

MAN TELLS HOW FREE IS ADVICE

McGraw's Mail Daily Filled With Fan's Notations as to How to Win.

PORTLAND JANITOR "BUSY"

Leader of Giants Scorns "String of Stars That Would Show Up 'Ty Cobb'"—Every Baseball Team Leader Bothered a Little.

BY CHRISTY MATHEWSON, Star Pitcher of the Giants. LOS ANGELES, Dec. 17 (Special).—McGraw gets a batch of mail every day throughout the season that looks like the result of a promotion letter from the phony mining "stock" corporation just after it has tapped the "sucker" list and just before the Federal Government takes a hand. He runs through it hastily, as he does everything else, occasionally just giving the addresses a glance and hurling the missives in the direction of the waste-basket, without even submitting them to the indignity of tearing them up.

One day last season towards the end of the National League race McGraw looked at the first envelope on the pile of mail lying before him. "There's that sporting editor in Pennsylvania writing to tell me how to win a world's series again," he said, as he hurried the letter at the waste-basket and got credit for an error on a wild throw. "He first broke out before the series of 1911 and has been writing the Postoffice Department receipts ever since. He said then that he had told 'Connie' Mack how to beat the Cubs, but since 'Connie' refused to whack up the pitcher's share from this series with him he was going to join the Giants as a corresponding adviser. If some of these guys around here would be as sharp as I am about ball as he is about letter-writing, we might get results.

Portland Janitor Has Stars. "Here's that janitor from Portland with a string of stars that would show up 'Ty Cobb,'" continued McGraw, merrily looking at the address on another letter. "I wish that either these fellows would stop writing or that I had scouts enough to send out to look at all the prospects. Every manager is bothered, or benefited, in the same way; it is hard to tell which. Seldom, however, does a manager turn up a real player as a result of these letters, because the ordinary man who is not a trained scout as a rule recommends a 'busher' because he does one thing well, whereas the man may have numerous faults that would make him impossible as a big leaguer. And it's funny how many folks believe they are fit for the majors. I'll bet half of the citizens who play catch in their backyards out of sight of the churchgoers on Sunday mornings have a notion that they would fit in the big league if they ever got a good chance. But 'Fred' Clarke picked up one of his stars through a combination of correspondence, a stroke of luck and persistence in the mail-car conductor. I refer to Tom Hendrix, who came from a little bush league out in Wyoming. It seems that this conductor had a run into Pittsburgh, where he met a man who was a great baseball fan and admirer of the Pirates. His ambition in life was to dig up a star for the Pittsburgh club. His ambition in the matter suited in the loss of so much sleep in order to get to the ball park early that his health finally broke down and he was transferred to a run in the West.

Clarke Gets Letters. It was not long after that before Clarke began to get numerous letters urging the purchase of a young pitcher in Wyoming; I think he was with the Cheyenne team. Of course, Clarke had never met the Pullman conductor and paid as little attention to his correspondence as he did to the rest of the letters from "bugs." Finally, however, Clarke had a scout going out towards Wyoming to look over some bush league timber and as an afterthought, "By the way, take these letters and if you get a chance have a look at this youngster. I don't suppose he is any good, but it won't take you much out of the way to give a glance at him."

As a result of this, Hendrix came to the Pirates. He was the younger brother of Pullman car conductor had been boasting to Clarke had paid more attention to letters from "bugs" since. "I've been following letters up ever since," he told me one day last summer when he was in New York with his team, "but I've never got more than one player out of them." Still, he follows them up. Hope, you know, always springs eternal, or something like that.

McGraw's Average Law. McGraw has not even as good an average in this respect as Clarke can show. He frequently sends out a scout to take a glance at a man if the letter boozing him has a touch of sincerity, but the investigator, as a rule, finds some vital weakness in the "busher" recommended so highly by his sponsor. A baseball man here on the Coast was telling me the other day about one of "Fred" Clarke's duck-hunting trips on which he was along. Clarke is the same sort of hunter as he is a manager, patient and dogged, going to any pains to win what he is after, be it game or games.

On this particular hunting trip he had put out tin decoys on the Arkansas River near his farm at Winfield, Kan., and had left them there all of one day to keep the ducks from being timid. Several ducks had flirted with the decoys, but Clarke had restrained himself from a shot, figuring on a big cleanup the next morning.

Decoys Much Better. With his friends he went out before daylight and lay in the marshes shivering until the first flight. Shortly it began to brighten up and several ducks started to edge in towards the decoys. Clarke got his gun ready to bag a few when somebody cut loose across a creek like a rapid-fire gun or an artillery company in action. Four or five of the decoys went down much battered and the real ducks turned and fled.

