DISCUSS CHANGE OF ANNUAL GAME

Corvallis Wants to Play in Portland, but Eugene Opposes Plan.

WILL COME NEXT SEASON

Both Sides Advance Strong Arguments, but Metropolis Appears to Be Best Place for Big Football Contest.

BY REFEREE.

The transfer of this year's Oregon-O. A. C. football game to Portland has aroused no little discussion in state athletic circles, but there is a diversity of opinion as to the wisdom of the change. For several years the Oregon Agricultural College has asked to have the big game played here in the metropolis, but the university has stoutly refused, and has insisted upon a campus game. Committees representing the Athletic Council of the university and the faculty athletic committee of the Oregon Agricultural College met in this city during the holidays and drew up a tentative agreement which provided for the playing of the big game in this city during the next four years. The Athletic Council of the university refused to ratify the agreement, but at a meeting held in Eugene last Saturday the football manager was authorized to arrange the Portland game for this year only.

The sentiment in Corvallis is almost unanimous for a Portland game, but at Eugene the preponderance of opinion is just the reverse, although there are a number of Oregon students and alumni who would like to see the game played here annually.

Why Game Should Come Here.

Those who want the game transferred to Portland say that both Eugene and Corvallis are unable to handle the vast crowds that gather for the big event, and that many of those who attend are unable to get food or shelter in the college towns. Many of those who went to Eugene for the game of last season came away hungry, and the hotels of the varsity town were so crowded that many visitors could not secure rooms. These same conditions exist when the game is played in Corvallis.

During the recent Eugene game more than 2000 spectators suffered the discomfiture of standing up for nearly three hours, the seating accommodations being altogether inadequate. There is no denying the fact that the game has outgrown the college towns, and, based upon this consideration, it ought to be moved.

Another argument in favor of Portland is the neutral field which would afford a fair chance and no favors for either team, and eliminate the aftermath of bickering that has followed many of the Oregon-O. A. C. games.

It is also argued by friends of the Portland movement that this game is always the big event of the season in the Northwest, and that it should be played where the greatest number of people can see it. Just as long as the game is played in the small college towns it will be of limited importance and will not receive the consideration which it should be accorded.

Portland is the metropolis of Oregon, and Portland pays a large share of the taxes that go to support the two state schools. Surely, it is not unreasonable for Portland to ask for this game, especially as college football is growing more popular here each year. The transportation problem from Eugene and Corvallis to Portland would not be a serious one, for the Southern Pacific Company has already offered exceptionally low excursion rates from both towns. These excursion rates would enable the poorest students of both institutions to see the game, which would also be within easy reach of many alumni and old students who reside here.

Last, but not least, the Portland game would be a great money-maker and would put into the treasury of the athletic associations of both institutions enough money to carry on all branches of athletics successfully. College baseball, track athletics, oratory, debate, glee clubs, etc., seldom pay expenses, and usually depend upon the football surplus to carry them through. From a business standpoint, therefore, it would seem that the game ought to come here.

Students Want Campus Game.

A majority of the university students want the game to remain on the campus. They are honestly and sincerely opposed to its removal. They recognize the game as the big event of the season, and they want to see it kept within easy access to both institutions. It is but a two hours' ride from Eugene to Corvallis, and the railroad fare is only one-third as great as the fare to Portland. The change to Portland, so say the university students, would put a damper upon college spirit, would foster commercialism and pave the way for gambling, drinking and acts of rowdyism.

They argue that amicable relations between the two schools are more likely to exist when one body of students are hosts and the others are guests than where both are flocking in large numbers to a neutral ground. They believe that the students of one institution should familiarize themselves with the work of the other, and that this result can best be accomplished by friendly visits at the time of big athletic events.

In this connection it might be well to note that the Oregon students believe that all athletic contests should be on the campus of one of the contesting teams. They do not wish to continue the Oregon-Idaho game in Portland, and have arranged to play it alternately in Moscow and Eugene during the next two seasons.

Portland the Proper Place.

It is the hope of the writer that the big game will be played here, not only this year, but annually hereafter. The arguments against the Portland arrangement are appreciated, but they do not refute the stronger arguments in favor of the change.

