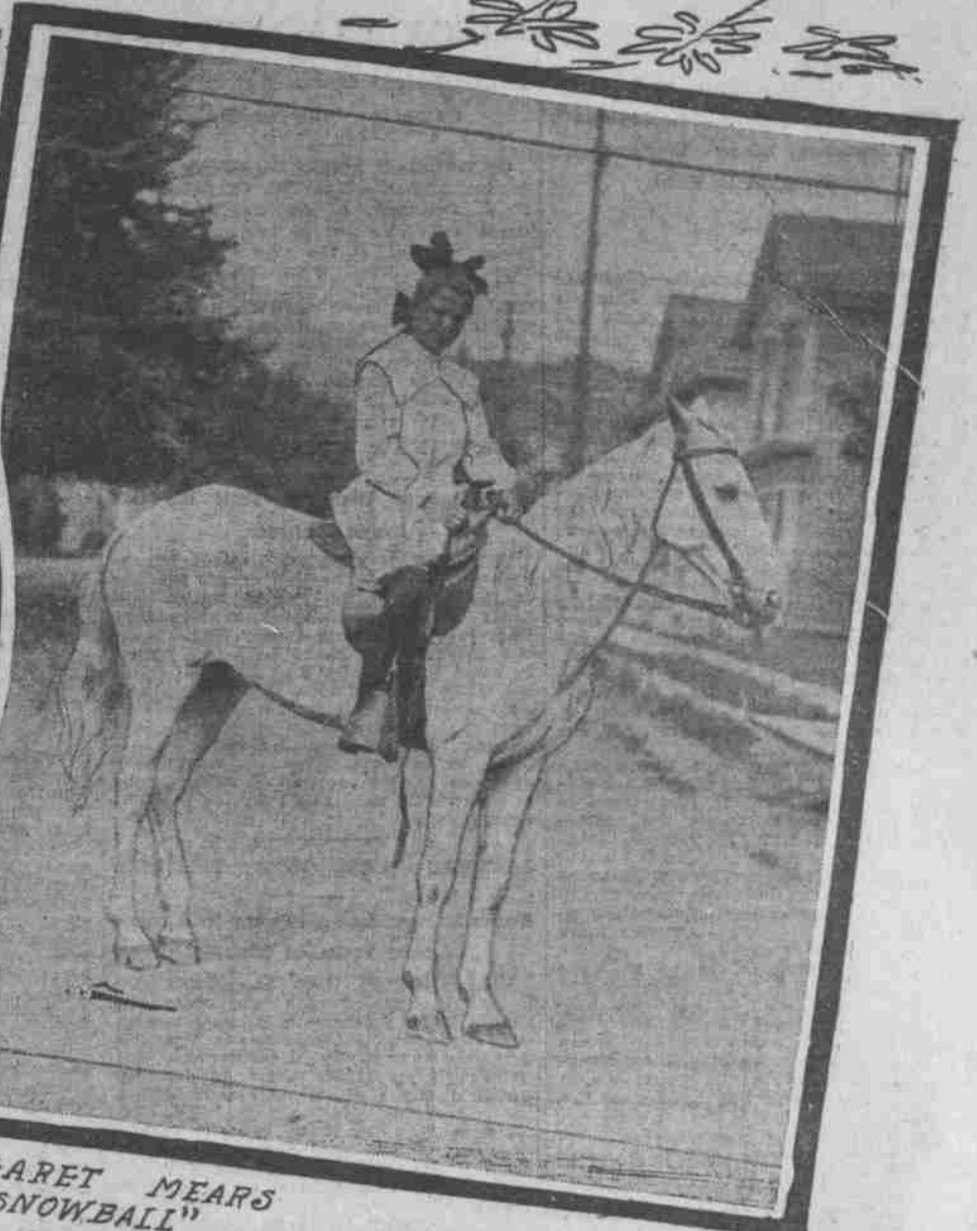


PORTLAND PONIES AND THEIR YOUNG RIDERS



DOCTOR W. M. JONES' LITTLE DAUGHTER ESTHER ON "BROWNE"

MARGARET MEARS AND "SNOWBALL"



RUTH WILLET ON "BOB"



GEORGE ALLEN LAWRENCE ON "WHITE LEGS"



DONALD SKEEN ON HIS MOUNT "CHESTNUT"



ELIZABETH BRUERE, DRIVING HER SHETLAND PONY DOLLAR

THE "grown ups" of Portland get many flattering newspaper comments and personal compliments on their horsemanship, especially the many fine women riders who live here, but so far the Pony Brigade has been entirely overlooked. The number of children who own their own pony mounts is surprisingly large, and there are a score of others who depend on the riding academies and livery stables for accommodations when they are permitted to go out for the look, delightful canners about the city and suburbs. Every morning of the week one can see parties of enthusiastic little boys and girls on ponies of every size and color, trotting through the Nob Hill district, generally making for the Linton road.

