OREGON'S CHANCES ON TRACK BETTER

With Opening of Second Semester Hayward Has Visions of 1913 Victories.

BIBEE WILL NOT ENTER

Failure of Jefferson Star to Get Enough Credits to Matriculate Means Probable Loss of 10 Points to Varsity Team.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, Feb. 15.—(Special.)—With registration for the second semester completed and all doubt concerning the return of certain promising athletes cleared away, it appears that Oregon's chances for a winning track team are not as hopeless as they looked a week ago. The only big point winner who had been counted on by Trainer Hayward and who has failed to report is Bibee, the former Jefferson High School hurdler.

There is no possibility of Bibee's entering college this Spring, because he has not enough credits to turn the trick. This, in the estimation of local followers of preparatory school athletics, means a clear loss of 10 points from Oregon's score this season. It was figured here that the Portland lad would have taken both the high and low sticks from any competitor in the conference with ease.

Saunders Good Acquisition.

One second semester acquisition is Everett Saunders, from Baker, with a good preparatory record as a quarter miler. "Nick" Kimball, from Pendleton, a good hurdler who was crowded into obscurity by Hawkins and Latourette in the palmy days of hurdling two years ago, has also reentered college. With the graduation of the two stars and the failure of Bibee to matriculate, the bunchgrass timber topper will be welcomed.

It looks like Oregon's combination in the distance events this Spring will be unbeatable. With McClure, Windnagle, Huggins, McConnell, Boylen and Pack, Hayward's team should almost shut out its competitors over the extenuated courses. So bountiful is the material in these events that Hayward probably will attempt to make sprinters out of some of his strong lunged runners.

Windnagle to Try Short Runs.

Windnagle, although he has conclusively proved his ability to run even as long a race as a two and one-half mile cross-country, by defeating McClure at that distance, will probably be tried at the quarter and half. Boylen, who showed good speed in the half last season, will be set to work at the quarter and two-twenty.

McConnell will probably be kept at the half, in which he has a record of two minutes flat, made the season before last. McClure will probably also enter this race for a second or third place. His time of 1 minute 59¾ seconds for the distance, made last year, stands as a college record. Windnagle, who with his wonderful high school performance of 1:56 4-5, is the fastest of the trio at this distance, will be sent out to capture the first money.

In the mile McClure, Huggins, and Pack should be good for first, second, and third against any Northwest college, provided no new stars are developed in the rival camps. McClure holds the Coast record of 4:24 3-5 in the mile, while Huggins has run the distance consistently around 4:30. Pack, a Sophomore, has also showed his ability to negotiate that time in trials.

Speedy Tandem in Prospect.

McClure and Huggins will form a speedy tandem in the two-mile event. For third place Hayward will have Allen, Blackaby and King, one of whom should prove an able understudy for the two speed marvels.

In the quarter there will be Windnagle, Saunders, Boylen, and Barber, the Washington High star of two seasons ago. Barber's victory in both the half and quarter in the State Interscholastic meet in his last preparatory year stamps him as a middle-distance runner of promise. If he has not gone back meanwhile, he will prove a valuable asset to Hayward's aggregation.

Kay, the fast sprinter of the 1910 and 1911 seasons, looks the leader in the hundred and two-twenty. Last season he was out of track athletics with a weak knee. He now declares that he is in good shape, and if his old trouble does not develop he should flirt with a ten-second mark in the century this year. Kaiser, a former Salem High School star, looks the pick of the freshmen sprinters.

Shot Putter Promising.

Since Foster, the 145-pound Dayton lad, has been heaving the shot indoors past the forty-foot mark, Hayward is congratulating himself on having acquired a winning shot-putter. This is better than Kellogg's best performance, yet the latter was able to take the event in all his Northwest meets last season. The hammer throw, being cut out of the conference programme, is not worrying Hayward, while the discus has as yet developed no star.

In the jumps and pole vault Hayward has his entries of last season, Stuller in the high jump, Parsons in the broad jump, and Watson in the vault. Stuller cleared the bar at 5 feet 10½ inches in the meet with the Oregon Agricultural College last year, and should be be able to equal this mark consistently he should win points in the Northwest meets this season. Parsons has beaten 20 feet in the long leap, but is not consistent.

OPPONENT SOUGHT FOR BUD

Wolgast Is Man Preferred of All Possible Contenders.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Feb. 15.—(Special.)—The dawn of a more prosperous era is observable on the horizon of Bud Anderson's young fistic life.

