

SPOTLIGHT ON SPORTS

By JACK KEENE

Paul Berlenbach is on his way back, with blood in his eye. The young light heavyweight was going great guns, you will recall, up to the time he met Jack Delaney. The latter was expected to be another round in Paul's ladder to fame. Instead of that the husky Jack sapped Paul on the button and temporarily halted the latter's aspirations.

That was several months ago. Berlenbach set to work to regain the lost ground. He announced rather emphatically that he had hit his old rival when he knocked out "Hambone" Kelly in Boston a short time ago. Be it said in Mr. Kelly's behalf that he is not what his first name implies. He is a tough egg.

Then, the other night, Berlenbach matched his fists against those carried by Young Stribling of Georgia. Paul's excellent showing against the man who momentarily held the light heavyweight title was unexpected by any but his closest followers.

Berlenbach can owe his recent successes to Dan Hickey, the man who started him on his road to fame. The match between Berlenbach and Delaney was made against Hickey's better judgment. He wanted Paul to wait a bit before tackling a two-fisted mauler like Jack.

Now Berlenbach is following Hickey's wishes explicitly.

When Rogers Hornsby cracked out his 200th hit a while ago—the first man in the big leagues to register that many—he had accomplished this difficult feat for the fourth time in a span of five campaigns. Only once since Hornsby started his reign in the National League has he failed to register the double century.

While slugging his way to the title for the first time in 1920 he rang up his 200th hit on September 22. He collected 18 more before the season ended.

In 1921 he reached the 200 mark on August 31, and rang up 35 more before the campaign closed.

Two years ago he passed the double century milestone on September 4, and made 50 more safeties before the season closed.

Last year, due to the fact that he played in only 107 games, he collected but 163 bingles.

Listed among those 250 hits he registered in 1922 were the 42 home runs which set a new National League record in circuit circuits.

Hornsby will not be entirely satisfied with his year's work this season if he fails to pass that 250 mark. He passed the 200 station on August 28, a week earlier than he did two years ago, when he scored 250.

If the New York Giants fail to repeat their triumph of the past three seasons in winning the National League hunting, John McGraw's supremacy in the managerial field will not be threatened.

If Bill McKechnie shoves his Pirate crew into a world's series he will meet a newcomer in the ranks. Uncle Robbie has won two pennants for Brooklyn. But McGraw has won nine National League flags.

He rang the bell the first time in 1904, and retained the championship the next summer. Followed five years of vain effort, and then he introduced his three-time winners, copping the flag in 1911-12-13. George Stinings, with his Miraculous team, prevented McGraw from making it four straight in 1914. In 1917 the Giants ruled, 50th then in 1921 started the monopoly on pennants which has not been relinquished to date.

The Giants have had a hard

time breaking into the winning end of the world's series, however. McGraw's men won the fall battle of 1905, but failed to win another until they started picking on the Yankees in 1921. They repeated in 1922, but were defeated in a heart-breaking series last year.

The remarkable pitching of Dazzy Vance and his frank assertion that Cateher Hank De Berry has played an important part in his success raises the query as to whether or not the big league moguls frequently "cut off their noses" when they purchase from the minors a pitching prospect without grabbing his catcher, too. De Berry was catching Vance in the Southern Association when the Dazzling One was pitching spectacular ball for New Orleans.

Uncle Robinson of the Dodgers reasoned that De Berry might be more than a catching glove, and De Berry was catching Vance in the Southern Association when the Dazzling One was pitching spectacular ball for New Orleans.

As a result of this move Vance found himself pitching to his same old mate when he essayed to prove his worth in the big show. Vance, more than anyone else, also helped him keep his nerve up when things were breaking badly. De Berry knew Vance had the stuff and made no bones about telling not only Vance, but his knockers.

A striking feature of the splendid spurt of the Washington team this season is the fact that, barring the one and only Walter Johnson, the team has but two outstanding stars in any branch of the game—unless it be in the managerial end. Harris must be given credit for displaying unexpected ability in handling his team of medium to fair players.

Joe Judge is a good first baseman. He has never been rated as a scintillating star, however. Harris, at second, came to the big show unsung and, while playing a steady, heady game, has never been placed in the front ranks.

Bluege, at third base, has had to fight to hold his job.

Earl McNeely, recently purchased from a Pacific Coast League team, is a good "elder," however. Goslin is a good outfielder, but not a scintillating star. Zachary Zahner and O'Grady are rounding to great pitchers under the tutelage of Griffith and Harris, but cannot be considered among the leaders as yet. Muddy Ruel must be classed as one of the best catchers in the game, however.

