All Is Ready for New Year's Game

RELIANCE AND MULTNOMAH ARE READY FOR THE FRAY ❧ PUGILISTS HAVE QUEER EXCUSES FOR DEFEAT ❧ SPORTING NEWS OF THE DAY ❧ ❧ ❧

EDITED BY J. A. HORAN

RELIANCE TEAM ARRIVES TONIGHT

THE CALIFORNIA AGGREGATION AND THE LOCAL CLUBMEN ARE READY FOR THE FRAY—MULTNOMAH FINISHES PRACTICE — ARE YOU GOING TO THE GAME?

The Multnomah Amateur Athletic club football team, under the direction of Captain McMillan, went through their regular practice at noon today. This will be the last practice previous to the great gridiron battle, which takes place tomorrow afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock sharp.

Captain McMillan has decided to alternate Bert Kerrigan with Bishop in the end position, while Murphy and Stott will change off at quarter. The clubmen went through the final practice in an enthusiastic manner. The boys lined up with a dash and vim that was greatly encouraging to the followers of the crimson and white. Their new formations were executed with excellent precision, considering the short time the team consumes in practice. The work of the team reflects great credit upon Captain McMillan, who has been indefatigable in his efforts to put an eleven in the field that will reflect credit on the club it represents, and upon the city of Portland, its home. The Portland people are justly proud of this splendid organization, and a representative audience of Portland's "swell set" will be present at the game tomorrow, and incidentally they will be there with bells, tin whistles, magaphones and every known atmospheric disturber and earsplitting torturer known to the enthusiastic if not erratic football fanatic.

"Are you going to the football game?" is the universal question now being asked, as young men meet at the cigar stores, or two young ladies meet who have not spoken to each other since last New Year's day, or a couple of well-to-do merchants, engaged in partaking of a happy New Year smile in a down town cafe. It is a contagious question, affecting all the rank and file of Portland's growing population, and judging from the way the tickets are being sold at the down town agencies, there will be a record-breaking crowd at the game. Get your tickets early and avoid the rush at the box office.

The California team is due tonight, the delegation of Multnomah club-men accompanied by a body of "native sons of California," who are residents of Portland, will be at the depot to meet them.

Arrangements are now being made with the management of the Marquam Grand, and of the "Foxy Grandpa" troupe, whereby the Multnomah and Reliance teams will attend the performance tomorrow night. The Reliance team is undoubtedly the strongest football aggregation that has visited this city for several years, and as the Multnomah boys are determined to maintain their undefeated record at home, the public is assured of a rattling good contest.

The teams will line up as follows:

California.	Position.	Multnomah.
Hamilton	L E R	Bishop-Kerrigan
Ritmuller	L T R	Pratt
[illegible]	L G R	Van Voorhies
Fauverman	C	Kellar or Grieve
Cavanaugh	R G L	Ross
Martin	R T L	Kirkley Jordan or
Tarpey	R E L	Blanchard
Leadbetter	Q	Stott or Murphy
Geissler	L H R	Corbett McMillan or
Mueller	R H L	Valentine
McGilvray	Full	Dolph

RACING RESULTS

(Journal Special Service.)

San Francisco, Dec. 31.—Kenilworth, the favorite in the fifth race, was easily distanced yesterday, not being able to get in the money. San Nicholas led all the way and won by three lengths from Iridius. Jennie Hughes, at 10 to 1, and Arthur Ray, at 15 to 1, won easily. Summary:

Futurity course, selling—Troy won, Ore Viva second, Yellowstone third; time, 1:11¼.

Six furlongs, purse—Rockaway won, Otto Stifel second, Judge third; time, 1:14¼.

Futurity course, selling — Jennie [illegible] won, Mountebank second, Planet third; time, 1:11¼.

One mile and 70 yards, selling—Arthur [illegible], Expedient second, Dotterel third; time, 1:46¾.

