

QUEER TIPS THAT
WON ON THE RACES

HOW RACE TRACK FOLLOWERS
ARE SOMETIMES "STERRED" INTO
BETTING ON SOME "GOOD THING"
THAT WINS—A FUNERAL GAVE
ACTORS WINNING "HUNCH."

There's scarcely one man in ten thousand who bets on horse races who hasn't a story of how he won a lot of money "once upon a time" on a queer tip. Racegoers are a queer lot. Judgment, good information, form and everything else will be thrown aside at times in favor of what vulgarly is called a "hunch."

The highest and the lowest are subject to the mysterious influence of the "hunch." It affects W. C. Whitney as strongly as it does the negro stable boy. Probably one of the strangest tips on record was that a prominent actor got when he was playing in Chicago. It was in the days of the Roby track. He had an engagement to take one of the women of the company to the races. Of course, she was late. Women always are. They missed the last race train and were about to leave the station when the actress suggested that he inquire if there wasn't some other train by which they could reach the track.

"Well," said an attendant, "there's a funeral train going to the cemetery near the Roby track. I don't think the mourners would take you sports along if they knew it, but maybe you could ride in the baggage car with the coffin if the lady doesn't object."

The actress had the racing fever bad enough to do anything, and the two players made the journey to the track seated on the coffin. They arrived in time for the third race. Bad luck attended them. They lost on that race and they lost on the fourth. Then the horse they bet on in the fifth fell. When they reached the track the actor had \$100 and the woman \$45. Of late only \$10 remained. They were desperate. In looking over the entries for the last race the woman saw the name Hearse. They had never heard of the horse before.

"There's our funeral tip," the woman cried to the actor. "Let's play to win."

They did. Hearse was at 20 to 1 and won. It was one of the few times the skate ever did win.

A prominent Englishman tells of some strange tips that have come under his personal observation. A listed man had carelessly thrown into a bush of furze on Epsom Downs some years ago, he says, put \$2,000 into the pockets of three men. The match set the furze on fire, causing, as one of the three sportsmen remarked, "a regular blaze." Hardly was the words out of his mouth that it struck him as coincidental that St. Blaise was the name of one of the candidates for the blue ribbon. He suggested putting some money on the horse, and his two friends jumped at the idea. The fact that St. Blaise was a rank outsider and stood at 10 to 1 against did not deter them, which was lucky, for St. Blaise got home first, thus winning for one of the plungers \$1,000, and \$500 each for his two friends.

Memory gave William Redmond, M. P., the splendid tip one day a year or two ago, and the fact served to console him for the unpleasant incident which had befallen his memory. He was just leaving the House of Commons, after being "suspended," when it occurred to him that the last time he had been suspended he had O'Donovan Rossa as a companion. It also occurred to him that next day at Goodwood a horse named O'Donovan Rossa was to race for the Stewards' cup. Taking into consideration that the horse was a 50 to 1 chance, he cautiously laid a single sovereign on O'Donovan Rossa. He probably was as much surprised as pleased when he heard the next day that his memory had given him "the straight tip."

A Mr. Forth, who died recently, leaving a handsome fortune of more than \$150,000, turned the corner in his career by acting upon an idea suggested to him by a singular coincidence. At that time he was the manager of a small Lambeth public house, and, despite his environment, he had never been led into betting. One day, however, while serving in his bar, he heard his customers discussing the forthcoming Derby, and was gradually drawn into the conversation, during which he learned that one of the horses entered for the race bore the same name as himself—Frederick, his Christian name. This interested him so much that he watched the papers to see how his namesake rose and fell in the betting. But he never for a moment dreamed of backing it until the day before the race was to be run, when he learned that the horse was to be ridden by a veteran jockey whose surname was the same as his own—Forth. He at once declared his intention of laying \$50 on the animal. In vain his friends argued that Frederick stood at 30 to 1; that Forth was 67 years old, and that there could not be a chance for the heavy favorite. He stoutly replied that for a horse to bear his Christian name and be ridden by a jockey having his surname was too much for him. Back it he did, not with \$50 but with \$100, and he cleared \$3,000 over it, from which he built a substantial fortune.