Promoter McCarey intends giving the Vancouver, Wash., man employment in either March or April and is telegraphically scouring the country for a suitable opponent. He is endeavoring to entice Joe Mandot into the ring with Anderson. He offered Mandot the April 2 date with Anderson, but has received no reply. Should Mandot refuse to hearken, Wolgast may be offered the match. In a letter received here yesterday Ad requested McCarey to set aside the March 17 date for him and Anderson. In looking over the calendar McCarey discovered that March 17 falls in holy week this year and he will not stage a contest at that time. Frankie Russell also is mentioned as a possible opponent for Anderson. Wolgast is preferred. Ad's habit of naming fancy figures for all of his contests may eliminate him as far as the local club is concerned.

UMPIRE BAITERS IN BASEBALL DEPEND ON ACTIONS TO SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS

Great Desire of Indicator Man Is to Keep From Being Shown Up and Therefore Judge Will Stand for More Conversation From Kicker Than Actions of Protest—Objectionable Manners Count With Crowd, Who Cannot Hear Words of Player.

BY CHRISTY MATHEWSON,
Of the New York Giants.
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IT has long been an invariable rule of McGraw that, after a pitcher has worked out and won, he deserves one day of absolute rest during the long, hard drive of the championship race when he does not require every man on the bench each afternoon. This means the twirler is given the luxurious privilege of remaining in his regular clothes, and that he can stay away from the ball park. But, strange as it may seem, the missing pitcher can generally be found in the grand stand.

It has been my good fortune to draw a few of these afternoons of leisure since I have been with the Giants, and I spend my time studying the crowd rather than the game. The contest is the secondary interest to me, the spectator the first, because the ordinary situation is reversed, and, instead of being watched, I am watching.

The thing which has impressed me most frequently is the attitude of the fans toward the rows between players, managers and umpires. There is a universal desire in the grand stand to know what is being said, because the performance is necessarily a pantomine.

This opinion seems to prevail that the conversation is spicy, and that the repartee is so well seasoned it would make a longshoreman ashamed of himself and so embarrass a Billingsgate fishwife, if she were to hear it, that she would immediately wish she were deaf and dumb.

Actions Count With Umpires.

"Look at McGraw now. I'll bet he is handing it to that blind gink," a gentleman sitting in a box near me said one day last season. He looked as if he might be a deacon or a Sunday School superintendent from the Middle West, where they have to depend upon the newspapers for their regular Big League diet, and can see only an occasional game. He had on eyeglasses attached to one of those black string cables which disappear within the collar, and do not display their terminals.

The fans are usually wrong in their surmise as to the conversations. Modern day dialogue between the umpires and the players have improved with the progress of the game. But most of the regular kickers are great actors, and umpires are strict believers in the text that actions speak louder than words, especially on the ball field, where the fan in the grandstand cannot hear what is said. The great desire of the judge of play is to keep from being shown up. Therefore an umpire will stand for more conversation from a kicker than actions of protestation. A few of the cardinal sins which mean instant expulsion are:

Throwing the glove into the air.

Tramping on an umpire's toes with the spikes, especially if he has corns.

Tossing up the bat when called out on a third strike.

Tearing the hair after a decision as a tragedian—one of "Johnny" Evers' favorites.

Laying a hand on the umpire in argument.

Making any motion of disgust.

Evers Champion Baiter.

Perhaps Johnny Evers holds the first place among umpire baiters, while there are numerous runners up for the title. "Bill" Dahlen was good in his day, but he is going back, while McGraw was no slouch. Griffith, Tinker, Bresnahan, Devlin, Magee and Fred Clark have all had their places among the National League arbiters. But umpire baiters as a sport, with horse racing and bicycling is now on the decline in this country. It isn't what it was.

The days of the old rough-and-tumble, give-and-take umpire are passed. "Tim" Hurst was the highly developed type of this sort, and he lived in vigorous days, when the life insurance companies considered an arbiter a bad risk. "Tim" had a stormy career, for he careered in the time when umpire baiting was in its prime. They tell a funny story about "Tim," one of many which show how deeply his professional tactics were ingrained.

