

PORTLAND JUMPS PACIFIC NORTHWEST, AND SOME OTHER SPORTING ITEMS

JEFF IS THERE WITH THE OFFER

Will Give Any Man Who Can Stay Four Rounds With Him \$500-- Settles Talk and Candidates Will Probably Be Scarce...They Are All Steering Clear of Fitzsimmons Just Now.

It has been announced that James J. Jeffries will offer \$500 for any man who can stay with him in the future for the period of four rounds.

That sounds like business, Jeff. It has the ring of the real champion tone to it and not the talk that is given from the footlights by present-day champions.

Funny, how all the would-be pug side step a baldheaded, lanky, sorrel-topped individual who answers to the name of Robert Fitzsimmons.

They talk of wanting a go with the champion and being willing to bet they can stay with him for four rounds, but when the name of the Cornishman is mentioned there is ominous silence.

The die is cast and Portland, as a member of the Pacific Northwest baseball league is no more. The disgruntled crowd of sour-grape eaters have taken their departure and no longer consider themselves good enough for such towns as Seattle, Butte and Helena.

Jack Marshall's smutty work has borne its results. He went down to the Golden Gate and got Harris and others to come up to Washington and Oregon and raise an insurrection.

But the trouble—for Portland and Marshall—is not yet at an end. Portland will have to support two baseball clubs as a



JACK MARSHALL.

result of pulling out, and Marshall will be branded as a baseball outlaw. He will not be recognized in the future by any other league in the United States except the one he is now affiliated with, and that league's life is extremely uncertain.

The Butte fans, the Spokane fans, the Tacoma fans, the Seattle fans and the Helena fans want none of the new crowd of impostors. They are satisfied with the article of ball furnished in the old league last year, and they will turn out to see the old league teams play again.

Portland was always a sorehead at best. Big as the city is it was never known to turn out half the enthusiastic rooters that Butte did, and yet Butte isn't half so large.

Harris brags that he has Seattle under his wing also, but we are willing to take this with a pinch of salt and await developments.

JUST SOME SPICY LITTLE BITS ABOUT THE CHAMPS

Read These Tiny Items Concerning the Men Prominent in the Sporting World in All Its Branches.

Jack McAuliffe, 10 years ago lightweight champion of the world, now weighs 218 pounds.

Young Corbett has gone back to Denver to rest until a day is definitely set for his match with McGovern.

The Canadian Skating association has decided to hold the international championships on February 2 at Montreal.

Harry Forbes and Frankie Neil will do battle in San Francisco December 23 for the bantam championship at 115 pounds.

The Elixir of Life. Existed only in the imagination of some clever writer. We approach nearer the fact in our Centennial beer, which contains life-sustaining qualities to a marked degree.

STARS WERE NOT IN THE BOWLING

SEE WHAT THE THORNTONS DID TO THEM AT THE SERIES BOWLED LAST EVENING.

The Stars were not in it with the Thorntons last night in the winter league series games that were bowled. The Thorntons won four of the five games and won by a margin of 259 pins.

Table with columns for Thorntons and Stars, listing names and scores.

Thorntons. Stars. Semple... 173 215 148 141 208-- 885 Black... 169 175 Ellis... 186 175 Clemens... 164 2-5

After the regular league series in practice games Frank Riley of the Silver Bows made in three successive games 219, 231, 201; average of 217.

The score of 231 is the high weekly score for the \$5 prize to date.

The Householder—Here, my good man, is a dime. Now please go away.

The Musician—Ach! But for den cends we've only play. Id is a kervarder to go away. Vat?

Probably of all the features in pugilism, fouling is the cause of more annoyance and trouble to the referee and of misunderstanding on the part of the spectators.

Scarcely a fight takes place in which there are not only one but many infractions of the Marquis of Queensbury rules. In many cases they escape penalty because the referee is himself uncertain as to what weight shall be attached to them.

There is a prevailing misunderstanding about fouls. The ordinary follower of pugilistic events places the offense as hitting in a prohibited place, whereas it is in all cases, with one exception, the conditions under which a blow is delivered that makes it foul or fair.

There are in reality only three blows that are really worth landing at all. One on the jaw frequently does the business; one high in the stomach region, the so-called "solar plexus" blow, and the third well around on either side under the

once. His eye must take in every move of the fighters at a single glance. It is not strange, then, that it is an easy matter for pugilists to take unfair advantage of their opponents under the very eyes of the referee.