The reason this team of "average" players is going at the pace it has been hitting is because Harris has it working in perfect harmony and accord. Each man has found his place, knows his capabilities and shortcomings, and plays on that basis.

The remarkable golfing exhibition given by Miss Gienna Collett in the qualifying round of the national women's golf championship tourney must stamp her as one of the greatest women golfers of the world.

When she circled the Rhode Island Country Club course in 79 she did more than merely circle the course under 90 for the first time in the history of the national tourney. She demonstrated that the time is coming closer when women will really challenge the supremacy of the men in golf.

The "die hard" among the men have scoffed at the idea ever since the women "invaded" the links in any numbers. Scores speak louder than words. Miss Collett turned in a card of 79. That speaks clearly, in my opinion.

Fahy Says He'll Get Proof \$2,000,000 Theft Charge False



William H. Fahy, postoffice inspector, says he will devote liberty innocent of charges that he was the "brains" of the \$2,000,000 mail robbery at Rendout, Ill. He is a "frame-up" victim, he avers. He is shown (right) conferring in Chicago with Attorney Robert A. Milroy.

A Sports Creation In a New Fabric



By MME. LISBETH

A new and attractive fabric for sports coats has been used in this straight-cut, wrap-around garment. It is duo-toned in effect and divided into boxes, these being separated by bands of long-fibered, lustrous mohair and filled with a raised form of downy wool. A shaggy effect is produced which is attractive as well as practical for an all-weather garment. The deep collar and cuffs are of fur.

Other interesting fabrics much used by the French couturiers are woven with plain centers bordered with plaid. Checks and stripes are also very much liked by these same designers. Quiet colors are used for the more formal types of coats, but the sports types come in brilliant shades. Browns and cinnamons are much favored; greys are also popular, with some dark blues and a new blue something like delft.

Bordered materials continue to be well represented and there is a wool velvet which is really like a carpet in texture. Alpaca is another favorite material and is shown in winter weight and called in Paris "algas."

A new jersey is very smart and there is a sort of corduroy with a lining of self-colored silk stitching across it and another with corduroy stripes in two shades of the same color in silk and wool. These have long, rather unpronounceable names that one really could not remember unless one wrote them down, but the materials themselves are well worth looking up even if one doesn't know the exact name by which the couturiers call them.

Embroideries are lovelier than ever, and one can hardly believe that they are not done with the needle in an embroidery frame. Embroidery and printing are sometimes combined in novel effects. Metal fabrics are very alluring, for evening, coats and are considered "the thing" in Paris.

THAT'S ALL

They were out for a hike, the dog and John, when they came across a farmhouse on fire. A clergyman standing on the front porch was quite oblivious to the smoke and flames. John quite naturally called out: "Hey, mister, your house is on fire!" The man did not seem to have heard John, however, so he repeated the news justly, the dog barking along co-operatively. "How's that?" answered the farmer, placing his hand behind his ear and looking rather puzzled. "Your house is on fire!" John said again. "Is there anything else?" was the imperturbable reply. "No," John hollered, "that's all I can think of just now!"

NOTICE CALLING FOR BIDS FOR FIREMEN'S UNIFORMS

The Board of Trustees of the City of Torrance hereby invite sealed proposals for furnishing seventeen Firemen's Uniforms to the active members of the Torrance Volunteer Fire Department. Said bids will be opened at the hour of 8 p.m. in the Council Chambers of the Board of Trustees of the City of Torrance, Sept. 29, 1924.

The following are the specifications for said suits, a sample of which material is now on file with the City Clerk: Material known as No. 1384, twenty-ounce Charlottesville Cloth, manufactured by the Charlottesville Mills.

16 coats; design, single breasted semi-form fitting, with McKeel collar with hook and eye; at button of collar, seven button front with no outside pockets, two inside breast pockets, to be reinforced with same material. Best grade black wool serge lining and hand belted collar. Buttons to be nickel plated "12 1/2."

1 assistant chief's coat, same style as for men, except coat to be double breasted with fire trumpet gilt buttons in three groups of three on each side of coat.

Trousers, for all uniforms, straight cut, plain bottom, medium peg with five pockets—two side, two hip, one watch—all pockets to be reinforced. Best grade canvas to be used for Pockets. Good grade white seat lining.

A written guarantee as to material and workmanship must accompany all bids. By order of the Board of Trustees. A. H. BARTLETT, City Clerk of the City of Torrance.

BUSY NIGHT AHEAD

A New York clubman, at a dinner on Fifth avenue, was talking about the high prices in Europe since the war.

"Yes, they are high sometimes, but most of it is travelers' tales. They remind me that I heard a good one recently. It was a tale about Ceylon."

"An American had just arrived at a Colombo hotel and the chambermaid said to him, as she put his bedroom in order: 'Have you asked at the office for your frog, sir?'"

