

### ANGLE OF VISION DIFFERED

Father and Mother Attend Football Game and Exchange Opinions About Son.

### INTERESTING TALK IN THE GRANDSTAND

Fond Parents Take Extreme Views Regarding Looks, Chances and Condition of William in a Gridiron Struggle.

Mrs. Quarterback (taking a seat in the grandstand) — There is quite a draught here, John. I do hope William will not take cold.

Mr. Quarterback (buttoning up his overcoat) — It isn't so warm as it might be. If William wasn't to play I wouldn't have come.

Mrs. Q. — The child is well wrapped up, isn't he? The ground out there looks damp. Did he bring his rubbers with him?

Mr. Q. — I don't think the child is both of about rubbers just now.

Mrs. Q. — Oh, there they come! Is William with them?

Mr. Q. — He very probably is; but I don't see him. (To youth at his side.) Do you know William Quarterback?

Youth — Do I know Bill Quarterback? Bet your life, old boy, and Bill's a crack-a-jack, he is.

Mrs. Q. — What did the young man say, William?

Mr. Q. — A jumping-jack, I think. I didn't quite catch it.

Mrs. Q. — I wish I could see William. I'd wave my handkerchief do you think he will see us?

Mr. Q. — He doesn't know we're alive. Mrs. Q. — Our William not know we're alive?

Mr. Q. — Of course, he does. But I mean he's thinking of other things just now. He's absorbed in the game.

Mrs. Q. — My William always thinks of his mother.

Mr. Q. — Think he is now.

Mrs. Q. — Oh, where?

Mr. Q. — See him. He's coming this way. He's carrying the ball under his arm. Right over there.

Mrs. Q. — That one. That's not my William. That young man is too dirty.

Mr. Q. — Well, it's your William all right. And he's a pink nose to what he will be.

Mrs. Q. — And my William is always so neat.

Mr. Q. — There goes the kick-off.

Mrs. Q. — Where is William?

Mr. Q. — He's got the ball and he's away with it. (Jumping to his feet.) Go it, Bill. Go it, boy! Get down the field, Bill.

Mrs. Q. (pulling at his coat-tails) — Why, John! Sit down. You're acting like a madman, John. He's acting like a madman, John.

Mr. Q. — That's it. You're the goods! No, he's downed!

Mrs. Q. — What has he done into his seat? — What has happened? Can you see William?

Mr. Q. — Not yet. He's under the bunch.

Mrs. Q. — And all those men on top of my child!

Mr. Q. — No, he's dug himself out. There are no bones broken. He's walking about.

Mrs. Q. — Bones broken? John! My William!

Mr. Q. — Your William has the ball again. And he's going through the line like greased lightning through a row of tallow dips (jumping up). Now, you're clear, Bill. Whoop! Run! Run, Bill. Run, you son of your father. Run, look out. That's of the stuff. Run, Bill. Run. Don't let 'em get you.

Mrs. Q. (looking about hopelessly) — Oh, dear.

Mr. Q. — Good boy, you Bill. No, you shirk, they've nailed you. If I had you shirk I'd shake the life out of you—if I could.

Mrs. Q. — Will you sit down? What are you talking about?

Mr. Q. — I guess the boy is hurt. Why don't they pick him up?

Mrs. Q. (catching his arm) — Who's hurt? Not William? John!

Mr. Q. — He's on his feet. He's all right, I guess.

Mrs. Q. — John, go down there at once and see. Oh, he's gone! I will. Are there no policemen? John, dear, do—

Mr. Q. — That's all right. He's gone to the bench. They've put in a substitute.

Mrs. Q. (with a sigh of relief) — I'm so glad. But the other boy, who sooner

Mr. Q. — The other boy would sooner

### HILL MILITARY TO TRY COLUMBIA VARSITY

Collegians Will Cross the Willamette Tomorrow to Tackle Cadets on Local Gridiron.

