

# ADJUSTERS PREPARE FOR THE SUMMER

## Many 1908 Model Machines Already Seen on Streets of Portland.

### CLUB IS MAKING PLANS

#### Projects for Improvement of Oregon Highways to Be Carried Out During the Coming Season—News of the Auto World.

BY W. J. PETRAIN.

The approach of Spring and the possibility of good, if not sunny, weather within the next few weeks has caused the "bubble" enthusiasts to turn their attention to the new 1908 models being displayed by the dealers in the different makes of "chug wagons."

Automobiles is a popular sport in Oregon. The excellence of the Summer months, which might also be said to include the Spring and Fall, makes Oregon one of the garden-spots for the indulgence of the speed-amplifying game.

Many new makes and models of machines are making their appearance on the streets of Portland, and each day, as a new machine is driven down the thoroughfares, the prospective purchasers eagerly take in the fine points of each new make or model. That the automobile is growing in popularity is unquestioned, and Portland has its percentage of new makes, as well as its quota of "wagons" of more or less ancient vintage.

The proposition to improve the various thoroughfares throughout Multnomah County, as well as those in the other parts of the state, will attract the attention of the motorists in the near future, for the season for the improvement of the roads is almost at hand. The Portland Automobile Club, which has been inactive for the greater part of the Winter, is planning to provide measures for the improvement of several of the roads adjacent to Portland, and incidentally, roads leading to the southern and eastern parts of the state, and also into the state of Washington by way of Vancouver.

During the latter part of March and early April this work will be taken up, and will require the utmost attention from the members of the club. All the club members will be required to receive a communication from the secretary outlining the plan on which it is to act, and they will be requested to attend a meeting at which these plans will be discussed.

The day will come when the automobile can be used for every purpose, and possibly the entire way with the exception of the short trip across the Gulf Stream between Key West and Havana, says W. J. Parrott, who will take the trip, however, by H. M. Flagler in the near future, as he will install at Key West rapid ferry-boats capable of speeding 50 miles per hour, which will take the road and carry passengers and cargo to any point of the country without change.

Joseph B. Parrott, the general manager of the Flagler Hotel & Railroad System, has given the last few years to personal experience of the great engineering work of building a road from Key West to Havana, a distance of about 120 miles. It is well known that Mr. Parrott has a fine physical and mental constitution, which will take the road through being a crack carman at Yale, and the mental part also, undoubtedly, comes from study at that college. Night and day work with his engineers and large physical constitution of the old Yale man, and it was feared that his work in the tropics Summer and Winter would possibly cause a breakdown, which happily, however, did not occur.

Stretching over clear water and jumping from Key West to the Florida East Coast Railway is a feat which will take the Knights Key, within 40 miles of Key West. Two-thirds of the work of that distance has been done and in another year trains will be running.

It is possibly the greatest engineering feat of the age, and New York people and Europeans have been surprised at the tremendous and successful struggle made to conquer insurmountable obstacles since the road across the Florida Keys was commenced. When this is completed, it will be the shortest route between friends of Messrs. Flagler and Parrott that a road will be laid suitable for the passing over of all automobiles.

Hundreds of miles traveled in interior Cuba where no four-wheeled vehicle of any kind had been before was the recent automobile trip of the D. W. Watson party in a 20-horsepower motorcar. When Mr. Watson, accompanied by Edwin S. George, Fred Crebbin and E. Ralph Este, arrived in Havana and announced their intention there was a general gathering of Hotel men, the American garage owners, cigar planters and others said: "It's folly, you know, to try to do that."

Interior Cuba is without roads. Horse trails lead from one place to another. The only vehicles are the high-wheeled ox-carts drawn by three or more yoke of oxen. Their wheels are from seven to



# SPORTING HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK AS VIEWED BY THE CARTOONIST



# PATSY DONOHUE WELDS SLEDGE

## Sold to Big League, Ersi while Portland Catcher Joins in the Anvil Chorus.

### WANTS PURCHASE MONEY

Because He Fails to Get It, Turns on Portland Management. Gossip of Interest to the Baseball Fans.

