

SPORT DOPE

PREPARED FOR GAME CLUB MEETS IN ARMORY

TEAMS WORK HARD AND SPIRIT AT HIGH PITCH

COMPANY L ATHLETIC CLUB GETS TOGETHER WEDNESDAY

(By Thomas Burke)
Graduate Manager Dean Walker, of the University of Oregon, passed through Oregon City Wednesday afternoon enroute to Albany from Portland, where he has been adding the final touches in preparation for the game Saturday, when the two state institutions, U. of O. and the O. A. C., will clash for the gridiron supremacy of Oregon. Mr. Walker says that monster excursions will be run from Portland on all lines, and he has arranged a fare of 1-1/3 for the round trip for any Oregon people who wish to make the trip to Albany Saturday. The train will leave here at 9:22 and will leave Albany in the evening about 6:30. A large number of Oregon City people who belong to the alumni of the two schools are planning on the trip.

One of the first regular meetings of the Company L Athletic club was held Wednesday evening at the local armory. There was a large turnout and the boys showed lots of the kind of enthusiasm that will help make the new club a power in local athletics. Captain Blanchard is the head of the new organization, and, if his plans are carried out, Company L Athletic club will fill a long felt want in athletic circles in this part of the county.

All the members of company L, the local national guard, are members and it is planned to take in outside men into the body until the total enrollment is close to a hundred. There are, at the present time, about 63 in the company and it is thought that forty Oregon City men can be found who would appreciate membership in the club.

BUD WILL MEET BURNS

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 5.—Frankie Burns, Oakland scrapper, signed articles quickly with Bud Anderson, when Dick Donald, Bud's manager told him he (Burns) wanted to fight only in a round ring so he could run away from Anderson without hitting the corners.

PELKY WILL FIGHT SMITH

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 5.—Arthur Pelky, the white heavyweight champion of the world, has accepted terms, through his manager, Tommy

PATTERSON.

Captain of 1913 Michigan University Football Team.



Photo by American Press Association.

Burns, from Promoter James Coffroth, to fight Gunboat Smith 20 rounds here on New Year's day. All that remains to be done is for Coffroth to conclude arrangements with Smith, and he declared this would be easy.

SPORTING BREVITIES

Harry Vardon, the British golfer, is worth upwards of \$200,000, according to Portland friends. He told Harry Davis that he intended to retire when he got back to England.

Another big change was made in the makeup of the Yale varsity eleven at practice today, when Captain Ketcham was shifted to right end, Way taking his place at guard.

There was jubilation in the Harvard football camp today when Eddie Mahan, the fast halfback, was discharged from the hospital and appeared on the field in playing togs. It is expected he will be able to play against Princeton Saturday.

It is said that Danny Hoffman, the old Philadelphia player, will purchase the Bridgeport Eastern association club in the near future.

Bill Phillips, manager of the Indianapolis Federal league champions, has been reengaged as pilot for next season.

Buddy Ryan is sticking around San Francisco and is playing ball with some of the southern barnstorming teams.

The National league piled up 800 more base hits during 1913 than the American, but not in the world's series.

Heart to Heart Talks

By CHARLES N. LURIE

MIGHT MOVE THE WORLD.

If "it belongs to human nature to hate those whom one has injured," as Tacitus says, do we love those whom we have benefited?

Undoubtedly, but how about those who have benefited and are benefiting?

If you have a debt of gratitude to pay meet the obligation squarely and manfully. Do not cancel the obligation in a grudging, nigardly, mean spirited manner that leaves your benefactor with a sense of injury.

Possibly the rarest of all the graces is the ability to express gratitude easily. How heartily the words of thanks come from the tongue! How we hate to tell our fellow man who has done something for us that we feel ourselves under an obligation to him!

It was always thus. A century and a half ago Dr. Johnson wrote: "There are minds so impatient of inferiority that their gratitude is a species of revenge, and they return benefits not because recompense is a pleasure, but because obligation is a pain."