[illegible] and one half furlongs, handicap—San Nicholas won, Iridius second, Dolly [illegible] third; time, 1:20.

[illegible] mile—Red Cross [illegible] course won, [illegible]nger second, Ebony third; time, [illegible].

At Ascot Park.

Los Angeles, Dec. 31.—Favorites fared badly again yesterday several long shots winning with ease. The weather conditions were ideal for good racing. The summary:

Six furlongs, selling—Pilot won, J. Kirby second, Florista third; time, 1:17.

Slauson course—Labor won, Macana second, Egg Nogg third; time, 1:22½.

One mile, selling—Chub won, Fortutus second, Dr. Sorb third; time, 1:43.

Five furlongs—Crusados won, Golden [illegible] second, Ocean Dream third; time, [illegible].

Five and a half furlongs—Madame Bishop won, Huapala second, Wager third; time, 1:10.

Six furlongs, selling—St. Christopher won, Sally Goodwin second, Frank Pearce third; time, 1:16.

At New Orleans.

New Orleans, Dec. 31.—Crescent City results:

Selling, one mile—Jake Weber won, John Coulter second, Itahn third; time, 1:40 4-5.

Selling, mile and a quarter—Boaster won, Malay second, Mary Moore third; time, 2:08 4-5.

Five furlongs, handicap—Agnes Brennan won, Allista second, Kokomo third; time, 1:01.

One mile and 70 yards—Captain Gaines won, Lee King second, Bard of Avon third; time, 1:46 1-5.

Six furlongs—Big Ben won, Parisenne second, Invincible third; time, 1:13 3-5.

One mile and 70 yards—Kahaki won, Henry of Frantsmar second, One More third; time, 1:46.

JACK MUNROE WANTS SHARKEY

(Journal Special Service.)

San Francisco, Dec. 31.—Jack Munroe, intent on getting a chance at Champion Jeffries, is looking for another opponent that will give him an opportunity of proving whether he is of the right kind of timber for the big Californian. Above all he would prefer to meet Tom Sharkey, but the sailor does not appear very anxious to enter the ring with the miner pugilist.

Munroe called at the Evening Journal office yesterday and stated that he was ready to clinch a match with Sharkey at once. The latter was informed of Munroe's desire to meet him and he said that he could only be induced to enter the ring by securing a fight with Jeffries for the championship.

Munroe was disappointed when informed that Sharkey was not inclined to make a match. Munroe, however, said that he would go right on meeting all comers until he had convinced the public that he was entitled to a match for the championship.

It is possible that Munroe's next opponent will be Sandy Ferguson. Ferguson returned to Boston yesterday from San Francisco and he immediately issued a challenge to meet Munroe, who said he would probably take him on.

Recently Munroe received an offer of $1,000 from Butte, Mont., for a friendly exhibition of six rounds with Dunc McDonald, the old-time champion of the Northwest, who is now a member of the Montana legislature. The promoters of the affair have received a special sanction from the authorities to pull the exhibition off on Christmas night. Munroe has accepted the offer and will leave in a couple of days for Butte. He is anxious to pay a visit to his old town to see his friends.

COMPANY H DEFEATS C.

In a hotly contested game of indoor baseball at the armory last evening, the boys of company H succeeded in defeating the representatives of C company by a score of 13 to 5.

The game was well played throughout and many brilliant plays were pulled off.

Next Saturday evening companies E and K will cross bats and determine who are superior at the game.

AT WAVERLY LINKS.

The Waverly Golf links are crowded these days when the weather is bright, and several interesting contests are being held. The semi-finals in the ladies' knock-out handicap contest will be played next Saturday. The contestants will be: Mrs. Holt C. Wilson vs. Miss Murch, and Mrs. W. B. Ayer vs. Mrs. Mrs. Koehler.

M'FARLAN'S AVERAGE IS .412.

