

LATZO WINS FROM MOORE—CALLAHAN HAS BIG PROPOSITION AHEAD WITH PIRATES

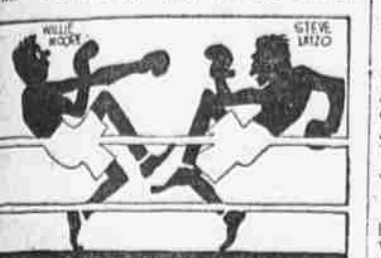
WILLIE MOORE GETS LACING, WHILE LATZO GETS VERDICT; MEEHAN SHELLS J. HUBBARD

Hazleton Boxer Wins Slugging Match at Olympia; Fat Boy Wallops Sailor Jack

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL

WILLIE MOORE, our self-confessed windup boxer, got his wish at the Olympia A. A. last night, when he appeared in the final session with one Steve Latzo, a husky gentleman from Hazleton, Pa. Mr. Moore and Mr. Latzo put on an exceedingly speedy six-round exhibition, and at the end Mr. Moore received a beautiful lacing. Mr. Latzo received the verdict.

It was a regular slam bang battle, a sort of a give-and-take affair, with Moore doing most of the taking, and the cash customers who fought the battle in their seats were greatly enthralled. Even Pop O'Brien, the third person in all of the quarrels staged in Mr. Edwards' arena, grew interested toward the end and forgot to tell the boys to "fight faster or yuh ain't gonna get a cent." He was too busy running around



WILLIE MOORE

the ring, and was saying his breath to count up to ten if necessary.

Willie Puts Up Game Battle

Willie was not popular when he stepped through the ropes. His social standing with the fans was equal to that of a burglar, and boots and bottles were hurled at him for several minutes. He fought a hard, game battle, however, and when the final bell clanged, some of his former prestige had been restored. He even received a few cheers. In the first round Moore took one of Latzo's wallops on the chin and hit the canvas for a count of nine. He was wobbly on his pins, but recovered quickly, and was fighting hard at the bell.

Latzo made a good impression with the fans, for he always was trying and swapped wallops with his opponent at all times. He entered the ring with a bandage on the calf of his leg, and when he left the ring the bandage was still there. All of which shows that Steve is clever and can protect himself.

Clever, scientific bouts might be all right to read about, but the persons who give up their hard-earned iron men like the bill, bang, bludge stuff when they take a night off and see a show. This was a sight off and on one occasion it proved when Moore and Latzo staged their recital and made unanimous when our well-known entertainer, William Meehan, with all of his weight, knocked the tar out of Jack Hubbard.

Sailor Jack Hits Squalls

Jack was every inch a sailor, and his nautical knowledge came in handy during the fracas. Several times he had to steer clear of the rocks, and on one occasion it was only his expert seamanship that saved him from being wrecked. Willie's torpedoes left, which landed in midships, almost scattered him in two of the rounds.

Jack sailed out of danger without once flashing the S. O. S.

Meehan made his usual hit with the audience, but he did not seem as lively as usual during his last visit. Perhaps he was weakened by the loss of weight, for Willie really looked thin and over-trained when he made his initial bow. Two weeks ago his stomach hung about six inches over his trunk, while last night he had only four inches to spare. In the first round the fat person named Hubbard all over the arena, but after that Willie took things easy and was content to remain on the defensive most of the time. He spouted occasionally and buried his left with reckless abandon, hitting the pride of our navy on the jaw or

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JOHNNY EVERS AS KEEN FOR WORK AS HE WAS DECADE AGO

By GRANTLAND RICE

THERE are certain sections of drama or segments of human life in baseball that are often overlooked.

A day or two ago we were talking with Johnny Evers in the lobby of the Dempsey Hotel, at Macon, Georgia, when Germany Schaefer passed by. The greeting was cordial both ways, but no one could have figured it anything more than a casual meeting of two well-known stars. After Germany had passed along Evers sat for

a minute or two without making a remark. "What's on your mind, Johnny?" we asked. "I was thinking," he answered, "of a certain morning 14 years ago. I was then a raw kid of 20. I weighed 128 pounds, and had only been off the lota two months. That morning I came out to the ball park, and the first man I saw was a heavy set fellow in front of the clubhouse. His first words to me were these: 'Well, young fellow, I understand you've come to take my job.' I was scared to death. I

felt like turning there and going back. I tried to explain that I wasn't after his job, not even knowing who it was. But he only smiled, wished me luck and went on inside. His name was Schaefer, the same Herman Schaefer that just passed. He was then playing for the Cubs, and I had his job in less than a week, although after that he was a star, with his best years still ahead."

This is merely one of the many episodes of a great game. To the outsider this meeting was only a chance passing. There was no part of drama to it. But 14 years back of this meeting there was plenty of drama for both—vital incidents in the careers of two men who have been outstanding features of the game. Evers went to second base when Schaefer passed and no statistics are necessary to show what he has done. Schaefer

afterward landed with Detroit and became a big factor in a pennant winning machine. On that morning, 14 years ago, Schaefer was a disappointed ball player about to lose his job; Evers was a quivering strapping anxious to be given a chance. But since that day between them they have been stars in eight flag-winning campaigns in different leagues. They meet, shake hands and pass on and it means—nothing. Nothing to any one but Evers and Schaefer, who still remember. Evers today is starting his 15th season in major league ball. This may seem to be no ordinary achievement. It may not until you consider one detail. Wagner, LaJolie, Anson and a few others who have lasted year upon year were all big powerful men with a world of stamina to carry

them along—the necessary bulk to bear the heavy strain. But through these 14 years Evers has weighed 135 pounds or less and at all times has been a nervous, high strung type, with his nervous system close to the surface. How about 1914? Well, Evers today looks as well as he ever looked in his life. He looks as young as he looked ten years ago. He still has the same keen enthusiasm, which is shown by the fact that he reported to Stallings down at the latter's Georgia plantation ten days before training time was ordered.

Big Purser at Grand Circuit GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., March 7.—Moran going to the post at the Grand Circuit harness meeting here next summer will step for purses totaling \$25,000, according to the tentative program arranged by Homer J. Kline, new secretary of the Furniture Driving Club.



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PETEY—Petey Gets a Potted Plant, but Look Where!

By C. A. VOIGHT



GEE WHIZ—I THOUGHT THIS WAS SOME DISGUISE, BUT ELEVEN PEOPLE RECOGNIZED ME THE MINUTE I CAME IN.

—ISN'T THIS BILL JONES?

—GOSH, HERE'S A GUY DON'T KNOW ME AND THINKS I'M SOME FRIEND OF HIS—I'LL STRIKE HIM ALONG.

—ARE YOU BILL JONES OF HOBOKEN? —WILLIAM B JONES!

—WELL—I'M JACK SWIGGINS! —NOW YOU KNOW WHAT THAT'S FOR!!