And they are not the kind that are content to walk their ponies over the route, either, for they tear along at a great

speed and sit their saddles so gracefully and easily as any veteran rider in town. From both Nichols and Brown's parties start out each morning, and it is generally full noon before they return. Many of the children have pony carts or phaetons and alternate their riding with drives, but the boys generally prefer the saddle and the girls like to go this way just to show them that they can ride fully as well, if not better.

Miss Helen Mills, daughter of A. L. Mills, who has recently gained literary fame, in spite of her tender age of 19 years, is a familiar figure among the riders of the very young smart set. Tom and Abbott, the two young brothers of Helen, are now taking lessons, and will soon be fearless ponyriders. Dr. William Jones' little daughter, Esther, says she is going to take riding lessons from Mr. Nichols this Fall, but she sits her pony "Browne" like an old-time rider, and seems quite at home in the saddle. Don-

ald Skeen, son of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Skeen, is a born rider, and when he takes "Chestnut" out, he sits consciously erect and pays strict attention to his seat.

Little Margaret Mears is a plucky rider, and she puts "Snowball" through all sorts of guises on her daily rides about the city. A companion who is frequently in her company on these rides is Ruth Willet, whose pony "Bob" is a sturdy traveler. Catherine Russell belongs to the pony brigade, and Jack Tucker has become quite a well-known jockey. George Allen Lawrence is not very large, but he can ride like the man in the circus, and expects to own his own pony in the near future. Elizabeth Bruere, the little flaxen-haired daughter of Dr. and Mrs. G. E. Bruere, is the proud possessor of both a pony and a cart, and takes her little sister out to drive on the days she does not saddle "Dollar" for a canter. The children of Mr. and Mrs. Ned Ayer also drive in a fine little basket phaeton, and Margaret

is a good little horsewoman. "Baby" London is another promising rider.

These are only a few of the ponies and their riders which are familiar to Portlanders. It will be remembered that the number of entries at the Hunt Club and Riverside Driving Association annual meets for the pony races were unusually

large, and the showing of miniature horseflesh was considered especially fine. Jack Reed won honors on these occasions, and proved himself a close rival of Tod Sloan's. At one of the cross-country paper chases given by the Hunt Club last Winter little Miss Georgiana Leadbetter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Leadbet-

ter, rode over the entire course, taking the jumps like an experienced cross-country rider. Georgiana is probably 12 years old, just a little over the age of the children previously named, but she is easily the finest rider among the children of Portland, and proudly boasts that she is to abandon the cross saddle this year,

and have a real side saddle and a grown-up horse.

"Children are more easily taught to ride than grown people," said Mr. Nicol, of the Portland Riding Academy. "Their youth makes them fearless, and they love adventure. The child who is not afraid of a horse takes to riding like a duck does to water."

DROPPED BALLS ARE TOO SPEEDY

NONE CAUGHT FROM TOP OF BIG MONUMENT.

Paul Hines, the old-time baseball player, now employed in one of the Government departments, rises to remark that he is the only player who ever attempted to catch a baseball thrown from the Washington Monument.

"Ask Anson," said Paul the other day. "He'll tell you."

"It was away back in 1888," continued the veteran. "A New York man engaged in the business of selling sporting goods made me an offer of \$200 for the ball if I succeeded in catching it. The monument at that time was not finished, and the scaffolding built around the top to be used in placing the capstone rose some feet higher than the monument itself.

"I offered to pay Charley Snyder and some other players to go to the top of the big shaft and toss the ball to me, but none would venture, and I finally employed one of the workmen engaged there. I gave him three new balls.

Touched the Third Ball.

"The first he tossed landed on the top of a shed. The second dropped into the lake. The third was thrown some distance from where I stood, but I made a run for it and reached for it, but the ball just tipped the ends of my fingers. Though I had no gloves on (we didn't wear 'em then), the ball did not sting my hand as much as many I have caught in center field.

