



PROMOTERS LOOKING FOR NEW FIGHTERS

KETCHEL LED FAST LIFE IN FRISCO

By Will J. Slattery.
San Francisco, Sept. 12.—Now that Battling Nelson has gone through the formality of trimming Joe Gans for the second time decisively, and Billy Papke has sprung the year's sensation by putting the crusher on the lionized Stanley Ketchel, the promoters are casting about for suitable opponents to pit against these ring gladiators, whom they hope to star in this city or Los Angeles by the next big holiday event.

There seems to be nobody left for Nelson save McFarland, and at the present time the chances of bringing these men together are anything but promising. Once again the champion has climbed on the lofty perch and he is looking with disdain upon the young Chicago challenger. After practically agreeing a week ago to give Papke a chance to battle for the title, Nelson now turns around and informs the stockyards that he will have to go and beat somebody and get a reputation before he need figure on a chance to battle for the title which is all the Dan's.

Promoter Jim Crofth would like to put Papke and the Battler on at his Mission street arena on Thanksgiving afternoon. This would undoubtedly prove a wonderful card—one of the best, in fact, in the world today—but the Dan does not know whether he will fight or not. Right now he is afflicted with the theatrical bug, and it seems to be attacking him hard. He has a couple of things on his mind, one of which is to go starring or starring, or something like this, through the middle west, and as he has his mind set on touring around in front of the footlights, the chances are that he will have to leave his little whirl before doing any more work with the mites.

As for poor old Gans, he has quietly bent his back to Baltimore, where he says that he intends to stay and conduct his hotel. The fallen old master is a sad-looking specimen of what once was the idol of the ring. Crushed in body and spirit, he does all he can to ease his late ring engagements, and vows that he will never again pull on a glove. However, too many Felix Farewells have been pulled off by the ring gladiators of recent years, and there is some possibility that he will be one of those who will be able to revive the game.

It is the aim of the local promoters, especially Crofth, to bring on some new faces. The public has been fed nothing save Ketchel, Attell, Gans and Nelson here for the last year, till at the present time everybody winces when these names are mentioned. The stale cards will undoubtedly kill the game, and in big time at that, unless something is done to prevent it. Good fighters, however, are few and far between, but Roche and Crofth hope that by bringing out a few of the lesser lights of the east and paying them up good and strong they will be able to revive the game.

This was plainly shown by the receipts of the Gans-Nelson mill, which were only \$18,000, when they should have been about twice that much. Incidentally Britt and Gans played to \$17,000 just a year before in the famous Yale battle. The little hen who laid so many golden eggs in the palmy days is apparently off the job.

BEAVERS SNEAK UP ON SERAPHS

Come From Behind With Heavy Swats and Grab Nice Victory.

BRISWALTER SLUGGED WITHOUT MUCH MERCY

Little Jess Garrett Plugs Along and Teammates' Work With Willow Assists in Clinching Yesterday's Game for Home Guard.

Well, we won. Mr. Briswalter, the Los Angeles pitcher who has heretofore been practically unhittable to the Beavers, was no mystery at all yesterday and they garnered numerous long swats off his delivery. Jess Garrett almost lost out, but kept plugging away and finally won.

The lucky seventh proved too much for Briswalter and several members of his infield, and in that much-famed canto three Beavers came across the plate on four hits and errors by Delmas and Briswalter. Pearl Casey opened the inning with a single over first base. Cooney singled to right and Briswalter threw Johnson's bump wild to first, letting the captain score from second. Delmas should have made easy meat of McCredie's grounder, but juggled it long enough to allow Cooney to score. This made two and the third came when Tom Raftery tripled to the fence between left and center field, scoring Ote Johnson. Ruff tried to score on Bassey's grounder to Delmas, but was caught at the plate. Ryan singled, putting two on the bases, but Whaling struck out.

It looked for a while as though Briswalter would have an easy time of it as he has had on the several other occasions on which he has faced the locals, for Casey and Cooney popped up in the opening inning and mighty Ote Johnson fanned. The second did away with all shut-out visions, for the way the Beavers dug into him showed, even though they did not score, they fully intended to.

Angels Start in Second.
Los Angeles started to score in the second, when Brashear, the first man up, drove one straight through the pitcher's box. Garrett fumbled Smith's intended sacrifice and Rube Ellis struck out. Delmas doubled to left, scoring Brashear and Smith. Easterly hit to Ryan, who pegged badly, allowing the batter to reach first, but a quick return caught Delmas at third base. Briswalter forced Easterly at second.