Patsy Donohue has joined the Charley Street League Association. Patsy displays disposition much like that possessed by the ex-San Francisco catcher, and forgetful of the fact that had it not been for the opportunity given him in the Pacific Coast League, and the deal made by Judge McCredie, whereby his ambition to become a big leaguer was made possible, he is busy giving out interviews concerning the treatment accorded ball players on the Pacific Coast. The reason for Patsy's trade is principally that Judge McCredie refused to be held for a certain sum of money alleged by Donohue to be due on account of his sale. He wanted a part of the purchase money. How he got the idea that any money was paid for his treatment, however, is not clear. He was traded to Boston with Jimmy McFale, and in return Portland received three players. Donohue's ambition had been to secure a berth in a big league, and now that it is his, he would do well to praise, instead of blame, those who made it possible for him to realize this ambition. His recent trade against Portland, an unkind vacuum instead of a League, justifies his classification with the "swell-headed" catcher who played with San Francisco, and whose cranium contains an unkind vacuum instead of a League. Both of them would better pay attention to getting into condition for the approaching season, for it is by no means certain that they will make good in the big leagues.

The Portland fans are likely to be disappointed in their desire to see "Wild Bill" Deveraux in action with the Oakland team this season. Rumors from California have it that Bill is not at all pleased with the inducements offered by the Oakland management, and may cast his lot with the California State League. During his spare moments he devotes himself to the raising of cabbages and other vegetables. Deveraux is too valuable to be passed up lightly, and Oakland should make an effort to pacify him.

Artie Kruger and Roy Hitt, former Pacific Coast Leaguers, have been relegated to the minor leagues, and it would seem that they were unable to stand the pace. Other minor league club having claim to them, Cincinnati turned them over to Columbus in the American Association.

The Sporting News, answering a correspondent, announces that Barney Joy, the big pitcher who was with San Francisco last season, has been traded to Honolulu, but not a Kankoa. As a matter of fact Barney is not even a native of the Islands, for his birthplace is a little town near Montreal, Canada, and he was taken to Honolulu when a small boy.

The line-up of the Oakland team, as given out recently, follows: Catchers, Osahwood and Deveraux; pitchers, Honolulu, Dellard, Hardy, Curran, Wright and McFarland; first base, William Hogan; second base, Halcyon Altman; third base, Deveraux; shortstop, Egan; right field, Heston; center field, Van Halten; and left field, James Smith. This is a strong team and Pop Van Halten's bunch may be counted on to run well in the coming race.

Hugh McCredie, a nephew of Judge W. W. McCredie, is to act as business manager for the Portland club this year. He is averse to playing professional ball at present and may become affiliated with the Multnomah Club and join the baseball squad of that institution. He pitched for his old team, the Los Angeles Angels, and is a most promising youngster. He desires to retain his amateur standing and therefore refuses to play on his uncle's team.

Bobby Eager, the Angel catcher, who has been with the Los Angeles team for nearly four years, has been traded to the California State League. Bobby says if Henry Berry rated his services too cheaply, and the manager says Eager wanted too much, he will not give out a clown to take his work seriously.

West Point at Rifle Range.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—There is talk in Army circles of sending a team from the Military Academy to compete with the best of the Army, with next time other teams at the next National match at Camp Perry, Ohio.

### UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON UP AGAINST A SERIOUS PROBLEM

ten feet high. They cut the soft ground into many wide, ragged cuts two to four feet deep. Where the mountain stream is littered with immense boulders or else itself is the base rock of the island. Then the rough trail may wind into a broad territory where it is not so visible in the great stretches of high grass which hide thousands of huge stones. From such lowlands and plateaus the way leads into rugged hills and mountains. Here the road taken by the tourists was a continuation of deep ravines and stony wash-outs.

Every day from three to ten rivers were forded. Cuban rivers run between banks 50 to 100 feet high. Their beds were reached by following the tortuous channels of some streamlets in every low spot a seemingly bottomless mudhole, some permanent ones of which the inundation enlarged into veritable swamps so deep and deep that it was necessary to build rough corduroy roads of palm trunks and underbrush on which to cross.

