

Everything in Sportdom

Fight Promoters in Frisco Worry the Boxing Fans—Borghesi Captures Ascot Handicap—Bowling and Racing Gossip—The Boxers.

Journal's Page of Sports

Naughton Thinks Jeffries Will Return to the Ring—How Football Was Played Twenty Years Ago—Turf News—Baseball and Sport.

Edited by J. A. MORAN

BOXERS DODGE THE FIGHT TRUST

San Francisco Sports Fear That the Managers Are Divided Against Themselves.

THEIR STRANGE DOINGS CAUSE OF THE WORRY

Coffroth Is Away at the Springs and Levy Is Down at Los Angeles Trying to Gain a Foothold—Hanson Anxious to Fight Britt.

By W. W. Naughton.
(Special Dispatch by Special Wire to The Journal)
San Francisco, Feb. 2.—Can it be that the pugilists at large are fighting a losing battle with the new boxing trust?

"Perish the thought," said Edmund M. Granger, who is now both a promoter and a referee, but the fact remains that while we are drawing toward the end of the first week in February no match has yet been arranged for the shortest month in the year.

Worse than that. Some of the members of the matchmaking band are acting as though the scarcity of attractions concerns them but little. Morris Levy is in Los Angeles, where, according to the best information, he is trying to gain a foothold as a handler of ring events, and Jimmy Coffroth is taking things easy for a few days at Byron Hot Springs.

The strange thing about Coffroth's sitting is that he packed his suitcase and boarded the train the day it was definitely announced that Jimmy Britt had declined to box Eddie Hanson.

As this was the match the trust had in view for February and as Coffroth made no suggestions about a substitute card before he went away, his actions have naturally excited comment.

One of the rumors in the fight trust is that all is not well in the fight trust, that the new guild is as a house divided against itself and that it cannot stand. It is whispered that Coffroth is not satisfied. According to report he feels that there are too many shareholders in the Associated Athletic club.

The fact that he is regarded as the big chief of the trust is small solace to Jimmy when he is expected to share and share alike with men who are green to the promoting business. It is believed that he will withdraw attention to combine and devote his attention to coaching a leviathan skating rink in Meacham's pavilion and handling championship pugilistic events in daylight on the grandstand at Coliseum.

If these are Coffroth's intentions he hasn't declared himself yet. The one thing certain is that he has so far displayed a notable lack of interest in the fortunes of the fight trust.

Levy, according to his own statement, has no intention of locating permanently at Los Angeles. He simply wants to have a finger in the pugilistic pie down south and will return here to watch his interests when he has arranged matters to his liking. Meanwhile with both Levy and Coffroth absent the ship is drifting, drifting.

Britt Didn't Decline.
Jimmy Britt didn't decline himself in regard to the proffered match with Eddie Hanson until a few days ago. Then he gave several reasons for refusing it. To begin with, the affair didn't promise well from a financial standpoint, according to Britt. Again, he felt there was a rest coming to him after his whirl around the footlight belt, and he wouldn't box in February, anyhow. Thirdly, if not lastly, he had about made up his mind to participate in only one or two matches before retiring, and he intended that they should be on a par with his September afternoon go with Battling Nelson in magnitude.

Eddie Hanson was stung to the quick at being turned down. As a rule he takes matters philosophically, but this time he injected considerable warmth into his remarks.

SPORTING GOSSIP OF THE DAY

Walter Camp Writes About the Reasonable Changes Football Could Undergo.

EVERYBODY PLAYS BUT DEAR OLD HARVARD

Joe Gans Is After Britt With Every Kind of a Proposition—Frank Erns Will Show the Yale Students How to Practice the Manly Art.

In discussing the demands of the impracticable football fellows like Dr. Eliot, Chancellor McCracken, "Purty" Jordan, and others for a more open game, Walter Camp of Yale, "father of football," writes in the current issue of *Cutting*. "For a dozen years now, growing sometimes greater and sometimes less, but nevertheless constantly in existence, there has been a cry for what is termed a more open game. Experimental legislation has in some respects helped the sport and in others has been of little effect. No matter what the results have been, the demand for more open play, as already stated, is still constantly with us. I believe that there is no game or sport that possesses more fascination for player and spectator than our American college football as it is today, and that if I felt that any alteration in the rules would change the basic principles of the game, I should never advocate the change. But in view of the continued demand for more open play, and in spite of the fact that the undergraduate should have a fair hearing in behalf of his present style of play, I am quite certain that a change should come. I am equally confident of the fact that the undergraduate, as has been proven time and again, is one of the most reasonable of men to deal with and always generous in his willingness to look on both sides of any question. He would rebel, and rightly, against changing the main principles of his highly prized game, but he would be willing to make a trial of a simple proposition like a 10-yard gain rule, provided he felt convinced that it could moderate that distance in case it proved too great. The one thing he does not want is a general alteration along experimental lines that will involve a lot of new rules and rulings."