Hurst was never an umpire to dodge the spotlight, and, in the old days, "Cap" Anson was out with a show called "The Runaway Colt." This was several years ago. In each town on the route some celebrated citizen or baseball authority would be impressed to umpire a sliding scene. "Arlie" Latham, formerly the Giant coacher, had a reputation as a great baserunner in those days and he traveled in the cast for the part which he played in this sliding scene. When the show got to New York they asked "Tim" Hurst to umpire. The stage was set for the big scene and Latham came coasting into the sandpit, while some stage hand threw "Cap" Anson the ball out of the wings. He slapped it on the sliding Latham.

"Yer out!" bawled Hurst, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, natural and lifelike.

Latham was a great student of the realistic school of acting and he desired to please the first night audience at Holt's Theater in Harlem. Hurst was down over the play and Latham jumped up to protest when he had been called out. As he came up he bumped "Tim" right in the nose and the blood spurted out all over the stage. "Tim" had a great temper.

"You son-of-a-gun!" he roared.

Audience Enjoys Fun.

Then he let fly at Latham with both fists, and there was a stirring fight all over the stage, the audience standing up and shouting in its glee.

"Get off the field!" shouted Hurst at Latham in his anger.

The spectators went home that night declaring they had never before seen anything so realistic on the stage. Latham left the theater in a carriage, for none ever denied that "Tim" was a good fighter. That was carrying umpire baiting to the limit.

When Harry Wolverton became the manager of the Yankees last Spring he brought with him a reputation for being a hard man on umpires and he sent out a threat to the big league arbiters by being put out of a practice game on the way North with his club before the championship season ever opened. Wolverton had real hard luck in New York, things breaking badly for him throughout the season. The best manager in the world would have had trouble in contending with the injuries to stars which he encountered last year. All these things going against a man when he is trying to get a toe hold in a big league berth naturally upset his temper.

JOHNNY EVERS, WHOSE WORK FOR CHICAGO, PUTS HIM ON RECORD AS GREATEST OF INFIELDERS.

Wolverton was "on" the umpires all the time, so I am told, really believing he was getting the worst of it. I saw the Yankees play maybe ten times last season, and he was always ready to kick on any point. They tell a story about a run-in which he had with "Jack" Egan toward the end of the race, when the New York Americans were comfortably located in last place, with no chance of sinking farther, and very little show of rising. They were in much the same position that a cat finds herself when she gets to the bottom of a river tied up in a bag loaded with stones. Wolverton was, therefore, naturally irritable.

Egan Is Witty Man.

Egan has two great hobbies, literature and boxing. He reads deep books like Carlyle's "French Revolution" and other weighty works. From somewhere, either from his literature or from his heritage, he gets a great line of ready Irish wit. "Billy" Evans once said to me:

"I wish I could get a line of conversation like Jack Egan uses. Once I tried reading the French Revolution to see if I could accumulate any good ideas on how to handle ballplayers, but it only put me to sleep after absorbing about 20 pages. The only way to get away with it with ballplayers is to lick them quick in an argument, verbal or fistic. If they can turn the laugh on you, there is no use. Jack Egan is a star at getting the quick decisions."

That is what "Billy" Evans thinks of Egan's system. On this particular day last Fall which I have in mind Wolverton was coaching at first base and Egan was appearing on the bases. Daniels got to first and started to steal. The play, I am told, was not very close, and Egan called Daniels out. Wolverton emitted a terrible roar, and protested so violently to Egan that the umpire finally turned to him, after playing deaf for a time, and said:

"Now, Harry, go to the bench and get a nice drink of water and a chew of tobacco for yourself and then run along to the clubhouse, because you are through here for this afternoon."

Wolverton did as directed, but on his way from the bench to the clubhouse he passed Egan to indulge in some conversation. That was where he made his mistake.

"I have a good mind," said Wolverton, "to come over and punch you right square in the nose."

"If you are as good a fighter as you are a manager, Harry," returned Egan, "you must be the champion of the world. Come on."

Wolverton Is Silenced.

That silenced Wolverton, and he went away grumbling, hanging on the fringe of the field until chased out into the clubhouse by Egan with a wave of his hand. Even some of the New York players, who had resumed their places in the field with Daniels' protested out, it being the third, put their hands to their mouths to conceal their laughter when Egan expressed these sentiments to Wolverton. But the player always has the old percentage with the crowd. The spectators undoubtedly thought Wolverton was handing it to Egan hot and heavy because he made more motions than the umpire did. Perhaps this is as it should be. Far be it from me to side with the umpire; although some are fair talkers.

