

Naughton Writes About Pugdom
O. A. C. Downs Albany A. C.
Eastern Football and Racing

Everything in Sportdom

Sunday Journal's Page of Sports

Edited by I. A. HORAN

Local Football Notes—Coast
League Games—White Sox Beat
Cubs—Bowling, Baseball, Golf.

KAUFMAN TO BOX
SAM BERGER

Heavyweights Matched to Fight
in Bay City on Last
Night of Month.

EACH MAN HAS LARGE
CIRCLE OF BACKERS

Naughton Writes About the Hopes
and Chances of the Men Who Are
in Limeright of Pugilism—Light-
weight Situation is Clearing Up.

By W. W. Naughton.
(Special Dispatch by Leased Wire to the Journal)
San Francisco, Oct. 13.—While discussing the heavyweight situation last week I suggested that it would be a good idea to match Sam Berger and Al Kaufman. Now I am in a position to report that all arrangements have been made for a 30-round contest between the two stalwart San Franciscans. They are to meet at Dreamland, in this city, under the auspices of the local fight trust on the last night of the present month.

The event will be of particular interest to San Francisco sporting men. Berger and Kaufman learned what they know of the Queensberry game in this city, and they each have a large following here. They are well matched both as to age and physique, each man being a veritable young giant.

As the professional highway is comparatively strange to the feet of these youthful knucklers there is ample reason for assuming that both of them are bounding over with ambition and that they are thoroughly innocent of devious methods.

It is the belief that they are as deeply imbued with feelings of rivalry as the two young bucks on the mountain side, that lends a snap to the match, for those prize fights are to be, it is but reasonable to expect sincere efforts from the younger bloods of the sport. These two stalwart, pure-bred, pure-hungry bruisers who have decided that the championship is a good deal of a will of the wisp.

So far there is just one false note in the Berger-Kaufman go, and that is Berger's demand for a 10 per cent bonus. There is no reason on earth why he should be paid more on the mountain, unless, as one suggests, it be on the score that he dresses better than his opponent and has more expensive habits generally.

It has become a common thing for a fighter with a long record of victories to show a mercenary spirit in framing the terms of a match, and his excuses for doing so is that he risks his all in the prestige and money-earning line and has to be recompensed by heavy insurance, as it were.

An excited man, like Berger, can avail himself of no such defense, however. The only explanation possible of Sam's tactics is that he is less eager to fight than Kaufman, and is therefore better able to drive a hard bargain. The man who is willing as a rule has to knock under to the man who is holding back.

Johnson-O'Brien Co.
Now that one of my elimination bouts has come on the boards, I should like to see the other arrangements for reference made to a Johnson-O'Brien contest, an affair the making of which will hardly follow so closely on the heels of suggestion as did the Berger-Kaufman match.

I wonder at you bespeaking consideration for Johnson, said a member of the fight trust—the "Asphyxiated Club." Morris Levy called on the writer: "Why, no one criticized him more harshly than you did over his showing with Marvin Hart."

Quarried, frank friend, and it may be my privilege to criticize him harshly again. Meanwhile I get to thinking occasionally of more than one clever fight on Johnson's part, of which I was a witness, and then I wonder if the big negro should be hounded all his life because of a couple of wretched performances. The color bar is a terrible handicap of itself, and in this particular instance it seems to have accentuated faults, or shortcomings, that have been condoned time and again in other. One thing is certain, if the old biblical standard still prevails it will be easy enough to count the heavyweights who

might vie for the distinction of throwing the first stone at Johnson.

That Yellow Sneak.
I could never satisfy myself thoroughly as to what was the matter with Johnson when he failed to extend himself. It may have been "yellow streak," or it may have been "fighting to order." Assuredly his contests with Saddy Ferguson and Marvin Hart were fights, and they were all the more distasteful to the writer because he had previous knowledge of what Johnson could accomplish when the fighting mood was on him.

At Los Angeles I saw him handle that dangerous customer, Frank Childs like a thorough workman, and I saw him dispose of big Sam McVey in an almost equally artistic fashion.

He came out of Mount Zion hospital one day, and I saw him, boxed George Gardner the same night. I was there to see, and the way Gardner was baffled and cuffed at every stage of a fairly fast contest was interesting to watch.

If Johnson was out of the pugilistic game entirely and I was asked to review his career, I should say he was a fellow who while always possessing championship mettle, fought like a demon one time and like a dub the next.

As proof that he lacked in his poor fighting, I should really maintain, I should point to the fact that he never carried many bruises or abrasions out of the ring with him.

Still in the Game.
But he isn't out of the game. He wanted to fight, and at the risk of having to brand him an in-and-outer once again I am willing to be a party to the scheme for restoring him to good standing.