Let not obligation be a thorn in your side. If you ARE obliged to a fellow man—and all of us are at one time or another—when it comes to saying so—

Say so without affectation, without hesitation, without "impatience of inferiority."

Did it ever occur to you that save for the labor and patience of others we should all perish of want? We are dependent and interdependent, not independent.

For you and for me the coolly labors in the rice fields of China, the fisherman faces the storms and hardships of the icy north seas, the sponge gatherer plunges into the deep.

Are they not, in virtue of our dependence on them and our gratitude to them, our brothers?

Were the world fully aroused to the sense of the interdependence of man wars would cease. Man to man, the world over, would feel that all are members of one big family.

And the gratitude that we should pay freely for all that is done for us—granted even that it is done in each case with a selfish motive—would be the force that should lift mankind to a higher, better plane.

"THAT IS NO GOOD AT ALL."

What It Meant When Used by the Italian Postal Official.

"A postoffice order was waiting me in the postoffice of a small Italian village," writes a correspondent of the Cologne Gazette. "I could see the pleasant little document lying on the counter, so I gave my name and asked for the money."

"The official, however, remarked that that wouldn't do. 'Ah,' thought I, 'he wants some proof of identity,' so I rummaged among my papers and fetched out my military service paper."

"That is no good at all," said the official, "because— But after the 'because' he stuck. The words refused to come out, and he merely assumed an icy official demeanor. 'Ah,' thought I, 'he can't read the German of my service paper,' so I went away and dragged in my innkeeper, and he swore with a mighty oath that I was so and so."

"That is no good at all," was all the man behind the counter vouchsafed, though he said it with a smile. So I hurried back to the inn and fetched further proofs of my identity—a passport, an authenticated copy of a certificate of nationality and finally even a letter from an Italian relative. Surely the postoffice man would be able to read them."

"That is no good at all," he said, with another of his pleasant smiles, after he had read them, adding that he was very, very sorry. Naturally I got angry at this and abused him as well as a limited acquaintance with foreign terms of abuse would permit."

"That is no good at all," he said, with another of his smiles, as he rattled the shutter across the pigeon hole. Next morning I returned to the charge only to see the shutter fly across again. The day after the same thing happened. But on the third day I brought the burgo-master with me. I came prepared to have it out with the Italian postoffice. What was my astonishment when I saw the clerk waiting for me behind the open shutter, with a handful of small coins, which he counted out to me, winding up with a fascinating smile as he said, "Don't you see, yesterday and the day before I hadn't enough money!"

MYSTERY OF LEPROSY.

And the Treatment Its Victims Received in the Middle Ages.

Why leprosy occurs in certain places and not in others is one of the mysteries of medicine. In the early centuries of the Christian era it spread all over Europe. Every city had its leper house. For no cause that any one can assign it began to disappear early in the sixteenth century, and Europe soon numbered its empty lazarettos by thousands. Climate has no influence on the disease, for when it left the most of Europe it persisted in Norway, Iceland, Spain and the islands of the Mediterranean. In Asia it is to be found from India to Siberia, and no part of Africa is free from it.

That leprosy can be planted in new territory is shown most pointedly in the terrible experience of Hawaii, which was free from the disease until about 1850, when the Chinese brought it there. Now Molokai is a name to make men shudder.

In the middle ages it was the custom to consider a man dead whenever he was found to have leprosy. His heirs divided his property, a funeral service was said for him and a shovel of earth thrown after him as he walked to his living grave in the leper house. The world is kinder now, but knows no treatment for this scourge which is much more effective.—St. Louis Republic.

Love will push a man into matrimony, but it takes a lawyer to pull him out.

Captain Inch, Hero of Volturmo Disaster, and Faithful Dog



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CAPTAIN FRANCIS INCH, who was the principal hero of the steamer Volturmo, which burned at sea, was the last to leave the burning ship. He was taken off by the Kronland, with his pet fox terrier Jack. The faithful dog had stuck to the captain's heels through much of the battle waged against the fire. This picture of the captain and his dog was taken on the Kronland, which landed Inch and seventy-seven other rescued passengers and officers at New York. In recognition of Captain Inch's bravery during that dire time of peril the Uranium line announced that it would provide the commander with another ship, contrary to the rule of the sea that when a captain loses his vessel he is never given another.