Travel was, of course, slow. Some days 20 to 40 miles on day 53, and then one hard fought day journey of 4 miles. It was on this day that three deep rivers were forded in the heart of the Santa Fe Mountains. Many times the roads were so difficult that the easier way of progress was to open fences and drive into the fields, across plowed ground or through cane plantations. Once the tourists were lost in a wide tract where there was no trace of any road nor habitation at which to inquire. Only by striking off toward the railway and following along its right of way was populated country reached.

Each night the party accepted the accommodations at hand when darkness came. A finer night in every low spot made at the bottom of a deep valley. Succeeding nights were spent on cofts or in hammocks in farmers' huts; one night the tourists bunked on a mud floor of a sugarcane eating-house; while the most unique experience was a night in hammocks swung under the thatched roof of a hut.

The general direction of the tour was from Havana to Matanzas; thence, via Jovellanos and Macajua, to Santa Clara, where the tourists crossed the bridge over Camajuani and Picoetas, to Sancti Spiritus. The car was without special equipment except the axe, mattock and shovel purchased en route.

Will the barring of the so-called freaks in the Ormond-Daytona Beach Automobile Race meet be followed by the rule of compensation in the way of an increased entry from the owners of gasoline-powered cars? It has been the claim of the manufacturers and others in the past that it was only the freak cars that kept their entries away from Florida. Now they will be put to the test, and unless they support the hands of the Automobile Club of America race committee strongly, it will be a case of "dog and the bone."

### JEFF'S SECRET OUT

#### Success Due to His Big Left Hand.

### EXPLAINED BY CORBETT

#### Naturally Left-Handed, Jeffries Has Big Advantage—Corbett Names the Best Fighters at Their Weights.

**CORBETT'S SELECTIONS.**

I believe the following named are the best that ever represented their respective classes:

120 pounds—Terry McGovern.

125 pounds—Young Corbett.

Lightweight—George Kid Lavigne.

Welterweight—Joe Walcott.

Middleweight—Tommy Ryan.

Light heavyweight—Bob Fitzsimmons.

Heavyweight—James J. Jeffries.

In wearing him down to a point where you might have a chance to put over the knockout blow. I always considered Jeff the "Terrible Turk" of the prize ring. He was so much bigger than all the others who fought him that his opponents were so much out of size that they lost heart. Outside of Jeffries, Bob Fitzsimmons was the best heavyweight I ever met. Peter Jackson was also a grand boxer and I think he stood alone in the class of heavyweights of natural size.

Fitz was a wonderful fighter for his weight and inches. He was two-hand bobby and with all the finer points of the game at his finger ends, and that famous shift of his had us all guessing. Two of the most scientific knowers of are Tommy Ryan and Joe Gans. They are master mechanics on a job, and what they don't know about fighting isn't worth learning. I always did say Terry McGovern was the best featherweight I ever saw. He was a real fighting machine and whipped his men while his opponents were thinking of what to do. McGovern might as well go out and whip them so handily that the public to this day did not fully realize what this boy did when he was champion. Terry's best fighting weight was 120 pounds.

"At 125 pounds Young Corbett was the best in the business. I do not think we will ever see a fighter who is lighter and simple and none of the present-day lightweights has reached anywhere near the standard set by the Saginaw Kid, Joe Walcott, like Peter Jackson, is undoubtedly one of the most wonderful colored fighters that ever put on a glove. I might as well say that I was champion and Peter was still on earth.

"I never would agree with the fighters who claim the right to draw the color line. Black and white fighters are on an equal when they go in the ring. Boxers who pretend to be afraid of getting in the ring with society for fighting a man of another color are not made of the right stuff. What has the fighter to lose socially? They are all put in the same ring and the public makes the decision. I never saw a champion who was ever called champion, and it makes no difference what the color of his opponents may be, just as long as he is "edicated" and with the assistance rendered by a patter added to the "Oregon Wonder's" ability as an athlete. Dan does not have to shoe horses to "keep in the swim," even in Gotham. Kelly will yet show the arrogant New Yorker his caliber, and while he may never best it seconds, he can and will equal that time some of these days. He is new to the East at present, and board tracks are not like the clinders. Watch Kelly.

