

SPOTLIGHT ON SPORTS

By JACK KEENE

Pancho Villa, flyweight champion of the world, is hearing the old, old call. Having conquered the flies—pugilistically speaking—the little Filipino wants to go after bigger game and tackle a few bastards. And, passing up the lesser lights in the division, Pancho wants to meet Abraham Goldstein, champion of the roosters, right off the bat. Villa's own class does lack attractive opponents. The one man who deserves a crack at him right now is Frankie Genaro. He licked

Villa before the brown man defeated Jimmy Wilde and annexed the world's championship. A Genaro-Villa battle may be staged before the summer ends. Eastern critics who have been boosting a Wills-Dempsey match for lo, these many moons, are still of the opinion that Wills is a dangerous foe, despite his failure to knock out Bartley Madden, picked as a trial horse. They believe that the negro has a chance

of knocking Luis Angel Firpo for a row of Argentine coffee houses if the two meet late this summer. Wills' friends insist that he was saving his hands on Madden—was simply trying himself out against the veteran—and had no desire to shoot one or two in that would spill Bartley but crack his (Wills') hands. There is no doubt but what Wills went into the Madden bout with the one object of testing out himself. Granting that he had no desire to endanger his hands on Madden, two things stood out in that battle that indicate that Mr. Wills will have his work cut out for him against Firpo, even if he does decide to let himself out and risk breaking his knuckles.

One was that a mediocre boxer could get to Mr. Wills, repeatedly and effectively. The other was that Madden could not hit. Now get this: In Firpo Wills will meet a man more rugged even than Madden, one who is just as formidable when it comes to wading in. AND MR. FIRPO CAN HIT LIKE SEVERAL ASSORTED PILEDRIVERS. Firpo is the only man who ever knocked Jack Dempsey out of the ring and into an adjacent county with one punch. Wills might have been saving his hands against Madden. But he ought to start in now laying plans to save his life if he plans to meet the Argentine gentleman.

California boxing fans, who once had the best battles at their back—or front—doors, now have hopes of seeing once again some real bouts. An agitation has been started to legalize ten- and twelve-round decision contests. For years the state has permitted only four-round affairs. This has narrowed activity down to bouts between beginners or exhibitions between champions and setups or sparring partners. While his record in baseball does not approach that of Iron Man Joe McGinnity, with his 35 years in the game, Bert Humphrey deserves some attention. This veteran pitcher has quit the diamond after 25 years of duty. Humphrey is known to the older National League fans. He played in that circuit for eight seasons. He served time with the Cincinnati Reds, the Philadelphia Phillies and the St. Louis Browns. Last year he led the Florida State League pitchers while hurling for Orlando.

about batters he is storing away in his noodle." This same sprit is the key to Alexander's success. He seems to have "the dope" on every batter in the league at his finger tips. His complete knowledge of each one enables him to outguess them without wasting wide ones. Hence his stringency in issuing passes. While Ray Kremer, making his debut as a Pirate this year, is a stranger to most National League fans, he had a tryout with a National League club as far back as 1916. The Giants looked him over then at Marlin, Tex. Kremer looked good when he reported, but developed a severe case of rheumatism and was sent to his home in California.

DEAF AND DUMB MOTHER IDENTIFIES MARRIED PAIR AS BROTHER AND SISTERS



Louis W. Rollins and Elizabeth Ruth Dart.

WORDS! WORDS!

Young Newrich had spent 12 months abroad, and on his return was warmly greeted by his father, accompanied by guests. "Well, Charles, old boy, enjoy yourself," cried old Newrich joyously. "And how you've grown!" "Grown, father, grown," corrected his son, annoyed at the suppressed chuckles. "Well, I'm blessed," replied the old man in a surprised tone. "Rum notions you pick up abroad. 'What have I to groan for?'"

Our Want Ads. Bring Results

Many fans have wondered at the failure of the Pirates to cling to a first division berth. The team was

The Washington Senators appear more formidable these days than they ever have before in their history. After fighting hopelessly for 20 years to grab a pennant, they now seem nearer that feat than at any previous time. There are two reasons for this. The main one is the fact that for the first time the team is hitting at a 300 gait. The other reason is that Stan Harris has instilled a fighting spirit into the team—something it has lacked for many, many seasons. When Harris took hold of the team it was generally believed he would be simply the nominal manager. It is becoming more apparent, however, that Griffith—whether or not he intended to at first—is giving Harris more and more freedom in handling the players. Harris is given much of the credit for relieving Walt Johnson of the entire pitching burden. The "King" now finds himself called upon to pitch only every five days. Zachary, Zahinzer, Martina, Mogridge and Ogden are "rarin' to go" in their turn. Marberry, Speece and McGrew are available for relief duty. Washington fans can hardly realize that it has a team on which are six regulars batting .300 or better. These six men are Goslin, Prothro, Rice, Judge, Matthews, and Ruel. Harris and Bludge are flirting with the 300 mark. These men have put Washington close to the top in the team batting averages—if not at the top.

Eddie Roush, center fielder and slugger of the Cincinnati Reds, says that he hits by instinct. This revelation isn't of much cheer to the legion of batters in the big and minor leagues who seek a fair batting average in vain. Eddie'll have to go one step farther and give them the dope on where to acquire the instinct. "If we only had Faber and Charley Robertson!" This is the moan in Chicago these days as White Sox fans watch Comiskey's club in action. During the recent absence of Johnny Evers from the managerial desk, due to an operation, Eddie Collins took the team in charge and, by making infield and outfield shifts and instilling more fighting spirit into the club, made it a much better-looking outfit. The team does need more hitting, though. Evers and Faber have been of no help to the team this season. Collins' move in making Maurice Archdeacon one of the regular outfielders was probably his best move as manager, pro-tem. Evers had been keeping the fleet-footed International League star on the bench because his hitting in the regular lineup wasn't up to snuff. Collins realized that Archdeacon's fielding and speed should be of value to the team. His work has borne out Collins' judgment.

How the old boys do hang on, long after their time. Lookit Harry Hooper. Was going to quit the game for good last spring. Lotta folks said he might just as well—was through anyhow. Then, just the other day, he socked the ball for a home run with the bases full and helped the White Sox cop a merry slugging battle with the Washington Senators. Put away those crutches and slippers for a while now. Now is the time for all good (Philadelphia) men and Owner Baker to come to the aid of the Phillies. This team hasn't climbed far from the last place as yet, but is a much improved outfit. They have been running considerably ahead of last season's gait—against much stiffer opposition than the 1923 team faced. All the team lacks now to give it a fighting chance to land fourth or fifth is a couple of dependable pitchers. In justice to Fletcher the Philly owner should unloosen the bank roll and lend the pilot any other help possible in an effort to land one or two fingers. The fans are backing Fletcher. Grover Alexander, unburdened himself of a few words regarding the pitching of young Vic Keen, fellow Cub, the other day. "What I like most about him," said Alec, "is that when he isn't pitching, he isn't day-dreaming. When he is on the bench he is figuratively on his toes, watching the pitchers' efforts and success against different batters. The facts



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