

Sport News

City of Brotherly Love Outbids Gotham Promoters of Fistic Bouts

BY JAMES J. CORBETT. (Former Heavyweight Champion of the World.)

New York, Feb. 27.—(Special to the Capital Journal)—In that frenzied bidding contest for the Johnny Kilbane-Kid Williams match, Philadelphia promoters have made New York matchmakers resemble the well known piker.

Unfortunately for Gotham fans there is only one big club in existence here, and these back of it are working on a sure thing system. This they can do as they have no competition and evidently nothing to fear in that line as long as the present board of commissioners are permitted to run affairs in such an arbitrary way as they have recently.

The Madison Square Garden promoters will not guarantee boxers any fixed sum any more. Or at least they will not to themselves up in any way where there seems to be a possibility of loss to them. If they had some good live competition it would be entirely different. It would be quite unnecessary for matchmakers to bid so high that money would be lost, but the competition would mean that the clubs would have to have their profits and the fans would have more and better attractions.

There is no other city in the world where the crowds will flock in such large numbers to a boxing match as they do in New York. If there is such a place I have missed it altogether, and during my time I have traveled around a bit. Put on attractive bouts between good men, and the price charged, no matter how high, will not keep the crowds away. New York has hundreds of thousands of transients within her limits the year around, and among them are men who come here to be amused and are willing to pay a stiff price for the privilege. And what is there in the sport line that appeals to a red-blooded man more than a boxing contest between boys of recognized skill and reputation.

Philadelphia can bid ten thousand dollars for Kilbane and Williams to box six rounds. But the matchmakers of big Madison Square Garden, with seven million people to draw from, can't even think in figures that high for a 10-round bout between the same boys. Is it any wonder that boxing is not flourishing here as it should? Why, a man can see better bouts in almost any medium-sized middle western town.

One of the few bouts arranged for the near future in New York that promises to be an interesting affair is the Willie Ritchie-Freddy Welsh match scheduled for Thursday, March 11, at Madison Square Garden. Ritchie's arrival in town after his long lay-off has injected considerable interest into the local game and as the ex-champion made himself solid with New York fans by his aggressive style of milling when he fought Lench Cross last year the promoters are assured of one of the biggest houses of the season.

Welsh with any other boy than Ritchie, or possibly McPhears, would not draw much money to the Garden just now. Freddy has appeared here

so often of late and his work has so greatly deteriorated that the fans have become very tired of paying from \$2 to \$10 to see him wait 10 rounds when they can get the real genuine Vernon Castle stuff at the theatre for a couple of loaves. But the sports know that Freddy is not going to have time for any fancy business with Willie Ritchie. He is going to be an exceedingly busy young man for 10 rounds—if the mill goes that long—and he will have to be in much better condition than he has shown here in months to keep up the stiff pace Ritchie is sure to set from the very first tap of the bell.

While Ritchie has not been seen in the ring in public but once since losing the title to Freddy and therefore may not be at his highest speed, the crowd can depend that he will give them a good run for their money. He is already down near the weight he will have to make for the Welsh match and will enter the ring a finely-trained athlete.

Ritchie's ambition is to get back his title, and as there is little chance to do that from a clever boy like Welsh in a 10-round bout he is working with the sole idea of making such a showing against the champion in the coming bout that the public will demand that Welsh meet him in a longer one.

And this battle should give us a real line on Welsh. In recent bouts the champion has shown very poorly by comparison with previous efforts and the experts are of the opinion that the little Welshman has hit the old toby-gin for fair. That may or may not be the case. There is no denying that the champion looked pretty bad in his last three bouts, but it is also a well known fact that he had not been taking very good care of himself either. And a few weeks' real work might make an entirely different boy out of him. Welsh has never indulged in dissipation to any extent, and may be pardoned for an occasional transgression now that he has reached the goal he has so long sought. But he should not try to burn the candle on both ends at the same time. Either he must take a vacation from the ring to indulge himself in his little dissipation or attend to business. The two will not mix and it is not fair to the public for a champion to enter the ring if he is not in shape to do himself and the patrons of the sport full justice.

Ritchie, it is claimed, has not had a bout for so long that he will not be in proper shape either. But Ritchie has never given himself over to dissipation of any sort and leads a model existence. True, constant practice is necessary to perfection or near-perfection, and will no doubt would be better off had he taken on a few opponents during his long stay in San Francisco, but he is young and in perfect health and is far from being foolish. No one realizes more than he just what this match means to him, and that should be sufficient guarantee that he will put up the battle of his life against the man who outpointed him for the title in London last summer.

