WATCH-TOWER OBSERVATIONS

Material and Immaterial po t Syllogisms by R scoe Fawcett

"Nearly Every Baseball 'Nine' in the Country Has Over Thirty Players on the Roll—Why Not Call 'Em 'Ninety-Nines'?"—Abe's Philosophy.

JONATHAN BOURNE, a statesman of the new school, declares he is working on a bill to present to Congress that will require newspapers to print the truth—the "exact truth" as he puts it. For instance take a look over this and see how it sounds:

James Peterson, our groceryman, is doing a poor business. His store is dirty, dusty and noxiously odoriferous. How can he expect to do much?

James Sherlock, our Mayor, in introducing Teddy Roosevelt at the opera-house last night began by saying: "Ladies and gentlemen—we has with us tonight—"

Rev. Styx preached at the First Methodist Church last night and his sermon was punk.

George Brown died at his home last night. The doctor gave it out as heart failure. The fact is he was drunk and whisky killed him.

Should the editor print the exact truth he would have to meet Peterson, Sherlock, Styx and Brown on the front stoop before he could get the key into the lock. News has to be modified.

A TOWN COUNCIL in Indiana has adopted a new means of curbing the speed auto drivers who hurdle over the Hoosier limit. It is a water gun throwing a three-inch stream and is calculated to souse all auto scorchers, including those who are already figuratively soused, and make them sorry they didn't stay at home.

When a cheap skate comes along with a one-candle power snort wagon of the vintage of Pop Anson's time, we presume the hose will spout plain river water, eels, dead fish and mud. It is understood it has been arranged to sprinkle delicately perfumed toilet water on the millionaires when they come along, which is only proper.

Should a touring car pass with a load of politicians the water gun will shoot whitewash.

THERE are several ways of playing baseball, one of which is the use of the brains as much as possible. "Dutch" Krueger, centerfielder of the Portland Coasters, could sometimes utilize the services of a gill net trapping grounders in center field, but when it comes to doping out the opposing batters, "Dutch" is recognized all up and down the slope as the wizard of the league. Art may be off on the mechanical but seldom on the mental.

Krueger, who is called "Dutch," presumably because he does not come from Holland, plays each batter separately. If a left-hand hitter plants to left, you are pretty apt to find Krueger bafing around in that section. Pete Daley, the clever Los Angeles centerfielder, is another whose gray matter does not work like a treadmill. It is a revelation to watch these two perambulate around the outfield pampas as the batting order teeters down the line.

Howard, Hitmuller and Lober are the men for whom Krueger plays deepest. He plays Howard and Lober for right-field hitters. Close tab during the series just closing has revealed some more interesting data. Dillon, for instance, is a line hitter, a little to the right of center field. Krueger plays well in for him. When Heitmuller played in the Coast League, before going East, he was a right-field hitter. Heiny, who is a right-handed batter, used to murder a ball on the outside of the plate, thus accounting for his banging toward the sunfield. Now, the big football star, turns up his proboscis at the wide ones. He's waiting, silently waiting, for a ball on the inside. That's why he hits to deep left field now. I asked Heiny if it had improved his batting, and he said it had, wonderfully.

The Portland team presents a queer anomaly. Left-handed batters are generally supposed to hit to right field, but the entire Beaver corps, comprising such sterling southpaw biffers as Chadbourne, Suter, Rodgers, Fisher and Fitzgerald, hits to left field. Against Portland Pete Daley seldom plays to the right of a line passing from the pitcher's box through second and on to the centerfield fence. In Thursday's game, after Harry Suter had banged two up against the left-field fence, Daley left centerfield entirely unprotected, sent Howard out against the fence in left and himself played short left field.

An amusing incident occurred in this Thursday game. Pete got badly crossed by young Dave Bancroft. Dave, who is a natural right-hand hitter, pulls a little and generally hits into dead left field. Wednesday and Thursday Bancroft switched and began batting left-handed. First time up, Thursday, Pete gesticulated at Heitmuller and drew the Dutchman over toward center, while he moved in toward left. Bancroft justified his maneuver by singling to left. Next time up the two fielders took the same relative positions, but Bancroft blazed a two-bagger directly over second base, which Daley would ordinarily have garnered in without loss of breath. When the local shortstop came up his third time, Heitmuller refused to budge toward center field. Again Bancroft hit to right. Page pulling down his drive.

"I knew Pete was off," explained Heitmuller later. "Wednesday, when Bancroft switched over he hit three times to right field, one of his slams hugging the first base line for two bases."

Keep your eyes peeled when you go out today.