The Oregon-O. A. C. game of 1907 was the greatest event of the Northwest season. This year's game promises to be equally as good. With its new grandstand, seating more than 4000 people, Multnomah Field would be an ideal place for such a game.

MAGNATES EASILY BUNCOED

Of $170,000 Worth of Ballplayers Only $10,000 Worth Make Good.

"If I could only look into a ball-player's heart when I make up my mind to pay good money for him," says President Barney Dreyfuss, of the Pittsburg club. "In the last eight years I have expended about $170,000 for ball players, only about $10,000 worth of them out to be the real thing.

I am not the only magnate that has been stung in that manner, either. A good friend of mine in Cincinnati bought lemons by the crate under the impression that they were luscious peaches. I'm willing to bet that he didn't come off any better than I did.

"And there is a feature that is worse even than that. If an owner pays a lot of money for a player, and then finds out he is no good he doesn't feel so very bad. But if he turns that player over to some other club, and a wily manager waves his wand over him and converts him into the real luscious fruit, oh, what a headache!

"But we'll keep right on doing that very thing as long as we stay in baseball. A player may look pretty good before he faces the big league batters, but his heart may fail him at the psychological moment, and away blows a bunch of pretty greenbacks.

"I think the baseball magnate is the biggest greengoods man on earth. But he doesn't bunco anybody but himself."

MAKES TWO RUNS ON HOMER

Umpire Allows Hixon to Score Twice on Long Hit in Game.

The Toledo team is to have the pitcher this season who struck out 22 men one day last Summer, and who then hit a ball so far that he ran around the bases twice, making two tallies and winning the game. The umpire decided that, as the ball had not been recovered in time to prevent the pitcher from going twice around, he was entitled to two runs.

The gentleman referred to is L. M. Hixon, a big right-hander, who twirled in the Waterloo (Ohio) independent team. He is a schoolteacher in the Winter time, but they say he has speed something like that of young Walter Johnson, the Idaho phenom whom Joe Cantillon ushered into the American League last Summer.

Hixon pitched all the games for his club, as they had no other pitcher. One day when playing the rival nine his team went to pieces in the first inning and showed it could not field any kind of ball. Hixon buckled up and struck out all but five of the men who were retired that day. It was after performing this stunt that he hit out the double home run.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Many Entries for Bench Show.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—Officials of the Westminster Kennel Club announce heavier entries than ever for the annual bench show to be held in Madison Square Garden, February 11 to 14. The number of exhibitors, it is stated, will be the largest on record.

Entries from Europe are on their way across the ocean and will be accepted as will domestic entries bearing a postmark not later than January 23.

THE CARTOONIST'S IDEA OF THE EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN SPORTS

MISTAKES BY HORSEMEN

BAD JUDGMENT IS SOMETIMES SHOWN BY KEENEST.

Virginian Tells Story of How Billy Garth One Time Lost Golden Opportunity.

It may fairly be presumed that Billy Garth, the keenest of the modern school of Virginia horsemen, knows as much about horse trading as anybody. He was talking about some of the queer phases of horse dickering the other night.

"There are pretty nigh as many hard luck stories in horse trading as there are in horse racing," he said. "The worst of it is that a horseman will often involuntarily hand himself a hard paste. I've done that myself, not once, but often.

"Once I had a mare—shifty third-rate sprinter, but a right good proposition for the minor circuits—that a well-to-do man from my state who wanted to get into racing had his eye on. He came along to the farm early in the Spring, before the racing season had begun, to look the mare over.

"I hadn't taken her up yet, but her record for the previous season wasn't so bad. I had the mare saddled and brought out, with a coon boy astride, for a jog.

"'Perfectly sound, is she?' the man who wanted to get into racing asked me, as the mare trudged around the grounds.

"'As a new flute,' I said. 'Never walked a lame step in her life, and eats like a hired man. Sound as a taw agate.'

"'What are you asking for the mare?' he asked me.

"'Two thousand flat, and not the price of a cigarette under that,' I said.

"'Give you fifteen hundred right there where you stand,' he said, producing his roll and beginning to strip off yellows.

