

# IS TEX RICKARD ONLY FOOLING?

### Promoter Planning Another Jeff and Johnson Battle.

## NEGRO SAYS HE IS WILLING.

If Men Are Matched Where Will Bout Be Held?—Public Would Not Look Upon It With Favor—Would Not Attract Any Great Interest.

By TOMMY CLARK.  
One finds it pretty hard to take seriously the plans of Tex Rickard to pull off another fight between Jack Johnson and Jim Jeffries. Yet the Reno promoter is not merely talking, but is likely to go through with his scheme. Rickard has given it out that he holds Johnson's promise to meet Jeff at any time that it might suit his pleasure, and that Rickard is now working hard to get Jeff's consent to arrange the match. The fact that Jeffries has repeatedly charged that he was dragged on the day he fought Johnson leads to the belief that it will not be a difficult matter to induce him to fight the negro again.

Jeffries recently stated that he would not fight again. Still, it must be remembered he said the same thing when he was first approached to meet Johnson after the latter's defeat of Tommy Burns. It is not necessary to review unpleasant history which was made when he changed his mind. It is a possibility of similar reversal of ideas that Tex Rickard and his associates are banking on at the present time. Jeff's real friends hope he will close the argument for all time with a curt refusal to fight again, but this is far from assured.

If the men are matched, where will the fight be held? It surely will not take place in San Francisco. And if Rickard plans to hold it in Reno he would lose a fortune.

Just what view the public would take of such a match remains to be seen. Right now the sentiment would be against a return engagement, for those who can figure Jeffries as having a chance are few and far between. It would be looked upon as a mere effort on the part of those interested to get the public's money.

Jeffries and Johnson might make a fair amount of coin out of the bout, thanks to the repeated hollers from the "California bear" that he is positive he was dragged, but it would be no worldwide sensation. Outside of Jeffries, his immediate family and one or two newspaper writers who are warm personal friends of the defeated idol, no one even hints that Jeff could come back, even with the most strenuous training.

If he was all in at Reno, why shouldn't he be in worse shape, so far as fighting is concerned, a year or so hence? Fight enthusiasts might attend because the sporting public sometimes likes to be bunked, but the fight in all probability, would have the same sort of ending. But there would be this satisfaction in handling the match—Jeff would have to come down from his lofty throne of indifference and silliness to make the match a financial success. He would have to train under orders and be more agreeable to the world at large.

As a defeated champion, and defeated with no credit to himself, Jim Jeffries would likely discover the sporting public inclined to treat him more coldly. There would be less running after Jeff and more necessity for him to play the courtier, however painful.

In signing for such a fight the Californian would make it appear that he wants the money rather than, as he once loftily put it, the glory of reclaiming for the white race the heavyweight championship. Nor will he be able to lay the blame of forcing him back into the ring upon the newspapers.

The former bolliemaker should understand once for all that public sentiment does not require him to get back into the game. The public is either indifferent on the subject or would oppose it if it had a word to say. Jeffries may fight for the sake of gold, but that will be all. The proposed fight cannot stand out by itself and would be nothing more than a contest between the recognized champion and one of the familiar sights of the prize-ring—the beaten man who wants one more chance.

Bicyclist Moran to Race in Paris. Jimmy Moran of the winning team in the recent six day bicycle race in New York, who is now in Paris, will engage in a series of races there.

## SPORTS IN SMALL CHUNKS

Pimlico's racing dates will be April 9 to May 17. Jamestown's spring racing dates are April 1 to April 28.

Pittsburg's new \$150,000 amateur clubhouse will be opened Feb. 23.

The intercollegiate track and field championships may be held in Syracuse, N. Y., May 26 and 27.

The annual bench show of the Westminster Kennel club will be held in Madison Square Garden, New York, Feb. 13 to 16. There are more than 600 regular classes and nearly 1,000 specials.

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## WHEN THE TIME CAME

By M. QUAD  
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Mrs. Sarah Drew was a New Hampshire widow. She owned a farm, and Jake White was her hired man. He was a good man and a good worker and had been with the family for three years when Farmer White died. It will never be known to outsiders whether Mr. White, when told that he was to be gathered to his fathers, called Jake to his bedside and said: "I must go, but I am consoled by the thought that I leave Sarah in good hands. Give her a year or so to mourn my loss and then propose matrimony."

Three years went by and Jake had not spoken. There were times when he thought he was encouraged to speak out and other times when he was prepared to come in from the field after a hard day's work and learn that the widow was engaged to the sewing machine agent who had that route. The widow, too, had thoughts. It was more than once whispered about that Jake was in love with this or that farmer girl, and she had come to feel that his loss would be a double one.