He has a ripping good fight in him if it should be coaxed out, and the best man to put him to a thorough test is Jack O'Brien.

O'Brien may or may not agree to meet Johnson as long as there are Trimble and Cooley to be had for the asking. Jack will no doubt defer the day of reckoning with the negro. He will hardly be able to advance an excuse, however, that he intends journeying to Australia to box Bill Squire, for the disquieting news is to hand from Melbourne that the pugilistic jig is about up there.

It was Bookmaker Wren's big proposition for the O'Brien-Squire and Jack contests, that hastened the day of reckoning. The matter of presenting pugilistic contests was brought up in the legislative assembly, and later, after a meeting of the state cabinet, Premier Bent announced he had been decided to introduce in parliament a bill for the suppression of prize fights.

Asked to define the meaning of the term "prize fight," the premier replied: "The bill will be presented so as to prevent public exhibitions of boxing." Under the circumstances, O'Brien may think his stars he broke his journey to Australia last night.

The Lightweight Situation is clouding up. Gans will not say anything fit for publication concerning the searchlight offer of \$20,000 for a contest with Jimmy Britt until he hears from Battling Nelson.

The Dane still insists that the terms for a return match with Gans shall be the same as before. This by some is accepted as an intimation that Nelson is in no hurry to sign with Gans.

Nelson is maintaining a silence that is simply eloquent regarding the suggestion that he look up Jimmy Britt this December in San Francisco and poor Jimmy Britt is up in the air.

He doesn't know who he will have for a partner in the next pugilistic two-step.

Among the fights to be decided before the end of November happen along are the Creoles Thompson-Dick Hyland and Albert Henry Baker affairs. The first of these will take place at Colma, and the other at Los Angeles.

The Hyland-Thompson go will surely be fought from start to finish. All these lads know about the business is to stand close and peck each other with tightly clenched fists.

The other match, the Baker-Aitell one, will probably be a neat one between a pair of humming birds. One of the boys is faster than the eccentric rigging of a sewing machine.

W. H. DANIEL CAPTURES THE
NURSERY HANDICAP

Good Purse Goes to Five-to-One
Shot With Jockey Jones
in Saddle.

(Special Dispatch by Leased Wire to the Journal)
Belmont Park Race Track, Oct. 13.—The high tower erected by the New York poolroom interests to circumvent the course from the room's agent was dynamited today. The entire structure was completely demolished. The steel girders were twisted and bent into a shapeless mass. As a result, the poolrooms did not get a bit of information today and were outgeneraled by the Pinkertons.

The attractive program of three stake races brought nearly 16,000 people to the grounds. It was a betting throng and nearly 300 books were on the line to back the racing. The track was in excellent condition and this provided many scratches, the stake events remaining intact.

W. H. Daniels, the colt which sold for \$12,000 in the spring and which was generally voted a counterweight, captured the Nursery handicap. Although he had not been out in some time, he was made a choice and he rewarded his backers. He has the speed to lead all the way.

The results:
Seven furlongs—Sewall (Netter), 3 to 1, won; Garrigue second; Penrhyn third; time, 1:11 4-5.
About three miles, The Brook cup handicap, steepchase—Alfar (Finigan), 9 to 5, won; Coligny second; Jimmie Lane third; time, 4:07.
Six furlongs, The Nursery handicap, \$2,000 added—W. H. Daniels (Zoff), 5 to 1, won; Tourenne second; Altuda third; time, 1:11 4-5.
Five and a half furlongs, \$1,000 added—Ben Brown (Swain), 5 to 1, won; Ace High second; Royal Breeze third; time, 1:08 2-5.
Mile and three quarters, The Municipal handicap, \$2,500 added—Dismal (Knapp), 4 to 1, won; Ironides second; Miss Crawford third; time, 2:57 2-5.
Mile handicap, \$1,000 added—Ortens (Harris), 5 to 1, won; Blivac second; Cedarhurst third; time, 1:38 4-5.

PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE
W. W. L. P. C.
Portland 109 45 584
Seattle 88 75 540
Tacoma 84 74 522
Los Angeles 82 73 514
Oakland 68 99 405
Portland 68 109 411

OFFICIAL STANDING OF THE
LOCAL BOWLERS

Portland Ten Pinners Rank First
in League Race With a
Perfect Average.

Table showing bowling scores for various teams and individuals, including Portland Ten Pinners.

Following is the standing of the bowling teams at the close of the second week's play:
CLASS A.
Games Won Lost P.C.
Portland Ten Pinners 6 0 100
Government Bonds 4 2 67
Oregon 3 3 50
Schillers 2 4 33
Montavillas 1 5 17
Gold Leaf 0 6 0

GREAT GAME WON
BY WHITE SOX

Pitchers Were Batted All Over
the Field by the Excited
Ball Players.