Current Comment. DROPS INTO OPEN ELEVATOR SHAFT

A new idea in ship furnishing is to make every mattress a life preserver. If we cannot have unsinkable ships we can have unsinkable beds.—Philadelphia Ledger.

It has just been found that the grave of Eugene Field, who delighted the hearts and minds of thousands, is without a monument. So soon the world forgets the men who in various ways have lightened its burdens.—Baltimore American.

George McCarver, steward of the Commercial club, fell through the elevator shaft of the Masonic building Wednesday. Three cuts on his head and severe bruises on his body testified to the fact that he had dropped about 15 feet down the shaft to the bumpers below.

He was waiting for the elevator to descend to the first floor and, apparently, looked up the shaft to see where the platform had stopped. He lost his balance and dropped down to the machinery of the shaft. Employees around the building came to his rescue and got him out. Had the elevator descended while he was in his position, it is more than possible that his injuries would have been serious.

I wasn't hurt a bit, says Huerta. The commission's pruning shears held out well.

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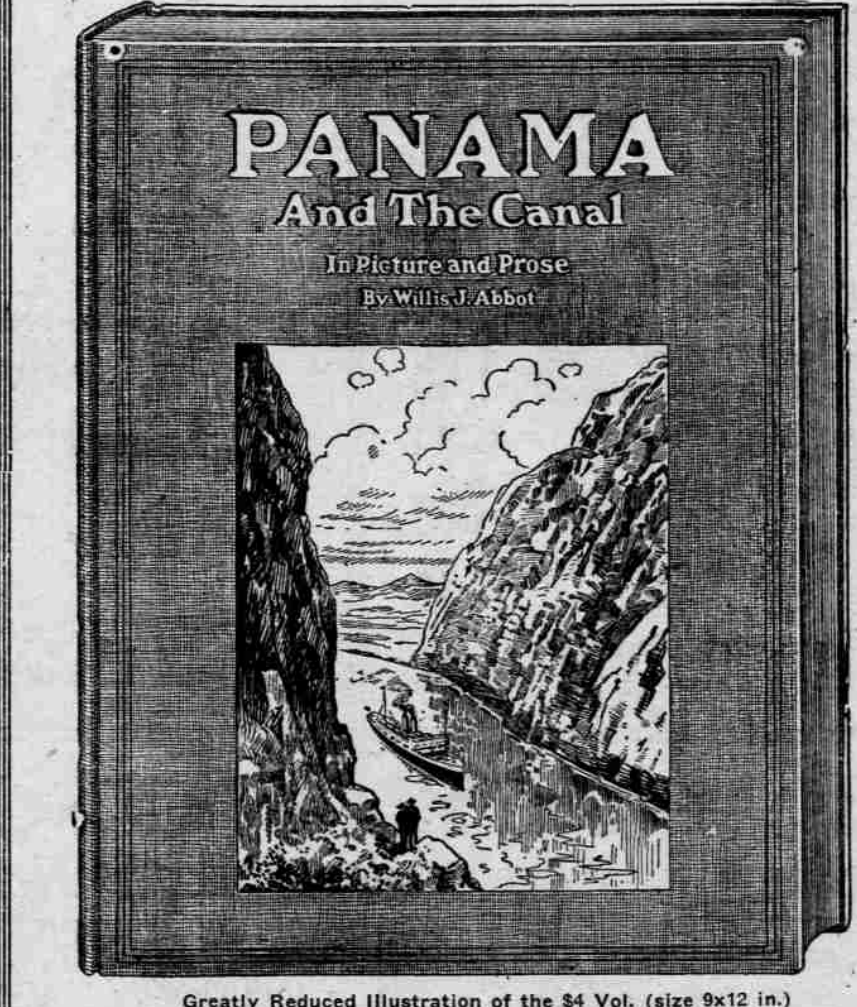
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