A Subscriber: The pitching average of Dan McFarlan in number of games won and lost is as follows: Games won, 14; games lost, 22; per cent, .412.

Eastern and California races by direct wires. We accept commissions by "phone" on above races from responsible parties. We also receive commissions for all leading sporting events in any part of the world, at Portland Club, 130 Fifth street.

PITCHER SHREVE EQUAL OF WADDELL

VETERAN GEORGE MYERS TELLS OF THE ECCENTRICITIES OF A YOUNGSTER WHO PROVED A WONDER UPON BREAKING INTO THE BIG LEAGUE.

"Among the many characters with whom I came in contact as a ball player," said George Myers, the old-time catcher of the National league, who was a star back in the 80's, "there was probably none so unique as Shreve, the pitcher. He joined our team while I was catching for St. Louis, coming to us from some college. My, but he was a fresh youth. For all that he could pitch. He had awful speed and good curves and perfect control of the ball. His confidence and egotism were astounding. I remember one day we were to play against Detroit. It was when the Big Four, Rowe, White, Richardson and Brouthers were on the team.

"Mr. Shreve, who had been assigned to pitch, strutted to the box with the swagger that would have made John L. Sullivan look cheap when John L. was monarch of them all in the fistic business. 'Just watch me, fellows, and see what I do to those swell-headed guys from Michigan,' said the smiling Shreve. 'I am going to make 'em look like a lot of suckers.'

"Hardy Richardson was the first batter up and you know what kind of a batter he was.

"'Oh, ho! So you are the great invincible Hardy Richardson, eh?' drawled Mr. Shreve. 'Well, Hardy, old chap, I'm going to show you that you are easy for a good pitcher; regular mince pie. I'm going to fan you out, Mr. Richardson.'

"'George, where did you get this fresh mug?' asked Hardy of me. 'He's a kid we picked up down the road,' I replied.

"Shreve let go the first ball and it went around Hardy's neck like a shot. He struck at it after I had it in my hands. Bang goes the second, also a strike, and the third a wide, slow, outshoot, fooled the great batter completely and Shreve said mockingly: 'Back to the bench, Hardy, I told you that you were easy.'

Jollied Dan Brouthers.

"Big Dan Brouthers, who was always a terror to pitchers, came next and he had blood in his eye. 'Hee, hee! So this is the terrible Mr. Dan Brouthers,' grinned the fresh pitcher. 'I hate to tell you, Dan, how soft a mark you are. I hope you don't think so. You might hit some pitchers, but you are just my meat.' Dan missed the first two, which went close to his chin, and the next he hit like a shot at the pitcher. Shreve caught it in easy style and gave Brouthers the ha, ha, in most tantalizing fashion as Dan ambled to the bench.

"Deacon White came next and Shreve kidded him unmercifully. 'Deacon, who told you that you could hit anything?' was the greeting White was given. The Deacon scowled and muttered ominously. 'Duck soup is what you are for me,' sang Shreve, as White missed the first ball by several inches. 'Oh, how easy,' was the next rejoinder, and Deacon smashed blindly at an outshoot, a moment later striking out on one of those speedy ones such as had sent Richardson to the bench.

"The Big Four could do absolutely nothing with Shreve's delivery, and the other members of their team were just as helpless. We won the game 3 to 1. This fellow Shreve was one of the best pitchers I ever met, but he was an erratic chap, and dreadfully hard to handle.

Shut Out the Chicagos.

"I recall another occasion when the Chicago club, which team led the league, came to play a series on our home grounds, St. Louis. Shreve, who had been missing for two or three days, came on to the grounds in uniform just as the teams were practicing. The manager, on seeing him, immediately assigned him to pitch. Shreve then came over to me and asked: 'Say, George, what team is this we are up against today?'