Joe Gans is on the trail of Britt and now offers to bet the latter \$5,000 to \$4,000 on the result of a mill under a weight arrangement of 123 pounds at 6 o'clock on the night of the battle. "The impression is that I am too heavy to defend the lightweight title," says Gans, "but I am not. I won the title at 125 pounds and can make 123 easily. I do not care so much about the championship as I do for fighting with a chance to get the money. I will meet Britt or Nelson at the terms I name, winner take all. That seems fair, doesn't it? I understand that Nolan, the manager of Nelson, has said that he would not let the Dane fight me because of my reputation as a faker. All I can say to that is that I do not intend to take part in anything but square fights hereafter, and also that I have cut away from the man who made me go wrong. If Nelson can defeat me it will be so much to his credit."

"Football," Johnny Harvard says, "is far too rough a game. For every time we play a team some body pulls up lame. Golf and tennis suit us best, unless it is croquet. So you can bet your blooming life no more football we'll play."

Everybody plays but Harvard—Now isn't that interesting? She looked like thirty cents. Yale has always trimmed her, so has Mister Penn—Everybody plays and always has—But Harvard's meth.

What will old Eli Yale do for easy money right? And what soft snap can Penn rake up to walloper every fight? So Johnny Harvard quit the game—well, isn't that a dream! For when did Harvard ever beat a first-class football team?

It is reported that Frank Erns, the former lightweight champion, has secured a place as boxing instructor at Yale. Erns is one of the cleverest men in the world with his hands, but he was never regarded as a slugger or a greeting fighter. He was game and always took punishment like a man, but from the time that McGovern knocked him cold in a couple of rounds in the Garden in a fight at special weights he lost caste. Erns was considered "too nice" to be a fighter, for the reason that he behaved in gentlemanly behavior, was always polished and possessed an education that put him at the top of the class in these respects. He won the lightweight championship on points from Kid Lavigne at a time when the famous Saginaw pugilist was practically all in.

In the recent death of W. G. Craven the British turf loss another one of its landmarks. Fred was one of that famous group of gentlemen of a generation ago who took the lead in turf matters and which included the king, then Prince of Wales, Major Hope Johnston, Lord Westmoreland, Colonel Astley, Lord Lincoln, Lord Stamford, Lord Courtenay, Lord Andover, Lord Coventry, Lord Berkeley Paget, the Honorable Francis Lawley, Colonel Randolph Stuart, the Duke of St. Albans, Captain Brabazon, Sir Fred Johnston, the Duke of Hamilton, the Marquis of Hastings, "Freddie" Wombwell, Lord Royston, H. Chaplin, Colonel Knox, Captain Macell, Prince Soltykoff, Sir Charles Legard, Lord St. Vincent, Lord Charles Ker and Lord Rosebery. He was early elected a member of the Jockey club, where he was a thorn in the side of Admiral Rous. Few of his contemporaries are left.

Some novelties of interest to sportsmen were noticed in the recent parliamentary elections in England. In the Bosworth division of Leicestershire Alan Stoneham, the Unionist candidate, rode his fine horse the winner of the Bourne cup, Clean Sweep, while canvassing. Mr. Stoneham is an enthusiast in the matter of races.

In the mid-Thames division Robert Peel, who is a boxer of proved ability, standing six feet in his stockings and weighing a good 250 pounds of bone and muscle, while canvassing in a gang of toughs. "How's that for protection?" he shouted as he waded into the crowd, knocking one of his assailants out with a right swing and catch-

FOOTBALL TWENTY YEARS AGO

Considerable Work Was Required of a Halfback in Playing Two Decades Ago.

YALE'S OLD STAR TELLS OF THE OLDEN DAYS

Interference Was Not Allowed and a Man Had to Possess Certain Positive Requisites in Order to Occupy a Backfield Position.

Wyllis Terry, who was a halfback at Yale more than 20 years ago, is not one of those old-time players who believe that the changes that have been made in football since his day have worked nothing but bad. In scientific work, he says, the present game has the old game beaten all to pieces. "For the New York Sun," Mr. Terry has kept pace with the game, thinks it can be improved, but does not think it is without its good points. He thinks the adoption of the 10-yard rule will help it, and that there should be severe penalties for needlessly rough work.

"In my time," said Mr. Terry the other day, "interference was not allowed. Interference was of the play, was a foul that was penalized by the loss of the ball. I have no fault to find with the development of the game since then, but think it possible that the development in the play due to the legalizing of interference has gone too far. The result of interference has been to develop the rush line to the detriment of the backfield play.

"The play centered around the backs in 1882, and it was they who were always in evidence. The backs did practically all of the carrying of the ball in 10 pieces, says the New York Sun. I played at Yale, and there were four qualifications which a back had to possess then to make the 'rarely team. He had to be a good runner and dodger, a sure tackler, a good kicker and a sure catch. They wouldn't think of having a man back of the line who wasn't sure of catching punts, and a muffed punt was never seen. I could kick with either foot myself, and so could Eugene Richards, who played on the team with me, and Alec Moffat of Princeton.

