heat—Walter Cochato (Jerry B., 1898), 2:01 1/2, 2:01 1/2.

Two Heats—Evelyn W. (Darkey Hall, 1908), 2:05 3/4, 2:04 1/2.

Five Heats—Evelyn W. (Minor Heir, 1908), The Bel winning third and fourth heats, 2:01 1/2, 2:01 1/2, 2:01 1/2, 2:01 1/2, 2:01 1/2.

Five Year-Old—Stallion—Don Pronto (Searchlight, 1899), 2:03 1/2, 2:03 1/2.

Four Year-Old—Stallion—Don Pronto (Searchlight, 1899), 2:03 1/2, 2:03 1/2.

Three Year-Old—Stallion—Don Pronto (Searchlight, 1899), 2:03 1/2, 2:03 1/2.

Two Year-Old—Stallion—Don Pronto (Searchlight, 1899), 2:03 1/2, 2:03 1/2.

One Year-Old—Stallion—Don Pronto (Searchlight, 1899), 2:03 1/2, 2:03 1/2.

One Year-Old—Stallion—Don Pronto (Searchlight, 1899), 2:03 1/2, 2:03 1/2.

WOMAN WANTS KING

Overtures have been made by Mrs. Britton, owner of the St. Louis National League club, to Johnny Kling, to join the Cardinals as a catcher to replace Roger Bresnahan.

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GAME IS GOOD IN AUSTRALIA

Number of Clever Lightweighters are Developing in Antipodes.

THEY BEST ALL FOREIGNERS

Since Departure of Hughie McEvoy, Acknowledged Lightweight of Australia, Number Have Taken to the Ring.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 30.—According to latest advices from Australia a new crop of antipodean lightweighters are rapidly coming to the front. Since the departure of Hughie McEvoy, the acknowledged champion of Australia, a number of lightweighters took up the ring, and in every contest where an Australian met an American, French or British boxer the native triumphed. Among those who have recently shown good form are Herbert McCoy, Hook Keys and Jack Reid. The victory of the latter over Grover Hayes of America was somewhat unexpected, as the latter went into the ring a four to 1 favorite. Despite the fact that he lost, Hayes made a favorable impression because of his pluck, good nature and method of losing, which was new to Australia. It is admitted that Hayes was handicapped by the clean break rule, and if he had been permitted to hit with one hand free the decision would probably have favored the American pugilist.

Joe Atkinson, another American boxer, boxed a twenty-round draw with Young Hayley and lost the verdict by a narrow margin to Frank Thorn, one of the best lightweighters in Australia. The French representatives include Leon Bernstein, lightweight; Paul Gil, lightweight, and Escala de Balzac, middleweight, all of whom are kept busy with Australian fighters. In describing the Langford-McVoy contest, the American pugilist said:

"In Perth, Western Australia, before a bumper house, Sam Langford and Sam McVoy met for the fourth time in Australia. The bout lasted eleven rounds. In the last McVoy claimed a foul, and when it was disallowed refused to continue. The fight was awarded to Langford."

"Did McVoy quit? That is the question being asked by the 5,000 spectators who witnessed the fight. It was one of the prettiest fights ever seen, and McVoy showed much better form when he met the Boston 'Tar Baby' in Sydney. He did not, however, seem to be properly fit, and when the fight ended in the eleventh round he was obviously tired. Perhaps it was the difference in styles that made the fight so good to look upon. Langford was a revelation, and so earnestly did I impress the people that the premier of the state went to his room afterward and congratulated him on his performance."

Langford attacked McVoy with terrific fierceness from the start, and set a terrible pace. McVoy's defense was superb, but the Western Australian rules are not so insistent on a clean break as are those of Sydney and this was all in favor of Langford.

The knockout came in the eleventh round. It was a fierce cut to and Langford's arms were working like a mangle machine until McVoy was glad to clinch and hang on. The referee cried "Break!" and it seemed as if, when McVoy was trying to loosen his hands, Langford brought into action a right rip to the stomach and a left to the jaw. "Big Sam" was plainly rattled. He put his hands down and said to the referee, "A foul! A foul!"

The referee got between the two men while they stared at each other. Langford watched McVoy, in the attitude of a sulky boy, moving his hips and sliding along the ropes, until at last he found his corner. Even then the referee wanted the big fellow to fight on, but it was of no avail, and he had to point significantly to Langford. The crowd had seen none of the by-play and did not understand what was happening. Langford exultantly walked to the center of the ring and cut off his right hand, and the crowd seemed to realize that something definite had happened and they cried, "Fight on!" Langford turned toward McVoy, but the latter never said a word, nor did he shift from his sitting posture. The referee left the ring, Langford went to his corner and the people began to rise.

"What's the matter, Langford?" called some one from the back. "Why don't you fight on?"

"Bah," said the latter, as he exasperated a quantity of lemon water. "He quit; he quit like a big dog."

As the crowd grew more insistent Langford said to the referee, "Here, tell them that I won the fight." This was done and he walked over and shook hands with his opponent. McVoy had not uttered a word since he had first called a foul, and he slipped out before he could strike and made his way to the dressing room. There were the whole of the circumstances. It was a disappointing ending of what promised to be a great fight. Although some sympathy went out to McVoy, because it was thought that Langford hit in the clinches, the people could not excuse him for going to his corner when the referee had declared against his appeal for a foul.

Referee Haverson said afterward that it was no foul, but admitted that he had cautioned both men against hitting in clinches. As a matter of fact, he often called "break" when there was obviously no clinch, and when Langford was endeavoring to get some of his close work home.

ROGER WOULD HELP

The Washington Star rises to remark: "If Pittsburg can secure Roger Bresnahan that team should walk through the next National league race without having the slightest trouble. Even without Bresnahan the pennant is already conceded to the Pirates, but with this veteran catcher to help out it would almost be a cinch."

RUBEN GETS PRESS NOTICE

The Pittsburgh Gazette rises to remark: "The publicity which Rube Marquard has gained recently may help him on the stage, but not on the diamond. The time has passed when a ball player must be a rascal and a renegade to make a hit with the fans."

DOE WHITE AS COACH

Pitcher "Doc" White of the Chicago White Sox has been engaged by George town university to coach the base ball team next spring.

YOU NEED S.S.S.

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