

Sport News

Bill Marshall Bets \$40,000 On a Fight, and Yet He Never Saw One

New York, Sept. 18.—(Special)—Question: Did you ever hear of a man who never saw a boxing contest? Answer: Sure, plenty of 'em, and not all blind men, either.

HANDICAPS FOR NEXT GOLF MATCHES MAKE 18 THE MAXIMUM

Salem Players Are Improving But "Colonel Bogey" Is Still Undeclared

Last week's play at Finzer was mostly by foursomes, which system seems to be greatly in favor with the members at present. A prize, donated by an enthusiast, for the player whose score compared most favorably with his previous best, was won by U. G. Shipley, who lowered his own score by five strokes.



William C. Marshall.

that Bill Marshall is going to wager on the victory of McFarland or of Gibbons. He doesn't pretend to predict who's going to win, and he doesn't care five-eighths of a hoohah or whoop who does win. No, he's betting this way: that if he spends \$40,000 in arranging the scrap (\$42,500 to the boxers and the rest on advertising, rebuilding, rental, ushers and the like), maybe \$60,000 or perhaps even \$80,000 will flow back into his pockets from the tight fists of New York and other places, who for years have dreamed hopelessly of seeing those two masters of fist science in the same ring.

Bill stands to win \$20,000, \$40,000—nobody can estimate what. Also, to be sure, he stands to have that healthy bank roll of his nicked to the extent of \$20,000 or \$30,000. That's his gamble, and he's making it very willingly. "I wouldn't say I'm betting on a sure thing," he remarked the other day down at Brighton. "But as they say at the track, it's a 'good thing.' I feel pretty sure of getting a little change for myself out of the bout, and if I don't—well, I'll have had a good time and grabbed off some experience in a new line."

Who is Bill Marshall? Everybody asked a few days ago, when from Chicago came the word that at last Paeky McFarland and Mike Gibbons had signed articles and agreement and had posted forfeits to meet in New York.

Well, here's a little bit about him. Bill is thirty-nine, has a wide open, genial face, a pleasing western drawl—and if this means anything to you— is an exact ring, except in the matter of height, for Charley Van Loan, the magazine writer, who is held in tender memory hereabouts for having stolen