"'Couldn't think of it,' I said. 'Might as well put your money back in your clothes. The first three purses the mare hauls down this season will give me fifteen hundred, and she'll still be mine. If she doesn't traipse away with nine or ten purses this year I'll eat her.'

"He went right ahead counting out hundred-dollar bills. Finally he had got fifteen of the hundreds sorted out and he put the rest of his wad away.

"'Here's your fifteen hundred, Bill,' he said, trying to hand me the money. 'I'll send one of my boys over for her. She's mine as she stands: eh? Here, take this money. I'm tired holding it. You can train her for me yourself. But she's my mare from this minute,' and he tried to slip the roll into my coat pocket.

"'I've got to own up to it, but I'm as pigheaded as any Yankee. And this looked too good. If he'd give fifteen hundred, why, he'd soon do better than that.

"'You, Mose!' I yelled out to the coon boy in the mare, making a funnel of my hands, 'take that mare back to the shed!'

"That move, of course, you see, was only to show my friend that I meant it—thought I didn't, and fifteen hundred was more than right for the mare—and to gouge my price out of him.

"Well, when I yelled that way at the dinge boy, he wheeled the mare suddenly, and her head knocked against a projecting branch of a peach tree that was covered with blossoms. A great shower of the blossoms fluttered down upon the mare's head, scaring her.

"She jumped like a tomcat filled with birdshot. Then she got her teeth down on the bit and hopped for it.

"Gentlemen, the way that mare plowed up my farm! The crazy coon boy dropped the reins and hung on around her neck. Then, panic hitting him as she made straight for a high board fence, he slid off backward.

"The mare, crazy with fear of those fool peach blossoms, tried to take the fence, head down. But she'd never been asked to do anything over the sticks. Anyhow, this board fence was seven feet high.

"She plunged at it, hit the top scantling with her forelegs, and fell back, both of those forelegs broken. I had to shoot her on the spot. For being pigheaded, like a Yank, I was out a nice mare and $1500. I could have saved the $1500 anyhow, by letting it remain in my pocket when my friend had slipped the bills in there, and the mare's loss would have been his, for that's the way it's done in horse trading—bargain strike, bargain stick."—New York Sun.

HE DID NOT LOOK GENEROUS

Compliment of Young Woman Displeases Hunter Hill.

Hunter Hill, who played third base for Washington a few years back, was not noted for any Apollo-like beauty of countenance, and, although he was in the main a good natured player, his appearance when at the bat was fierce, to say the least. He was one of the best sacrifice hitters then in the big league, and for that reason he was generally called upon to make a sacrifice hit whenever it came to his turn to wield the willow.

One day when Hunter was at the bat, with that grim look of determination overspreading his expressive if not handsome countenance, Jack Thoney, who was then playing on the Washington club, was seated in the grand stand with a young woman, having laid off from play this particular afternoon. Barry McCormick was on first base, and, of course it was up to Hunter to sacrifice, and so Thoney told his friend.

"But what does sacrifice mean?" the fair fan inquired, with a bewildered look.

"It means," Jack explained, "that Hill there at the bat will allow himself to be put out on going to first so that McCormick can reach second base."

"Dear me," the young woman exclaimed, "from Mr. Hill's appearance you wouldn't think that he would be so generous and kind-hearted, would you?"

Thoney told Hunter about it that night down at the hotel, and Hunter didn't laugh himself into hysterics over it all at once, although the other members of the club enjoyed the story hugely.—Washington Star.

Stanford to Try for Distances.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, Palo Alto, Cal., Jan. 25.—Stanford will enter a team of distance runners in the Olympic Club two-mile race in Golden Gate Park on Washington's birthday.

WRESTLERS POOR BOXERS

NEVER GREAT IN RING, SAYS FRANK GOTCH.

Champion Declares Matmen Are Too Cautious Because of Habits Acquired While Training.

Frank Gotch, the champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler, has discovered why a wrestler cannot succeed as a boxer.

"Some people marvel at my desire to get into the fight game," he says. "They do not realize that the wrestling game is far harder, far more cruel than the boxing. Some wrestlers on the mat suffer indescribable pain from certain holds. The boxer suffers little real pain. A well-directed blow to the jaw and he is in dreamland. He never knew what hit him.