Clarke was sore and hurried over into the marsh whence came the shots. There he found a fellow made up for hunting like the cut in an advertisement for a sporting goods house.

"What were you trying to do?" spluttered Clarke. "Shoot the ducks," answered the spiffy sportsman. "Those were decoys," replied Clarke. And he turned in disgust and walked away.

"Well, anyway," said Fred a little later, "that guy was a good shot. He certainly busted those decoys. We had to get some more decoys. The old ones looked so battered they wouldn't fool the craziest duck alive."

Matty "Gets His." I went hunting with Frank Bowerman up in Michigan immediately after the world's series of 1913. As it was a mild fall the natives were still playing

FORMER PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE PITCHER, WHO MAY BE UMPIRE IN CLASS AA CIRCUIT NEXT SEASON.



"DOC" MOSKIMAN.

baseball. Some of Bowerman's friends thought it would be a good idea to get Bowerman and me for a battery and not announce my name until after the game was over. But it was never announced, because those backwoodsmen just pounded me all over the field. "I guess we had better not say anything about it, Matty," said Bowerman after it was all over. "I guess not, Frank," I said meekly. "It seemed as if I had lots of stuff, but they certainly did bust it." (Copyright, 1913, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

CODY EXPECTS RECORD TIME

Ten Women and 15 Men to Take Part in Christmas-Day Swim.

At least 15 starters in the men's 100-yard race and about 19 in the women's 50-yard race are assured in the annual Christmas day swim of Multnomah Club in the Willamette River on Christmas morning. Cody expects better time than ever made in a Christmas swim here. At least five of the entries have tank records of better than 1:07 for 100 yards.

NIGHTLY PRACTICE ON

WINGED M SQUAD PREPARES FOR CHRISTMAS DAY GAME.

Manager Stott Unable to Name Man Who Will Play Quarterback, Although Several Working Out.

Under the arc lights on Multnomah field the Multnomah Club football team will begin nightly sessions of practice this evening in preparation for the two remaining games of the calendar, St. James Club on Christmas and the University of Idaho on New Year's. Although the first game is only a week off, the manager has been unable to name a quarterback for either game. Stott is still a mystery and Manager Stott has no definite idea just yet.

REED GIRLS PLAY BASKETBALL

Sophomores Defeat Juniors, 16 to 13, in Exciting Game.

In a good game of basketball yesterday at Reed College the sophomore girls' team defeated the junior girls by the score of 16 to 13. For the sophomores Miss Parker, at forward, threw five goals and one from the foul line. Miss Walton, at center, also played a good game for the winners. For the juniors, Miss Metcalf threw four field goals and one from the foul line. The sophomores were better in the teamwork and won because of this rather than on individual superiority. This game is the second in a series between the three classes. In the first game played on the night of the opening of the gymnasium the freshmen defeated the sophomores.

Lipton to Race on Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 17.—Captain John Barneson, chairman of the yachting committee of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, received today a cable from Sir Thomas Lipton announcing that the English yachtsman will build a 12-meter yacht to compete in a big regatta here in 1915.

MOSKIMAN TO BOSS

Veteran Seal Pitcher Slated for Coast Umpire.

When D. E. Dugdale returned to Seattle from the San Francisco session of the Pacific Coast League a few days back, joyfully "Dug" informed Seattle newspapermen that he and J. Cal Ewing, of San Francisco, had patched up their troubles; that a peace pact had been executed and that harmony answered a Dugdale-Ewing reunion roll call for the first time in many seasons.

ONE ARBITER PLACE OPEN

McCredie Thinks Cool-Headed ex-Player Will Make Ideal Man for Job—Joe Gedeon Said to Be Signed With Los Angeles.

"Doc" Moskiman, veteran pitcher formerly on the roster of the San Francisco Seals, is slated for appointment to the umpiring staff of the Pacific Coast League in 1914, according to reports from the south. President Baum has one vacancy, having on the roll at present Arbiters Finney, Guthrie, McCarthy, Hayes and Phyle. Moskiman is at present employed in the Spalding sporting goods house in San Francisco and is said to have tendered his resignation to take effect in the Spring.

Counties to Hold Dual Meet.

SCIO, Or., Dec. 17.—(Special).—Plans were formulated at the joint county institute held by Linn and Benton counties at Albany, to hold a county track meet in each county next Spring, between the two counties. All students will be eligible to enter. The contestants are divided in three classes and are classified according to age. This idea is to encourage athletics in rural districts.