It is not likely that Ritchie will knock Welsh out in 10 rounds. Therefore, the most the American challenger can expect is to turn the popular verdict. If Ritchie, not generally regarded as a scientific boxer, outpents the

NEW EXCELSIOR FACTORY OPENED IN CHICAGO

Marvelous Task Accomplished in Transferring Equipment of Plant and Supplying Machines Too.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 27.—On the 23d of this month, the Excelsior celebrated the anniversary of breaking ground for the new million-dollar plant which looms up in the northwestern section of Chicago like an industrial Gibraltar. The celebration took the form of all hands reporting for work at 7:30 a. m. and knocking off for the day at 9 p. m., as usual. Some celebration and something to celebrate! Within the year the "Little Giant" Texas Schwinn began and completed the immense factory; moved from the old plant and placed its equipment together with much new machinery in the present building, and to top off the Herculean task, designed and built an entirely new motorcycle, the first carload of which is expected to be shipped on Washington's birthday. It is not until one pauses to reflect that the construction of the new machine means making 200 new dies and gigs, and sixty-six new forgings were required to be made before the machine could be constructed, that the full significance of the year's work can be appreciated.

Dealers who have been wondering loudly whybilit they couldn't get their new models are invited to cast their eyes over what the Excelsior organization has had to do in a year—at the same time getting out the 1914 machines. Only those who have visited the factory can begin to appreciate Mr. Schwinn's last year's chore.

Visitors at the plant today found 500 men at work, with reserves in readiness to form a double shift as soon as all the tools, dies and forgings are completed. In the meantime machines are being made and shipped to points where most urgently needed.

"We have been under a big handicap through what we had to go through within the year," said Mr. Schwinn today. He looked pretty fit for a man of his years, standing in the forefront of the battle, but there's no denying he would appreciate the vacation he earned but didn't get. On this head, he observed, "However, despite our handicap, our facilities are now so great that we can turn out motorcycles as fast as the dealers sell them, and that is as fast as is necessary. If they sell 500 a day, we will be with them. Now that this big factory is finished and the tools and dies for the new Excelsior completed, our troubles are over for some time to come. We are turning out the best motorcycle ever made, and that it is the best in the market I leave to the dealers and riders."

champion the conclusion will be that Welsh has gone back so far that his chances of successfully defending the title over a longer route would be practically nil. Ritchie may be lucky enough to cross that good right of his to Freddy's jaw, but the latter is a wonderfully clever defensive fighter, and against an strong and hard-hitting an opponent as Ritchie is sure to make the battle a defensive one throughout. As no referee's decision will be rendered, it will matter little to Welsh whether the newspaper verdict is for or against him.

JAS. J. CORBETT.

(This is the last of the series of articles Mr. Corbett has been contributing regularly to the sport pages of the Capital Journal. By the time this article appears in print the former heavyweight champion will be well started on his voyage across the Pacific to fill an engagement in the leading vaudeville theatres of Australia. Mr. Corbett has requested the sporting editor of the Capital Journal to announce that he hopes to resume the series of interesting and timely boxing stories upon his return to this country next year.)

PLAN TO HAVE BASEBALL TEAM HERE THIS YEAR

Fans Met at Commercial Club Last Evening and Made First Plans

After a year of inactivity the warm days that preceded Spring have caused the Baseball bug to stir and as a result it is probably that Salem will be represented by a creditable baseball team for the season of 1915. Last night a number of the most enthusiastic fans and former players met in the Commercial Club rooms and discussed ways and means of putting a team in the field. As the coming season will probably be a test one it was decided at the start off that no high salaries would be paid to players. Local men will be used in all instances where they can show the class necessary to stick with the team that will represent Salem.

At the work of promoting a team will entail considerable work and no one man can devote all of the time necessary to carry on the work of management. It was decided to leave the management and finances to a committee consisting of a manager, captain and secretary. These three men will compose the finance committee. They will go over the records kept by Ray Baker, manager of the 1913 team, and by a comparison of the accounts with that of the 1912 season, find out where the most money was spent and in what ways it is possible to economize and still put out a winning team. They will make out a sort of a budget of probable expenses and probable receipts and the money to be paid to the players will be made up accordingly.

No manager was selected at last night's meeting but Ray Baker, former manager, was selected to act as secretary and John Humphreys or Perry Jones will probably be named as captain for the purpose of getting the organization of a team under way. Of the old 1913 team five players are still in Salem. Perry Jones, catcher; John Humphreys, second baseman; J. D. Mackson, right fielder; Roy Kenney, short stop and pitcher; Elmer Kay, center fielder; Earl Baker, the pitcher of that year has gone to the big leagues and leaves the hardest position to fill. There are a number of other men in the city, however, who can fill in the remaining vacancies, it is believed.