Bresnahan is constantly after the umpires, and, like all ballplayers, he is fond of his batting average. It rankled him greatly one day in the season of 1911 when "Rube" Marquard struck him out twice in a game at the Polo Grounds, the third strike being called by "Hank" O'Day both times. "Rube" did not have the reputation then he has now. Roger and Henry never resembled Damon and Pythias in their most intimate moments, and Bresnahan felt that he, an old star of the Polo Grounds, risen to the dignified position of manager, was being shown up before a crowd which had come out to look him over and see how he was getting along. It was hard to be fanned twice by a youngster in the league, especially when Bresnahan was very sure that O'Day was responsible for both third strikes, and not himself. He did a good deal of beefing over the decisions, and, when he came up for his third time at the bat, he carried a whisk broom with him. He did not say a word to O'Day, but bent down and carefully brushed the plate clean. Henry let him finish. As Roger straightened up to take his position in the batter's box, O'Day said:

"Now send somebody out here who can bat. You are through for the afternoon. Much obliged for brushing off the plate."

Bresnahan Is Nagger.

Bresnahan was very much worked up over it, and made a vigorous kick, running from one umpire to the other, as is the custom. The ruling stood, though, as most of them do, and he had to tramp for the clubhouse. Bresnahan is a hard man on umpires. He will nag until the judge of play gets to dread his constant conversation. For instance, when the Cubs played that famous game with the Giants on October 8, 1908, on the result of which depended the pennant winner, all the boys on both sides were highly excited. Bresnahan was full of fight, and started his work in this way:

"Well, Johnstone, are you going to give us any of the close ones today?" This as he was putting on his chest protector before ever a ball had been pitched. Roger was a great man. It is this aggressive temperament which makes him so valuable to a team. He keeps the players full of pepper when he is catching, and the game never drags with him in it.

The old Cubs were a bad bunch, and one to be dread by umpires. On the day of this great game, the 1908 one, they were all keyed to a high pitch, and there were no formalities between the players, even in practice. Once, before the game started, McGinnity got a ball that belonged to the Cubs, and there was a wrangle and a flashing fight over it at the plate. Excitement and bad feeling crackled in the air.

The umpires knew they were up against it. The putting of a man out of the game might mean defeat to one team or the other, and defeat attributable to an umpire in that crowd made things dangerous for the umpire. It was in the second inning that Chance got the first hit made off me, but I caught him too far from first base a minute later, according to Klem's decision. There was an immediate roar from the umpire-baiting Cubs and, running from Klem, umpiring on the bases, to Johnstone behind the bat, the Chicago fighters argued and pleaded. They said things which never would have stood in an ordinary game. Johnstone knew that the elimination of Chance would mean no end of abuse for him.

Hofman Pays Penalty.

Then came his opportunity. "Artie" Hofman, then the center fielder on the Cubs, who had taken no part in the argument thus far, was standing down on the first base coaching lines. Just to increase the general excitement, he tossed his cap into the air, and Johnstone caught it out of the tail of his eye over the group surrounding him. He singled Hofman out.

"Beat it!" he shouted at the center fielder. Hofman came running to the plate to join actively in the kick, but was quickly waved away. There was another storm of protest from the remaining arguers, but it was not so violent now, as it was evident that Johnstone was not afraid to put a man out of the game. He had greatly improved the situation by removing one of the lesser cogs of the Cub machine.

Fred Tenney used to be a great fellow to bark at umpires all the time, when he was in the league, although he was very mild in his language. The Giants were playing in Boston one day, and "Bill" Klem was doing the umpiring, just after he had broken into the league. The balls are supposed to belong to the home club, and the arbiter is expected to pass them over as soon as the game has been finished. I guess Klem did not understand this, for when Tenney came up to him after the contest he refused to give up the balls, evidently intending to keep them for the next game. Tenney started to search him, and Klem punched Tenney without more ado, as Mr. Shakespeare used to say. There was a lively fight, and both men wore the marks of the battle afterwards.

Bridwell's Words Strong.

Two players whom I have known in Big League baseball never swore. They were "Al" Bridwell, formerly the shortstop on the Giants, and "Dave" Fultz, once with the Highlanders, and now a highly successful lawyer. Bridwell never drank or smoked either, but he was a great ball player, and one of the best fighters on the team when it came to boxing. "Al" thought he had a man out at second base one day when Rigler was working the bases, and the umpire called the runner safe at a critical point in the game.