"I have no doubt that the feat of catching a thrown ball from the top of the monument can be accomplished, but it should be thrown out from it, and the ball ought to be black. The balls thrown to me were new, white ones, and it was hard to distinguish them from the white

background of the monument. It took just seven seconds for the ball to come from the top to the ground (Superintendent McLaughlin timed it), and though it is reckoned that when it reached the ground it had attained a great momentum, the leather made a dent in the earth of less than an inch.

"It isn't easy to catch a ball thrown from so great a height. One must strain his eyes to the utmost in order to catch the ball. When it leaves the top it appears to be no bigger than a pea, but as it gets nearer the ground it seems to increase in size until, when it is near one, it looks to be as large as a football.

Good Attempt by Schriver.

"I doubt if this will ever be done, for soon after I tried it a law was passed making it illegal to throw from the monument, and the one who does it is subject to arrest and a fine of \$500."

Other claims, however, are made to the honor of being the player who "came the closest to it." Clark Griffith said that the nearest approach ever made to catching a ball from the obelisk was made by old "Pop" Schriver, who is now playing first base for the Harrisburg club of the outlaw league. Griff said he dropped the ball out of one of the windows and the ball hit "Pop's" mitt and caromed to the ground.

Phil Baker is also said to have almost nabbed the ball back in the '90s. At that time old citizens who watched the performance say the ball described several spiral motions on its downward course, which none of them was able to explain, and which made the catching of the ball a dangerous pastime for the players.—Los Angeles Times.

ed that Sunday baseball games where no admission fee is charged, but where there is a box at the entrance gate into which voluntary contributions may be dropped, are just as illegal as those where direct admission fees are charged.

"Baseball playing on Sunday," he says in his opinion, "for which an admission fee is charged, is clearly within the prohibition of the statute. Since the game of ball in the present case was played in a field apparently adapted for a public audience, to which the public was admitted without hindrance, it seems that the game must be regarded as public, and therefore within the spirit of the statute. The placing of the contributions box at the single gate of entrance, although unaccompanied by any sign asking for contributions, was actually a silent invitation for contributions, and shows that the game was played for gain, and therefore within the principle of the cases mentioned."—New York Sun.

tween the same two clubs, and occurred the following year, 1889. Kelly was considered the greatest general player that ever trod the diamond. He died about ten years ago.

Transaction No. 2 in the \$10,000 line was the sale of Theodore Breitenstein by St. Louis to Cincinnati in 1896. The actual cash that changed hands was \$500, but Breitenstein always was known as the "ten thousand dollar beauty."

He is now with New Orleans, and recently was fined \$25 in Memphis for assaulting a fellow-player.

The latest additions to the \$10,000 class are Cy Seymour and "Spike" Shannon, for each of whom President Brush, of the New York club, paid \$10,000 in an effort to strengthen the Giants and make them real contenders for the National League pennant. Checks to verify these recent sales are in existence, showing that the New York management is sincere in its efforts to build up the Giants to the highest notch of effectiveness.

Offers of \$10,000 have been made in recent years for Wagner, Lajoie, Mathewson, Collins and one or two other players, but in every instance the offer was promptly refused.—Detroit Journal.

BASEBALL BEAUTIES AT \$10,000

Clarkson, Kelly, Breitenstein, Shannon and Seymour the Men.

In baseball history John Clarkson, Mike Kelly, Theodore Breitenstein, Cy Seymour and "Spike" Shannon will be registered as players for whom \$10,000 was paid in cash, although one of the quintet—Breitenstein—really brought only \$500 when he was sold to the Cincinnati club by Chris Von der Ahe. The others are bona fide \$10,000 beauties.

The first \$10,000 paid for a player was given by the Boston club to Chicago for Pitcher John Clarkson, about 1858. Clarkson now is a mental and a physical wreck.

The next \$10,000 transaction was be-

British Women Tennis Team Coming

LONDON, Aug. 11.—The projected visit of the British women's lawn tennis team to America next year, to compete for the international trophy offered by Mrs. Jacob Astor, now is taking practical shape, and before the season is over in England, it is hoped that necessary preliminaries will have been concluded.

Miss Douglass, the present champion, has expressed herself willing to consider the trip. Miss Douglass is to be married next year, but it is probable she will postpone the wedding till after her visit to the States.

Jolt for Sunday Baseball.

Supreme Court Justice Blanchard decid-