Mrs. Drew had been a widow for four years and Jake White had done bushels and bushels of thinking when winter came on. When the foot of more of snow which heralded the change of season had got packed down on the highway Providence put it into Jake's head to get out the big hand sled and propose a ride down the long and winding hill. Providence didn't go so far as to put the widow next as to what would happen, but it meant well by both. It had been a long time, and Providence meant to bury things up a bit. Half a dozen of the neighbors were to take part in that moonlight sleigh ride, but for one reason or another all backed out, leaving the two alone. Probably this was another trick on the part of Providence.

About the time the sled was drawn out for the gliding Elder Henderson, who lived just beyond the foot of the hill, was saying to his wife:

"Martha, I bought ten bushels of taters of the Widder White yesterday."

"We'll need 'em all before spring," was the reply.

"I was goin' for 'em tomorrer, but it's such a nice night that I dunno but I'll jokin' up the oxen and jog along now."

"Might as well, I guess, but look out that the taters don't get frostbit. You know how nighsighted you are in the moonlight. If you hear sleigh-bells you'd better give 'em the road."

"Nighsighted?" he indignantly sniffed. "Don't you go to makin' out that I'm a hundred years old. Why, I could pick up a pin on the darkest night you ever saw. I've got just the same rights as any'n's half the road."

The oxen were yoked in due time and started out. There were bags to hold the potatoes and blankets to cover the bags, and any old sport would have given odds of two to one that the elder, the oxen and its cargo would arrive at the top of the hill right end up after a climb of twenty minutes. The wager would have been made without taking Providence into consideration, and the old sport would have lost.

The Widow White was bundled up and seated on the sled. In fact, she was strapped on. Jake sat close behind her, dragging the foot that was to steer the sled a straight course. As they were ready to start it came over him to speak of his love. A feeling came to the widow that he was going to, but the time was not ripe. Providence figures those things down to minutes and seconds. As Jake shut his mouth on his words and started the sled Elder Henderson, near the foot of the hill, started singing a hymn. He not only loved the sound of his singing, but he thought the oxen ought to be encouraged. His voice came floating up the hill, and as Jake caught it he said:

"Mrs. White, that's Elder Henderson."

"Yes."

"He's probably coming after those potatoes with his oxen and sled."

"Well?"

"He'll be in the middle of the road, and as our sled is already getting away from control there's going to be a smashup. I want to say to you that I have loved you for the last three years and to ask you if you will marry me?"

"Oh, Jake!"

"It's the elder and the oxen for sure. Yes or no?"

"It's so sudden!"

"Right in the middle of the road, and we'll be into them in ten seconds."

"Must I?"

"Five seconds more!"

"Then—yes!"

Elder Henderson was "parching ahead of the oxen, a hero leading the way. He was struck and sent flying and his tune cut short. Then the sled struck the oxen and swung them into the ditch and made a long jump over the other and a minute later was at the foot of the hill and Jake was saying:

"We might say the first of next week for the wedding!"

It didn't come off quite as quick as that, as they waited for the elder's cuts and bruises to heal so that he could be a guest, but things came all right in a little time, and a favorite saying of the elder's is:

"All the hand of Providence, sir. If I hadn't set out to sled them taters home that night there might never have been a marriage."

## Woman's World

Miss Elsie De Wolfe—Latest Success in House Decoration.



Photo by American Press Association. MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE.

The woman who thinks it is necessary to have a large house to display one's taste and ingenuity in decoration should see a small New York home which has been furnished according to Miss Elsie De Wolfe's ideas. There are a number of good points in the salon and the sleeping rooms for the woman who is going to be her own interior decorator next spring.

The pictures in the salon are French. In gilt frames, and the long wire to the molding is covered with plaited ribbon in a dull old rose shade. This is a novel feature which will be copied by the majority of women who see it. Miss De Wolfe stretching over a tinted wall have always been an obstacle to beauty, and this ingenious method of solving the problem will be received with gratitude. The appliques in this room are French in design, holding branches of lights above a ram's head.

The sleeping rooms have many novelties in the way of decoration. Each furnishes half a dozen ideas to the woman who is on the lookout for something new and something better to put in her own room. For instance, in one room there is a chintz bed. This gay colored cotton is let into a framework of wood. The canopy, which begins in the middle, is divided into four parts, each part drawn to a corner of the bed and caught with a ring of the material edged with crimson fringe. The lower framework of the bed where it comes against the mattress is padded with cotton and covered with crimson silk—English fenders are. This is a color note for the woman who has always objected to the sharp line of wood against the drapery of the bed. The outer coverlet is of crimson silk to match this padded wood. The dressing room, which opens into this sleeping room, gives the appearance of a house of glass. Its walls are mirrored, the dressing table is covered with glass, and a triple mirror is also of glass, edged with a tiny band of ornate gilt.