"I immediately began to read him a lecture, telling him that a young man just starting in on his career as a professional ball player should not deport himself in such a manner. The idea of you coming on to these grounds when the champion Chicagos are here, and you not knowing it, why"—

"'The champion Chicagos,' interrupted Shreve. 'Never mind, George, just watch me. Oh, just wait and see what I will do to that bunch.' And sure enough that crazy monkey went in and shut out that heavy hitting Chicago team. He was simply a wonder.

"In another game he had Foster, the great base runner, at bat, and he took occasion to tell Foster what a poor base runner he was. He purposely gave Foster his base on balls, and then turning to the speedy runner, Shreve said: 'Now, Mr. Champion Base Runner, let us see you get down to second.' Foster led off a few feet from the bag, and like a bullet the ball went over to the first baseman. A moment later Shreve pitched one to me, and Foster darted for second. He really did prove easy, for Shreve gave him but a poor start. We caught him by 10 feet going to second. I could tell story after story about this man Shreve. If he had taken care of himself he would have been the greatest pitcher in baseball history."

FOR INTERNATIONAL MEET.

(Journal Special Service.)

New Haven, Conn., Dec. 31.—A movement is on foot at the universities of Yale and Harvard to open negotiations with the two English universities of Cambridge and Oxford, with the object of reopening the annual international track meet.

M'GOVERN CHALLENGES.

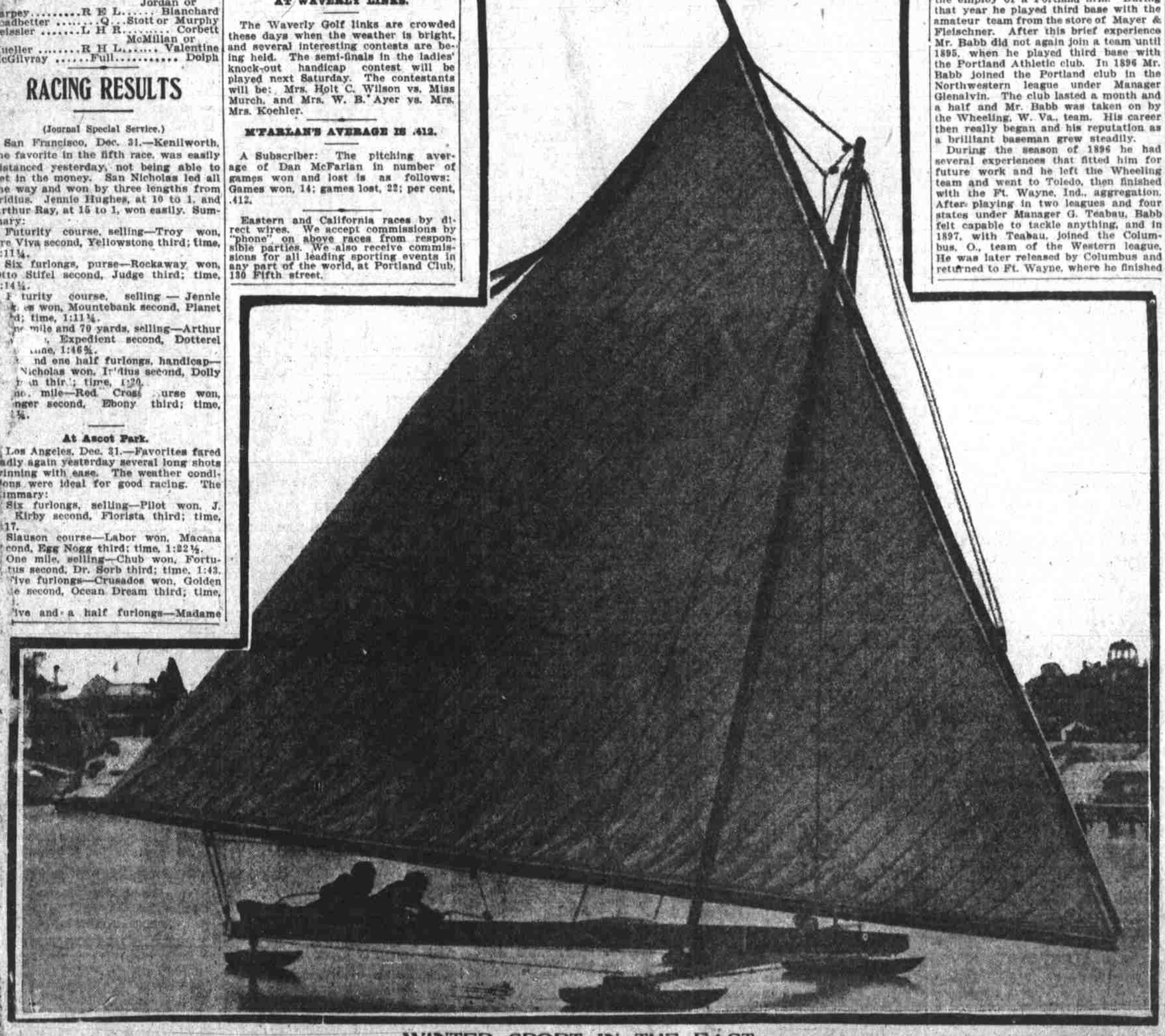
(Journal Special Service.)