Both teams made two in the third. With Bernard in pickle, Oakes walked.

PIGSKIN BATTLE WORRY TO COACH

Four Leaders of Great Reputation to Evolve Plays in the Northwest.

"AGGIES" TO HAVE VETERAN AT HELM

Norcross Has Taught Football at Corvallis for Three Years—Doble, Forbes and Middleton Are Former Disciple of "Hutty Up" Yost.

By Sportsman.
In a couple of weeks the pigskin chasers will be with us again and the football season of 1908 promises to be more brilliant than at any time since this study game has been adopted by American collegians.

The game three years ago was a battle of giants scientifically trained to execute a series of battering ram maneuvers. The game had developed to such an extent that the most effective method of attack was to pick out one or two places in the opponent's defense and hammer at these points relentlessly. Defensive attack had been developed so highly that it was only on rare occasions that the spectators had the opportunity of seeing a brilliant play. If a team could gain consistently two yards at a time, this gain was enough to win games. A two-yard plunge over center, guard or tackle, followed by a piling up of the players, with only an occasional and run, left much to be desired in making football an ideal game.

Since the meeting of the rules committee three seasons ago that so ruthlessly shattered old football traditions and effected a reorganization of the playing methods of the game, gridiron contests have steadily gained in favor from the spectator's standpoint and have opened up for the skillful coach and team a wonderful variety of plays.

Last Season Experimental.
Last fall and the season before were merely experimental. This season the coaches have pretty well settled in their own minds the possibilities of attack, with the use of the forward pass and outside kick, and it is certain that every big contest will be replete with ingenious variations of these new plays. Two years ago the coaches were afraid and uncertain in their use of the forward pass and outside kick. Last year they ventured a little further and tried plays that were startling to opponents and spectators.

This year it is safe to say they will go the limit and try all of the untried things that have been thought out during the last season.

(Continued on Page Three.)

THREE REASONS FOR PORTLAND'S SLIMP PLAYERS, MANAGEMENT AND UMPIRE

Indifferent playing, injudicious management and inauspicious umpiring are the three causes for Portland's present position in the Pacific Coast League's pennant race. An analysis of the situation proves this beyond peradventure of a doubt. Of the three causes the first named is the result of the other two. It will continue to follow so long as the present method of management and partial umpiring continues. This conclusion is not jumped at, but it was reached after a careful solution of the daily problem which confronts the "Vaughn park patrons. Day after day the action on the field has been studied closely and fair, and far thinking followers of the game can see only one result—a position of last importance when the season closes.

Go back over the game as it has been played on the local field, and recall the decisions, but invariably these cases were at a time when it counted for little or nothing in the final score. Just why this should be is not easily established. It is too harsh to intimate that such men as Perrine and O'Connell are materially interested in the opposing teams. Usually an umpire is chosen after an investigation of his honesty. True, they are counted "Native Sons," but even that is nothing against them.

President Hires Umpires
Here then seems the secret of the judgment against the Portland team. It lies in the fact that the umpires are practically employed by the president of the league and look to him for their salary and instruction. The president of this league, unfortunately, is a heavy stockholder in both the Oakland and San Francisco clubs. The usual sequence follows. The umpire, to remain in the good graces of the president of the league, naturally leans toward his club or those near him. That such a condition has arisen is to be deplored. Prolonging of it will cause the league harm from which it will not soon recover.

When this is taken from the hands of the president and umpire system and placed under the direction of a board of control a long trip will have been taken toward remedying this seeming misuse of powers.

What internal discussion holds the club in its grasp is unknown to the patrons. Manager Walter McCredie is a good ball player, as good as there is in the league. But does he command respect from his players that does George Van Haltron or Frank Dillon? McCredie is too easy with his men, and they take advantage of it. You can not "kid" men under your control and then expect to escape the inevitable "horse" that is bound to follow. It is always wise to "call" a player before a grandstand loaded with people? It certainly is not. Ball players as a rule are sensitive. A public call stings them to the quick, and they resent it. A quiet talk might have the same effect before the game, but in the morning before the game would correct many of the faults of young but willing players.

Bench or Payroll.
When the player persists in quitting "cold" or "plays" along, his reproof should not come in words alone. There is a much surer and quicker way of reaching him—the bench and his pocketbook. More penalties and less talk might have a salutary effect.