At 3:30 tomorrow afternoon the football teams of Columbia university and Hill military academy will meet on Multnomah field. This will be Columbia's first appearance on the gridiron in Portland and there is much speculation as to what sort of a team Columbia has this year. The university from across the river usually manages to be represented by a strong aggregation of players and it is not expected that this year will prove an exception to former years.

The Hill military academy cadets have been hard at work trying to overcome some of the deficiencies in team work that heretofore have prevented an otherwise strong and powerful team from scoring. Their line-up may also be strengthened by one or two new men that have entered the academy some time ago but have not been eligible to play in any of the games so far, as they had to comply with league rules on that point.

### EASTERN AND WESTERN RACE TRACK RESULTS

(Journal Special Service) San Francisco, Nov. 14.—Results of races:

Five furlongs, 2-year-olds—Aronavals won, St. Francis second, Iron Watson third; time, 1:01 3/4.  
Six furlongs, 4-year-olds and upward—Judge Denton won, Ed Libburn second, Cousin Carrie third; time, 1:14 1/2.  
Seven furlongs, 2-year-olds, and upward—Ephraim won, Good Cheer second, Potrero Grande third; time, 1:27 1/2.  
One mile and a sixteenth, 4-year-olds and upward—High Chancellor won, Reservation second, Briar Thorpe third; time, 1:48 1/2.  
Five and a half furlongs, 3-year-olds—Cloudblight won, Fire Ball second, Princess Wheeler third; time, 1:07.  
One mile and 50 yards, 2-year-olds and upward—The Lady, Rohesia won, Isabella second, San Primo third; time, 1:45 1/2.

### At Nashville.

(Journal Special Service) Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 14.—Cumberland race results:  
Six furlongs—Calabash won, Claude second, Lieber third; time, 1:16 4-5.  
Five and a half furlongs—Hadir won, Grace second, Grace Wagner third; time, 1:08.  
One mile and a sixteenth, handicap—Miss Rillie won, Estrada Palma second, Marnie Agot third; time, 1:48 2-5.  
Five furlongs, handicap—Light Out won, Incantaria second, Creolir third; time, 1:07 2-5.  
One mile and a quarter—My Eleanor won, Sanction second, Little Boy third; time, 2:09 1/2.  
Five and a half furlongs—Woodlands won, Alrahb second, Manfred third; time, 1:07 3-5.

### At Aqueduct.

(Journal Special Service) New York, Nov. 14.—Aqueduct race results:  
One mile—Birmingham won, Ruth W. second, Delmore third; time, 1:41 4-5.  
Six and a half furlongs—Tommy Waddell won, Cedarstrom second, Broom Handle third; time, 1:31.  
The Stonybrook stake, one mile and a sixteenth—Slyden C. Love won, Grande second; time, 1:45 1-5. Only two starters.  
One mile and a sixteenth—Jack Young won, Bad News second, Hermitage third; time, 1:48.  
One mile—Cabin won, Sunray second, Louis H. third; time, 1:41 2-5.  
Five furlongs—Swell Girl won, Florida second, Nellie Burn third; time, 1:02.

### SPORTING GOSSIP.

Now that the football situation has shifted about so that the followers of the various teams have secured a fairly good line on the prospective, the chief interest in coming events in this section is naturally being manifested in the annual game between Oregon and Multnomah, scheduled for Thanksgiving afternoon in this city. While the interest in this contest has always been keen, yet it is safe to say that no other game in 10 years has attracted the attention that is being and will be bestowed upon this meeting of football giants.

The principal question is which team shall win, Oregon or Multnomah? So far this season the outlook at the club has not been so bright as in other years, while fortune has smiled sweetly upon the supporters of the Lemon Yellow devotees at Eugene. Oregon has had success since the beginning of the season and has won games through superior playing in all departments of the game. Her long runs and gathering up of fumbles in the Willamette game demonstrated that her men were playing the game every minute and always on the alert to take advantage of an opponent's misplays. Such is football. There is no own no mean who would attempt to disparage the brilliant victories of Oregon this season, and if Oregon wipes up the earth with Multnomah her men will be given credit by the local clubmen.