W. H. LUCAS, president of the Union Association baseball league, who was laid under the sod in Portland on Friday, came West as far back as 1890—22 years ago—and with John Barnes, organized his first league in this section. He managed the Tacoma club. By a strange prank of fate Barnes stopped off at Missoula and had dinner at the Lucas home two days before his sudden attack of heart disease. Barnes was bound for England, and likely doesn't know yet of his former cronie's death.

All told, Lucas assisted in organizing four or five leagues in the Pacific Northwest. The fourth reorganization of the Northwestern League took place in the Winter of 1900, with Lucas, Dugdale and McCloskey the prime movers. Lucas was elected president and served until two years ago when, through some slight friction Judge Lindsay, of Seattle, was elected to succeed him.

Lucas was unquestionably one of the best baseball men in the country and a wonderful promoter. Toward the close of his regime in the Northwestern League he became rather rigid in his disciplinary doctrines and it was this hard-headedness that ultimately led to his leaving for Montana, where he organized the Union Association. Curiously enough the annual meeting of the Union league was scheduled for Friday, the day Lucas was lowered to his eternal resting place.

NOT Esperanto but baseball from the Indio, (Wash.) Index News:

"Speaking of the Index game is like chanting sorrowfully a requiem over the cold clay of a departed friend. However, there were a few flashes of midsummer form that obtained before Jupiter Pluvius decided to make the Holy Sabbath a succession of Methodistic baptisms that prohibited any practice whatever. Hodkins shone—see record—making one double play unassisted. Kinsey spectacularized in one running catch and "Mr. Almosted" in another, but his best efforts, born to blush unseen by the 33d degree fans, were when by electrified voltage he held two men on first by as many doubles into the woods."

This for the umpire:

"Kenney and Dahlen umpired impartial ball, despite the difference of opinion on some decisions. When the Lord finds an umpire who can always judge correctly he will translate him on the latest Elijah-Limited, take a year's layoff, leave the lad to arbitrate the destinies of the spheres during the interval, and then retain him, diurnally garland by beauteous angel hands, to help in the big rush when Gabriel toots his bazoo for the great awakening. Umpires certainly have their share of mundane Hades."

Yes, Desdemona! As our correspondent points out when the oleoganized arbitrator arrives he will be greeted with many wah-wahs! and much beating of skin stretched over a buffalo head. No matter how sanctimonious the ump tries to be in his judicial pronunciamentos and jaw-breaking adjudications some Primiplilar in the excubitorium is bound to sprinkle cobblestones on the causeway by shrieking forth excruciating excoriations fit only for the gallywasps of the garbage heaps.

If you were an umpire wouldn't that get your galactophorous quadruped?

ACCORDING to English ideas, the true sportsman is the athlete who finishes last in the race, throws the hammer over the least expanse of latitude and fizzles at four feet four in the high jump. Several weeks have elapsed since the Stars and Stripes swept everything at the Stockholm Olympic games, but the English press is still raving and ranting over the new blot on the American escutcheon—the degrading of civilization by thorough preparation for the competition in the world's test of strength and skill—call it "specializing" if you will.

The typical English outlook is shown in the following excerpt from an article by A. E. Johnson, a well-known athletic sponsor across the pond:

"If the suggestions put forward mean anything, they mean that the Olympic games are no longer to be considered on their merits, but merely as a means to an end entirely remote from the original object for which they were revived. The Olympic stadium is in the future to be an arena in which rival nations will vie with each other in self-glorification by means of teams of athletic gladiators.

"The Americans have already set an example, doubtless—but who wants to follow them?

"If success in the American games can be won only by specialists, by all means let the specialists compete on their own private initiative and provide exceedingly interesting exhibitions of the feats of speed, skill and endurance which the human body is capable of achieving."

Bah Jove! But isn't the Yankee devotion to efficiency a criminal thing? Is it possible that such dangerous characters as Martin Hawkins, Ted Meredith, Craig, Horine, Reidpath and Bellah are at large, branded as they are by this blood-curdling specialism? Specialism—think of the horrible dragon which has been released on the unsuspecting world. Specialism—that which makes the college lad so far forget his family name as to lead a life that fits him for his event. Specialism—isn't it a horrible thing?

Forgetting for the moment that no athlete in the world spends so much time per diem in his training as the English cricket-players, all conscientious commentators must agree that the ideal athlete is he who participates in a diversity of events—by the way, Jim Thorpe did win both the decathlon and pentathlon, didn't he?—but if the English are content to accept this same lethargic excuse until 1916, perhaps America can cause new economic benefits to appear in the English criminal code book. For we can positively announce, ladies and gentlemen, that Ralph Rose will not gird himself with a half-inch bamboo pole and try hoisting a half ton of embonpoint over a horizontal bar 13 feet above terra firma at Berlin. Nor will Louis Strobino exercise with pulley weights for four long years so as to equip himself for that muscle-grinding manipulation of the 56-pound iron pellet.