Polk County Hop Industry One of Great Magnitude

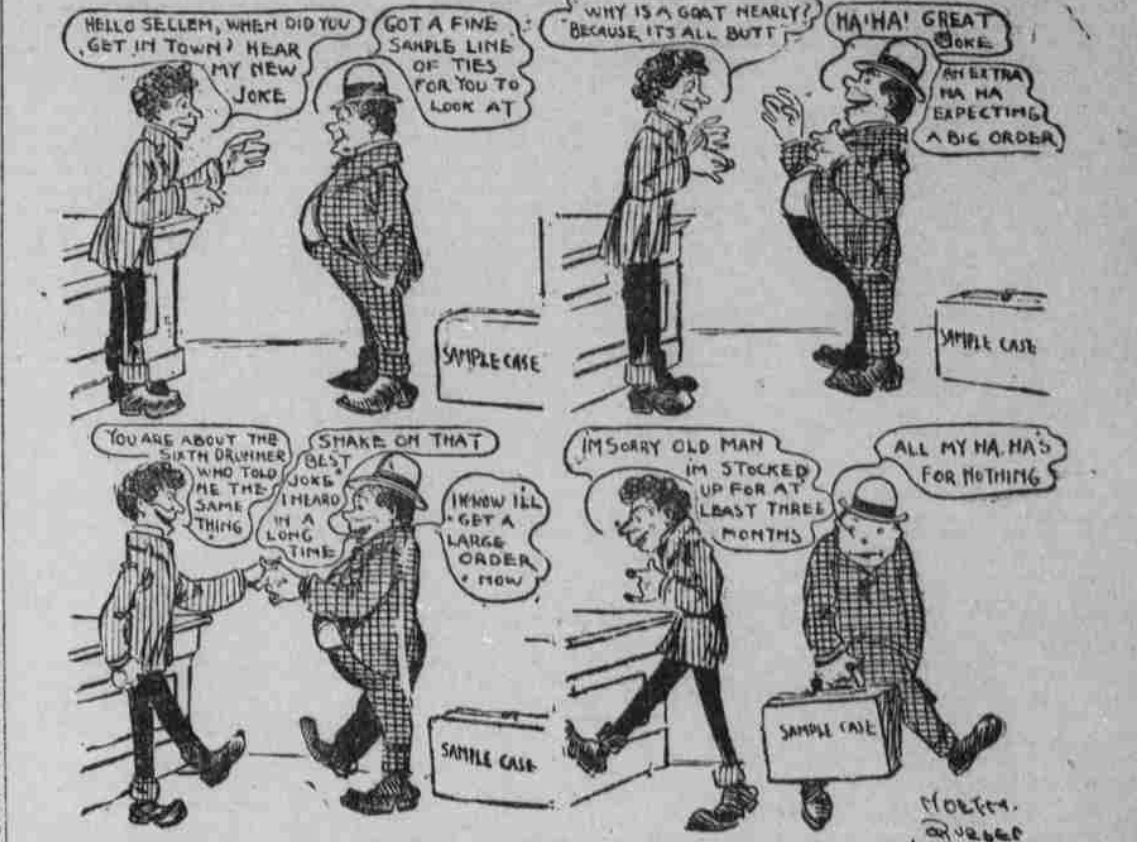
(Dallas Observer.) The hopyards of the Independence district have attracted the attention of hundreds of visitors during the past week, many coming from a considerable distance to view the manner in which the harvest of this vast crop is made. The hop-picking machine in the E. Clement Horst company's yards has this year made an added attraction, and automobiles from various sections of the valley, loaded with the curious, are to be seen daily wending their way through the extensive acres of the company to the location of this modern wonder, produced by the inventive ingenuity of Mr. Horst himself, and similar patterns of which are doing all the picking in the California yards of his company this season, thus wholly eliminating hand pickers. Contrary to general opinion the machine is not used in the field, but is housed conveniently to the yards and the hop vines hauled to it by teams, dozens of teams being thus employed in order to keep it supplied. The vines are laid one way on a platform wagon in order that they may be handled by the feeders rapidly and without rearranging. The vines pass over large cylinders making sixty revolutions per minute, the teeth of which separate the hop from the vine. Mr. J. G. Wiggins, a Californian in charge of the plant at the Horst yard, in explaining the machines entrusted to his care, told a representative of the Observer that each vine is struck by 3,200 teeth in the picking process, thus making it practically impossible for waste to occur. Following the picking by means of these cylinders, the hops are separated from the leaves and twigs by passing through revolving screens, the openings in which are of graduated dimensions in order to permit the refuse to waste away and leave the cleaned product. This, however, is not the process in its entirety, and neither could it be given in the amount of space at command. There are two of these machines, besides which are two arm picking machines, which separate the hops from the arms of the vines, and two overflow machines, the capacity of which is approximately 60,000 pounds, or close to 1000 sacks of hops daily.

But these machines, notwithstanding their enormous capacity as compared with hand picking, are insufficient to gather the harvest from the more than 600 acres planted to hops by this company, and in addition about 1,500 men, women and children are there employed throughout the season, many of the pickers comprising large families known to the company and who are annual workers in the yards. The camps are sanitary, special provision having been made with this important feature in view. Mr. H. N. Ord, the superintendent of this, the most extensive hop yard in the world, expects an average of ten bales to the acre. In one small tract fourteen bales to the acre has been harvested, but this is an exceptionally good yield under most favorable conditions.

The Horst company probably has the only hot air blast system for drying hops in the state, and 2,300 boxes of hops are turned off daily by the employment of this modern method. Not only are practically twice as many hops cared for during the twenty-four hours as by the old plan, but the danger of damaging the product is entirely eliminated, while it is claimed that hops dried by the process are better value. H. Landon, the engineer, piloted the Observer party through the dryer during the temporary absence of William Buffum, who is the real thing about the plant, first visiting the sulphur burning room, the fumes from which reach the hops on the dryers by forced draft, and then on through the various departments. Between 130 and 140 degrees of heat only is necessary to cure the crop by this process, which is considerably less than under the old system.