The fact that on the day the Empress of Germany died a filly, the Empress Frederick, was running at Birmingham was surely a singular coincidence, but hundreds of superstitious folk deemed the Empress' death an ill omen and refrained from backing the filly, which, however, won easily.

CORBETT REPORTED SIGNED.

(Journal Special Service.)
Los Angeles, Dec. 25.—Pittsburg is not to have the use of Joe Corbett's angle arm after all. The Smoketown runs had figured Joe as good as signed, but Jim Morley, owner of the local club, saw all that Pittsburg offered, and Joe stays on the coast. Last season Morley paid Corbett \$500 a month for pitching one game a week, and it took Joe nearly half the season to get his salary appended down to a condition where he could get a ball over a score board, to say nothing of the plate. At the present time he is getting them there in his old-time Oriole form, and Morley declares he is worth everything offered. When asked a few days ago just what Corbett would cost him during the next season Morley declined to name the contract price, but "reckoned it would be about \$4.99 per curve."

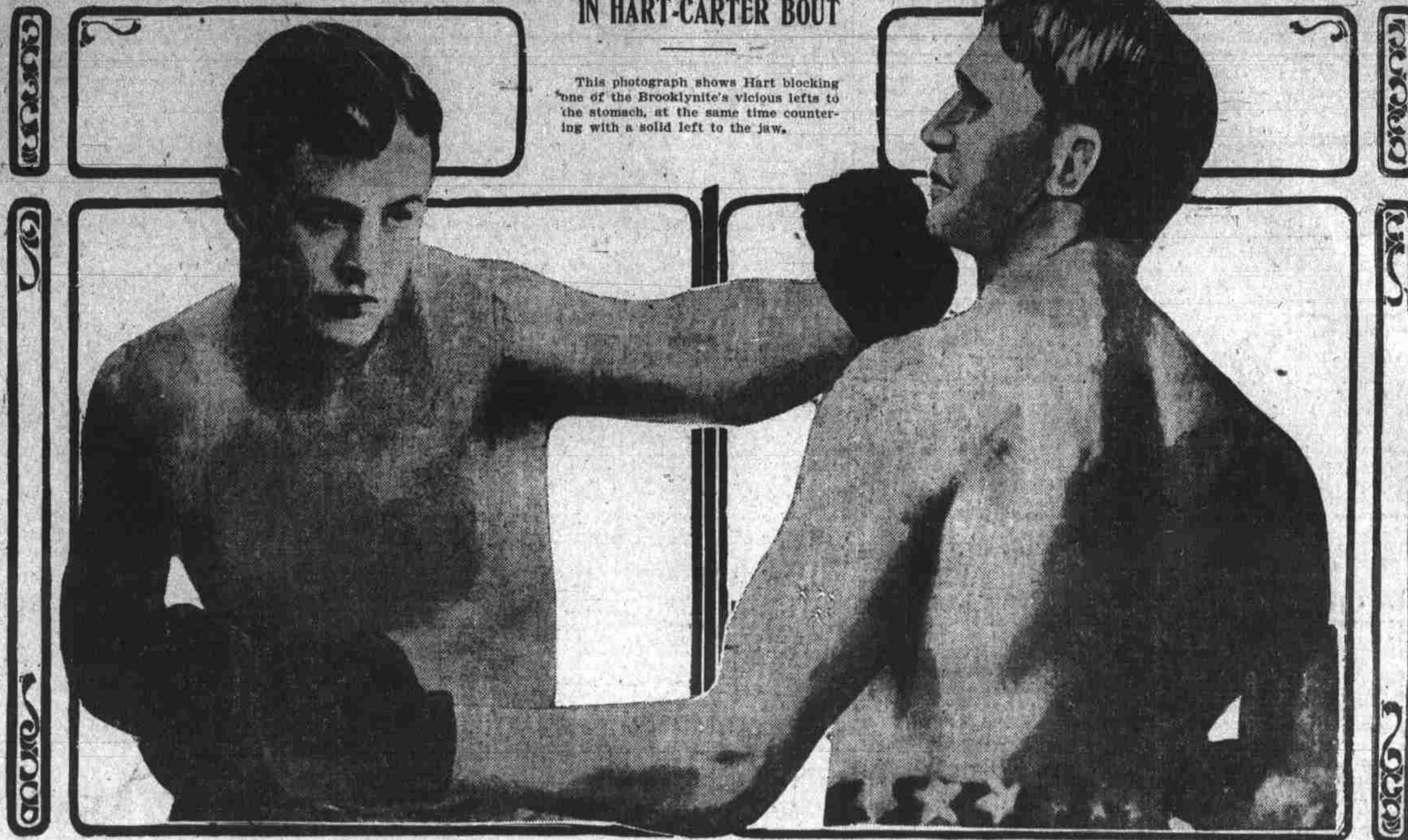
O'BRIEN BEATS JEFFORDS.