In the slightly rearranged words of the late Patrick Henry: "Give us specialism or give us a regiment of Thorpes."

WE are in receipt of a communication for a tip on the correct dress for men. We do not claim sartorial wisdom, but in all the literature at hand on the subject there are three points, only three of agreement, the stovepipe hat, the dress coat and clean linen. All the rest is a question of taste. No man should be without a silk hat or a dress suit. He does not know the day when he will be called upon to speak at a banquet. Clean linen is recommended because in all accounts of men found drowned, the reporters always speak first of the condition of his collar, afterwards of the contents of his pocketbook and thirdly of his possible identity. This seems to establish the primacy of laundered collars. It is a little difficult to be found drowned in a clean collar, but with a little practice you can accomplish it.

UMPIRE GEORGE VAN HALTREN has ample cause for complaining that the dice of the gods are loaded against him. The old veteran knew little about Bibby Bishop's umpire day up at Tacoma, but readily consented to be the honored one. Fielder Jones by special dispensation switched Van from Portland to Tacoma. Van donned his Winter shirt, combed his hair with a Turkish towel, and repaired to the park last Sunday with a smile and a sprightly walk that led watchers to search for Ponce de Leon's drinking fountain.

Umpire Van Haltren got through a game without the sign of a kick. Then came the honors. One fair fannette presented a large bouquet of roses. Another admirer added $25 in crisp one-dollar bills; but right there somebody got malicious and handed in a pair of spectacles. Van owns an apartment-house in Oakland, so doesn't need the money.

Van Haltren used to tell a story about how he substituted peroxide in his roommate's hair tonic bottle when they were both playing in the big leagues, thus transforming a deep brunette into a startling blonde. Perhaps last Sunday was retribution. Still, friends are a nice thing to have, though they do sometimes borrow $2 from you.

GONE forever are the good old days of chivalry. A Tacoma woman was forced to suicide because somebody held out 49 cents on laundry! General Daniel Sickles refused to see the former wife who forked up a check of $8000 to save his rare editions from the Sheriff's hammer. It was not like this in the olden days, in the good old days of chivalry.

Then, according to the earliest editions of our Marquis of Queensbery, Sir Ichabod fared forth upon his charger, weighed down with a sheetiron suit, 800 pounds of log chain, steel gloves and a wroughtiron hat pulled down over his head somewhat like the peach basket bonnets one sees parading daily down rue de Washington. Upon his arm he wore the colors of a lady fair, and in his interior he wore a flagon or so of good old Rhenish, which made him feel like Portland on the heavy end of a double-header. He fared forth until he met somebody to fight. It mattered not whom, and just as likely as not he met Sir Launcelot coming from the other direction with lard in his locks.

"Gadzooks," remarked the Sir Ichabod. "The Lady Imogene is the fairest in all the land. How likest thou that, thou canned rummy?"

"Ichy," replied Sir Launcelot, "thou wilt rue those words. The fairest lady in the land is Maggie, the Baron's third daughter. Prepare, thou short-card piker." "Zounds and let it be joust. I will show thou the best-looking drugstore beauty around these parts," declared Ichabod, venemously, as he picked his teeth with a penknife. And then they went at it. The sparks flew, and it was a battle indeed. Time and again did they charge each other, horses aflame and spears leveled. There were only two interruptions before dinner. Once Sir Ichabod asked for time while he picked up his plume which had been dislodged. Then Sir Launcelot sought his chewing tobacco, but couldn't get it because it was under his armor. He borrowed Ichabod's opener and secured the chew, and the battle was resumed with deadly vigor.

Along toward nightfall Sir Ichabod put a dent in his adversary's breastplate, and the latter retired a beaten man. Ah! Them was days indeed. The ladies were treated so well that they didn't even want to vote and there wasn't a suffragette in the land who would think of pinching a Presidential candidate's "Roman Empire."

OW many Portland fans have forgotten Tommy Leahy, the former little bow-legged Seal catcher, whose hands resembled clusters of pretzels?

Ruminating on Coast League backstops the other day in San Francisco, "Spider" Baum, the Vernon heaver, remarked that Leahy had the most original way of signaling pitchers he had ever heard of. The average catcher signals with his fingers, while crouched behind the batter, but Leahy, so Baum asserts, flashed all his tips by his eyes.

Tommy had large hazel eyes, like the ribbon clerk's, and could roll them around like the latter off duty. A stare meant a straight ball, but rolling meant a curve. Leahy is the only receiver the Coast ever fed ham hocks to who had it on Happy Hogan for originality. Hap possesses one stationary lamp and one that swings on its orbit, so Hap would have had his pitchers in a terrible hole trying to heliograph signals by the eyes.

