

HUNTING DELECTABLE CHINESE PHEASANTS

CRAFTINESS OF GAUDY BIRD KEEPS DOWN TO MINIMUM SPORTSMAN'S BAG

FIGURES of speech wherein our friend, the fox, is used to symbolize craftiness and sleekness of manner must fall into the obsolete class. There is an animal abroad in Oregon that could play the shell game on the foxiest fox that ever invaded a henhouse. I say animal, because it is neither mineral nor vegetable; to be more exact, it is a bird. To be yet more exact, it is the Chinese pheasant.

There is a base libel out against the character of these birds from the Pigeon Kingdom which is going to be refuted right here and now. The slanderer is nothing less than the last Legislative Assembly. This august assemblage of wise men from grain fields and metropolises brought out a law which forbids any one hunter from slaughtering more than ten of these birds in one day. It is a forgettable reflection on the bird. It carries with it the broad inference that the Chinaman needs protection from his enemy, the Nimrod.

Now and then a man gets the limit. But if he will examine his bag he will find they are mostly hens. It is in the China rooster that the greatest craftiness centers, and the man who has two or three of these beautifully plumaged birds

terrific slaughter for awhile until the Chinaman learned the game, whereupon fatalities became few and far between.

Shooting this season has been good although the hitting has been nothing extraordinary. On the first of October when the open season was inaugurated, half the population of the state turfed out with every kind of a weapon from the latest hammerless to a flintlock. Of course the Chinaman were a little out of practice in the art of dodging lead showers and some of the hunters brought home the limit. Since then it has been a lucky man and a skillful one, who has secured more than two, three or half a dozen per hunt. The average is about two per hunt.

Still, it is exciting sport and the hunters like it. There is always the chance of a good bag. The hunting is done with a good dog. To hunt without a licensed dog is not to hunt at all. A Chinaman will squat in the stubble and allow a hunter to pass three feet away—unless there is a dog.

Even the best pointer will get fooled most of the time. The average Chinaman is so skilled in his principal vocation of saving his precious head that when he discovers a dog on the trail he at once lights out. The bird stoops and runs.

The word runs is used but it is not intense enough; for if a man were allowed to enter a China rooster in one of the great derbies, he would win by 25 lengths against even such lights as Dan Patch and Lou Dillon. While the pointer is pointing his first impression of a red hot trail, Mr. Rooster is oftentimes making his get-away. The birds know that the closest pattern gun is not much good at a hundred yards and as soon as he passes the danger line up he gets and once on wing nothing short of a rifle ball could overtake him. Now and then, of course, he miscalculates or is critically careless and the hunter scores one. The Chinaman has lately been a much-hunted creature, since the season closed December 1, and all the sportsmen were anxious for a parting shot.

JOHN D.

Horses That Win Purses.

Statistics of the season show that more

than 100 2-year-olds have won upward of \$2000 and that 24 have won more than \$3000. Borgomaster leads with \$2,500 to his credit. Other winners of more than \$2000 are Ormondale, \$3,000; Mohawk, \$2,500; Perverse, \$2,500; Tiptoe, \$2,500; and Security, \$2,500. Oaklawn, the highest priced 2-year-old sold during the season, for whom August Belmont gave \$20,000, was only \$4750.

Play Golf With Men.

"Girls, play golf with the men if you want to learn how to play. You don't learn golf right by playing with the other girls, because they don't know how to play."

This is the advice given by Miss Pauline Mackay, the winsome Oakley girl who won the National golf women's championship at the recent tourney at Morristown, according to an exchange.

And her bright eyes were proof positive that she has never lacked for men to swing mauls beside her since the day she made her first drive on a Nantacket

green, eight years ago. She never took a lesson in the game, yet she defeated women who have spent small fortunes on golf.

"I think golf must be a sixth sense with me, I have it so," she said, "but I do thoroughly believe no woman can become a proficient player without taking care of her health. Men are better players than women, and I think the spirit of competition a woman feels in playing with men is a great aid in strengthening her game."

WRITES OF INTENDED SCRAP

Californian Tells of Projected Meeting of Britt and Nolan.

A Californian now in New York writes an interesting letter to his home town regarding a scrap between Britt and Billy Nolan, which runs as follows:

"Here's a funny one. Probably you have heard rumors, but this is the real dope. Nolan got to town the other day, and in interviews stated that he would not allow Nolan to meet Britt again until some old debts were paid. He also stated that Gardner might get the next show, and also gave McJovern a chance. All the New York papers had this sort of stuff in, and when Willie came down from Boston yesterday he was daffy. You know how nutty he gets. He saw Coffroth, and told him that as soon as he met Nolan he would hang one on his eye that wouldn't come off. Coffroth bet \$50 that Willie wouldn't start, and that if he did his number wouldn't be long up. Willie really bet the money and was waiting in the Metropole when I saw him. Barney Oldfield, Corbett, Coffroth, Tushill, Tim Hurst, Charley Mitchell, Willie Lewis and Woodson were there talking fight. Willie told me on the quiet that he was going to plug Nolan, but not to tip it. I saw Nolan at the other end of the bar. He just came in, spoke to a Ben man a minute and walked out the side door. I told Willie, and as Nolan got to the street, with Tim Hurst as a bodyguard, started to beat it up Broadway to the Cadillac to head Nolan off and stick him. The whole bunch beat it outside to watch the scrap, but Willie lost Nolan in the crowd of cabs and people and they took up a position in front of the Cadillac waiting for the Brittie man.

"There's more jollying over the proposed fight than anything I ever saw. Willie is daffy and there's going to be a fight, sure. He missed Nolan last night, but it will come off.

"I think Willie is nutty to get home. He's homelick.

"Corbett also wants to go out there to fight, but might stick here, in hopes of getting James Edward for six rounds."

Pay of Football Players.

The football professional in England is not a highly paid individual, according to American standards. The football as-

sociation adopted a rule some time ago fixing the maximum salary at \$25 per week, and no player is allowed to receive more than \$200 during the year. Not much more than some baseball players receive for one month's service. Many first-class football players receive a benefit match, but not until they have seen many years' service.

Matched in London.

Godfrey Thorpe, who recently returned from Australia and South Africa, and Jack Palmer, the South African heavyweight champion, have been matched to box 20 rounds before the London National Sporting Club for the international heavyweight title.

Boxers in Vaudeville.

Jim Moran and Jabex White, the English boxers, are now filling engagements in Paris vaudeville houses. Joe Bowker is also with the combination.



In his possession has just cause to feel proud. It shows that the birds tried to get too gay with him, not that they were the victims of their own stupidity.

The pheasant industry in Oregon is carried on by nature wherever there are stubble fields. You can score up an occasional bird behind the City Park. The greatest number, however, are to be found up the Willamette Valley, especially in the vicinity of Albany. There is something about Albany the birds seem to like—it's hard to say what. Next to the duck, it is the favorite game of the Oregon huntsman.

The pheasant is not a native of Oregon; at least, the Chinese variety is not. A few pairs of the birds were imported some years ago and turned loose. They did not join in the general movement for the reduction of the birth-rate, but pursued an opposite course. It was not long before the farmers complained. The birds had refuted them, they said, of the problem of selling their wheat crops. The bird, it seems, is as fond of wheat as a pronounced bromete of watermelon and 'possum. Then the Legislature lifted the law that had protected the birds. There was

Photos by W.F. Shonafelt