The Wigrich Ranch. Is Major Rose about the premises? "Inquired the manipulator of the festive fumes as he approached a young Englishman at the office on the Wigrich ranch of 800 acres, located four and a half miles southeast of Independence. "Is, sir, who shall I announce, sir." After having paved the way the scribe was ushered into the presence of Major W. Lewis Rose, a typical Englishman of perhaps fifty-five, who was ensconced in a huge easy chair of English pattern enjoying his afterlunch siesta in the quiet of his attractive den. The greeting was cordial, the information voluminous and decidedly interesting, not only reference being made to the ranch, which most interests Major Rose, but to various other themes, including the present unpleasantness across the deep blue, which is followed closely from day to day by the major he having for nearly a quarter of a century been an officer of a British cavalry, resigning only four years ago. This ranch is the property of Englishmen, Messrs. Wiggins & Richardson, the former having been Major Rose's companion in the army for many years, and for whom the highest admiration is cherished. "This explains why Major Rose, who has high connections on British soil, is manager for the company operating so extensively in Polk county, and still another reason why he is so vitally interested in the success of the undertaking by the Englishmen whom he represents. Last season this ranch yielded 350,000 pounds of hops from the 332 acres devoted to the crop, while this year's estimate is 450,000 pounds, which estimate is considered low. Six hundred and fifty people are necessary to gather the hop crop, and about 3,000 boxes a day are being picked. Experts say that Major Rose has the best crop in the valley this season; that the hops from the entire acre will average a ton to an acre, but the major himself is more optimistic in his views, believing

Did It Ever Happen to You? - - - - By Mort Burger



German Spy Up Against Hard English Proposition

greater number from Portland, picking and the contractor hopes to complete the work during the present week. The drying is done in a four-hundred house of the improved type. The Krebs Brothers will, during the coming winter, clear additional land, and extend their yard. This is a comparatively new ranch, and considerable money is being expended in its development. A thirteen-acre lake is now being drained, and at least ten acres will be fit for cultivation next season. A concrete silo, with a capacity of 101 tons is now in the course of construction, and will be filled with feed for the winter. The ranch has a herd of Holsteins and cream is shipped to Portland during the better part of the year. Believing that red spider can be eliminated by the use of water in the hop fields, Krebs Brothers will introduce an irrigating system next year, watering the vines at frequent intervals after the growth is well advanced. The water will be pumped from the Willamette river, and a lake on the property for the purpose. The hops on this place are rich this year, but are lacking in weight. Last year they went 12 3/4 pounds to the box, but this figure will not be reached in the present harvest.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Topperwein

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Topperwein, who will give an exhibition in trick



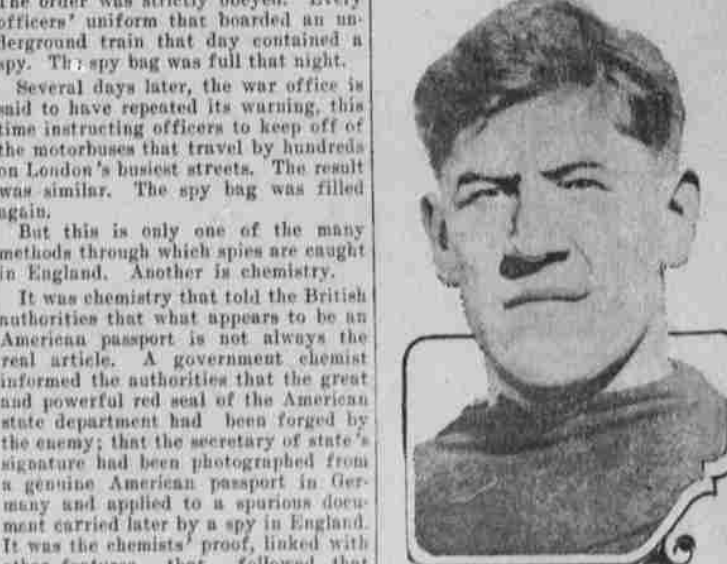
and fancy shooting at the Capital City Rod and Gun club grounds tomorrow, have been making some enviable records through the northwest. At Walla Walla, Mrs. Topperwein broke 99 out of 100 birds at the trap, missing her



96th bird. The Topperweins give a marvelous exhibition with all kinds of guns and the local rod and gun club is making great preparations for the event tomorrow which promises to draw a large crowd. There is to be no admission fee charged.