VICTORS WERE CREDITED
WITH SIX BIG ERRORS

Jones' Champions Drive Rullbach
and Pfeister From the Box and
Make Inroads Upon Overall's
Choice Delivery.

(Special Dispatch by Leased Wire to the Journal)
Chicago, Oct. 13.—Despite the handicap of a bad case of the heaves which afflicted Isbell, Davis and Robe today in the West Side ball lot, the White Sox trimmed the fur off the Cubs in the fifth game of the great series for the world's championship, and left them reeling and whimpering upon the swat.

The score was 5 to 0, but that does not begin to tell the tale of the dreful doings that ended only when the shades of night were falling so fast that a fly ball looked like a homing sparrow in the sky.

There were 23,357 fellow citizens of the athletes present and the gates to the park were closed an hour before the game started. The crowd saw the White Sox in two hours and fifty minutes of frenzied ball-playing transform themselves from the "hissless wonders" into the "South Side sluggers," by driving the peerless Rullbach from the box and two singles from Overall, who was second aid to the injured, and managed to last through the game.

Twelve hits were slammed out by the south side bats and seven of them were scattered among the 23,357 insanity suspects, being two-baggers hit into the crowd. Of these nifty and useful doubles Isbell made no less than four and the others were divided between Davis, Donohue and Robe. By the strange perversity of baseball fate, three of the White Legs who thus figured so prominently were responsible for six black marks in the error column of the Sox which enabled the Cubs to corral their six runs.

It being open season for presents for the club managers, Chance and Tinker were each slipped a grand little diamond-studded watch for the game, the gift of George M. Cohan, the actor.

Walsh Batted Out.
In connection with the game, the fact should not be overlooked that Edward Walsh, the large person who performed such stirring deeds in the box on Thursday, when he left nothing to Chance and took three tallies home to Conkley, was also forced to retire today, but the changing of pitchers got to be such a habit with Manager Chance that the entry of Dr. White into the game in the seventh inning was a foregone conclusion. Nothing much happened after he came, except that the Cubs were stopped in a rally that might have helped some.

Mr. Walsh did not hold them in the slippery hollow of his hand on Thursday. They made six hits off his vapor-float delivery, two of which were doubles, and as these began to pile up toward the shank of the day, wise Mr. Jones gently slipped a grand little diamond-studded watch for the game, the gift of George M. Cohan, the actor.

At the very outset of the trouble, while 5,000 or 10,000 discordant parley who arrived at 1:15 o'clock, and found the gates shut were wandering around the fence and begging to be told who was pitching, it looked as though C. Webb Murphy's fire-eaters were going to run away with the game. They found Mr. Walsh for two hits in the first inning and assembled three runs on these in combination with a base on balls and a couple of heaves into the crowd by Isbell and Walsh. Cup roots rose up by the million and began collecting bets right there. But when the Sox took a whiff at the stick it developed that Mr. Rullbach needed a lot of tanning. Isbell made a hit, Isbell made the first double of his eventful day. Robe made another and the Sox got in a run.

In the third Isbell and Davis returned to the charge and grabbed off two more two-baggers. That was about all for the peerless Rullbach and a signal of distress brought Pfeister from the clubhouse with his southpaw in heavy wrappings. He peeled and took the hill and just to show his form struck out George Robe, the three-base hitter. Much din from the Cub fans. Hahn not being in sight, Mr. Pfeister stung Mr. Donohue over the innings with a fast ball and the inning wound up in a blaze of glory for him when Donohue was forced and Sullivan whanged vainly at three shots.

But the undoing of Pfeister was at hand. Burning for revenge for his busted nose, Hahn faced him in the fourth after Walsh had courteously accepted a pass, and cracked out a hot one

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FOOTBALL NOTES OF
INTEREST

George McMillan and Chauncey
Bishop Discuss Joy of
Playing Seattle.

C. J. Kruse, a Star Bowler of the
Portlanders.

How Ronald Bert Keeps in Fine
Condition Off the Ice-Wagon—News
of Interest to the Men Who Chase
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CLEVER ENDS WHO WILL
REPRESENT M. A. A. C.

How Ronald Bert Keeps in Fine
Condition Off the Ice-Wagon—News
of Interest to the Men Who Chase
the Elusive Pigskin.

(Special Dispatch by Leased Wire to the Journal)
Seattle, Oct. 13.—Chauncey Bishop, last year's coach of Willamette and crack halfback on the Multnomah football team, spent Friday in Portland, purchasing goods for his store at the state capital.

"Chauncey," as he is popularly called, is one of the greatest football players in the United States. He has few superiors. He was a star when he played on Columbia varsity in New York City, and he was a star last year. Bishop expects to be in the city during this fall and winter, and should be glad to remain here to give the halfback candidates at Multnomah a lively time in the workouts.