"My frog?" gasped the American. "What do you mean?" "The frog to kill your cockroaches, sir. Make them give you a young, lean, muscular frog, a good jumper; one that will clean out the cockroaches thoroughly. Then afterward, when the cockroaches are all gone, you must go down to the office again and get your snake."

"Snake? Holy Moses! Why a snake?" "A snake to cat the frog, sir!" replied the maid. "And then, as soon as the frog is eaten, you must get out of bed and kill the snake with a club. After that you'll be sure of a good night's rest."



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BILLY WHISKERS

By FRANCES MONTGOMERY

Daisy was at the bars begging the Twins to come out before the elephant hurt them. But the Twins could not get out, as the elephant was between them and the hole through which they had crawled. Seeing them, he charged, but such was his size and they so small that they simply ran between his legs when he tried to catch them up with his trunk.

Daisy, Nannie and Billy Junior all stood panic-stricken at the chances the kids took. First they would run under his body from side to side, then between his hind legs. Had he moved a foot they would have been crushed between his great legs. There being two of them, and both so small and frisky, they confused the beast so he did not think as quickly as usual. He beat out of the jungle for years, where he had had to think fast, and now he found himself rusty and unable to cope with frisky little pests like these two kids.

Twins Unafraid "I'll fly them," he said to himself; and he walked over to where his tub of drinking water stood, and filled his trunk. Then he charged down on the Twins where they stood in one corner, waiting to see what he would do next. The little rascals were enjoying the rage of the elephant under the misapprehension that he was not afraid of him at all, as they thought they could trust to their wits to save themselves. The elephant walked up to within five feet of them. Then he stopped and squirted the water at the kids. He had just done this when he knocked one of them over when it hit him broadside. It blinded the other so he could not see where to run. Then they heard a bellow of rage and pain. Shaking the water from their eyes, they saw a big white elephant standing before them. His stomach and scratch the skin with his short horns so badly that it made the monster cry out with pain and turn to see what had attacked him so suddenly. When he faced about, whom should he see but the old Billy Whiskers himself in front of him. At the same moment he felt a cat on his back and a dog snapping at his heels.

His Old Friend But what had changed the enraged elephant so quickly? For now he was as docile as a lamb, and the kids saw him go up to Billy and wind his trunk around Billy's beard and playfully pull it at the same time saying: "Billy Whiskers! My old friend Billy Whiskers of the circus! Where by all that is wonderful did you come from? I supposed you were dead long ago."

Elephants live to be over a hundred years old, but goats not so long, and as it had been many years since these two had traveled and performed in the same circus, the elephant had taken it for granted that Billy was dead.

"Excuse me a minute until I throw out these smelly young kids. I can't stand their odor," said the elephant.

"If you don't mind, I will put them out for you, as I think I can do it more gently than you could, and I happen to have an interest in those particular kids, as they are my well beloved grandchildren whom I have not seen for two years," replied Billy.

"Your grandchild?" exclaimed the elephant. "I beg your pardon! Had I known they were related to you in the most distant manner I would not have harmed a hair of their skin. I do hope you will forgive me!"

"Certainly I will forgive you. And perhaps they were annoying you and deserved being punished, for as I remember them they were pretty mischievous kids."

"Take after their grandfather," said the elephant. "I guess so," said Billy. "Ban, ban, ban!" came a voice as sweet as music to Billy's ears, and, turning, he saw his darling wife looking through the fence.

"How did you get shut in there?" he asked. "I'll be with you in a minute!" But though he looked and looked he could find no opening leading into the yard where Nannie was confined. He had got-

ten into the elephant's yard by jumping through an open window in the elephant's house and running out the door that led to the yard, and Stubby and Button had followed him. Billy had recognized the kids and, seeing them in danger, he had not stopped to figure how they got there, but had rushed to their rescue immediately. He and Stubby and Button had just arrived in the Park after their long journey from New York state, and were looking for the family when they chanced to turn a corner in the path and came upon the scene.

The kids slipped back into the goat yard the way they had left it, while Stubby and Button stood and talked to Nannie, the fence between them.

"Oh, if I could only find a way to get over into your yard," bawled Billy to Nannie.

Elephant's Plan "I have it!" said the elephant. "I can get you all over there if you don't mind being dropped a few feet." "Certainly we don't, but how are you going to do it?" "I'll just pick you up with my trunk and drop you on the other side of the fence." "You can't do it," said Billy. "I am too heavy."

"Indeed I can do it! I guess you are no heavier than the mahogany boxes I used to lift and put in high piles when I lived in Siam. Come here and let me try."

[But we shall have to wait to see if he really can.]

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