The Oregon Fish and Game Association was again taken up to the end of to preserve the deer and elk that now remain in Oregon's forests. So few in number have the elk become that it is said that within five years they will have been exterminated. The same might be said of deer, and for the purpose of protecting these animals, the association will endeavor to have a stringent law passed at the next session of the Legislature. It is also to be hoped that the next

### DAN KELLY, FARRIER

#### Picturesque Dream of New York Sporting Writer.

### TALE LACKS ONLY TRUTH

#### Says Oregon Sprinter Shoes Horses as a Training Stunt—Sportsmen Unite to Protect the Fish and Game.

BY W. J. PETRAIN.

Athletics in New York seem to be conducted very much on the order of the drama, for the energetic press agents of the field and track meet are getting out some highly interesting literature relative to our Western athletes. Some of these tales are really ludicrous; at least, that is the way they impress those who are perfectly familiar with the "process of the athletes who have gone from here to seek laurels in the East."

Last week an enterprising sporting writer, who ought to make a hit with the theatrical trust, threw several spasms in a column article telling how adept Dan Kelly is in shoeing horses. Picture Dan Kelly shoeing horses when in New York for pleasure! He might have taken to the Bob Fitzsimmons gag if he had remained in Baker City, but not today.

Dan has a fond parent who has seen to it that his boy is to get an "education," and with the assistance rendered by a patter added to the "Oregon Wonder's" ability as an athlete, Dan does not have to shoe horses to "keep in the swim," even in Gotham. Kelly will yet show the arrogant New Yorker his caliber, and while he may never best it seconds, he can and will equal that time some of these days. He is new to the East at present, and board tracks are not like the clinders. Watch Kelly.

### Only Two Strokes Used by Daniels, the "Human Fish"

WITH 20 trophies already in his possession and prospects of winning that "many more," Charles M. Daniels, the great swimmer of the New York A. C., seems sure to retain the title of world's champion swimmer for several years to come. The active young man who has made the athletic enthusiasts of the world sit up in surprise time after time as he lowered records of long standing, has just about begun to show his real form, and it is predicted of Daniels that he will ultimately hold every record for swimming, whether at long or short distances.

The ability of Daniels is all the more remarkable because he only started to swim about six years ago. His father, a member of the New York A. C., brought Daniels to the New York A. C. pool and entrusted him to the care of Professor Gus Sundstrom, asking the coach to teach Daniels how to swim. Daniels says that the first time he got in the pool he swallowed enough water to sink a warship. But after that he determined to learn the watery art, and spent day after day practicing.

After a careful study of the various strokes used for speed swimming, Daniels put into practice certain ideas of his own that he had gained while practicing. He learned the English racing stroke and compared its results with several other strokes that are used in various parts of the world. Usually he came to the conclusion that

the crawl and the trudgeon strokes were the best ones to use in racing. Daniels has written the following explanation of how he wins race after race and how he breaks his records.

"In swimming a race I use only two strokes, the trudgeon and the crawl, and I find that these are better for winning than any others known. The crawl stroke is by my mind the fastest means of propelling the human body through the water, and when a swimmer masters it he may expect to get close to the records, if not above them. It keeps the entire body moving along just below the surface of the water.

"I use the crawl stroke for distances up to 250 yards. It is a very exhausting stroke, and could not be used for any greater distance. It is an exact reproduction of the crawl stroke for a distance of the legs which can only be mastered after considerable practice. This movement of the legs is as if they were out for myself. Instead of a scissor's kick with an extra snap, it is a fluttering up and down movement of the legs, which are continually kept in that motion for the entire distance of the race. It will readily be seen that this is a big tax on the strength of the swimmer, and that it cannot be continued for any length of time.

"When swimming more than 250 yards, I always use the crawl stroke for the first 150 yards or so, until I have gained a lead on the other swimmers. From I fall back upon the trudgeon stroke, which is the popular stroke among Australian swimmers. The effect of the crawl will show, I think, in any race. It sends the

### WILDCATS MENACE HUNTERS

#### Game Suffering From Their Depredations in Maine Woods.

According to advices from the Maine woods, pooleats there have become a menace even to sportsmen. Brown bold under the tolerance that is allowed animals on which no bounty is offered as incentive for an organized movement of destruction and whose skin and flesh are not of sufficient value for hunters to seek the animal, the wildcats have been killing deer, other small game and birds, to such an extent as to call for measures of protection from the game hunters and sportsmen in the state.