(Journal Special Service.)
Philadelphia, Dec. 25.—"Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien bested Jim Jeffords, of Angel's Camp, Cal., in a six-round go before the Broadway Athletic club of this city last evening.

Eastern and California races by direct wire. We accept commissions for "phone" on above races from responsible parties. For leading sporting events in any part of the world, at Portland Club, 120 Fifth street.

AN EXCITING MOMENT
IN HART-CARTER BOUT

This photograph shows Hart blocking one of the Brooklynite's vicious lefts to the stomach, at the same time countering with a solid left to the jaw.

COULD NOT STAND
THE COLD OF IOWA

Jerry Powers, the erstwhile Iowan, is back at his old haunts, and incidentally is buying a few hats as the result of a wager regarding the length of time he would stay.

William C. Powers, or "Jerry," as he is more familiarly known, left Portland a few months ago to engage in business with his brother, Mr. John Powers, of Indianapolis, Ind. Jerry stayed with the business as long as he could, but the green fields and temperate climate of Oregon proved too much for the well-known Portlander to resist when counterbalanced by the several feet of snow and zero weather existing in Iowa. So last Saturday morning, upon the receipt of a telegram from Mr. Ed Schiller, Jerry packed up his guns on two hours' notice and bid his brother and relatives good-bye and hopped on a train bound westward, where the ultimate goal was Portland, or "Paradise," as Mr. Powers expresses it.

To use the vernacular, Jerry got "frozen out"—not out of business, but out of the country—and to say that he is glad to get back is putting it mildly. The buying of hats is the order of the day with the erstwhile Iowa clothing dealer, for the several friends with whom he wagered that he would not come back inside of a year are sure to insist on the payment of the bet, and Jerry was never known to "crayfish." Mr. Powers has a wide circle of friends in this city, who are jubilant over his return.

Mr. Powers' advice to all his friends is, "Don't leave Portland, for you can't find a better place, because it isn't on the map."

DALLAS WINS
FROM Y. M. C. A.

Last evening on the Y. M. C. A. court in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium Dallas college, the collegiate champions of Oregon, defeated the local Y. M. C. A. team for the championship of the Coast. The game was fast from the start, free from any unnecessary wrangling. The team work of Dallas was superb. The All-Stars played hard to defend their position as champions but they were outplayed. To mention the star players of the college team would mean the naming of every man, for every man was a star at his position. The stars of the Y. M. C. A. team were Mackie and Durand. The Dallas team plays the M. A. A. C. team on tomorrow in the latter's floor. The final score was 14 to 10 in Dallas' favor.

The lineup was as follows:
Dallas: Hoffman, R. G.; Fisher, R. G.; L. G.; Freeman, R. G.; C. McKenzie, L. G.; Wilson, R. G.; Durand, R. G.; Teats, R. G.; Mackie, R. G.
Referee—R. Alex Van Ordel.
Umpire—James Mackie.