"Oh, pshaw!" said "Al." "That one looked go! darned bad to me, Rig."

Rigler promptly put Bridwell out of the game and the park. When some one asked him afterward why he had done it, Rigler replied:

"What Bridwell said to me was a lot worse, considering his habits, than if some of you fellows had sworn at me."

Once the Brooklyn team was playing the Giants four or five years ago, and it was very short of infield talent. "Tim" Jordan was playing first base, and he got into an argument with O'Day. He fed his stuff to "Hank" so strong that Henry finally whirled on him and said:

"Beat it! You're out of the game."

"Send the bat boy out to play first base," Jordan shouted in at the bench, as he turned to leave the grounds. He realized the paucity of infielders.

So short was Brooklyn of real talent that Dunn, a young catcher, had to be sent out to cover the bag. As luck would have it, this man broke up the game that day with a drive over the fence. It was the first contest Brooklyn had won in six or seven starts, and the team immediately fell into another losing streak after the victory, with Jordan's return. Somebody was talking to O'Day some timt later, and remarked on the peculiar fact that the putting of a regular out of the game had apparently won one for Brooklyn.

Player Bests Hurst.

"Oh, well," said O'Day, "if these managers do not know how to line up their club, we umpires have to do it for them."

That was before Henry had tried managing Cincinnati.

When the double headers begin to come along in the middle of the Summer, many players try to get put out of the game on purpose on the afternoons there is a double bill. A story is told of a Washington player in a double-header one day. This man was not feeling well, but still was not ill enough to ask his boss for the day off. He thought he could get painlessly removed by the umpire, who happened to be "Tim" Hurst. Now "Tim" and the player were good friends off the field, but Hurst did not believe in letting personal feelings interfere with his business, so he quickly realized, from the man's chronic kicking, that he desired to be put off the field, and resolved to hold him in the game at any cost.

The player tried all the known prescriptions to be removed, and they failed. Finally he hit on what he thought might be a vulnerable spot in "Tim's" armor. He knew the umpire was a great friend of Frank Farrell, the owner of the New York American League club. He walked up to Hurst early in the second game and remarked:

"If Frank Farrell wasn't a good fellow, we would be buying shoestrings from you. I understand that you double as his valet in the Winter time."

This penetrated "Tim's" skin, and he swung on the player.

"Get out of the game before I hit you with this mask," he bellowed. "Tim" always bellowed. He was probably one of the best bellowers in the business.

The ousted athlete laughed, and then bolted for the clubhouse. Hurst saw too late what he had done, and shouted after the disappearing man:

"Come back here! You are not out of the game!"

He might as well have tried to stop an express train with a blade of grass placed in the middle of the track.

Evans, the American League umpire, is well liked by most all the ball players, for he is not autocratic, although he enforces strict discipline. He knows how to handle the men. He was telling me a story about "Ty" Cobb last Summer which was interesting. Evans, it seems, had gone through pretty nearly half of one season without being forced to put a man out of the game, and was very proud of his record. Cobb was apparently peevish one day, and his batting eye was not as good as it might be. Stars have their bad days. As George Ade says, not even a humorist can go to bat every day and knock out a three-bagger. He ought to try baseball.

The first time Evans called Cobb out on strikes, he put up a good verbal kick, but Evans passed it over with some remark about Cobb being wrong. But the second time Cobb refused to get into the batter's box when the first ball was pitched, which Evans promptly labeled a strike. The third strike was also called, whereupon "Ty" hurled his bat in the air, grabbed up a handful of dust and sprinkled it to windward, where it was liable to blow in Evans' eyes, and demonstrated to the crowd with his hands spread apart a foot, how wide the ball was. It showed Evans up in a great style.

"You'll have to get out of the battle, 'Ty,'" urged Evans.

"Do you mean that?" asked the Detroit star.

"Never meant anything more in my life."

Cobb is said to be very quick tempered. Perhaps the battered appearance of the man's face, which Cobb walked upon when he went into the grandstand here in New York, will testify to this. The fan had been abusing Cobb.

"I have a good mind to lick you," he said to Evans, flaring up.

"Come right around to my dressing-room after the game," invited the umpire.