"With no interference allowed, we found it pretty hard work to make five yards in three downs, and generally could not make them. The ball was in the air most of the time. It made more open play, but the game often grew monotonous, although the spectators enjoyed seeing the ball change hands frequently and the constant running around the field and shifting of the play. There were many passes and double passes, quick formations and a simple system of signals.

"The players of those days didn't get bruised as much as they do now. There wasn't the mauling and heaping up of men that there is now, but when a man

ing another a staggerer under the chin with a straight left. He was left alone for the remainder of the campaign.

"Not a single player on the Detroit team will receive a cut in salary," says Manager Armour. "Some of them will be getting a little slice more than they did in 1923. Their good work of last year merits it."

JEFF MAY RETURN TO THE RING

Expert Naughton Places Serious Thoughts Upon Deianey's Visit to Jeffries.

COFFROTH WOULD GIVE CHAMPION A CHANCE

Big Man Does Not Feel Like Committing Himself, but From Drift of Affairs It Looks as if Jeffries May Return to the Ring.

By W. W. Naughton.
(Special Dispatch by Special Wire to The Journal)
San Francisco, Feb. 2.—Will Jim Jeffries fight again? If this question had been put to me a week ago my reply would have been, I think not. I would have drawn my conclusions from the evidence in which Jeffries contradicted all reports crediting him with the intention of returning to the ring, also from my personal knowledge of the love he has for the life of a rancher. I have changed my views. Not because Jeffries has intimated that he is about to yield to the clamoring of the matchmakers and make just one more faraway appearance. He hasn't done anything of the kind, so far as I know. I have simply paid heed to "trifles light as air." I have seized upon strands of evidence and twisted them together. The result is a goodly sized wad of probabilities. Very recently Billy Deianey paid a visit to Jim Jeffries at his ranch near Los Angeles. Billy was down that way with Al Kaufman, who is preparing for a match with Dave Barry, and it goes without saying that Billy would not come north again without spending a few hours at the Rancho del Jeffries.

Billy is back in Oakland. Yesterday he told the writer all about his visit to big Jim. "I found him romping with a young calf, and rather making his life miserable by chasing it about the yard, and swinging it around by the tail. So far as the love of a horse play is concerned, he is as big a kid as ever," said Deianey.

Jeff Looks Well.
"He looked remarkably well. I had been reading so much about the way he had taken on flesh that I expected to find him as big as a house, but I was surprised at his clean, trim appearance. I know what I am talking about when I tell you that Jeffries has gone into the ring to fight weighing every bit as much as he weighs right now. I did not talk fight to him or at least not very pointedly," said Deianey. "He loaded me down with all kinds of information about crops and cattle, and his schemes for enlarging his holdings."

"There's a man over there that can be bought for \$5,000," he said, "and there's another that's dirt cheap at \$4,000."

"Well, I know how you got (Continued on Page Eleven.)

BOARDING KENNELS

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Board Work at Salem.

Salem, Or., Feb. 2.—For the past three days two baseball teams have been out every evening practicing on the diamond. Williamette will have a better team this year than she had last. The men are training hard and expect to be in fine condition by the time the season opens.

WATER POLO NIGHT AT MULTNOMAH CLUB

On next Thursday evening at the Multnomah club the Y. M. C. seniors will contest at water polo. The second match will be between the juniors and the M. A. C. juniors. There will also be swimming races, fancy diving, and other objects. The Multnomah club intends to make this event an important one, and special preparations are being made for the occasion.

Tom Tracey Would Like to Meet "Red" Perking at The Journal office tomorrow at noon.

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"I will be pleased to match Joe Gorman with Warren Zurbrick or any good man you may select at his weight. He can box nicely at 150 pounds. He and Zurbrick boxed a draw at Los Angeles recently. Pick any one you like for him."

"I also have Jimmy Quinn, who boxes at from 125 to 135 pounds. He is an amateur for some time and is exceptionally clever. On January 29 he put out Frank George in eight rounds at San Luis Obispo. George was well liked here. Quinn will meet any one you may select for him at the weight mentioned. Will take Willie Fitzgerald or any of the good ones."

Johnny Frayne, who was sparring partner for Jimmy Britt while the latter was training for Nelson, is one of the most promising lads I have seen in some time. He boxes at from 122 to 126. He is the 13-year-old son of Frank Frayne, the old-time California lightweight. I will match him with any good boy you have up that way, but won't overmatch him in the matter of weight, for I think he has an excellent future, and I intend to be careful on the weight question.

"I can get Billy Woods for you, although I am not handling him. He is a amateur, but will meet any one at one at from 160 to 175."

"If I can be of any service to you in the matter of making matches for your club just let me know. Tommy, whenever you want me to tie up a match for you, just state who you want and at what terms and I will attend to it promptly and perhaps save you some trouble."

"Be wishes, old pal, and trusting to hear from you soon, I am, your friend, "BIDDY BISHOP."

Tom Tracey would like to meet "Red" Perking at The Journal office tomorrow at noon.



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