

# E A S T E R

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### GRAPHIC STORY OF GORY HONOR

Description of Flynn-Langford Fight by Spectator—Tale of Cold, Deliberate Slaughter by Black Gorilla of His Smaller White Victim.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., March 19.—A local sporting writer here gives the following graphic account of the finish of the Flynn-Langford fight and the actions of the men engaged in the struggle.

"The Vernon prizefight arena was the scene Thursday of a gory horror. This Italian boy, Chiariglioni, who fights under the Irish name of Jim Flynn, was put into the ring with a negro who, in physique, is a shaven gorilla. It was horrible, sickening. The writer saw an old Californian with his head in his hand and his hat before his face.

"I have seen Mexicans cut each other into ribbons with Bowie knives," he said, "but this is too strong for me."

"It wasn't hot, passionate blood-letting—it was cold, deliberate slaughter. Langford, the gorilla-man, would put his left hand against the white man's bleeding face and push him away to arm's length, his little red pig eyes running critically over the maimed white body—a connoisseur selecting a vital spot. Then his fists would drive in with a crash. The impact of the blows was so terrific that they could be heard all over the big pavilion.

"Flynn fought with the helplessness and ferocity of a wounded lion. Sometimes he seemed to land heavily, but the fight was pitifully unequal. The white boy was awkward, savage blunderer trying to defend himself against the skill and strength of a giant. Langford has the legs, arms, the immense chest, the little red eyes that shift with the restlessness of the jungle. He walks with the rocking step of the jungle animal ready to leap in any direction. Fighting is as instinctive with him as with his even-tempered ancestors. Langford was too primitive for Signor Chiariglioni. Facing one of the white boy's wildest rushes, Langford calmly brushed him out of the way and enjoyed a good spit to clear his throat.

"The end was magnificent. With one last burst of desperation Flynn flew at the negro, rushing him to the ropes and beating at him frantically with both fists.

"Langford fell back, chuckling with laughter. Shoving Flynn away with both hands, he nukered up his mouth and opened his eyes wide as one makes faces at a child.

"Say, what's yo' tryin' to do?" he said.

you fight?" snarled Flynn, lashing out with his fists.

"Langford looked over the white man's shoulders down at the sporting reporters.

"I'm going to get him in a minute," he said. Almost involuntarily Flynn turned his head one fatal instant to see who Langford was talking to. A black arm shot to the white man's blood-smeared jaw. He staggered back and set himself with lowered, anxious eyes, peering out like a man looking into some hidden cave. Like a flash Langford struck him full on the point of the chin.

"The negro did not wait to see what would happen. As the blow landed, he turned and walked away, a little smile of amusement on his face. He leaned over the ropes and shook hands with one of the sporting reporters, his back to the pitiful scene where 7000 people were staring with horrified fascination. Flynn, crumbling at the knees, like a man who has been shot, took a few drunken steps forward and fell flat on his face.

"As the referee stood counting him out Flynn made one think of an animal which had been shot to death. His torn face was ashen. His eyes were dull and glazed, the blood pouring out of his mouth in a little stream that trickled over the white canvas.

"Out!" yelled the referee into his ears. Flynn looked up dully with a sort of reproach on his face, and got weakly to his feet, where he stood swaying, with a faraway look in his eyes like a man coming out of the influence of an anesthetic.

"Langford came across the ring with real pity in his face and held out his hand. At the sight of the terrible black figure before him a tiny ray of consciousness filtered through the white boy's fuddled brain. He thought the fight was still on and put up his fists.

"Langford laughed and dodged behind the referee as they dragged Flynn to his corner. He fell unconsciously into his chair, his bloated, maimed face falling against the sweaty shoulder of one of his seconds. They sprayed water in his face and fanned him and waved ammonia under his nose. He came to with a gasp and tried to get up.

"Why did the fight stop?" he asked thickly. Then the light went out of his eyes and he fell back again, a dead, inert thing. Half a dozen times, as the ammonia brought him to, he tried to get up and fight again, querulously wanting to know why the fight had stopped. At last they got him to his dressing room and finally into a carriage. His appearance was too bloody and torn to be described in polite society.

"Beyond an old wound cut open over one eye, Langford was un-hurt."

#### NOTICE.

Saturday, March 19, will be W. C. T. U. national gift day. The proceeds to be used in the campaign for "Oregon dry." 1910. 311

### CORPSE AT WHEEL OF MOTER CAR

Mayor of St. John, Kan., Dies While Joy Riding and Party Miraculously Escapes Death in Auto.

ST. JOHN, Kan., March 19.—Speeding across the Kansas prairies in an automobile at 20 miles an hour with a corpse at the steering wheel and saved from death or serious injury by a straight and smooth road, was the startling experience from which Mrs. O. B. Shepherd and three of her friends are recovering from today.

O. B. Shepherd was the mayor of St. John. With his wife and a party of guests he started for an automobile spin late yesterday. Noticing that the car was moving perilously near the edge of the road, Mrs. Shepherd called to her husband, who was at the wheel:

"Look out—the car is getting off the road!"

There was no reply. Shepherd lunged over the steering wheel as though he were examining the front of the car. Then Mrs. Shepherd leaned from the tonneau and looked more closely at her husband. She fell back with a scream, for his face was white and his eyes glazed and his lifeless hands clutched the wheel.

A. H. Horner, one of the party, stopped the car and headed it post-haste for St. John.

A physician declared Shepherd had died of heart failure. His funeral will be held tomorrow.

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