Fights have been won and lost, and the real cause of the defeats never come to light, all through the inability of the man who is in the ring to judge the points and detect the fouls.

Another vicious method of fouling is that known as "letting." It has for a mark not a vital point, but a very sensi-

ble one—the nose. Intense pain results from a hard blow on the nose, and fighters usually take great care in the protection of the face and head.

"Butting" is effective in that region where a punch is not, because it occurs when the opposing fighter's head is bent down and receives a square concussion on the bridge.

Backheeling is a method that has gone out of use now, but at one time George Dixon was proficient in its use and could usually escape detection. Hitting on the elbow is another method that is very painful.

There are a thousand and one little ways in which a fighter can foul if he feels so disposed, and it is one of the most difficult matters that the referee has to decide. It is hard to disqualify a man for a seeming insignificant and apparently unintentional little foul, yet this same hesitancy on the part of the referee has lost many a battle and will continue to do so.

"FOULING" IN BOXING AND WHAT IT CONSTITUTES

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AMERICAN LEAGUE AND THE DICTATOR

JOHNSON IS GIVEN ABSOLUTE CONTROL OVER NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE NATIONAL.

Chicago, Dec. 23.—By juggling the executive of the American league at the annual meeting of that organization held here yesterday was made a special meeting, and it was decided to hold the annual meeting in New York some time during the month of January.

The principal business transacted was the appointment of a commission on peace terms between the two baseball organizations.

The question was quickly disposed of, however, by the adoption of a resolution giving President Johnson absolute power to appoint his own committee to be the sole representative of the league at the joint meeting with full power to act for the American league.

President Johnson thought it would be a better plan to have a committee of the National league at the conference, and so decided.

Go to Orton Bros. for everything in the music line. If you are not disposed to buy a beautiful piano as a Christmas present on the easy installment plan, why not consider a nice guitar, violin, mandolin, banjo or a nice music folio or music roll?

A splendid Christmas assortment at Orton Bros., 219 North Main street.

Ring contests with bare knuckles became popular in England more than two centuries ago, and men with ambitions to excel in the roped ring gave exhibitions of their knowledge of the art of defense in the early days of the republic, but it was not until early in the '60s that the sporting element of the country became deeply interested in ring fights.

"Tom" Sayers, John C. Heenan, "Barney" Aaron, John Morrissey, and a host of other fighters appeared in the prize ring.

They became popular heroes with a part of the community, and in the far West, particularly California, they were lionized. Hats, collars and other articles of men's wearing apparel were named for them.

Heenan hats and Sayers collars were popular at the time when these two pugilists were aspirants for the championship, and a can, made to imitate Irish blackthorn, was known as a McCool shillalah.

Fought in the Open Air. The fights in those days took place for the most part in the open air. The "ring-side" was the turf, and at large fights rude benches were put up to accommodate the people who came from far and near to witness the contests.

"There was less scientific fighting in those days," said an old man who had been a fighter himself, and who is still an enthusiast, "but there was more fun for those who looked on—not quite so much, though, for the fighters."

In the early days of the prize ring the fighter's ambition was to win prizes and then become the proprietor of a public house. John Morrissey's barroom in Troy was the congregating place for a long time of the fighting element of the country, and a favorite resort for gamblers and disreputable people of all kinds.

The place was small and unattractive, but it was the ambition of other fighters to have just such a place. Men who were lower down in the profession and could not aspire to public houses became trainers, teachers of boxing and wrestling, and many members of the fraternity who were unable to attract sufficient attention were compelled to work like ordinary mortals in shops and factories.

The stage had no attraction for prize fighters in the early days of the sport in the United States.

A Failure as an Actor. When John C. Heenan was at the height of his glory—young, handsome and crowned with the prizering laurels—he married an actress who had gained notoriety by appearing in spectacular plays.

He was induced by his wife and her friends to appear on the stage in a part written for him, but he was a melancholy failure after a brief and thankless career. His old adversary, John Morrissey, developed an ambition in the direction of politics.

His associates in Troy and Lansingburg belonged to the class which in later years made "Bat" Shea possible. Morrissey came to New York and was elected a representative to the Forty-first and Forty-second congresses, where he was pointed out as the prize manager and manager of several political gambling houses, and in 1877 took his seat in the New York state senate, representing the Fourth district.