It is not venturing too far into the realm of Oregon's hopefulness to intimate that the lads from Eugene are banking upon this year's eleven to crush the haughty spirit of Multnomah, and thus establish reputation and record unparalleled in the northwest. There is no getting around the fact that Multnomah is weak this season and the three games played so far were the best evidences of the club eleven's shortcomings. The chief reason for Multnomah's weakness is the failure of the best material in the club to turn out with the squad and help out the coach and the cause. Rome wasn't built in a day, neither can a winning football team be turned out inside of a week.

There is much in Multnomah's football history that may be read with pleasure and credit. Few teams have walked off the local gridiron with club trophies and, though many at Saturday's game were glad to see the club team

downed, yet there was an undercurrent of feeling of sadness and of pathos, that has seldom been seen here. It was pathetic to see the old guard, McMullan, leave the field in the growing dusk, his face dimmed with dirt and his clothes torn, wearing a look of disappointment. Seldom has he left Multnomah field without carrying a victory with him. Then there were other incidents that made the loyal clubman's heart weigh heavy on Saturday night. Still, in the hour of defeat the players determined to practice and to improve and get into condition for next Saturday's fray with the Sherman Indians. The clubmen will be out in force this evening at practice and several new men will be tried out. Coach Overfield says that Multnomah has lost her last game of the year, and in this his team agrees with him. Wouldn't it be a frightful thing if Oregon should defeat Multnomah? Perish the thought.

### BOXING REVIVAL IS ABOUT DUE

Opinion Prevails That Fistic Game Will Undergo a Complete Renovation.

### SUCCESS OF BOXING DEPENDS UPON SENSE

If Promoters Conduct Honest Exhibitions and Keep the Sport Clean, Thousands Will Turn Out to Support It.

Judging by the past history of the fistic game, the gloomiest sport is about due for a general revival. It is always true of pugilism that the darkest hour precedes the dawn, and the boxing territory right now is smaller and more circumscribed than at any period since John L. Sullivan first came upon the scene.

Boxing, unlike baseball, which is always popular, has its cycles of success and misfortune. One year pugilism will be on the top wave, and every city will let down the bars to the boxer. The next year will see every town tightly closed and the purest stiletts going to work or migrating under freight trains.

There was a greater boom in boxing in the early nineties. San Francisco and New Orleans fairly hummed with the talk of the gloomiest and in both of those towns they fought to a finish with dainty gloves about as large as a flier's dinner. Many other cities were wide open, and the speak of the mitten resounded from Maine to Mexico.

Then came a general shutdown and the sport died out rapidly. For a few seasons there was a dearth of boxing, and then, with the Horton law in New York and the Harrison administration in Chicago, was ushered in the greatest boom the game has ever had. In 1898 and 1899 New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Buffalo, and Detroit were full of scraps. Denver offered good money. Every Ohio city had its fighting club and mills at Cleveland, Toledo and Cincinnati were like gold mines.

Philadelphia, several New Jersey cities, and the towns of interior New York were thriving. Milwaukee and Montana were harvest fields for the sport was running, it had gained a firm foothold and could not be disturbed. And then came the deluge. Beginning with the example of New York and Buffalo, city after city shut the doors. The Gans-McGovern affair finished Chicago. Since that time there have been spasmodic revivals, and Philadelphia has managed to get the game on an apparently solid footing. But Chicago and Detroit have been doing the on-again, off-again, gone-again act, and the boxer goes to bed in those towns wondering whether he will have the right to live in the morning.

All of which, judging the future by the past, means that ere long there will be a boxing revival. The shutdown of 1898 was but the prelude to the biggest jamboree of milling the country ever saw. Also—again judging from the future by the past—the game will last just as long as the promoters have sense, and, as they have no sense, there will be a shutdown in another year or two.

### PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE.

Table with columns for CLUBS, W, L, T, Pts. Includes teams like Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Tacoma.