It has always been a source of wonderment to students of fistiana how Bob Fitzsimmons won so many fights with his "chance" blows. Bat Nelson says it was "Freckles'" eyes that did it, not his short-arm jolt. Bat says a fighter gets his tips by watching his opponent's eyes. A cross-eyed man, for instance, has an advantage.

"Fitzsimmons wasn't cross-eyed," argues Bat, "but he has little eyes like peas. When he squints at his opponent the poor bo hasn't any chance trying to read Bob's soul. So while he is trying to figure out what Bob is going to do next the latter lets fly at a soft spot. That's all except the counting."

Try this on the speed cop next time he pinches you for exceeding the 10-mile limit when your indicator shows only 35. But be sure he isn't cross-eyed.

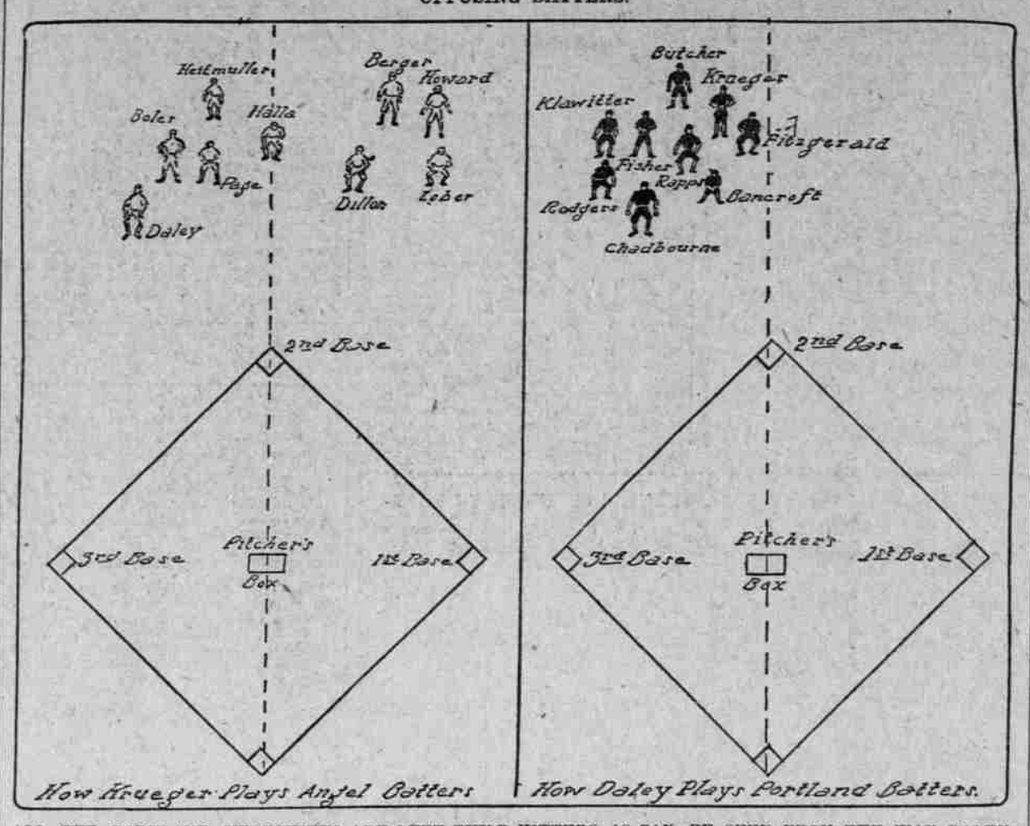
WHEN the Detroit Tigers got Al Klawitter, Portland's big right-hander, in the draft for $2500 they plucked the plum of the class AA flinging brigade. Look over his record. Portland is in with the trailers, with a percentage under .450, yet the 185-pound Teuton has won 19 games and lost only 10. Reckon by Mathewson's revised scheme of determining a pitcher's worth and he'll be so high above his rivals that you cannot see him in the sun-drift.

Klawitter has been in the big show before, but that was in 1910, when he was a kid—this is his fifth year of baseball. He is a Milwaukee boy, and began playing ball at Vicksburg, in the Cotton States League, in 1908, winning 15 and losing eight. Shreveport, of the Texas B league, bought him, and in 1909 he won 15 and lost 10.

The New York Giants paid $2000 for him that Fall and he won five in eight games for McGraw, only to be turned over to Memphis, in the Southern League, shortly after the start of 1910. At Memphis the German was on the fat end of eight and lost 15, with a poor club, and when New York recalled him he was purchased by New Orleans. Last year at New Orleans he proved a corker, winning 20 and losing 12 for the Southern champions.

