

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Langford is Forced to Go Abroad For Fights.



Now that there is no good heavy-weight left for him to fight in this country and tired of hurling challenges at Jack Johnson, Sam Langford, the colored heavyweight of Boston, will invade the foreign field. Langford announced recently he would sail for London Jan. 7 and take on the best that could be found in England and France. Parisians are anxious to see Sam McVey, the colored giant who has made a great record for himself in France, meet Langford. As Hugh McIntosh is making an effort to match the men, the bout is sure to be held. If Langford is in good shape he should experience little difficulty in stowing away McVey.

Jack Johnson Plans Fight Club.

Tired of being arrested for scorching as his only relaxation between fights and lawsuits, John Arthur Johnson, heavyweight champion, plans to break into the limelight as the promoter of a new fight and wrestling club in Chicago which, if it comes through, he will run on the lines of straight membership.

Johnson is negotiating for the purchase of a hall as the home of the Johnson club to be. "My idea," said Johnson recently, "is to attempt to revive boxing in Chicago and to give people a chance to see athletic entertainments at a fair rate. I do not believe there is any law which can prevent contests held on this plan. I would also like to pull off a few wrestling matches."

Amateur Fencers' League.

The annual schedule of the Amateur Fencers' League of America has been sent out by the secretary, W. Scott O'Connor, and this time it is longer than ever, covering a period of six months, from December till May. The list contains the entire fixtures for seven divisions, and these, with New York, are New England, Long Island, eastern Pennsylvania, Michigan, Maryland and Illinois. The final bouts in the national championship will be held in the gymnasium of the New York Athletic club April 21 and 22 next, and in each division the three highest men with each weapon will be eligible for these bouts.

Tommy Burns Has New Champ.

Tommy Burns, who has been scouring the country about his Seattle training camp for suitable sparring partners, is said to be so pleased with a young boxer's work that he intends to manage the man. Jack Lester is the protege, and he has been installed in Burns' camp as a sparring partner. Lester is a promising heavyweight. Burns will take him to London and match him for bouts in Europe.

Harvard to Play Penn Nine.

Harvard and Pennsylvania will meet on the diamond in 1912. Two games have been arranged between the two lines. The first contest will be played on Soldiers' field, Cambridge, June 7, while the other game, the date of which has not yet been decided upon, will be played in Philadelphia.

Evers Won't Coach Annapolis.

John Evers, second baseman of the Chicago Nationals, has declined a proposal to coach the Navy baseball team at Annapolis next spring. He will go south with his team on the spring training trip.

Boer Wrestler After Title.

Peter Nogert, the South African Boer wrestler, has started training for his coming contests. Nogert is a powerfully built fellow, standing six feet two inches and weighing 245 pounds.

Conklin to Captain Michigan in 1911.

Right Tackle Frederick Conklin, Jr., has been elected captain of next year's University of Michigan football eleven. Conklin is a junior medical student, and his home is at Schoolcraft, Mich.

"My Friend from India"

The play that the Public has conceded to be the best ever presented in Toms River, will be repeated in

Opera House, Monday Evening, January 2, 1911

The following high class **SPECIALTIES** will be given between acts

SINGING BY MRS. EVA KING

BUCK AND WING DANCING, CLOG DANCING

ILLUSTRATED SONGS

DANCING WITH ROLLER SKATES

FULL ORCHESTRA

BY MR. SAM BRINLEY

You know us and that we always make good. Come one, come all and

WELCOME THE NEW YEAR WITH A HEARTY LAUGH

A NIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS

Terrifying Experience With a Beast of Prey.

A boy of fourteen stood before a tent with a bucket of water in his hand that he had just brought from the stream below. He was much excited. A woman came out of the tent, and the little fellow said to her:

"Mother, there are panther tracks on the trail to the river."

"Sure?" said the woman, paling. Two little girls came out with frightened faces. They had heard the news and, young as they were, understood it. The Maxey family were pioneers who had come to the country to settle, but had not yet built their cabin. The father had gone to the nearest county seat to enter the land and would not be back till the following day. The mother and son consulted what they should do. The panther would likely be back again, and there was no certain defense. True, little Tom Maxey had his rifle and for a boy was a fair shot, but supposing the panther should come upon them suddenly or that Tom should miss him! In that case the family would be at the brute's mercy.

Since there were no neighbors to help there was nothing to do but make the only preparation possible—that is, gather wood for the purpose of building a fire. Tom got his rifle in good shape, but it was of small size, and his mother feared to have him use it lest its tiny ball should only enrage the panther. Tom worked all the morning gathering wood and spent the afternoon seeing that the pens containing the cattle were secure.

The sun went down, and darkness stole over the land. An awful dread came upon the family as night drew on. Would the panther find another meal and let them alone? They hoped for the best. Tom lighted the fire, which he had laid directly before the tent, and he had driven a forked branch into the ground on which to rest his rifle. The little girls were put to bed, and Tom and his mother kept watch.

There was stillness except the occasional snapping of the fire or the cry of a distant loon. Hour after hour the mother and son sat waiting for the night to pass, and soon after midnight the boy fell asleep. He was awakened by a thud upon the earth a short distance away, as of some heavy animal jumping from a tree. Opening his eyes, he saw terror in his mother's face. She caught his wrist and held it as in the grip of a vise.

"Look!" she cried.

Tom, on following the direction of her eyes, saw two glaring balls out in the darkness. Tearing himself away from her, he kicked the burning logs, sending up sparks and flame that illumined the dark figure. He hoped that this would drive it away, but he was disappointed. The panther was doubtless hungry and loath to give up his prey. Tom went to his rifle.

"Mother," he said, "throw a firebrand at him."

But Mrs. Maxey was not equal to such an act, and Tom, resting the butt of his rifle on the ground, seized a brand and, first waving it over his head, threw it straight at the beast, which shrank away for a time, but it was not long before Tom saw those two glaring eyes again fixed upon him. Again he tried the expedient of tossing a brand, but this time the panther paid but little attention to it.

The realization of the horror threatening them was what paralyzed the mother. One of the blessings of youth is the absence of such realization, which accounts for the absence of fear, and Tom Maxey was at an age when one doesn't picture dreadful things to come. His faculties were all bent on his work, which was to drive the panther off or kill him. But the beast declined to be driven off. Indeed, Tom noticed a certain undulatory movement of his body, which was stretched flat on the ground, that indicated he was crawling gradually nearer for a spring.

Tom seized a last brand—a big one—and threw it with so true an aim that had not the panther dodged it would have struck him. Then the boy, without waiting to see the result, sprang for his rifle. Mrs. Maxey rushed frantically into the tent and hugged her little girls to her. Their cries seemed to whet the panther's appetite, and Tom saw him rising on his fore paws ready for a spring. The boy's eye was looking down the barrel of his rifle, bringing the two sights in line with the center of the brute's eye. The distance was not great, not more than a dozen yards. He had a rest, and his young heart was beating scarcely more rapidly than usual. He was sure if he fired before the panther sprang he could hit his head and believed he could hit the eye he aimed for. At a moment when the beast was perfectly still and the head at the muzzle of the rifle in line with the breech sight and the panther's eye Tom pulled the trigger. The animal gave a spring into the air and fell back motionless.

Tom waited to see if he would stir, but as he did not he called to his mother that he had killed the monster, then walked forward to inspect him. When he came near enough to see a stream of blood pouring from the eye he knew he had pierced his brain.

The little marksman vainly endeavored to induce his mother to come and see for herself, but she would not. Neither would she go to sleep with the horrid form lying so near the tent. But it was not long till daylight and the terrible night had passed.

The Verdict of Courier Readers

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