### CHEMAWA INDIANS ARE TACKLING THE SOLDIERS

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.) Salem, Or., Nov. 14.—The Chemawa and Fort Stevens football elevens are contesting for honors in the Willamette university field this afternoon.

The soldiers arrived in this city on the 11 o'clock train this morning, as did the Indians. Both teams are a husky-looking bunch of arkin kickers and neither side is sure of victory. Rubs Saunders, who played such a

### SHAW IS BOOMING HIS CANDIDACY

Clever Scheme of Secretary to Be Surprised Reading Aloud Letters of Praise.

### FAIRBANKS RENTS HOME OF MORTON AND CASSINI

Mrs. Fairbanks Simply Cast Iron Where Fatigue Is Considered—Can Shake Hands for Hours at a Stretch and Be Fresh.

(Washington Bureau of The Journal.) Washington, Nov. 14.—They tell a great many funny things about Secretary Shaw's resources as his own advertising agent in his candidacy for the office of president. Here is one of them: Whenever a newspaper correspondent enters the secretary's office he finds him immersed in a pile of letters. Unconscious of the intrusion, the secretary carelessly takes from the top of the heap a letter which has carefully been placed there.

Half to himself the secretary reads the letter in an undertone sufficiently audible for the reporter to catch every word. As he completes this well-rehearsed act, the secretary, with an expression of surprise, looks up and pretends to recognize his visitor.

Shaw's Memory Poor. Secretary Shaw will never make a successful politician because he has no memory for faces or names. The secretary excuses his oversight in inflicting upon the writer his correspondence, but he does not permit the subject to be changed from the contents of the letter. He insists upon discussing it.

That's a nice letter, in his stereotyped comment. It appears that the secretary has secured from different parts of the country a dozen or more letters indorsing the presidential aspirations.

The scheme that Mr. Shaw has hit upon is novel. Its merit is only impaired when the reporters compare notes; then they find that their experience is common to all that they did not suppose the secretary reading his private correspondence, but that he is always prepared when a newspaper man enters his office to be caught in the act of reading a letter which tells how great Leslie M. Shaw is, and what a misfortune for the country it will be should he fall in his presidential aspirations.

### Fairbanks' New Home.

Vice-President and Mrs. Fairbanks have negotiated for a residence of the Levi P. Morton house on Rhode Island avenue, which was occupied by Mr. Morton when he was vice-president, and later by Count Cassini when he was ambassador from Russia. Mrs. Fairbanks is simply castron where fatigue is concerned. She can stand up for hours and shake hands with thousands of the guests at the evening levees after the first few hundred of specially invited have passed down the line. Mrs. Root cannot endure handshaking and it is very natural that these two ladies will, if possible, avoid juxtaposition with the wife of the vice-president.

### Commutes Hyatt's Sentence.

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.) Salem, Or., Nov. 14.—Governor Chamberlain commuted the sentence of Charles Hyatt, who had served three months on a year's sentence in the Multnomah county jail for the theft of \$11 from the Portland Y. M. C. A., at which place he was working. The commutation was granted at the request of the district attorney and the officers of the Y. M. C. A.

star game at guard for Multnomah against Willamette last Saturday, is playing fullback for Chemawa.

The game was billed for 3 o'clock, but as the grounds are so near the university that the game would have interfered with the school work, President Coleman followed his usual custom and did not allow the game to be called until 3:30, when all class work was over for the day.

### Sunnyside Beaten.

The East Portlanders yesterday defeated the Sunnyside team by a score of 20 to 0. The Sunnyside team was heavier than the victors, but they were outplayed in all parts of the game. Sunnyside made yardage but once during the game.

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FUNERAL OF PIONEER WOMAN AT HILLSBORO. (Special Dispatch to The Journal.) Hillsboro, Or., Nov. 14.—Mrs. Anna E. Williams, an aged and highly respected pioneer of this city, died at her home Saturday night. Mrs. Williams was born in Lee county, Iowa, February, 1839, and in 1847 came with her parents across the plains by ox team to Washington county, where she has since resided.

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