Portland has a working agreement with Cleveland, and when McCredie's men sprang an appalling pitching weakness this Spring Mac appealed to the Naps, who in turn hastened Klawitter westward. He is a big fellow, extremely steady, possesses curves and terrific speed, is a good batsman and is the one Coast Leaguer above all others expected to make good.

CHART SHOWING HOW ART KRUEGER AND PETE DALEY USE THEIR BRAINS IN PLAYING FOR THE OPPOSING BATTERS.



ALL THE PORTLAND SWATSMITHS ARE LEFT-FIELD HITTERS, AS CAN BE SEEN FROM THE WAY DALEY PLAYS FOR THEM—KRUEGER WATCHES EACH BATSMAN LIKE A HAWK, COVERING SEVERAL ACRES OF GROUND SWITCHING HIS BASE OF OPERATIONS DURING AN AFTERNOON.

PETE DALEY CLIMBS

Angel Outfielder Tied With Heitmuller in Batting.

HOWARD STILL IN LEAD

Portland Ranks Second in Team Hitting—Killilay Still Ranks as Top-Notch Twirler — Ivan Howard Best Stealer.

Pete Daley, the Los Angeles center fielder, is gradually creeping up the batting ladder, and is now tied with Heinie Heitmuller as second best in the league at .338. Del Howard, of the Seals, still maintains his wonderful batting around .365, while Gus Hetling is slumping a little. Patterson, the Oakland outfielder drafted by the St. Louis Americans, has reached .308 in the statistics up to this series.

Arlett, the kid pitcher picked up by San Francisco, has won three games in his first four, which is excellent wi... a second-rate club. Killilay still leads the league pitchers, with Hitt high man among the Vernon twirlers, Leverenz, Chech and Nagle, a standoff at Los Angeles and Klawitter of Portland not far behind.

The Pacific Coast statistics up to September 16 are as follows:

PITCHERS.	Games.	Won.	Lost.	Tied.	Per cent	Shutout.	2-Hit.	3-Hit.	4-Hit.	5-Hit.
Alberts, S.	2	2	0	0	1000	0	0	0	0	1
Olmstead, O.	1	1	0	0	1000	0	0	0	0	0
Killilay, O.	13	11	2	0	.846	1	0	0	0	0
Arlett, S. F.	4	3	1	0	.750	0	0	0	0	2
Hitt, V.	27	18	8	1	.692	4	2	2	1	4
Chech, L. A.	32	20	10	1	.666	3	0	0	3	3
*Leverenz, L. A.	28	19	10	0	.657	5	1	0	1	2
Nagle, L. A.	15	9	5	1	.643	1	0	0	0	0
Christian, O.	22	14	8	0	.636	4	1	0	0	2
Klawitter, P.	27	17	10	0	.630	4	0	2	0	2
Parkin, O.	21	12	8	0	.619	3	0	1	0	4
Castleton, V.	18	11	7	0	.611	1	0	0	1	0
*Malarkey, O.	24	14	9	1	.609	3	0	2	2	0
Raleigh, V.	23	14	9	0	.609	2	1	0	1	0
Breckenridge, V.	22	13	9	0	.591	1	0	0	1	2
Toner, L. A.	24	14	10	0	.583	2	1	2	3	2
Higbotham, P.	21	12	9	0	.571	2	1	1	1	3
Stewart, V.	21	12	9	0	.571	2	1	0	2	0
Arrelanes, S.	32	18	14	0	.563	2	0	1	4	4
Gregory, O.	25	14	11	0	.560	2	1	2	2	4
Ables, O.	34	19	15	0	.559	2	2	3	4	6
*Halla, L. A.	23	12	10	1	.543	2	0	0	1	0
Miller, S. F.	25	13	12	0	.519	7	3	1	0	0
Carson, V.	22	11	11	0	.500	0	0	0	0	5
Fanning, S. F.	19	9	9	1	.500	0	2	0	0	0
Gray, V.	18	9	9	0	.500	0	0	0	0	0
Vernon, L. A.	4	2	2	0	.500	0	0	0	0	0
Pape, O.	2	1	1	0	.500	0	0	0	0	0
Perritt, L. A.	2	1	1	0	.500	0	0	0	0	0
McCorry, S. F.	23	11	12	0	.478	1	0	1	2	3
Gregg, P.	10	4	5	1	.444	0	0	0	0	0
Baker, S. F.	21	9	12	0	.429	2	0	1	0	1
Harkness, P.	26	11	15	0	.423	3	7	1	1	3
Baum, S.-V.	19	8	11	0	.421	2	0	0	2	2
Munsell, S.	10	4	6	0	.400	0	0	0	1	0
Slagle, L. A.	26	10	16	0	.385	2	0	1	0	2
Koestner, P.	34	13	21	0	.382	2	1	0	2	2
Williams, S.	21	8	13	0	.381	2	0	0	1	0
Henley, S. F.	30	11	19	0	.367	2	1	2	3	3
Gilligan, P.-S.	24	8	16	0	.333	0	0	0	1	0
Delhi, S. F.	12	4	8	0	.333	0	0	0	0	0
McCaff'ty, L. A.	3	1	2	0	.333	0	0	0	1	0
Pernoll, O.	10	3	7	0	.300	1	0	1	0	0
Schwenk, S.	17	5	12	0	.294	0	2	0	0	1
Fitzgerald, S.	18	5	13	0	.278	2	0	1	0	1
Suter, P.	6	1	5	0	.167	0	1	0	0	1
Bonner, S. F.	2	0	2	0	.000	0	0	1	0	0