A. J. Jordan, who owns the old baseball grounds, has promised to build a new fence, a new grandstand, and to put the grounds in shape for the first game if the locals will organize a team. The grounds are located near the penitentiary on the car line and though they are badly overgrown with weeds can be put in shape for the season at no great expense.

Salem fans have been disappointed in the past by false flurries in the baseball world and many of them hesitated to take an active part in the meeting. The spirit displayed at the meeting, however, showed that the men behind the proposed club would push the organization through if accorded the support deserved and the fans will undoubtedly get behind the movement.

Salem was baseless last summer and the investors fan found no place to amuse his neck decently and no chance to drink soda pop or to test his lungs. The lesson of last summer's drought in the baseball business was a severe one and no regular fan will care to live through a similar season again.

Dupont Trophy Shoot Will Be Held Here Tomorrow

The shoot for the Du Pont trophy being conducted by the Capital City Red and Gun club which was postponed last Sunday will be finished up tomorrow at the 17th street grounds of the gun club. The ownership of the trophy lies between several of the leading shots of the local club and the contest tomorrow will be close and final.

After the Du Pont trophy is awarded the next medal to be put up will be the "Fred Gilbert" trophy. This trophy is put up in honor of Fred Gilbert, the veteran trap shooter who will celebrate his 20th year as a trap shooter this year. During the 20 years that Gilbert has been the king pin of the trap shooters he has never shot lower than 94 per cent.

VARSITY BEATS COLLEGE Northwest Conference Basketball. Washington State 10 0 1600 Washington 10 1 1609 Whitman 3 4 328 Idaho 3 0 357 Oregon 2 7 332 Oregon Aggies 0 8 960 Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Or., Feb. 27.—Fighting desperately throughout the game, with the score varying a point either way during the entire contest, the University of Oregon basketball team defeated the Oregon Aggies 21 to 20 in the Armory here tonight.

ALL ROADS LEAD TO FRISCO EXPOSITION

Many Autos Will Use Them In Going to Greatest Fair Ever Held This Side of Mississippi.

Today all roads lead to California and the Exposition. Practically every person in the civilized world is aware of the fact that the largest and most complete exposition that the world has ever seen opened its gates to the general public at 9 a. m. yesterday morning, and the manner in which the people of California and the public in general welcomed the opening of this great show place, is already a matter of history.

Back in Flint, Michigan, the opening of the exposition was celebrated in a novel manner, and it is a sure thing that each of the ten thousand men employed by the Buick Motor Company are aware of the fact that California is on the map and that there is something extraordinary going on in the vicinity of San Francisco.

Just as the clocks in this city were striking nine yesterday morning every wheel in the Buick factory, which covers more than 105 acres, stopped turning and remained at rest for five minutes, the only exception to this being the three locomotives attached to a train of automobile cars over a mile long. Just as the wheels in the shops ceased to hum, and the first of the vast throng of visitors entered the exposition gates, the conductor of the freight train gave the go ahead signal, and with many a puff and snort, the largest and most valuable shipment of automobiles that was ever shipped in one train-load or on one bill of lading, started for the Pacific Coast. During the five minutes recess the superintendent in each building gave a short talk explaining the importance of this train-load shipment and the hearing it had on the general financial condition of the West. It is hardly necessary to state that this gigantic train-load of 1915 Buick automobiles is billed direct to the Howard Automobile Company of San Francisco. This is the ninth record breaking trainload this company has brought to the Pacific Coast since 1910 and through these continued record breaking shipments the Buick has become known as "the car that sells by the trainload."

Just as the side of the Buick trainloads has increased, so has the size and importance of the Howard Automobile Company increased. In 1905 C. S. Howard established the Buick agency on rented floor space in a garage on Golden Gate avenue, and the exclusive territory assigned him by the Buick factory was San Francisco and vicinity. The first year seventy-five Buicks were sold. 1905, after the big fire, a small show-room was secured on Golden Gate avenue. This burned in 1907 and new quarters were secured, also on Golden Gate avenue. These soon proved too small for the rapidly growing business and the location at Golden Gate Avenue and Polk street was secured. This served as headquarters for the Howard organization until the fall of 1913, when they moved into their new factory reinforced concrete building on Van Ness Avenue. In 1908 the branch in Los Angeles was organized, and from a very small organization in 1908 this branch has expanded until it is one of the largest and best housed automobile agencies in Southern California. In 1910 a branch was opened in Portland, Oregon, and the growth of this organization is evidenced by the fact that they have just received the second trainload of automobiles that has ever been shipped in to the Pacific Northwest. This trainload consisted of 50 double decked freight cars, containing 225 1915 Buicks.