His immediate predecessor was John Fox, who succeeded William M. Tweed. Morrissey died in 1878, and since then no prizefighter has become prominent in politics. John L. Sullivan wanted to go to congress, and had hopes in the direction of the chief magistracy of Boston, but his political ambitions came to grief.

Unpopular for Years. For several years prizefighting was unpopular, and pugilists were not in great demand, but a revival came when indoor fights took the place of the open-air contests.

"The stage prizefighter," said a follower of the sport, "gave the big fellows an idea that they were actors. Standing up in a ring in a cellar, in a barn, or on the green was more business-like than doing the trick on a stage flooded with lime light. The fights in the big halls and athletic clubs also gave rise to speculation on the part of managers. Who ever heard of a prizefighter having a manager or a press agent in the old days? Nowadays they require these staff officers nearly as much as they do a knowledge of the art."

John L. Sullivan was the first prominent fighter to make his appearance on the theatrical stage, after prizefighting again became popular, and since that time the prize ring has been looked upon as a stepping stone to the stage, and it seems to be in the regular order of things to see a pugilist's name on a play bill soon after he has won a ring victory.

The public house is still his ambition, and mindful of the drawing qualities of a well-known fighter, rum sellers and brewers have given prizefighters handsome salaries for the privilege of using their names in connection with rum shops of the gaudily-bedecked kind.

"Billy" Edwards, who in his day gained considerable ring fame, was for years the "bouncer" in a New York hotel. "Barney" Aaron follows the races regularly. "Mike" Donovan, who is known in New York as a "square sport," is now an instructor in boxing.

The prizefighting community points with pride to the fact that Richard Croker and "Tim" Sullivan, who have always been patrons of the sport for pleasure and for profit, were themselves once fighters of no mean order.

WILL GET A NICE RAISE

Six Thousand of the Wells-Fargo Men to Be Rewarded for Their Toil.

New York, Dec. 23.—The Herald says that employees of Wells-Fargo, to the number of over 6,000, will have their salaries increased from 5 to 10 per cent, the increase to date from December 16.

The increase is spoken of by the officers of the express company as a re-adjustment of the scale of wages, but virtually in the re-adjustment the salaries are raised.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound of imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

PORTLAND CLUB IS IN RANK OF FOES

FORMALLY TENDERS ITS RESIGNATION TO THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST LEAGUE AND IS GONE

Portland, Ore., Dec. 23.—The Portland Baseball club last night tendered its resignation to the Pacific Northwest league.

The Portland Baseball association, recently incorporated, will take over the Portland Baseball club, and will then join the Pacific Coast league, which will be composed of San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, Sacramento, Portland and Seattle.

C. A. Whitmore, president of the Portland Baseball club, who returned home Sunday, said last night: "Before I understood the situation here, I stated I would stand by the Northwest league and would stand for re-election as president of the club, but since my return home, I have decided to go with the Pacific Coast league. I will conduct the affairs of the club until the annual meeting in February, when I shall get out of the baseball business."

The matter of a manager for the Seattle team, which is to join the Pacific Coast league, was discussed at a meeting here last night by Colonel G. E. Lamping of Seattle, Henry Harris of San Francisco, C. A. Whitmore of Portland, and others interested in the Pacific Coast league. It is understood that a well-known manager from an Eastern city has been in communication for several days with the promoters of the Pacific Coast league, and that he has practically closed a contract to manage the Seattle team.

Harris left for Seattle last night, where he expects to complete the organization of a new baseball association. Harris says that the Pacific Coast baseball league is in good condition, and that the clubs in this city will be backed by responsible business men, and that the California people are acting in good faith with their Northern neighbors.

Mr. Harris says the Pacific Coast league will furnish high-grade sport to the public next season.

A PRESENT WORTH HAVING.

One of those elegant Kimball, Knabe, Weber, Decker & Son or Hallett & Davis pianos will be a present worth having in your home this Christmas. See what low prices and easy terms can be had on one of these instruments at Orton Bros. No. 219 North Main street.

No Mistake If you Give Father Brother Cousin Friend A Box of the

HARVARD CIGAR

ANACONDA BOUTS WERE FIZZLES

Nobody Seemed to Be Trying Especially Hard, and the Boxing Was for "Exhibition Only" Literally—Mose LaFontise Is Going to Tour the State With Jeffries and Fitzsimmons.