*Also one one-hit game.

Player and club—	AB.	R.	1BH.	BA.
D. Howard, San Fran.	271	30	99	.365
Pape, Oakland	11	1	4	.364
Daley, Los Angeles	323	77	177	.338
Heitmuller, Los Angeles	503	63	170	.338
Delhi, San Francisco	34	3	11	.324
Van Buren, Sacramento	265	34	84	.319
Bayless, Vernon	541	78	172	.318
Nagle, Los Angeles	38	6	12	.316
Hetling, Oakland	560	74	175	.313
Lindsay, Portland	317	33	99	.312
C. Patterson, Oakland	467	77	144	.308
Zimmerman, San Fran.	107	8	33	.308
R. Brashear, Vernon	534	82	164	.307
Krueger, Portland	465	62	142	.306
Doane, Portland	395	50	121	.306
Kane, Vernon	470	93	143	.302
Fitzgerald, Portland	89	14	27	.302
Sharpe, Oakland	356	29	107	.300
Lewis, Sacramento	480	56	143	.299
Coy, Oakland	487	102	142	.292
Swain, Sacramento	301	46	88	.292
Wuttri, San Francisco	322	39	94	.292
Berger, Los Angeles	553	93	160	.290
O'Rourke, Sacramento	542	68	157	.290
Dillon, Los Angeles	330	46	95	.288
Chadbourne, Portland	531	70	152	.286
Bonner, San Francisco	7	0	2	.286
Rodgers, Portland	559	59	159	.284
I. Howard, Los Angeles	575	103	161	.280
Agnew, Vernon	247	24	69	.280
Moore, Los Angeles	207	29	59	.280
Shinn, Sacramento	542	83	157	.279
Litschi, Vernon	420	50	117	.279
Felts, San Francisco	61	6	17	.279
Zacher, Oakland	520	71	144	.277
Tiedemann, Oakland	292	34	81	.277
Munsell, Sacramento	29	4	8	.276
Irelan, Sacramento	288	37	79	.274
Core, Los Angeles	168	25	46	.274
Madden, Sacramento	326	53	89	.272
Corhan, San Francisco	566	64	154	.272
Mundorff, San Francisco	171	48	101	.272
Carlisle, Vernon	575	130	155	.270
Page, Los Angeles	148	27	40	.270
Gideon, San Francisco	397	40	106	.269
Fisher, Portland	216	25	58	.269
Brooks, Los Angeles	210	30	56	.267
Gray, Vernon	65	8	17	.262
Butcher, Portland	199	21	52	.261
Sheehan, Sacramento	327	56	85	.260
Orr, Sacramento	185	14	48	.259
Driscoll, Los Angeles	155	21	40	.258
Gilligan, Port.-Sac.	93	13	24	.258
Brown, Vernon	242	28	62	.256
Rapps, Portland	470	44	120	.255
Chech, Sacramento	326	54	83	.255
N. Brashear, Vernon	59	4	15	.254
H. Miller, Sacramento	491	55	124	.253
Hosp, Vernon	408	34	103	.252
Tozer, Los Angeles	80	5	20	.250
Higginbotham, Portland	72	4	18	.250
Baker, Portland	12	0	3	.250
Abbott, Oakland	12	0	3	.250
McCafferty, Los Angeles	12	2	3	.250
Lober, Los Angeles	448	48	111	.248
Hurrell, Vernon	502	50	124	.247
Baker, San Francisco	65	4	16	.246
Heister, Sacramento	310	29	75	.242
Cook, Oakland	593	69	143	.241
Schmidt, San Francisco	286	18	69	.241
Wagner, San Francisco	79	10	19	.241
Metzger, Los Angeles	522	58	125	.240
Rohrer, Oakland	200	16	48	.240
Slagle, Los Angeles	63	7	15	.238
Hitt, Vernon	49	8	2	.234
Frick, Oakland	160	20	37	.231
McDonnell, Vernon	191	15	44	.230
Leard, Oakland	498	93	114	.229
H. Patterson, Vernon	171	28	39	.228
Killilay, Oakland	44	4	10	.227
Boles, Los Angeles	218	20	49	.225
John Williams, Sac'm'nto	81	10	18	.222
Gregory, Oakland	72	6	16	.222
Henley, San Francisco	100	7	22	.220
Stewart, Vernon	55	7	12	.218
Mitze, Oakland	315	27	68	.216
Schwenk, Sacramento	51	4	11	.216
Howley, Portland	261	16	55	.211
Suter, Portland	24	1	5	.208
Pernoll, Oakland	22	1	6	.207
Bancroft, Portland	440	47	90	.205
McArdle, San Francisco	326	31	68	.202
Harkness, Portland	65	5	13	.200
McAvoy, San Francisco	40	3	8	.200