CAN THIS BE TRUE?

Arthur Brisbane, in one of his daily editorials in the New York Evening Journal, quotes, as he says, from the circular of a Philadelphia whisky firm, as follows:

Possibly 92 or 93 per cent of the whiskey sold in Philadelphia is what is technically termed by the trade "blended whiskey." The manner of its preparation is about as follows: For a barrel of 48 gallons, possibly 38 to 40 gallons of cognac spirits are put into a tank; cognac spirits being the ether of the whiskey, which passes from the still in the process of distilling, as benzene precedes illuminating oil in the distilling of petroleum. It is a neutral spirit, having no taste, but its effect upon the human system is very pernicious, and, when taken to excess, it flies to the brain and produces very unpleasant results. To this 30 or 40 gallons of cognac spirits, possibly four gallons of straight whiskey are added, together with two gallons of prune juice, two gallons of peach juice and a little vanilla, pineapple or some other flavor to give it a distinctive and pronounced character. This compound, or blend, is allowed to stand for some months, until the component parts are all blended. The compound is then bottled or barreled, widely advertised and sold under fancy and alluring names, at prices ranging from 75 cents to \$3 a bottle.

Preferred Stock Canned Goods.
Allen & Lewis' Best Brand.

XMAS HANDICAP
AT 'FRISCO TODAY

FOURTEEN CRACK HORSES TO
START IN BEST EVENT ON COAST
—TRACK FOLLOWERS TRY TO
PICK THE WINNER—RACING RE-
SULTS.

(Journal Special Service.)
San Francisco, Dec. 25.—The greatest race of the season is being run at Ingleside this afternoon, namely, the Christmas handicap. Fourteen of the best horses on the coast are scheduled to start in the race, which makes it hard to pick the winner. Several of the local dailies figure that the race lies between Claude, Carsman, Divina and Proper. Lacy Crawford is a horse that none of the tipsters seem to figure in the race. The Crawford horse has finished in the money in the last three races she was in and she looks good in the big event with only 93 pounds up.

Forest King, the Oregon horse, with 98 up, is likely to cut quite a figure in the event. Lord Melbourne, the horse that is making a bid for a Kenilworth record this season, is another entry not to be despised.

Claude is handicapped with the greatest weight, 123 pounds, but that does not deter the admirers of the Daily horse, who think he has an excellent chance. Then there is Caesar Young's entry, Eonic, the horse that has won several good stakes, when not figured in the running by the wise ones.

Taking all in all, the result of the Christmas handicap is exceedingly doubtful. The following is a list of the entries:

Incubator (Van Meter).....100
Horatius (McAllister).....108
Modicum (Fountain).....100
Yellow Tail (Hackett).....106
Forest King (Jones & Co.).....98
Carsman (Kempner).....112
Lacy Crawford (Schreiber).....93
Lord Melbourne (Bender).....103
Divina (Elprimero stable).....110
Eonic (Young).....101
Claude (Jenny).....123
Forest King (Jennings).....98
Falconbridge (Housman).....104
Evea G. (Coffey).....107

At Ingleside.

San Francisco, Dec. 25.—Favorites landed in nearly every instance yesterday, the only notable outsider to get in the money was Preston at 18 to 1, the winner of the last race.

The stewards suspended the stables of P. C. Donalcke and Harry Green, pending an investigation of the third race, which did not appear satisfactory to the judges. Sad Sam won as he pleased from Money Muss, who started in the betting at equal odds with the winner, but soon dropped to 4 to 1. Cathello fell in the first race, and Martin and Rondo immediately behind, also went down. Jockey Oliphant suffered a bruised ankle, but the other two were not injured. Summary:

Six furlongs—Louis Wagner won, Nulash second, Cardwell third; time, 1:15.
Futurity course, purse—Dick Turpin won, H. L. Frank second, Military Man third; time, 1:12.

Six furlongs, selling—Sad Sam won, Money Muss second, Albemarle third; time, 1:12.
One mile and a sixteenth, selling—Jockey Club won, Nigrette second, Carrol third; time, 1:48.