Minor details that catch the eye in the whole house are the French hardware locks put on the doors and the introduction of a mirror wherever it is possible to insert a piece of glass in the wall. Every good decorator knows that reflection gives size, and in this eighteen foot house this method has been worked so successfully one often has the feeling of looking down a vista when one is enclosed by four walls.

In every room there is an available and convenient table which Miss De Wolfe calls a kidney table and which she has invented. This oddly shaped piece of furniture is of dull wood and is placed near the fireplace or sofa or a bookshelf.

### For Cleaning Lingerie Collars.

Those who wear lingerie waists with lace collars will find it useful to know a safe and easy way to clean the necks, which are apt to become soiled when the waists are comparatively clean. Especially is this the case in traveling, and many a woman has been obliged to send a waist to the laundry simply because of a black line around the collar from a dusty coat.

In such cases it comes as a relief to learn that a small nailbrush and the ordinary bathroom soap, if properly applied, will cleanse a collar perfectly. Take the waist and place the collar carefully on the edge of the bathroom washbowl. Be sure only the collar touches the marble. Then wet the nailbrush with warm suds and brush it rapidly over the soiled places. Do not rinse the collar in the bowl, but allow it to remain on the edge of the bowl, and with the nailbrush frequently dipped in fresh water keep brushing the lace until the soap is entirely out of it. Next place the waist carefully over the back of a chair upon which a turkish towel has been arranged to hold the wet collar in shape just as it was removed from the basin edge. If this method is taken at night, the next morning will find the collar clean and shapely for another day's wear.

Nothing is more effective for cleaning Irish lace collars than this method of brushing them clean with the small wet brush and placing them on the bath towel to dry.

## One Advantage of a Red Head

By F. A. MITCHEL  
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I was born with a head of fiery red hair. As a kid I remember people looking at it as they would at a burning barn, making all kinds of allusions to my hair and countless jokes, many of them very poor and in bad taste and all obnoxious to me.

When I grew old enough to have a sweetheart I was obliged to go with out one, all on account of the growth on my head. I kept it cut very short, but without effect. Just as soon as I came in contact with man, woman or child I saw at once that my hair was against me. One thing I would not do—I refused all barbers who suggested my permitting them to dye it. On entering their shops I would say, "Hair cut; no dye." Whenever, after this notice, a barber offered to give my hair a different color I glared at him and told him that if he repeated the offer he must fight. I thrashed so many people for reference to my blemish that I became an expert boxer.

Hoping that the people of the west were more considerate than those of the east, I went to Denver. The first salute I received there was: "Hello, carrot top! Y' goin' to set the timber on the mountings afore?" I had got tired of thrashing people and turned away without a word. I sought employment in a large manufacturing concern. On entering the office my eyes lighted on a gentleman sitting at a desk who had red hair, for all the world as red as mine. He looked up, and in an instant his gaze was fixed on my top.

He arose from his chair and, advancing to the office rail, grasped my hand in a viselike grip.

"My dear sir," he said warmly and with a respectful men I had never before been favored with, "what c—y I do for you?"

"I'm seeking employment."

"You shall have it right here. What can you do?"

"Nothing. I must learn. But I'm willing to work without pay till I do."

"You'll not work without pay here. Judging from your appearance, you are well bred and educated. A man of your condition can't get on with less than a hundred dollars a month. I'll give you that and put you in our best department. Mr. Stammer" he called.

An employee advanced, and I noticed he, too, had a red head. He was instructed to put me to work and on the payroll at the same time. As I passed through the works I noticed every man had a red head, but none so red as mine and the manager's. Ours was the same hue exactly.

"You'll be shoved up ahead of us all," said the man who had taken me in charge.

"Why so?" I asked.

"You're the only man here who has as red hair as the president."

The words proved true. I was jumped from one grade to another so fast that I barely had time to learn the duties in each. And every time I jumped my salary jumped too.

This was not all. Mr. Flynn, the president and principal owner, asked me one day to come to his house to dinner. I went, of course, and was introduced to his family. Every one of his children had red hair of various shades. His oldest daughter, Emily, had veritable Titian locks. For the first time in my life I felt easy in social company. For the first time not a person about me looked at my head, much less referred to it. Miss Emily Flynn was very gracious to me and was the first young woman who had ever thus treated me so. I was happy as a clam at high tide. After dinner she led me into a separate parlor, and I spent the hours there chatting with her. They were thus far the happiest hours of my life. I left her with a wildly beating heart.

To make a long story short, Miss Flynn encouraged me and I encouraged Miss Flynn. One day she told me I might go to her father and ask for her. I did so and was accepted for a son-in-law with great gusto. "Go back to Em," he said, "and tell her you have my hearty consent, and remain to dinner."