The wildcats up to now have been unnoticed at their work of destruction, many of the dead deer which have been found having been believed to be victims of starvation. The fawns, especially, throughout the state, have been the subject of various rumors, and the large number of dead fawns noticed of late with slits across their throats from which blood had been sucked by the wildcat, first attracted attention to the need of protection.

There has been no bounty on the animals for several years, and the restoring of this is urged as one of the first measures to be taken. A state bounty cannot be offered now until next year, when the Legislature meets, but sportsmen's clubs in several sections are considering the question of offering amounts large enough to attract hunters to the work of killing off the wildcats.

### Up-to-Date Poachers Adopting Scientific Methods

AS years pass on, poaching, like everything else, becomes more scientific.

The old hemp net which the moucher used to hang across a field gate at night for hares has given place to one of silken cord, and the cheap bullseye lantern to the more costly but more handy electric torch. Perhaps the most dangerous improvement, from the game preserver's point of view, is the substitution of the motor bicycle or motor car for the old-fashioned on-horse trap. It might be imagined that the motor bicycle would be of little use for carrying game, says Chambers' Journal, but only the other day a motor cyclist was arrested near a Midland town with five newly killed hares in a box behind the seat. Parisian papers tell of well-organized gangs of poachers who cover near the French capital by the aid of apparatus worth hundreds of pounds, who have relief funds for those injured in affairs, and who retain lawyers to defend those captured by keepers. Happily this sort of thing is still unknown in England.

Not unannounced this pheasant stands at the head of the poacher's list. If a poacher can be sure of a quiet half hour in the covert he slips in, sets a net across a run, sends his huncher slinking around through the undergrowth, and presently, with a flutter and a flop, a fine cock bird is fast in the net, next moment to be transferred to the poacher's pocket.

A method of taking pheasants which was more common a few years ago than it is now was that of "smoking." The first essential is to discover a tree where the birds roost. Then, upon a dark, still night, the poacher goes to the spot armed with a handful of sulphur and the lid of an old biscuit box. A fire of dry leaves is lighted upon the lid, the illumination being carefully concealed by the cover hanging around it. As soon as the leaves have blazed up, the sulphur is flung on the flames, and the lid held up under the bushes on which the pheasants are roosting. Soon the suffocating fumes take effect. With a rustle and thump a fat bird thuds upon the ground. The poacher then goes to the net, and luck the poacher may get half a dozen from a single tree.

Another favorite plan is to soak barley or wheat for some hours in warm water. When the grain is thoroughly softened the water is strained off and strong spirit poured over the grain. The swollen grains about the spirit, and the doctored bait is then spread in one of the glades where the birds feed. It is an odd fact that most birds seem to like alcohol. Pheasants are no exception. The not unnatural result is that the finest birds—those which have secured the lion's share of the feast—are soon reeling about helplessly drunk. The poacher, who has been lying "doggo" near by, has nothing to do but jump up and wring their necks.

Another method of the pheasant poacher deserves mention for its very ingenuity. It owes its success to the well known pugnacity of our finest game bird. A gamecock is armed with steel spurs of great length and keen-

ness and dropped where a pheasant has been observed to roost. The pheasant will allow no rival within its domain and presently comes strutting out of covert. Naturally his stands no more chance than a man armed with a paper-knife would against a Western desperado with a bowie. He is killed in a few seconds. The poacher picks up the dead bird, catches his gamecock and moves on in search of fresh victims.

An old-fashioned way of catching rooks when they became too numerous to suit the farmer was to bury in the plough land little conical bags of paper, the sides attached with bird lime and a bait at the bottom. The same plan has been adopted with considerable success for the capture of pheasants. In an open field you will often see small pieces of brushwood stuck into the ground at intervals. These are set by the poacher for the purpose of hooking up the nets of the poachers for partridges. Partridges roost upon the ground, and by means of a long, light net dragged across the grass by two men a whole covey is often captured at one swoop. This form of poaching is only possible on a dark night, and at such a time the poachers cannot, of course, see the branches and therefore they get their nets entangled in them. But some have now-a-days taken to lifting the ground side of their nets with some stiff glazed stuff. A net so protected will slide over most obstacles.