New York, Dec. 31.—Sam Harris, manager of Terry McGovern, wants to arrange a match between his entry and either Young Corbett or Eddie Hanlon, Corbett preferred.

CORBETT SIGNED WITH ST. LOUIS.

(Journal Special Service.)

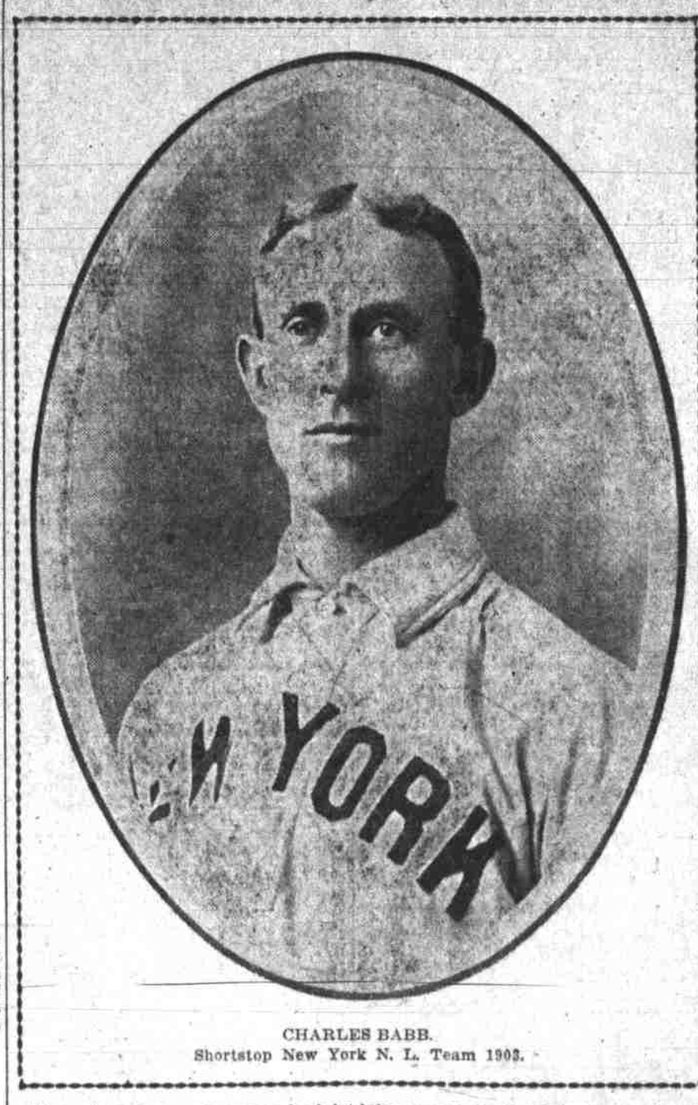
San Francicso, Dec. 31.—The report that Joe Corbett had signed with St. Louis for next season was confirmed today.