*League batting average.

Summary—Leading sacrifice hitters, Berger, 39; Bancroft and Hetling, 32 each; Metzger, 31; Corhan, 28; Hosp, 26; Daley, Heitmuller, Bayless and Litschi, 25 each; Kane, 24; H. Miller, 22; McArdle, O'Rourke and Lewis, 21 each; Krueger, 20.

Leading base stealers, I. Howard, 58; Carlisle, 55; Kane, 51; Leard, 49; Daley, 43; Doane, 36; Chadbourne and Shinn, 34; Lewis, 32; Bayless, 31; Berger, 29; Hetling, 28; C. Patterson and Corhan, 25 each; Heitmuller, 24; Gideon and R. Brashear, 23 each; Rodgers, Krueger and H. Miller, 22 each; Bancroft, Zacher and O'Rourke, 20 each.

Leading two-base hitters, Hetling, 40; I. Howard, 36; Coy and Litschi, 24 each; Krueger, Zacher and C. Patterson, 21 each; R. Brashear and Daley, 20 each; Kane, 18; Shinn, 27; Cook, O'Rourke, Heitmuller and Lober, 26 each; Rodgers, Rapps and Lewis, 25 each.

Leading three-base hitters—Kane, 13; I. Howard, 11; Rodgers and Bancroft, 8 each; Doane, Krueger, Shinn and O'Rourke, 7 each; Carlisle, Swain and Lewis, 6 each; Chadbourne, Coy, Mundorff and Daley, 5 each.

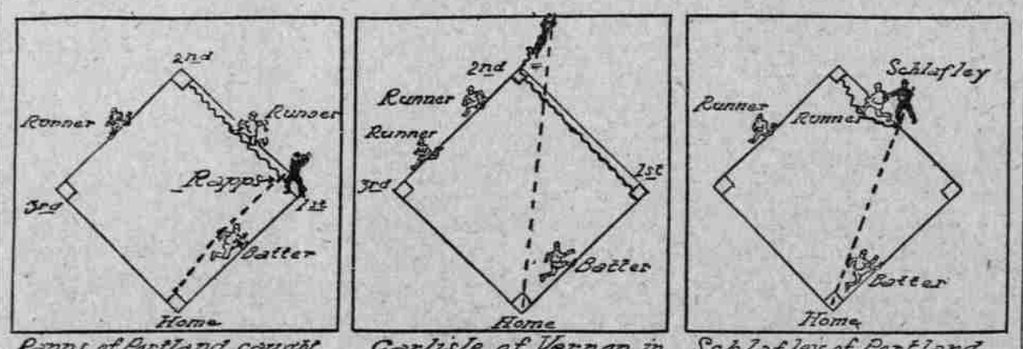
Leading home-run hitters, Heitmuller, 15; Coy and Carlisle, 11 each; Zacher, 9; Lewis, 8; R. Brashear, Swain, Mundorff and I. Howard, 7 each; Butcher, Tiedemann, Bayless and Berger, 6 each; Rapps, Fisher, Cook and Kane, 5 each.

Leading run getters, Carlisle, 130; I. Howard, 103; Coy, 102; Leard, Kane and Berger, 93 each; Shinn, 83; R. Brashear, 82; Bayless, 78; C. Patterson and Daley, 77 each; Hetling, 74; Zacher, 71; Chadbourne, 70; Cook, 69; O'Rourke, 68; Heitmuller, 65; Corhan, 64; Krueger, 62; Rodgers, 60.

PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE SUMMARY.