Ex-Stars to Play Basketball.

CENTRALIA, Wash., Dec. 17.—(Special).—A number of ex-stars in basketball have organized a team in Centralia and are endeavoring to schedule games with outside fives for the Winter. The local aggregation is composed of George Sears and Dale Hubbard, former local high school players, Ed Connors, an old college star, William Mills and William Letwith.

Freshmen Are Champions.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, Dec. 17.—(Special).—By defeating the Juniors by a score of 16 to 6 this afternoon, the freshmen won the inter-class basketball championship of the university. In the course of the Round Robin series, the winners defeated all three other classes, finishing with a clean slate.

M'GINNITY PLANNING TO BLOCK INVASION

Tacomn Proposes Change of Rules to Keep Coast Out of Northwest.

BURIED HATCHET IS FEARED

Patching Up of Old Strife Between Dugdale and Ewing Is Cause of "Iron Man's" Fright—Dave Bancroft Loses Claim.

BY ROSCOE FAWCETT. When D. E. Dugdale returned to Seattle from the San Francisco session of the Pacific Coast League a few days back, joyfully "Dug" informed Seattle newspapermen that he and J. Cal Ewing, of San Francisco, had patched up their troubles; that a peace pact had been executed and that harmony answered a Dugdale-Ewing reunion roll call for the first time in many seasons.

It sounded nice, after the years of friction, and there was some talk of plagiarizing on Ewing's League hardware for a white aproned gink in San Francisco. But, just as it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, it's a pretty poor peace pact that doesn't consign a few gross dreadnoughts to the junk heap, or in some manner throw a monkey wrench into the middle of next week's tranquility.

And so in the Dugdale case. McGinnity Wants Laws Changed. When Joe McGinnity, the new Tacoma magnate, read about the peace pact, he was sore beset. He had heard all along that Ewing's animosity toward Dugdale was all that kept Seattle out of the Pacific Coast League.

The fluttering of dove wings and the brandishing of milk-tinted cambric didn't look good to Joe. So, changing the tense, when "Iron Man" Joe McGinnity, of Tacoma, Wash., hurtles over the walls into Portland next Monday morning to face the annual session of the Northwestern League directors, you can look for trouble. Joe plans to safeguard against burglars by amending the constitution. Yes, by jing he intends to amend the "constitewhuh," whatever that may be.

Mr. McGinnity may act like a mad buffalo bull on the ball field, but Joe can see the "mene, mene tekel" helligraphing on the wall just as quickly as the next fellow when his pocket-book is jeopardized. Joe knows full well that if the Coast League does any invading of the Northwestern League, Tacoma will be one of the outcasts.

Clause Will Stop Withdrawal. So, the "Iron Man" is coming, as we've said before, with a constitutional amendment which specifies that no club in the Northwestern League shall be privileged to withdraw its team to any other league without the consent of the other five directors.

That clause, Mr. McGinnity confidently believes, will checkmate any prospective withdrawal which may now or in the future be planned by Messrs. Dugdale, of Seattle, and Bob Brown, of Vancouver.

Perhaps it will. Yes, perhaps so. But judging from some of the intrigue the baseball powers have shipped over in the past, any time the Pacific Coast gets ready to invade the Northwest, and Seattle says the word, McGinnity's constitutional amendment will prove about as efficacious as a cream puff armament in a Breathitt County duel.

Hence, being well aware of the methods that prevail in the upper strata of baseball society, Portland, Seattle and Vancouver likely will swallow McGinnity's sample of lambichestmaster obedient fashion, and, in doing so, will not even report in uniform.

Had the McGinnity carried out their transfer programme, Dave might have had a legal, even though not justifiable, claim. But Dave was left with Nick Williams after August 26, and was not yanked over officially so far as the National Association records reveal.

So Dave lost his appeal and for a time it looked as if he might also lose whatever "stand-in" he had with the big boss. However, Dave is a fine lad and a mighty good ballplayer and Dave, it appears, wanted pay for the month that elapsed between the

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close of the Northwestern and the Pacific Coast Leagues last Fall, although Dave was in no condition to play ball as a result of a bad ankle, and did not even report in uniform. Dave Bancroft almost got himself "in Dutch" with the Portland ball officials as a result of filing a salary claim with Secretary Farrell, but the tangle has been smoothed out and everything is serene again. Dave, it appears, wanted pay for the month that elapsed between the

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