WINTER SPORT IN THE EAST.

Picture shows the champion ice yacht Wizard. Ice yachtsmen prepare flyers to race this week on the Shrewsbury. The first race to be sailed at Red Bank will be for prizes offered to third-class yachts by Commodore Samuel W. Morford. Another feature of the season will be a series of races for a silver challenge cup.

CHARLES BABB AND HIS CAREER IN BASEBALL



CHARLES BABB.
Shortstop New York N. L. Team 1903.

The rise from place on a back-lot boy nine, to shortstop on the New York team of the National league in eight or nine years is not a record often made by the aspiring athlete, and even Charles Babb's modesty was not great enough to keep the story secret. Charles Babb, a native Oregonian and still holding his home in Portland, has returned for a visit with old friends after a season with the New York team. During the seven years Mr. Babb has been in professional athletics, and during the time his reputation has been made, no story has ever appeared of his rise and but fragmentary sketches have been published.

"I never told anyone about it before," said Mr. Babb when questioned about his record, and apparently he did not consider the rapid rise as especially noteworthy.

Mr. Babb in 1892 was a plumber in the employ of a Portland firm. During that year he played third base with the amateur team from the store of Mayer & Fleischner. After this brief experience Mr. Babb did not again join a team until 1895, when he played third base with the Portland Athletic club. In 1896 Mr. Babb joined the Portland club in the Northwestern league under Manager Glenalvin. The club lasted a month and a half and Mr. Babb was taken on by the Wheeling, W. Va., team. His career then really began and his reputation as a brilliant baseman grew steadily.

During the season of 1896 he had several experiences that fitted him for future work and he left the Wheeling team and went to Toledo, then finished with the Ft. Wayne, Ind., aggregation. After playing in two leagues and four states under Manager G. Teabau, Babb felt capable to tackle anything, and in 1897, with Teabau, joined the Columbus, O., team of the Western league. He was later released by Columbus and returned to Ft. Wayne, where he finished the season in the Inter-State league. In 1898 Mr. Babb played through the season with the Ft. Wayne team, but in 1899 was drafted by the Indianapolis team of the Western league. He was soon farmed back to Wheeling, and later released and returned to his old love, Ft. Wayne.

"I couldn't get rid of that town, some way," said Mr. Babb, laughing when he spoke of Ft. Wayne. During the years 1900 and 1901 Mr. Babb played third base with Ft. Wayne and joined the Indianapolis team of the American association under Manager Watkins in 1902. During this season Babb enhanced his exceptional record by leading the third basemen in his field and batting average of 310. Later in the season he accepted the offer of Memphis, of the Southern league, and jumped his Indianapolis contract, Indianapolis being an "outlaw" league. He finished the season with Memphis and played with St. Vrain, who made so much trouble for Tacoma last season. The past season Mr. Babb played shortstop on the New York team of the National league, and though it was the first time he had ever played any other position than third base, and he early suffered the first accident he had experienced in his career, still his work was regarded highly by Manager McGraw. Babb had a finger flattened by a swift ball in the season and stayed out of the game for weeks. For a month after he returned the finger was of no use and constantly impeded his work, still the season showed him to be a strong acquisition to New York.

Mr. Babb's chief complaint is that he has been traded to Brooklyn for Shortstop Dahlen, the best shortstop in the country by common report. Babb desired to remain with New York, and is somewhat vexed that players have no voice in the changes made, as they are supposed to have. Mr. Babb will remain with his relatives here until March, the players being ordered to report March 10 at Brooklyn. It is his first visit home during the past six years.