Evans fully expected Cobb would appear to declare war. He concluded that his opinion had been confirmed when Cobb showed up in his quarters after the contest.

"Bill," said Cobb, "why are you always picking on me?"

"Oh," answered Evans, "I thought you were coming around here to do battle."

"No," replied Cobb, now thoroughly cooled off, "but that last one you called on me was a foot wide."

"Your eye was bad today, 'Ty.'"

"Want to ride downtown with me in the car, Bill?" invited Tyrus.

That ended it. Players frequently flare up on the field when they think perhaps a decision is shaded against them, but they usually get over it quickly. Few harbor a grudge. The fact an umpire is doing the best he can is very generally recognized around the big league circuit. The best of some of them is none too good, though.

OREGON TEAM IS SHORT

ONLY FOUR 1912 BALL STARS ARE IN COLLEGE.

Class of 1916 Declared to Offer Excellent Material for Filling Ranks for Season.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, Or., Feb. 15.—(Special.)—With the advent of near-Spring weather baseball devotees at the University of Oregon are beginning to feel the call of the diamond. Although no summons for practice has yet been issued, and probably will not be until the conclusion of the basketball season, ambitious candidates for varsity honors are already crowding younger America off the vacant lots in the vicinity of the campus and "fans" are feverishly compiling the advance "dope."

When Captain Ben Chandler sends out his subpena to the old and new recruits he will find only three other veterans who have won their letters in his company.

The outfield of last season, consisting of Chandler, Fenton and Mount, remains intact, but the infield has been riddled, only Third Baseman Anunsen having survived.

There is material enough in the 1916 ranks to fill the holes, however. There are found such names as those of Anson Cornell, who while attending Washington High School was as much at home in a baseball suit as in moleskins; Carson Bigbee, who played on the High school and town teams in Albany; "Josh" Billings, from Olympia, Wash.; "Bill" Tuerck, a former Lincoln High school box artist; Herbert Thatcher, a Lincoln catcher; Lyle Bigbee, another member of the Albany family who is a pitcher; Kirk, an outfielder from Willamette University and Salem High school, and a number of others.

Harrisburg Claims Championship.

HARRISBURG, Or., Feb. 15.—(Special.)—The last basketball game scheduled for the season, and played here last night with Junction City, resulted in a Harrisburg victory by a score of 35 to 13. The championship of Upper Willamette Valley depended on the result. Of the four games these teams have played, each has won two. On the total score Harrisburg won 84 to 81. Junction City thus loses her claim for championship honors.

RACE OF BOWLING TEAMS GROWS HOT

Dwight-Edwards and Meier & Frank Players Are Tied for First Place.

CONTEST ENDS THIS WEEK

With Close of City League Season March State Tourney and Big Vancouver Meet in April Will Draw Attention.

The race for the City Bowling League championship, one of the keenest in the history of alley competition in Portland, comes to an end this week, with the title belonging to the Meier & Frank or Dwight Edwards five. These teams are tied for first place, with the Powers quintet a close third, and the issue will be in doubt until the matches of Thursday night.

At the beginning of last week the Dwight Edwards crew held a one-game lead on Tom O'Donnell's rollers, but lost a game to the Powers five, while the Meier & Frank boys blanked the Pacifics. This tied the two for first honors again.

The Dwight Edwards five is a red-hot favorite over the Meier & Frank squad for the championship, as it meets the tail-end Weonas on Tuesday night, against a clash for the latter with the strong Powers boys on Thursday night. On past performances the Dwight Edwards rollers should take three in a row, while O'Donnell's men are struggling valiantly to take two in three games from the Powers.

Excepting the first two teams, the squads will finish in this order: Powers, third; Telegraphers, fourth; Pacific, fifth, and Weonas, sixth.

On Tuesday night the Telegraphers will meet the Pacifics and the Weonas will clash with the Dwight Edwards squad. On Thursday night the season comes to an end with the Meier & Frank vs. Powers series.

* * *

With the City League season out of the way the interest of the A bowlers will be centered on the March state tourney on Blaney and Dietz's new alleys in Oregon Hall, and the April Northwest meet at Vancouver, B. C.

Portland bowlers are not enthusing over the Canadian gathering, but one of the Vancouver tourney officials is expected here within a week to line up from two to four teams for the meet. The situation lacks someone to take the initiative, and with a Canadian here at least two five-men taems seem assured for the Northern alley competitions.