Another question, which is how many are directing the team. The players started early in the season with Casey as field captain, with McCredie as general overseer. The team began a glorious winning streak. Suddenly it stops, however, and then begins a slow but sure descent. Has there been a division of authority? Which one played on the local field, and recall the decisions, but invariably these cases were at a time when it counted for little or nothing in the final score. Just why this should be is not easily established. It is too harsh to intimate that such men as Perrine and O'Connell are materially interested in the opposing teams. Usually an umpire is chosen after an investigation of his honesty. True, they are counted "Native Sons," but even that is nothing against them.

Business is business the world over. Baseball playing is now a matter of dollars and cents. The patron of the ball park pays at the gate, and the best that is in the players. When he sees that as surely he has been cheated, a string-baited horse upon representation that it is sound in all quarters. The players should be made to know this by no less a personage than their manager. If the players don't meet a reasonable demand, the patron they should be turned adrift. They are not employed, or at least willing ones.

So far as this is concerned, it might be well to add that Dillon, who Van Haltron has been noticed becoming unduly familiar with the players. Their good advice should be made to know this by no less a personage than their manager. If the players don't meet a reasonable demand, the patron they should be turned adrift. They are not employed, or at least willing ones.

Yellow Streak Bosh.
Portland's players have been charged with possessing a well defined yellow streak. This is not entirely true. The difference is the trouble, pure and simple. One day the men play as if they were on a par with the best in the league, and the next day they are as careless and as lifeless as a summer boarder. Let things be breaking right for them, feeling as they do, and they play like big leaguers. Let them get three or four ahead and that is their limit. They are not to be trusted. But let them get three or four behind, with the umpire sighting badly, and the old, familiar "what's the use grows contagious. What's the use and yet they don't hesitate to be on the spot when the pay checks are distributed.

Time again this season the team started well, only to be disheartened by a poor decision on the part of the umpire. The players are not to be trusted. The team is fully believed by close observers of the game. Umpire Perrine has been a Portland man from the game for professional reasons, and his preference when compared with the prolonged vituperative orations of some of the "yellow" players is of some value. This has had its effect. It has demoralized the team and disgusted the fans.

Ball players are only human. Humor them and they'll soldier on you; chide them and they'll quit stinging their pocketbooks and they'll work for you.