Seven and a half furlongs—Shot Gun won, Kenilworth second, Peter J. third; time, 1:58.
One mile, selling—Preston won, El Oriente second, Illowaho third; time, 1:43.

At Ascot Park.

Los Angeles, Dec. 25.—Nearly 4,000 persons witnessed the opening day's races at Ascot park yesterday. The Fog, at 9 to 1, captured the Mt. Lowe handicap, worth \$1,400. San Lution, a 20 to 1 shot, captured the second race. Eleven bookmakers opened books at the track and did a good business. Summary:

Seven furlongs—Ocean Dream won, Dr. Short second, Dupont third; time, 1:20.
Stanton course, 200 feet short of six furlongs—San Lution won, Labor second, Urbano third; time, 1:12.

Five furlongs—Strife won, Fonceata second, Alma Dufour third; time, 1:03.
Mount Lowe handicap, \$1,000 added—six furlongs—The Fog won, Best Man

second, Ragtag third; time, 1:14.
Mile and a sixteenth, selling—Erne won, Glen Rice second, Jim Hale third; time, 1:53.

Mile, selling—Moor won, Conafo second, Lemico third; time, 1:44.

At New Orleans.

New Orleans, Dec. 25.—Crescent City results:

Six furlongs—Parisienne won, Dusky second, Miss Hume third; time, 1:18 4-5.
One mile—Bud Embury won, Re Regent second, Sarah Maxim third; time, 1:40 2-5.

One mile—Colonel Tyler won, One More second, Radford third; time, 1:42 3-5.

Six furlongs—Aggie Lewis won, Agnes Brennan second, Julia M. third; time, 1:14 2-5.

Five furlongs—Saducee won, Jim Along second, New York third; time, 1:00 4-5.

Six furlongs—Wreath of Ivy won, Footlight Favorite second, Allegrette third; time, 1:14.

CARLISLE INDIANS VS. ALL-CALIFORNIA TODAY

(Journal Special Service.)

San Francisco, Dec. 25.—All is ready for the great gridiron battle which takes place this afternoon between the All-California team and the Carlisle Indian eleven.

Indications point to a record-breaking crowd, and speculation on the outcome varies, as there are many takers sides with the visitors.

The young Indians are rigorously ciceroned by their manager and physician. Their perfect physical fitness at all times is due to their temperate and regular mode of living. The boy who transgresses in this respect is at once sent back to school, and fear of the disgrace attendant upon such punishment probably has something to do with their cheerful adherence to the prescribed regimen.

Only one of the players has been here before. Johnson was a member of the Carlisle team that came West in 1899, since when he has earned the reputation, indorsed by no less infallible an authority than Walter Camp, the "father of football," of being the greatest quarterback and field general in all America.

He is captain of the present team, and wears his honors so modestly that nobody would pick him out for what he is.

The most interesting member of the group is Schuchouck, the Kodiak Indian, who plays center rush, and is said to be a terror in that position. He is the only native Alaskan in the group—indeed, the only one who has ever displayed prowess on the football field—and his comrades seem to respect him accordingly.

The lineup:

Carlisle.	Position.	California.
Jude	L. E. R.
Bowen	L. T. R.
Dillon	L. G. R.
Schuchouck	C.
Lubo	R. G. L.
Rendine	R. T. L.
Flores	R. E. L.
Johnson	Q.
Sheldon	L. H. R.
Charles	R. H. L.
Williams	F.

FIGHT WITH LION IN A SEWER.

A fair was being held on the outskirts of Birmingham. One of its greatest attractions was a menagerie, and, as events turned out, this certainly provided one of the greatest sensations Birmingham has ever known.

Prominent among the caged animals was a handsome African lion—a savage brute which had emphasized its hatred of captivity by killing one attendant and severely mauling two others.

With the idea of quieting its insatiable restlessness, Mr. Frank Bostock, the menagerie's well known beast tamer, decided to place it in a double cage, in which it would have the companionship of one of its own kind, separated from it only by iron bars.