That show in Anaconda last night wasn't near so good as the carnival we had in Butte last Saturday night. It must have been tame, indeed, for there wasn't a single knockout blow delivered, while here there were two knockouts and some other things almost as exciting.

Mose LaFontise evidently didn't try to trim Dummy Rowan, nor did Howard Opie go in to put the Silent One, Dummy's brother, to sleep. As for Doc Flynn and Billy Armstrong, they just played with each other and made the crowd laugh.

Well, that's all right. The boxers didn't promise to do anything but give exhibitions and they fulfilled their part of the contracts. The people of Butte are wise to tame contests, however, and will have none of that sort. What they want here in the Smoky City is a bout with action in it and that's why the crowd howled itself hoarse when Jeff and Munroe clashed like an elephant and a bull.

Mose LaFontise is a game pug. His latest is to sign a contract with the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons combination in which he agrees to tour the state with them and to stop any 150 pound man in Montana who is willing to meet him.

It's that sort of nerve that makes the gladiator popular with the throng. Mose might take on some good man and fail to put him out, but that doesn't make any difference with the audience; if he does his best he does all that is expected of him, whether he wins his point or loses it.

There's no denying the fact that John L. Sullivan was the most popular champion that ever stood before the American sporting public. He never refused to meet

a man if the challenger had any claims, whatever.

In his prime old John L. toured the world, meeting all comers and offering a purse to any man who could stay with him for three rounds. John was a stand up and knock-down fighter. He was in "Trisco" once and went on for three rounds with Robinson, who was at that time champion of the coast. Robinson's sole rim was to stay the limit.

Sullivan rushed him like the bull that he was and sent in pile drivers that made the shivering Robinson wish he was a thousand miles away. In order to save himself from a knockout Robinson would fall to the floor either on his hands and knees or on both and it was impossible for the champion to hit him without committing a foul.

Sullivan complained to the referee and he gave the decision to the champion as Robinson refused to stand up and fight according to Marquis of Queensbury rules.

According to the latest news from Seattle, Harris is in that town today completing his dirty work started in Portland. The dispatch also said that Portland had formally resigned from the Pacific-Northwest Baseball league and had joined the ranks of the Pacific Coast league along with the California towns.

That was expected, but what luck Harris and his hirelings will have in Seattle remains to be seen. Seattle is made of different stuff from Portland and it is doubted if Harris will receive as cordial a reception there as he did in the latter town.

We don't know but what it is best after all to have Portland give us the G. B. Another club can easily be organized there and if it's war there's one thing certain—the cities of the Northwest will stand by Lucas and the old league.

SHARKEY IS OUT WITH ONE OF HIS LEGENDS

"Tom" Gets the Price for Drawing the "Log Bow" and Can Do It With a Sober Phiz, Too.

Tom Sharkey has certainly told many a "hot one" in his time about the large deposits he has in bank and about the big ranches he owns in California, but the latest, relating to an experience he had while in the navy, takes not only the bun, but the whole bakery shop, including the lemon pie. Tom says:

"I was on a vessel and we were skirting the equator. It was an awful hot day, in fact all our feet were blistered from walking the deck, and three times the captain's shirt caught fire from the heat and I put it out. You know the equator? Well, it's a swelling through the middle of the sea. Just about midnight of the hottest day I ever experienced—why, it was so hot that it would boil an egg or fry a chicken by laying it on the

deck—we discovered a pirate ship to leeward. The captain looked puzzled and called me into his stateroom.

"What shall we do, Tom?" says he. "Ask them to surrender," says I. "But how?" says he. "I'll take your card to them," says I. "A great scheme," he answered.

"With that I took the captain's card and jumped overboard. I swam under water for 100 yards, then climbed up the side of the pirate's ship. I gave the captain the card and after reading it he said: "What's wanted?"

"The captain wants you to surrender," says I.

"Well, seeing who it is that brought the card I will do so. Under no other circumstances would I have agreed to it," replied the pirate.

"I then reports back to my captain, and he says: 'Tom, you are the bravest man in the navy.'"

"Of course, there will be some people who won't believe this story," said Tom after relating his tale, "but they can just ask 'Spider' Kelly if it ain't so. I told it to him three years ago.

Tom takes the medal after that.

Meet me at the Plaster.

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HARVARD CIGAR

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