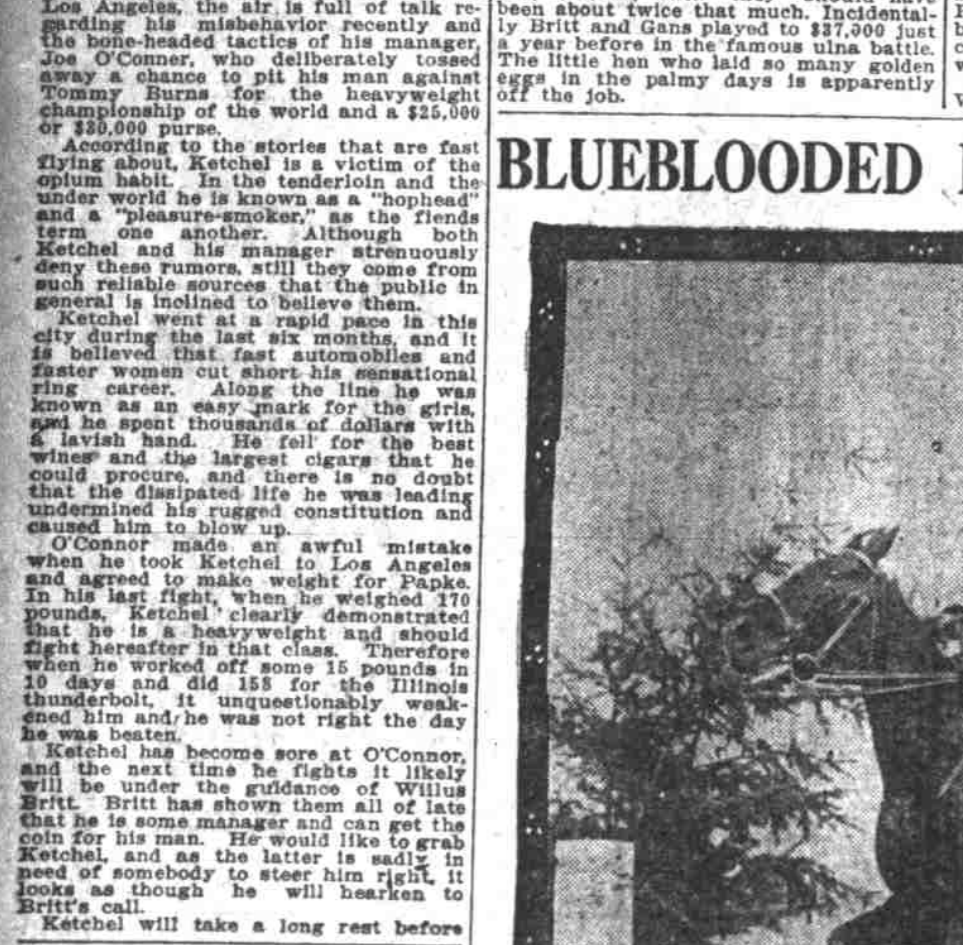
TWO MEN WITH ROPE CAPTURE BIG COUGAR

(Special Dispatch to Journal).
South Bend, Wash., Sept. 11.—To grapple with a cougar, overcome it and then convey it a distance of several miles to the city, with no other weapon than a rope, was the hazardous feat performed by L. Davidson and A. M. Culp of this city.

The two men were out in a launch on Willapa bay, and the cougar was sighted some distance away, swimming. The launch was run alongside of it, and after a furious struggle the animal was lassoed. It was then towed to the landing at South Bend, where it was taken ashore and lashed out until its present quarters, a strong cage, was provided.

The cougar is six and a half feet in length and is about 1 year old.

BLUEBLOODED HORSES ENTERED IN PORTLAND HUNT CLUB'S FALL SHOW



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He is a handsome fellow and a jumper of extraordinary ability. Both Mr. and Mrs. Collins who are prominent in social circles, took active part in the successful program at Seaside recently and captured many trophies with their classy string.

The outfit in the upper panel is owned by a Spokane man, Andrew Laidlaw. Mr. Laidlaw is shown driving Searchlight, a famous show horse. The information and general action of this mare is perfect and she is a champion in her class.

The lower panel shows Sunshine, driven singly by Mrs. J. W. Constance of Seattle, the owner. Sunshine is the winner of a championship for a lady's driving horse.

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THIS DATE IN SPORT ANNALS

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1847—A. I. Centerville, L. I. in a race James K. Polk paced three miles in 7:44.
1855—Jay, Boston, in eight-hundred feet crew of St. John, N. B., defeated the crew of Boston.
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TIRE DON'TS FOR NEW AUTOISTS



"Some of the 'Do's and Don'ts' in regard to the care of tires, issued by the factory would save owners many a pretty penny in the course of a year if the buyer of an automobile were to remember them," said a prominent official of the B. F. Goodrich company of Akron, Ohio, "but they are not so very long, but the oldest veteran sometimes need to be reminded of them. First: Do not abuse your tires. The tire should be fitted correctly to the rim in the first place. If not blowouts will be frequent and the air tubes easily punctured. With the new style safety tires, it is an easy matter to remove and replace a tire safely and satisfactorily.

"You can not expect long tire life if you constantly overload your machine. Tires are not made to stand under a heavier strain than they're built to carry.

"Never expose your tires to come in contact with your tires. See that the garage floors are as clean as possible and wipe off all oil which gets on the tires. See that greasy rags, waste and candles, etc., are kept away from the inner tubes in the tool box.

"Never expose your tires to great warmth or cold for any length of time. It is a wise plan to stop on the shady side of the street in the hot summer days.

"See that the brakes of your car work correctly, evenly and easily. Never jam on the brakes too suddenly. Instant locking of the brakes destroys the tires. Putting on the brakes gradually, yet firmly.

"Do not round curves at too great a speed. It is playing with fate to attempt to round curves on too many and bad for the tires themselves.

"See that the wheels always run true. Unequal planes of some wheels will cause unusual strains which wear the tire out much more rapidly than they would naturally wear.

"Keep away from the curb. How bad cars jammed alongside the curb, with the tires pushed out of alignment and the very wheels itself strained in an unnatural position look!

"Start your machine in a straight line. Do not twist around on the steering wheel before you get started. This imposes a heavy and unnecessary strain on the tires.

"Do not run along in car tracks, as this grinds down one edge of the tire and cuts the fabric.

"Choose whenever possible the 'softest' side of the road. Some prominent drivers always run with one side of their car on the edge of the road, in the soft dirt. Avoid all obstacles and irregularities and cross car tracks preferably at a wide angle.

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