"I see no reason why I couldn't make good in boxing. I am as fast and shifty on my feet as any of them, and I surely am as strong. There is but one drawback.

"Here's the only difference between a fighter and a wrestler. The matman pulls away; the fighter goes forward. See what I mean? Take, for instance yourself. When your opponent grabs hold of your wrist you pull back. You resist him. You do not go forward. Take a fellow, now, who has wrestled as long as I have. Wrestling has become a second nature to me.

"I put on the gloves, we'll say, and deliver a punch. Instinctively I draw back before hitting. The blow loses its force and makes me look slow. The fighter whips one loose and never hesitates. If I could overcome that one weakness I would gladly tackle some of the big fellows.

"I am afraid to go too far because it might mar my work as a wrestler, as I still have my ambition to meet Hackenschmidt. No man can be a great wrestler and a great fighter at the same time.

"Yes, but I guess I'll have to go to England to get the match with Hack. He won't come here. I don't mean to say he's afraid of me. He's a mighty good man. But he is getting a thousand and more a week in the concert halls of Europe, and he would be foolish to come all the way over here when he can make more there. I'm not knocking anybody's game. I just think I can beat Hack, but because I think so doesn't mean that he should chase over here to meet me. I know I threw Tom Jenkins as easily as he did.

"The Russian is a wonderful man physically. He is as handsome a specimen as I have ever looked at. He awes his opponent by his size and build. But I don't call him a finished wrestler. I feel sure I can beat him. I'm going to try, anyway."

"STARCH BALL" THE LATEST

Pitcher Manuel Working on Curve to Relegate the "Spitter."

"Moxie" Manuel, the Southern League recruit for the Chicago White Sox, has received his contract from President Comiskey and expects to answer to the call for the first practice. Manuel was a star in Southern company last year. He is practicing a new curve which he expects to launch on American League hitters. He uses it with the aid of starch mixed with saliva. Manuel's experience with the starch shows that it is an improvement on the ordinary "spitters." Manuel says it is possible to pitch the "starch ball" with more of a quick dart than a curve. He expects to perfect it with the aid of Ed Walsh, and says they have talked of it on former occasions and agree it will eventually succeed the ordinary "spit ball."—Memphis Appeal.

If Baby Is Cutting Teeth

Be sure and use that old well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, colic and diarrhoea.

Custom-made shoes at factory cost at Rosenthal's house-cleaning sale.

UNABLE TO EQUAL AMERICAN YACHTS

Superiority of the Designers Shown by Lipton's Refusal to Race Again.

CUP WILL BECOME RELIC

Although Sir Thomas Is Ready to Spend Fortune No European Builder Can Compete With Captain Herreshoff.

Sir Thomas Lipton's announcement that he could not challenge again for the America's cup under the old conditions was a matter of little moment to many. But it really means that the famous old "mug"—the greatest of all sporting trophies—is to remain uncontested for. It seems doomed to become a relic, says the New York World.

The expressed inability of Sir Thomas to challenge under the rules governing races for the cup was an admission that no yacht designer of note in the British domains will undertake to compete with Captain Nat Herreshoff. And Sir Thomas emphasized that point by adding that the size of competing yachts was no object to him. He would order a 90-footer as quickly as anything else, but no one will build one.

That sounds like an overdrawn statement, but one must take into consideration the fact that when a designer draws the lines of an America's cup boat he puts his all—his foremost skill and his reputation—into the model. William Fife, it will be remembered, created the first Shamrock for Sir Thomas, and the Columbia beat her by ten minutes and eight seconds in the first race, or more than 20 seconds a mile. In the second race the Shamrock lost her topmast and withdrew. In the third race the Columbia won by six minutes and 34 seconds.

The late George L. Watson was then called upon to design the Shamrock II., and many American yachtsmen today believe she was a better boat than the Columbia. On one occasion the Lipton boat finished two seconds ahead, but lost the race, as she had to allow the Columbia 43 seconds.

Shamrock III. Settled Question.