I spent the afternoon with Emily and dined with the family. After dinner Mr. Flynn said to me:

"You have shown wonderful restraint in not asking why I have welcomed you into my business and into my family. The time has come for me to enlighten you."

"Years ago I came to this country from Ireland without a cent and worked at any job I could get in a great city. One day I was arrested, accused of stealing from a Jew. He had told the police that a red headed Irishman had robbed him. I was stood in line with several other men, and this Jew picked me out as the man who had robbed him. I was tried, and the evidence was strong against me. I was about to be convicted when a red headed man strolled in among the spectators. My attorney, following a suggestion given by the man's red hair, called for him and placed him beside me. Then he sent for the Jew and when he came into court asked him which of the two had robbed him. The Jew couldn't tell. He had simply identified me because the man who had robbed him had a red head. The jury acquitted me at once."

"God bless red headed men!" I exclaimed. "From this day they are all my bosom friends."

"And it has always been my wish to have a red headed son-in-law and be the progenitor of generations of red headed descendants."

Don't Forget!  
The German Verein Masquerade, at Busch's Hall, on Saturday evening, February 18.

## REAL ESTATE.

The following transfers of real estate were filed yesterday in the office of County Recorder L. E. Williams:

I. T. and Clara Hart to Hilda C. Johnson, east half of northeast quarter of southwest quarter, section 30, township 2 south, range 5 east; \$1.

J. M. Taylor to Shriley Buck, lots 5, 6, 11 and 12, block 22, lots 11 and 12, block 23, lots 7 and 8, block 24, Millwaukie Park; \$10.

Oregon Swedish Colonization Co. to Ed Lihden, lot 16, Carlisborg Tract; \$400.

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## MAT GAME NOT KILLED BY FAKERS

### Wrestling's Lack of Popularity Due to Several Other Causes.

## IS AS CLEAN AS PUGILISM.

### Fighters Engage in More Crooked Bouts Than Do Grapplers—Technical Knowledge Necessary to Its Enjoyment—Great Sport For Competitors.

Placing the blame for the lack of popularity of wrestling to the proneness of the grapplers to fake is but half the truth. The other half is that the game gives very little consideration to the spectator without technical knowledge of the game, and sometimes not even to the latter. In other words, the wrestling game is made for those who compete rather than those who are spectators, and as the latter have the privilege of staying away from anything that does not appeal to them the wrestling game is not in it with boxing as a drawing card.

Argument that faking has killed wrestling is not borne out when considered along with boxing. If faking killed wrestling it should also have



NOTES EXECUTING HAMMER LOCK AND HALF NELSON ON OPPONENT.

killed boxing. Not only have ring fakes been as numerous as those on the mat, but the top notchers have been mixed up in them as well. Some of those who have gained notoriety in the ring through their disregard of the honest way to get money are Jack Johnson, Jack O'Brien, Tommy Ryan, Joe Gans, Bob Fitzsimmons, Abe Attell and Sam Langford, and these include champions past and present; hence if faking would kill wrestling it certainly would also deliver a knock out blow to boxing. There is no question but that faking has injured the sport in popularity, because there is enough of it to make the wrestling fan doubt whether he is going to get what is coming to him when he pays to see a match, but this is not the only drawback to the game by any means.

### Americans Want Snap.

Americans must have something with snap and action to it, and baseball is the national sport because it supplies this better than any other. Wrestling is almost the opposite of this. Strength, endurance and ability to stand punishment are what decide championship matches in this country, and science, speed and skill are at a minimum. Most of the skill shown is not along the line of obtaining a fall, but of punishing an opponent until he is so badly used up that he can offer but feeble resistance.

Frank Gotch is one of the most punishing wrestlers in the world, and that is the main reason why he holds the championship. One proof of this is furnished by the fact that his most famous hold is one which forces an opponent to give up because of pain and not because he is put on his back. This is the toe hold. In addition, Gotch has other holds that in any other game except wrestling would be considered so brutal as to be barred. What is true of Gotch is true of other champions, and the result is that men are on the mat for hours with each trying to disable the other rather than throw him. In most of the big matches one might as well smoke a cigar and read a paper for the first hour, because it is devoted to tugging around, trying to punish each other.

### Should Decide Match on Points.

Some day the wrestling fraternity will wake up and begin to decide matches on skill and points, and then the game will boom. Europeans are rather sneered at in this country because they wrestle short bouts and know but little about punishing and disabling an opponent. But there is much to be commended in this style as compared with the one we have in this country. The only trouble is that they do not render decisions quick enough and allow the wrestlers to loaf too much. If wrestling in this country were conducted in ten or fifteen minute bouts and provision made for rendering a decision at the end of a certain number of bouts, provided no fall was gained, with the further proviso that only holds would be allowed which were designed to aid directly in getting a fall, the game would become popular in a hurry.

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