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

WHALE MOORE, our self-confessed windup boxer, got his wish at the Olympia A. A. last hight, when he speared in the final session with one speared in the final session with one state Latzo.

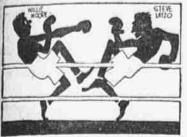
Hazleton, Pa. Mr. Latzo

Moore and Mr. Latzo

put on an exceedingly speedy six-round ex-hibition, and at the end Mr. Moore received a beautiful lac ing. Mr. Latzo re-ceived the verdict. It was a regular slam bang battle, a

ort of a give-and-ake affair, with Moore doing most of the taking, and the sh customers who ught the battle in icir scats were exthuised

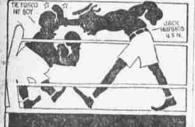
Even Pop O'Brien, the ed the end and forgot to tell the boys or yuh ain't gonna get a too busy running around



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 hoots and booles were hurled at him for several minutes. He fought a hard, game battle, however, and when the final bell claused, some of his former prestige had been restored. He even reselved a few cheers. In the first round Moore took one of Latzo's wallops on the chia and hit the canvas for a count of chin and hit the canvas for a count of nine. He was wobbly on his pins, but recovered quickly, and was fighting hard

Latzo made a good impression with the fans, for he slways was trying and swap-ped wallops with his opponent at all times. He entered the ring with a bandage on

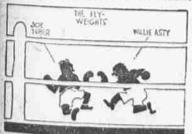


calf of his leg, and when he left the ring the bandage was still there. All of which shows that Steve is clever and can

Clever, scientific bouts might be all Clever, scientific bouts might be all right to read about, but the persons who give up their hard-earned from men like the biff, bang, bloole stuff when they take a night off and see a show. This was proved when Moore and Latzo staged their recital and made unanimous when our well-known entertainer, William Mechan, with all of his weight, knocked the tarout of Jack Hubbard.

Sailor Jack Hits Squalls

Jack was every inch a sailor, and his matical 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 torpedelike lefts, which landed in midships, almost scuttled him in two of the rounds,



sailed out of danger without

once flanhing the S. O. S. Meshan made his usual hit with the audience, but he did not seem as lively as he was during his last visit. Perhaps he was weakened by the loss of weight, for Wille really looked thin and overtrained when he made his initial bow. Two weeks ago his stomach hung about six inches over his trunks, while last night he had only four inches to spare. In the first round the fat person In the first round the fat person sammed Hubbard all over the arena, but after that Wille took things easy and was contant to remain on the defensive most of the time. He spurted occasionally and hurled his left with reckiess abandon, hitting the pride of our navy on the jaw or

Evening Ledger Decisions of Ring Bouts Last Night

OLYMPIA—Sieve Latzo defeated Willie Moore, Jack Hubbard lost to Willie Mechan, Joe Tuber won from Willie Astey, Gussle Lewis beat Abe Friedman, Johnny Campi lost to Johnny Ritchia, Andrew on from Pal Moore, Mike McTeakne defeated Eddie McGlym, Eddie Walter bested Rushy Graham, Young Harrey defeated Mar Baldwin, Harry Mullen war, from Billy Helnz, Eddie Smith lost to Young Lowery on a foul, MILWAUREE—Freidie Welsh outpointed Ad Wolgard.

body, maintaining enough of a lead to

win. Meehan's defense was superb. He jerked Meehan's defense was superb. He jerked his head out of the way just in time to escape several wild swings, his ducking was excellent and his footwork—such as it was—could not be improved upon. Once in the third round, when Hubbard had him backed into a corner, Jack let loose a long right swing—and hit the ropes. He tried again, but Willie ducked under it and Mr. Hubbard walloped Referee O'Brien. This was the most exciting part of the battle, but O'Brien stood up well under the punishment and finished strong.

Before the bout Meehan announced that he was not feeling well, as he had been biffed on his tin ear by a perfect stranger. He wanted to go out into the dark and stormy night to look for the P. S., but was prevailed upon to wait until he collected from the box office. The delay made Willie nervous and crabbed his act.

act.

The other bouts were good—not mediocre, as the gentieman behind us pointed out. Johnny Ritchie won from Johnny Campi in the curtain raiser. Gussle Lewis shaded Able Freedman and Joe Tuber won from the much advertised Willie Ashley.

Whad'ye Think of This?