Fife then took up the work again, this time modelling the Shamrock III. Her career, which wound up on September 3, 1903, with the Reliance distancing her in a 15-mile thrash to windward and return, settled the question in the minds of British designers as to whether a yacht built with a 90-foot waterline and no other restrictions could be sent over here and win the cup. Fife has persistently refused to design another such boat. Alfred Mylius, who had been successful in British waters with smaller boats, was talked of as one who might attempt to turn out a victorious craft, but he soon took the same view Fife did. Both, however, were and are still willing to design boats under the present American or the European measurements.

There was some doubt as to whether Fife would accept any kind of an order again from Sir Thomas, but he now has under construction a small yacht for him to race.

Sir Thomas was first reported to be considering asking the New York Yacht Club again if they would change the cup rules, and that he should persist in talking about challenging under new conditions caused surprise among those yachtsmen who heard of the statement attributed to him. It kindled a feeling in certain quarters that he is trying to benefit in pocket by keeping his name linked with the trophy. Sir Thomas well knows under what conditions he can arrange a race, as he forced the New York Yacht Club to make those conditions, and they were sent to him.

New Rules Talk Kept Up.

Even long before the Shamrock III was beaten by the Reliance, Sir Thomas talked about new rules to govern the contests and has kept it up. When he sent a challenge last Fall for a race with a 68-footer under the present measurement rule, the New York Club decided to settle once for all the question of conditions. The new rule had been found wanting, and as custodian of the greatest international cup the club did not deem it advisable to apply the rule to races for that prize. Furthermore, it was the general opinion that the cup was worth building 90-footers to race for.

At a meeting of the club called for the purpose it was voted that competing yachts shall be 90-footers—in other words, the fastest boats, 90 feet long on the surface of the water that can be built—and that the question of time allowance (which would take into consideration the yachts' overhang, or waterline lengths subtracted by their deck lengths) should be settled by argument. These conditions were mailed to Sir Thomas along with a letter declining his challenge. He had been officially notified before that negotiations would not be entered into until a formal challenge had been received.

CHIT-CHAT OF THE SPORTING WORLD

BY WILL G. MAC RAE.

ONCE more the forward pass is in danger of undergoing an operation. The skilled doctors of the football rules will shortly hold consultation over the patient.

Governor Hughes is backing the fight against racing in New York state. This will certainly endear him to a lot of folks in and around Portland who are against the bang tail game. There is satisfaction in knowing, however, that the Oregon delegation to the national convention won't be delivered to Hughes.

Mysterious Billy Smith, refused to box at the Jack Hill benefit, unless Yost wore a sweater. Smith was afraid there was a Anthony Comstock in the audience who would object to looking at nude living pictures. At least that is what the mysterious one said.

Now that amatuer boxing has "taken" in Portland it will not be long before a lot of clever youngsters will be developed. While it is necessary to develop the boxers, there is also a chance to educate the fight fan. He must be brought to realize that a boxing bout is not a finished fight and must be satisfied with a decision on points and not by a knockout.

Jim B., we can't tell you what will become of Russ Hall, should the Northwest League decide to drop Butte. Manager McCredie said the other day he was not looking for a shortstop.

This is the kind of weather that makes the baseball fan stand around and wish it was time to play ball. It is also the time of the season when the player wishes he was on the pay roll.

When it comes to the advertising Kid, we have to slip emblem to Dr. Roller, of Seattle. When tooth carpentering is at a low ebb in Seattle, the doctor breaks into the wrestling game. He says his recent match with Farmer Burns was on the square. All right Doctor, we believe you now, but if you repeat it, don't blame us if we get a bit suspicious.

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WHY NOT TREAT

with reputable specialists of known worth and skill, rather than waste your time with would-be specialists of no skill or ability.

Is it not better to treat with a medical institute composed of men scientifically trained to cure and who are men of standing and ability than to treat with self-styled, so-called specialists of limited experience, whose vaunted cures are no cures at all? Do not be fooled into paying a big fee for surgical procedure that does not cure. We are the leading specialists in Portland and our cures are thorough and permanent. Talk with us about your ailment and a personal interview will convince you that we know our business.

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