In 1911 the Howard Auto Co. opened a branch in Oakland in small quarters on Twelfth street. The Buick Oakland business is now handled in one of the largest and finest automobile buildings to be found on the Pacific Coast.

The home office in San Francisco has more than kept pace with the branches and the present home of the Howard Automobile Company on Van



STELLA MAYHEW AND BILLIE TAYLOR IN "HIGH JINKS," AT THE GRAND, MONDAY, MARCH 1st.

PORTLAND CRITIC ENDORSES "HIGH JINKS"

John W. Kelly says it is Replete With Tuneful Melodies, and Good In All Respects.

Here's what John W. Kelly, the dramatic editor of the Portland Telegram, says about "High Jinks," which plays at the Grand on Monday night: Musical one-acts, tunefully palatable, is "High Jinks," and the audience at the Helbig ate it up last night. It is an ideal show for the tired business man and is one of those cheer-up affairs so popular before musical comedy became almost as extinct as the Dodo. No song show in months has given such complete satisfaction, because this is the first regular musical comedy that has come to Portland in almost a year, and show-shoppers apparently are hungry for it. Portland Never Fooled.

Arthur Hambrstein has not fooled Portlanders yet with an attraction, this being his second offering here, the other being "The Firefly" with Trentini. He has gathered a collection of payable principals, a sufficiently large chorus, and seen that the scenery and costumes are clean.

"High Jinks" is full of "pep," as the sporting editor would say, and moves along with speed. There is a suppleness about the comedy and the tunes are the catchy sort. The main hit song is "Tingle-ingle-ing," made familiar by orchestra, vaudeville acts and talking machines. It is one of those haunting tunes that you can't get away from, and it holds up securely every few minutes during the action of the show. Of the twenty-one song numbers in the score, this particular selection sticks out like a lighthouse on a dark night, and everyone in town will be humming or whistling it before the end of the week.

There is a plot to "High Jinks," but it is so complicated that there is no use trying to explain it, other than to say in trying to prevent an indignant Frenchman from kissing his wife, as a retaliatory measure a physician hires a couple of women to pose as his wife. On this situation all subsequent troubles and tribulations hinge. The title of the show comes from a perfume which has the magic power of making anyone who sniffs it become exceedingly good-natured, and the man who has the bottle of scent meanders around, giving all present on the stage a whiff, and every time a person inhales the perfume, he or she immediately begins dancing and singing "Tingle-ingle-ing."

New Avenue is among the finest in the world. From the 75 Buicks which were sold in 1905 the Howard business has grown until the end of the present season will see more than 5,000 1915 Buicks distributed by the Howard organization on the Pacific Coast.

Noted Stars Shining.

Stella Mayhew and Billie Taylor, who were at the Orpheum last season, have two of the principal roles, Miss Mayhew is comedienne-in-chief, and on her broad and ample shoulders rests about 50 per cent of the comedy. Her best song is "Jim," in which she describes the husband she lost a score of years before. Also she does "Tipperary," which has been done to death in the past six months. Taylor, who handles the perfume bottle, introduces the "Tingle-ingle-ing" tune. Phillip Ryke, a comedian with a reputation, extracts a quantity of light comedy out of the part of the doctor and contributes some sprightly dancing; but speaking of dancing, the honors go to Emma Francis, a small, spare young woman who is as active as a live wire and presents a whirlwind acrobatic turn. Also Miss Francis can sing, which is an unusual talent for a dancer.

Cecelia Hoffman is heard to advantage in "Love's Own Kiss," and her duet with Paul Porcasi, both of which numbers were liberally encored. And there are three other dancers who must not be overlooked, these being Eugene O'Rourke, as Jeffery, who is always mistaken for the ex-champion; Bernard Gorcey, in a German comedy bit; and Augustus Schultz, at the most natural water since the days of "Divorcement."

GETTING WELL RAPIDLY.

Miss A. J. Chance writes from the Portland Sanitarium that she is getting along nicely, where she went for an operation recently. She says that she has the best of care and would like to see any of her friends who happen to be in Portland. Her address is: Portland Sanitarium, 2, 60th St. and Belmont, Portland, Oregon—Stayton Bldg.

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Table with 3 columns: School Name, Wins, Losses, Points. Includes Washington State, Whitman, Idaho, Oregon, Oregon Aggies, Oregon Agricultural College.

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