On the other hand the bowlers are talking much of the proposed state tourney in Oregon Hall, many of them predicting that entries will be received from as far away as Spokane.

* * *

The City League, which is supposed to boast of nothing but 180 average men, has 17 rollers hitting the pins for this average or better.

Gus Ahrens tops the list of 17 with an average of 193. Tom O'Donnell has also graduated into the 190 class, along with Ahrens, Bechtel and Kneyse.

* * *

The City League statistics:

City League Standings.

	Won.	Lost.	P. C.
Dwight-Edwards	29	14	.667
Meier & Frank	28	14	.667
Powers	26	16	.619
Telegraphers	20	22	.476
Pacific	13	29	.309
Weonas	11	33	.262

Single-game records, individual, Kneyse, 262; team, Dwight-Edwards, 1047.

Three-game records, individual, Ahrens, 674; team, Dwight-Edwards, 3072.

Individual Average (180 or More.)

	Games.	Total Pins.	Av.
Ahrens	42	8088	193
Arens	42	7608	181
Bishop	34	6197	182
Bechtel	33	6283	190
Dill	21	3788	180
Case	42	7930	189
Franklin	42	7625	182
Houser	42	7712	184
Hanson	42	7694	183
Kneyse	42	8012	191
Kruse	42	7896	188
Melvin	42	7821	186
Martin	30	5422	181
Osterhaut	37	6684	181
O'Donnell	36	6832	190
Raymond	42	7659	182
Tonsing	8	1466	183

Big Four League Standings.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Imperials	33	6	.846
Telegrams	19	20	.487
I. X. L.	17	22	.436
Shoe Dogs	9	30	.231

Single-game records, individuals, Gavin, 240; team, Imperials, 910.

Three-game records, individuals, Neil, 643; team, Imperials, 932.

COQUILLE TO CLAIM PENNANT

By Defeating Marshfield 48 to 10 Basketball Honor Is Assured.

COQUILLE, Or., Feb. 15.—(Special.)—Coquille High School defeated the Marshfield High School basketball team here last night by a score of 48 to 10. The local team has won one game from Bandon and one from North Bend as well as having defeated Marshfield in the previous game.

The result of the game last night practically assures Coquille of the Coos County championship for 1913.