The grandoldope was all shot to pieces in Milwaukee last night, when Freddy Welsh so far forgot himself as to WIN a 10-round bout from Ad Wolgast, the G. A. R. champion. Freddy, of course, outpointed the Michigan Dutchman, and was dazed at the finish. It is thought that Mr. Weish will be severely reprimanded by the other titleholders for stealing their stuff. This is the first battle that Freddy has won for some time, and it might give has won for some time, and it might give the other titlenoisers for steaming men-stuff. This is the first battle that Freddy has won for some time, and it might give him enough confidence to take on a reg-ular fighter in the near future.

Muggsy Taylor is on the warpath. He is peeved and sore. The Broadway magnate cut short his important duties on the jury yesterday, rushed through the blizzard and demanded a few moments of our time to explain his unmasked marvel. Muggsy has the floor:

"Of course, when a guy pulls some live staff in this here town, some simp comes along and puts a crimp in the works. I ain't kicking against nobody, and I ain't got no hard feelin's against the robbers what made me pull th' blinders off my boxer las' Thursday nite, but I'd like to bust 'em in the jaw or stick 'em in the hooch gow for life.

"Now, you know that I've been on th' up

"Now, you know that I've been on th' up an' up with everybody fer three years, ever since I took charge of th' Broadway A. C., an' this stunt sorts gets my goat. I come clean—get me?—I come clean with this masked marvel stuff, and I said that this here guy ain't ever been seen fitin' in Philadelphia, and he ain't. I got a hundred bucks in my jeans right now what I will give to anybody what says I'm wrong. I KNOW what I'm talkin' about, and, take it from me, the unmasked marvel said. it from me, the unmasked marvel ain't Eddie Kelly, from N' Yawk. He ain't even seen N' Yawk. He is from Newark, weighs 126 pounds and has been boxin'

"As I said, I ain't got no hard feelin's, but if any simp what wants a century can PROVE that I'm slippin' the bunk over, let 'im step forward and collect. Thassall I want. Just let 'im step forward and collect."

A New Star in West

A new star has appeared in the pugilis tic horizon way out West, in Ever Ham-mer, the 'blonde, bristling tiger' from Chicago. Hammer is a lightweight, that is, he can make 135, and has been knocking them over with amazing regularity, Last Thursday, in Kenosha, Wis, he defeated Joe Weller in 10 furious rounds, and had him in bad shape several times. Hammer is ever hammering at his opponent starting out in the first rounders. hammer is ever maintering at his oppo-nent, starting out in the first round and keeping it up until it is all over. Darby Kelly, manager of Johnny O'Leary, has seen Hammer in action and

loosened up with the following:
"Hammer is one of the most aggressive fighters in the ring today. He is better than Battling Neison in his prime and can

take just as much punishment. Ever is a slam bang boxer and is swinging both of his fists from start to finish. When the gong rings he leaps out of his corner and never lets up. His endurance is wonder-ful. To my knowledge he hasn't lost a battle."

MINISTERS MAY ENDEAVOR TO STOP MORAN-WILLARD GO

Will Ask Governor to Intervene if It Is to Be "Fight"

NEW YORK, March 7 .- The Presby

NEW YORK, March 7.—The Presbyterian Ministers' Association, including
500 New York ministers, may protest to
Governor Whitman against the holding of
the Willard-Moran fight in Madison
Square Garden, March 25.

The Rev. John S. Allen today is inves
tigating whether the affair is to be a
prize fight or an exhibition of "scientific
skill." If he decides Moran and the
champion are really to fight it is expected
the association will ask the Governor to
intervene.

OTHER SPORTS ON PAGE 14

JOHNNY EVERS AS KEEN FOR WORK AS HE WAS DECADE AGO

By GRANTLAND RICE

THERE are certain sections of drama or | a minute or two without making a re-

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 bave figured it anything more than a casual meeting of two well-known stars. After Germany had passed along Evers sat for

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.

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 strip. Iling anxious to be given a chance. But since that day between them they have been stars in eight flag-winning campaigns in different lengues.

This is merely one of the many episodes.

They meet, shake hands and pass on and It means—nothing. Nothing to any one but Evers and Schaefer, who still re-member,

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, Lajole, Anson and a few others who have lasted year upon year were all big powerful men with a weekl of the starting of the control of ful men with a world of stamina to carry

surface.

How about 1915? 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 Purses at Grand Circuit



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