Clubs.	Gms.	A.B.	R.	1B.H.	B.A.	S.H.	S.B.	2B.H.	3B.H.	H.R.	D.P.	T.P.	S.O.
Los A...	161	5,245	704	1428	272	243	248	246	39	33	129	0	16
Portland.	147	4,859	520	1286	265	194	198	230	49	34	152	1	13
Sacra'nto	154	5,108	596	1350	264	161	205	230	37	29	104	0	8
Vernon...	158	5,125	684	1342	262	221	247	251	57	44	132	0	10
Oakland..	164	5,396	724	1379	256	189	205	265	22	40	104	0	17
San Fran.	164	5,300	532	1338	252	200	197	213	29	27	119	0	14
Totals		31,033	3766	8124	262	1207	1298	1435	213	207	721	1	78

DIAGRAM SHOWING THREE UNASSISTED TRIPLE PLAYS ON RECORD IN PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE



Rapps of Portland caught Line Drive, Touched 1st and Ran to 2nd. Making unassisted Triple in Oakland Series a Week ago.

Carlisle of Vernon in 1911 made Circus Catch in Center Field, Ran in and Touched 2nd and then 1st, Both Runners Having Passed 2nd.

Schlafley of Portland in 1905 Caught a Texas Leaguer at 2nd, Tagged Runner from 1st and Ran to 2nd Base.

NOTE { Hit Ball / Ran with Ball.

When Bill Rapps, of Portland, caught a liner off Leard's bat in a game at Oakland last Saturday, touched first and then ran to second, nabbing both Killilay and Christian, he completed the third unassisted triple play in the history of the Pacific Coast League.

Larry Schlafley, of Portland, made the first in 1905, on the Portland diamond, in a game against Seattle, and Walter Carlisle, of Vernon, pulled the second last Fall on the Los Angeles grounds. Schlafley's triple occurred in the first inning. Walters, Seattle centerfielder, walked; Hall, shortstop, was hit by a pitched ball and then First Baseman Kemmer drove a Texas Leaguer to Schlafley at second. Schlafley caught the ball, tagged Hall and then ran to second. Portland won the game 3 to 1.

The Portland lineup that day showed Atz, shortstop; McCredie, right field; Mitchell, first base; Schlafley, second base; Householder, center field; McLean, catcher; Cates, left field; Runkle, third base; French, pitcher; Seattle had Houtz, Frary, McHale, Dashwood, Feeney and Roach, in addition to the three in the triple killing.

Bill Rapps had never before witnessed an unassisted triple play, but he has figured in seven triple plays during his diamond career. Two of them Portland manipulated in one week at San Francisco last Fall.

WEIGHT CLUB DOWN

Nearly 50 Pounds of Superfluous Flesh Disposed Of.

SHORT DIET CURES OBESITY

Famous Tennis Player Tells of Her Courageous Fight Against Excessive Flesh Following Activity and Good Appetite.

BY MAY SUTTON.

How did I lose 60 pounds in weight, you ask? Well, the true answer is that I didn't. It was not quite 60 pounds, but it was a good deal, almost 50 pounds. And I am proud of it.

Really, there is only one way to lose weight. At least, there is only one satisfactory way for me; and that is to starve. Yes, just starve.

Starvation reduced my weight 47½ pounds in three years. I starved almost all of three years, and it is not as bad as you think. Of course, I did not go three years without tasting food, but for a great part of that time my breakfast was a cup of hot water with lemon juice in it and a few crackers. If you don't think that starving, try it.

When I was starving my best I ate one other meal during the day—at night. This was a feast consisting of a peach or an apple or some other fruit in small quantity, more hot water and lemon juice. Of course, after a week or ten days of this I would vary the monotony by eating a little cereal and fruit in the morning, and sometimes eating a salad at night; but never more than two meals a day, and for three solid years not a real square meal.

Overweight Due to Carelessness.

When I found that I was getting over weight I was not disturbed at first, and kept right on living as I had been. When I came to my senses I found I had been running down for a long time, in spite of the fact that my weight had been increasing. I suppose the continual round of tennis, going from one place to another, and the excessive playing I was obliged to indulge in for so long a period, combined with the fact that I had never been particularly careful about my diet, had affected me. I was as hard as nails, but it was a false strength.

Then I began to diet. I kept right on playing hard and soon began to drop off weight. The more I starved the better I felt, and the stronger I was at my game and the stronger I felt. I knew I was improving and was gratified at the loss of pounds.

I suppose I had overdone things before I began to diet. I really felt almost done for, down and out, you might say. Things began to disagree with me, and I would have visions of the dinner of the night before trotting over my prostrate form every time I composed myself for slumber. Then on my trip over to England I suffered frightfully from seasickness, which upset me even more, so you can see I was in pretty bad shape. It was then that I decided on starvation.

Exercise Gives Reckless Appetite.

I have always lived much of the time out of doors, and have been given to a great deal of exercise, even aside from my tennis playing. I play cricket and am fond of almost all outdoor sports. Naturally I had a great big appetite and ate heartily three times a day. I ate an