Charlie Babb's many friends in this city will be glad to know that there is a possibility of this excellent player being secured by Portland next season. It is believed by Manager Ely of the local team that Babb may be induced to sign a Portland contract for next season, since he has been transferred to the Brooklyns by the New York team, in exchange for the veteran, Bill Dahlen. Ned Hanlon has an excellent opinion of Babb's ability and thinks he has the ability of a big league star.

Babb, it is rumored, does not like the change, and therefore Manager Ely may secure this valuable player next season. Further developments are eagerly watched for by the fans.

FALSE IDEA.

As It Is Looked Upon by Prospective Real Estate Buyers.

A number of people in Portland who are prospective home buyers are slow to grasp the situation on the extreme low prices of residence lots just at this time.

For instance, the valuable home building lots offered in Ladd's addition on the east side are now sold at a very low price and on the installment plan and the money furnished to build a house—using plans to suit the builder.

A year ago a similar proposition was offered in the Hawthorne addition. Today people who want lots find it impossible to get them, especially on such liberal terms.

It will not be a year until the Ladd addition proposition will be in the same position the Hawthorne addition is today—no lots for sale and money ready to build a home on the installment plan.

It is a great surprise that those seeking homes do not investigate the proposition offered by the Ladd's addition people.

The lots are all that one could desire for home building. Graded streets, stone sidewalks, electric lights, telephone, water. All lots well drained. Five-minute car service, within 10 minutes' ride of the city, can be walked in 25 minutes. If you are thinking of building now or later, the proposition is one worth your time to investigate.

PUGS HAVE MANY EXPLANATIONS

IT IS VERY SELDOM THAT ONE WILL ACKNOWLEDGE HIMSELF FAIRLY DEFEATED—NOT IN CONDITION, CHANCE BLOWS, ETC., ARE GIVEN AS REASONS.

"Why is it that a pugilist who will admit that anybody ever defeated him fairly and squarely is the scarcest thing in the world, outside of the great auk, which is said to have only two living specimens, and, both of them stuffed?" asks Lou Houseman, the Chicago manager of fighters. "One of the most amusing volumes ever written anent the prize ring might easily be made up out of the excuses given by defeated boxers, and the book could be made of any desired thickness till it reached the size of Webster's Unabridged. Jim Corbett, after his defeat by Jeffries, came frankly out and said that Jeff was too much for him, and Jim's remark—probably made in a moment of absolute forgetfulness—is a rara avis for true.

"No condition is a good old-stock excuse, although there never yet was a fighter who didn't tell the reporters that he felt fine enough to whip an elephant—before the battle. Any time a man is knocked stiff with a resounding clout under the ear the 'no condition' story is bustled forward, and it is the same old tale if he goes the distance and loses the decision. 'Broke my hand' is another pet excuse, although the man with the shattered hand is generally ready to fight the next evening if somebody is kind enough to offer him the money. 'Chance blow' has held a high place of honor in the excuse list for about 19 years. It is a corking good bluff, too, and the joyous song of 'winning all the way till he caught me with that chance punch—couldn't have hit me that way again in a thousand years'—is sweetly familiar to every ring attendant's ear. 'Robbed by the referee' is another time-honored story.

"All these excuses are a bit frayed and worn along the edges, and it is therefore with keen appreciation that the fight-loving public hears a new one, produced by Sandy Ferguson. Sandy says the reason he couldn't whip Jack Johnson was because the negro wouldn't stand still long enough for Sandy to hit him, and the novelty is really delightful. Hereafter, let us hope, the referees will see to it that Sandy's foes are anchored to a staple in the middle of the ring, and that any man who leans backward or sidewise while attached to the aforesaid staple shall be disqualified.

"If ever a fighter should come forward and say, straightforwardly and earnestly, 'I have been fairly beaten; I have been squarely whipped by a better boxer,' the American public would take that honest scrapper to its bosom, and make of him a hero such as he could not have become through 57 varieties of knock-out victories."