OFFICIAL AMERICAN LEAGUE SCHEDULE, 1913

	At Chicago	At St. Louis	At Detroit	At Cleveland	At Washington	At Philadelphia	At New York	At Boston	Abroad
CHICAGO		April 13, 14, 15, 16 July 3, (4), (4) Sept. 4, 5, 6, 7	Apr. 29, 30; May 1, 2, 3 June 30; July 1, 2 Oct. 3, 4, 5	April 10, 11, 12 May 26, 27, 28 July 5, 6 Sept. (1), (1), 2	June 12, 13, 14, 16 Aug. 4, 5, 6, 7 Sept. 13, 15, 16	June 17, 18, 19 Aug. 8, 9, 11, 12 Sept. 9, 10, 11, 12	June 7, 9, 10, 11 July 30, 31; Aug. 1, 2 Sept. 17, 18, 19	June 3, 4, 5, 6 July 25, 26, 28, 29 Sept. 20, 22, 23	July 4th at St. Louis. Labor Day at Cleveland.
ST. LOUIS	April 24, 25, 26, 27 June 21, 22, 23, 24, 25 Sept. 26, 27		April 17, 18, 19, 20 June 26, 27, 28, 29 Sept. (1), (1), 28	April 21, 22, 23 May 29, (30), (30), 31 June 1 Oct. 3, 4, 5	June 3, 4, 5, 6 July 25, 26, 28, 29 Sept. 20, 22, 23	June 7, 9, 10, 11 July 30, 31; Aug. 1, 2 Sept. 17, 18, 19	June 17, 18, 19 Aug. 8, 9, 11, 12 Sept. 9, 10, 11, 12	June 12, 13, 14, 16 Aug. 4, 5, 6, 7 Sept. 13, 15, 16	Decoration Day at Cleveland. Labor Day at Detroit
DETROIT	April 21, 22, 23 May 4, 29, (30), (30), 31 June 1 Aug. 30, 31	April 10, 11, 12 May 24, 25, 26, 27, 28 July 5, 6, 7		April 13, 14, 15, 16 June 21, 22 July 3, (4), (4) Sept. 4, 5	June 7, 9, 10, 11 July 30, 31; Aug. 1, 2 Sept. 17, 18, 19	June 3, 4, 5, 6 July 25, 26, 28, 29 Sept. 20, 22, 23	June 12, 13, 14, 16 Aug. 4, 5, 6, 7 Sept. 13, 15, 16	June (17), (17), 18, 19 Aug. 8, 9, 11 Sept. 9, 10, 11, 12	Decoration Day at Chicago. June 17th at Boston. July 4th at Cleveland
CLEVELAND	April 17, 18, 19, 20 May 24, 25 June 26, 27, 28, 29 Sept. 28	Apr. 30; May 1, 2, 3, 4 June 30; July 1, 2 Aug. 29, 30, 31	April 24, 25, 26, 27, 28 Sept. 6, 7, 26, 27 Oct. 1, 2		June 17, 18, 19 Aug. 8, 9, 11, 12 Sept. 9, 10, 11, 12	June 12, 13, 14, 16 Aug. 4, 5, 6, 7 Sept. 13, 15, 16	June 3, 4, 5, 6 July 25, 26, 28, 29 Sept. 20, 22, 23	June 7, 9, 10, 11 July 30, 31; Aug. 1, 2 Sept. 17, 18, 19	
WASHINGTON	May 7, 8, 9, 10 July 20, 21, 22, 23 Aug. 24, 25, 26	May 11, 12, 13, 14 July 16, 17, 18, 19 Aug. 21, 22, 23	May 15, 16, 17, 18 July 9, 10, 11 Aug. 14, 15, 16, 17	May 19, 20, 21, 22 July 12, 13, 14, 15 Aug. 18, 19, 20		April 26, 28, 29, 30 May 24, 26, 27, 28 Sept. (1), (1), 2	April 17, 18, 19, 21 July (4), (4), 5, 7 Sept. 25, 26, 27	May 1, 2, 3, 5 June 30; July 1, 2, 3 Aug. 28, 29, 30	July 4 at New York. Labor Day at Philadelphia.
PHILADELPHIA	May 11, 12, 13, 14 July 16, 17, 18, 19 Aug. 21, 22, 23	May 7, 8, 9, 10 July 20, 21, 22, 23 Aug. 24, 25, 26	May 19, 20, 21, 22 July 12, 13, 14, 15 Aug. 18, 19, 20	May 15, 16, 17, 18 July 9, 10, 11 Aug. 14, 15, 16, 17	April 14, 15, 16 June 2, 25, 26, 27, 28 Sept. 29, 30; Oct. 1		May 1, 2, 3, 5 June 30; July 1, 2, 3 Aug. 28, 29, 30	April 10, 11, 12 July (4), (4), 5, 7 Sept. 24, 25, 26, 27	July 4th at Boston.
NEW YORK	May 15, 16, 17, 18 July 9, 10, 11 Aug. 14, 15, 16, 17	May 19, 20, 21, 22 July 12, 13, 14, 15 Aug. 18, 19, 20	May 7, 8, 9, 10 July 20, 21, 22, 23 Aug. 21, 22, 23	May 11, 12, 13, 14 July 16, 17, 18, 19 Aug. 24, 25, 26	April 10, 11, 12 June 20, 21, 23, 24 Sept. 4, 5, 6, 8	April 22, 23, 24, 25 May 29, (30), (30), 31 Oct. 2, 3, 4		April 14, 15, 16 June 25, 26, 27, 28 Sept. (1), (1), 2, 3	Decoration Day at Philadelphia. Labor day at Boston.
BOSTON	May 19, 20, 21, 22 July 12, 13, 14, 15 Aug. 18, 19, 20	May 15, 16, 17, 18 July 9, 10, 11 Aug. 14, 15, 16, 17	May 11, 12, 13, 14 July 16, 17, 18, 19 Aug. 24, 25, 26	May 7, 8, 9, 10 July 20, 21, 22, 23 Aug. 21, 22, 23	April 22, 23, 24, 25 May 29, (30), (30), 31 Oct. 2, 3, 4	April 17, 18, 19, 21 June 20, 21, 23, 24 Sept. 4, 5, 6	April 26, 28, 29, 30 May 24, 26, 27, 28 Sept. 29, 30; Oct. 1		Decoration Day at Washington.

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