Accordingly, the empty compartment of this cage was wheeled alongside the savage lion's den and the two doors opened and placed one against the other.

Immediately, and before any warning could be taken of its intention, the lion sprang violently into the double cage, alighting against its further bars with such force that it was driven backward.

Attendants rushed to close the door, but it was too late. With a deafening roar it sprang over their heads and was free!

A ferocious lion loose in densely populated Birmingham!

Proceeding at a shambling trot up the street leading from the menagerie, it came to one of the many openings of the main sewer, and sprang down it.

Mr. Bostock proved himself a man of action—and of courage.

Accompanied by three trusty attendants and his huge boar hound, Marco, he entered the sewer and started in pursuit.

Except for the occasional shafts of light, the place was in semi-darkness.

Suddenly, Marco barked. A savage growl gave answer, and the men knew that the lion was at hand.

In a moment, a terrific struggling was taking place between the two animals.

But the dog, big though he was, was no match for his powerful antagonist, and soon retired behind his masters, terribly mauled.

And now it was the men's turn.

Bostock slipped off one of the heavy jack-boots he was wearing, and courageously approaching the lion, hit him a tremendous blow on the nose.

Just as he did so, one of the men who was carrying a tin kettle containing cartridges and candle-ends tripped and

ARE BATTLING
FOR GRID HONORS

MULTNOMAH AND ALL-OREGON
FIGHTING FOR FOOTBALL SU-
PERMACY THIS AFTERNOON—
BOTH TEAMS CONFIDENT—EN-
THUSIASTIC PORTLAND CROWD

The football game this afternoon in the lodestone that will attract many of Portland's best citizens to Multnomah field, where the annual gridiron battle is fought between the student body of the State university and their equally strong opponents, the wearers of the crimson and white of the local club.

With a great many of Portland's citizens and also citizenesses, if they will excuse the term, it is as much a part of the Christmas jubilee to witness a football game as it is to make presents to their sweethearts, wives or friends.

And will they be there? you may ask, you can bank on it that they will, with bells, too. Both eleven finished their preliminary practice yesterday. The All-Oregon lads, under the able direction of Coach Angell, wound up their work yesterday on the campus of the Hill Military academy, with the utmost enthusiasm prevailing throughout the strenuous stunts, exacted of them by their captain.

Last evening the boys were treated to a genuine surprise in the shape of a Christmas party, tendered Oregon eleven and the academy boarders by Dr. Hill. The thoughtful principal of the academy arranged a Christmas tree and every one present was remembered by "Santa." To say the least the boys were delighted, and they cannot sing their praises of Dr. Hill high enough. Captain McMillan put his men through their final stunts last evening and the boys worked with a will, and are just as determined as ever to retain their laurels. The addition of Stott has proven beneficial to the clubmen, for this player is well known for his ability at running the team, which is one of the duties of a quarterback. Kerrigan is another competent man at that position, and he will alternate with Stott this afternoon. With these two men to depend on, the absence of Chet Murphy will not be felt much by the locals.

Mr. Frank Villa of Michigan has come down from Seattle to officiate as umpire in the contest, and E. C. Judd of Salem will act in the capacity of referee. Both men are competent officials and no disputes are expected. The teams lineup as follows:

All-Oregon: Multnomah, Coleman, Scott, L. E. R., Blanchard, Dowling, McKinney, L. T. R., Pratt, Prizell, L. G. R., Van Voorhis, Earl, Reid, C. G., Grieve, Kollar, Waddell, Angell, R. G. L., Ross, Eastland, R. T. L., Kirkley, Watts, R. E. L., Jordan.

Chandler, Johnson, Latourette, Scott, Q., Kerrigan, Stott, Goodrich, L. H. R., Corbett, Watts, R. H. L., McMillan, Joe Templeton, Valentine, Capt. C. Templeton, F., Dolph.

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MEN'S
BOYS'
AND

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