"Chauncey" says that although he is out of football, he would not mind trying a few runs and bumps against the Seattle A. C. eleven. Wonder why?

Other Multnomah boys seem to feel the same way about Seattle as Bishop. Martin Pratt, the old reliable tackle, and George McWilliam, veteran halfback and tackle, were discussing the outlook last week.

"George, do you think that you will play any more football?" asked Pratt. "No, Mart, I am too old for that strenuous game; that's a Jordan, Dowling and Dolph."

"Well," said Pratt, "don't you think the exercise would do both of us considerable good?" "I really think it would," answered McWilliam. "But I am so much engrossed with business that I haven't the time to play, but I would not mind giving the boys the benefit of my experience at any time."

"Wouldn't you go in against Seattle?" asked Pratt, in his quiet way, "if you were needed?" "Oh, that's different," said "Mac," and the two big fellows took a quiet stroll, Pratt acting in the capacity of an earnest listener, while his time-honored partner told about other days on the gridiron.

It is with great concern for the future of the gentle game that we record the first injury of the season. Dines, the giant Yale candidate, is the unfortunate victim. He fell out of an apple tree in the vicinity of Denver. Yale will take the matter up at once, and if the facts

AMATEURS MADE
GOOD SHOWING

Maroons and East Portland
Grays Make Splendid Marks
This Season.

HINKLE AND M'ELWAIN
LEAD IN BATTING

Official Figures of Fielding and Hit-
ting Averages of Popular Portland
Players Who Ranked at Top of the
Column—How the Men Stand.

As many of the amateurs of the Maroons and East Portland Grays are anxious to know just how the individual players on the teams stand in batting and fielding, the managers have prepared tables showing the percentages, which are published herewith. The tables were prepared from the official scores only and include only such players as participated in two or more games.

BATTING AVERAGES
Player A.B. Hits P.C.
McPherson 9 5 500
Siebels 8 3 375
Weed 17 7 409
Hinkle 70 24 343
Campbell 75 21 280
Campbell 65 17 262
Gains 62 16 258
Gains 72 20 278
Trowbridge 124 24 194
Hathaway 17 4 235
Smith 51 11 216
Goodell 16 3 188
Brook 54 6 112

FIELDING AVERAGES
Player P.O. E. P.C.
McPherson 2 4 1000
Siebels 1 0 1000
Brook 77 0 978
Kilmer 4 1 963
Trowbridge 181 9 912
Weed 24 3 885
Campbell, P. and B. 34 5 894
Goodell 1 1 1000
Henkle, H. 23 2 886
Gates 21 2 879
Gaines, E. 10 2 800
Hathaway 6 2 737
Mangold, B. 15 15 733
Smith, F. 13 8 733

Best Portland Grays.
BATTING AVERAGES
Player P.O. E. P.C.
Russell 19 5 611
McElwain 22 14 427
Emerick 19 8 421
W. Morrow 29 12 333
C. Morrow 46 20 295
Tanner 16 10 284
Jodon 45 12 268
Anderson 44 10 237
Hurlbert 32 7 319
Gates 23 7 312
Gardner 24 7 292
Thing 47 9 191
Kelt 12 2 167
Henkle 18 2 133
Evers 45 6 132
Protal 15 2 111

FIELDING AVERAGES
Player P.O. E. P.C.
Kelt 14 1 947
W. Morrow, B. 22 4 927
Jodon, C. and F. 51 6 215
McElwain, F. 11 2 905
Thing, B. 54 6 901
Russell, B. 13 2 890
Emerick, B. 17 8 839
Gates, B. 21 9 825
C. Morrow 24 9 749
Henkle, P. 3 2 846
Gardner, B. 53 11 822
Protal, P. 0 4 777
Hurlbert, P. and S. 5 5 750
Tauscher, B. 12 2 704
Anderson, B. and T. 18 12 626
Gates, B. and B. 10 10 616

CENTRALIA TEAM TOO
HEAVY FOR ABERDEEN

(Special Dispatch by Leased Wire to the Journal)
Centralia, Wash., Oct. 13.—In the football game here today between the local schools of Aberdeen and Centralia the score stood 16 to 0 in favor of Centralia. There was a heavy rain and the grounds were very slippery. The Centralia boys were too heavy for the victors.

FIT FOR A
DUKE

And good enough for his wife, the duchess, are the pure and wholesome liquors we are now offering to our customers and the public generally. In Whiskies, Brandies, Gins, etc., and in choice Old Port and Sherry we positively defy competition in the city. Red and White Wines of various vintage. Try our Moselle and Rhine Wines—anything we sell—and you will be sure of satisfaction.

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