By Wilbur S. Forrest. (United Press staff correspondent.) London, Sept. 6.—(By mail).—The admittedly thorough and efficient German spy system is up against a most thorough and efficient stamp in England. One of the unhealthiest obstacles for agents of the enemy's intelligence department is the anti-spy section of Scotland Yard. Official reports, just issued, show that ten alleged spies of various nationalities, all of whom were declared to be working for Germany, were bagged before any one of them had been in England three weeks. Four readily confessed. This list, however, represents but a fractional part of the most recent fruits of the British dragnet. On two occasions, it is unofficially declared, the authorities in London cleverly maneuvered to round up dozens of spies who had been operating in London in the guise of British army officers. The method was as simple as it was effective. The war office is said to have informed all army officers in the metropolitan area to refrain on a certain day of recent date from traveling on any trains of the great system of underground railways of the metropolis. The order was strictly obeyed. Every officers' uniform that boarded an underground train that day contained a spy. The spy bag was full that night. Several days later, the war office is said to have repeated its warning, this time instructing officers to keep off of the motorbuses that travel by hundreds on London's busiest streets. The result was similar. The spy bag was filled again. But this is only one of the many methods through which spies are caught in England. Another is chemistry. It was chemistry that told the British authorities that what appears to be an American passport is not always the real article. A government chemist informed the authorities that the great and powerful red seal of the American state department had been forged by the enemy; that the secretary of state's signature had been photographed from a genuine American passport in Germany and applied to a spurious document carried later by a spy in England. It was the chemist's proof, linked with other features that followed, that caused the spy to confess that he was furnished the forgery to obtain military secrets in England. This forgery is today in the hands of the British authorities for comparison with other suspicious looking documents bearing the seal of the United States. Americans traveling through England to or from continental countries will henceforth be subjected to the most thorough examination and surveillance by the British authorities. American passports in doubt, in future, if there is the least doubt of their validity, must bear the tests of the government chemist. "Americans must not feel ill toward the British authorities if necessary precautions are taken to prevent the use of spurious American passports in this country," said a high official of the war office to the United Press. "They must realize that Germany is not above forging the official seal of the American state department and has, perhaps, forged scores of these documents in an attempt to safe-conduct their spies into England and other belligerent countries. Every American citizen entering England in future must come with a clean bill of health easily proven and above all, with a passport that will defy the analysis of our chemists." Scotland Yard is assisted in "spy sleuthing" by all branches of the government and even by the boy scouts and girl scouts. A striking case of spy detection originated in the general postoffice where a

THORPE DECLARES HE'LL BE BACK IN THE BIG LEAGUES



Jim Thorpe.

Although Jim Thorpe, the Carlisle Indian, seems to be having his troubles, he declares that he will yet land back in the big leagues. Jim couldn't make good with the Giants and was fanned out to the Jersey City club. The "Skeeters" didn't want him and where he will be given another chance to prove his worth.

WAR NEWS OF ONE YEAR AGO TODAY Paris reports that German armies in France are unable to advance. Berlin reports same concerning French and British armies. St. Petersburg says, Austrian losses in Galicia campaign total 350,000 men. All roads are sealed blocked by abandoned commissariat trains. The Austrian government has sent additional troops to the Italian border because of nationalist demonstrations throughout Italy. TRY A JOURNAL CLASSIFIED AD—THEY ARE BUSINESS GETTERS—ONE CENT A WORD.

Advertisement for VELVET tobacco featuring a pack of tobacco and a portrait of a man. Text: 'If you want to take the bite out of tobacco, and leave the good in, you've got to do it slow—the VELVET way.'