WATCH-TOWER OBSERVATIONS

Material and Immaterial Sport Syllogisms by Roscoe Fawcett.

"The Man Who Said the Giants Were Yellow and That Speaker Would Fizzle Out Came Up to Bat Twice and His Average Is .000"—Abe's Philosophy.

HUGH FULLERTON'S world's series articles appearing daily in The Oregonian are causing more comment than the once flamboyant correspondence that passed between a certain governor and a well-known sheriff. New York partisans have declared themselves on the Fullerton subject. Hughey will not be a guest of honor at the next session of the New York society.

"Fullerton is too pronounced in his Boston bias," said P. J. Mullaney, a local Giant enthusiast. "A couple of years back, when I lived in New York, Fullerton was fired off the Giants' bench by McGraw and he has been getting back ever since. He says Doyle is the only good man the Giants have. Doyle was voted the automobile for being the most valuable man in the National League, so I guess he had to admit that."

The New York Times is running the Fullerton series and is printing pro and con statements from rabid fans.

"Who was the guy that put Full in Fullerton," writes one bug. "Please let us know where Fullerton is going to sit," barks a second dynamiter, while this gem drifted into the Times office the second day of the Fullerton series:

"Were I editor in chief of your paper I would take Fullerton by the hand, gently but firmly lead him to the Pennsylvania Station, purchase him a ticket and say: 'Go, thou too porous piece of Swiss cheese, and stop not till thou hit yon cattle gates where thou canst mingle with thine own and be appreciated.'"

Fans, as a general run, are peculiar beings. About 75 per cent of the New York fans now ranting at Fullerton hee-hawed and threw fits last Fall at the post-mortems of the New York writers, who led them to believe that the Athletics had no more chance with the Giants than a one dollar bill has in a joy ride procession.

Personally we would not like to drift so far from shore without a life raft as Fullerton drifted. But his name is over his own peculiar brand of bunk, so we can all at least smile coldly at his discomfiture if the Giants finally win out in the clash for the golden gonfalon of fame. Then, dear reader, it'll be the turn of the other cross section of the bleacher gang to rise from its crude cradle to dash blasphemy and execrations on the heads of the pro-Boston dopesters.

Analyzing and doping winners is not a joyful avocation unless you're part and parcel of the game itself. Then the road is as straight as a pointer's tail.

The St. Louis Sporting News recently devoted an entire page to world's series views, and the symposium of the seers was soul-inspiring, but rather sorrowful. Every American League ball player chose Boston, while every National Leaguer lined up behind the Giants. Jennings, another Hughey, had the temerity, last Fall, to predict a New York victory, and because the Detroit manager did not lean over and kiss the collective forehead of his own league's champions, he was promptly installed as High Hottentot of the Heretics.

It's junk versus bunk, analytics versus anaesthetics, any way you take it, so call off the hounds.

THAT Gus Hetling of Oakland will be awarded the benzine chariot offered the most valuable player in the Coast League is becoming more apparent every day, although he will be hard pressed by Kane, Carlisle, Berger, Daley and Howard. The star of the winning team is sure to be handed the credit if his ability is anywhere near on a par with the wearer of the laurelbaum on some team down grade.

The vote in the American League award illustrates this tendency. Tyrus Cobb, proclaimed the caliph of baseball's Bagdad when the Tigers were up in the race, ranked eighth in the list this year. Speaker of Boston piled up 59 points and Walsh of Chicago 36, while Johnson of Washington, Milan of Washington, Wood of Boston and Collins and Baker of the Athletics all headed the Georgia peach in the season's reckoning. Cobb's percentage valuation was rated at 17.

Bill Lange, chairman of the Coast commission, will call for his vote from the official scorers within the next few days. In Portland the official scoring is parcelled out like congressional seeds, so Bob Cronin, the baseball Methuselah in the local press box, was awarded the privilege of adding to the burdens of the Oregon initiative and referendum.

THIS, from the refined Bostonian reporter sitting in the pressbox at the world's warfare contemplating the clash between culture and kale, poetry and population:

"The semicircular erections were spiritually magnificent with their bevies of beauties seated thereon, when the organization vulgarly known as the Red Sox transversed the field in a gentlemanly fashion. One player seized the willow where it gave greatest leverage and struck a graceful attitude. However, he struck nothing else, for Richard le Marquis, who evoloved the sphere, entered into a series of contortions, from which the globe finally emerged, describing a parabola whose orbit seemed unapproachable to the disconcerted scientists. The process being repeated three consecutive times, the unfortunate athlete retired."

(In short, somebody whiffed.)

"His successor was more successful, succeeding in approaching into closer proximity to the tabloid, which he ejected violently into the left-hand prairie, where it passed peacefully away in the hands of an unsympathetic barbarian, erroneously described in some journals as a Giant."

Pass the tea, Gerald.

A POET came into the office during the week with a volume called "Fugitive Verse." That was just right. Everybody that saw it fled hastily. The only real poets nowadays are those who hide their identities until their stuff has been tried on the dog. One of them attributed this quatrain to Outfielder Murray, of New York, the morning before the series opened against Boston:

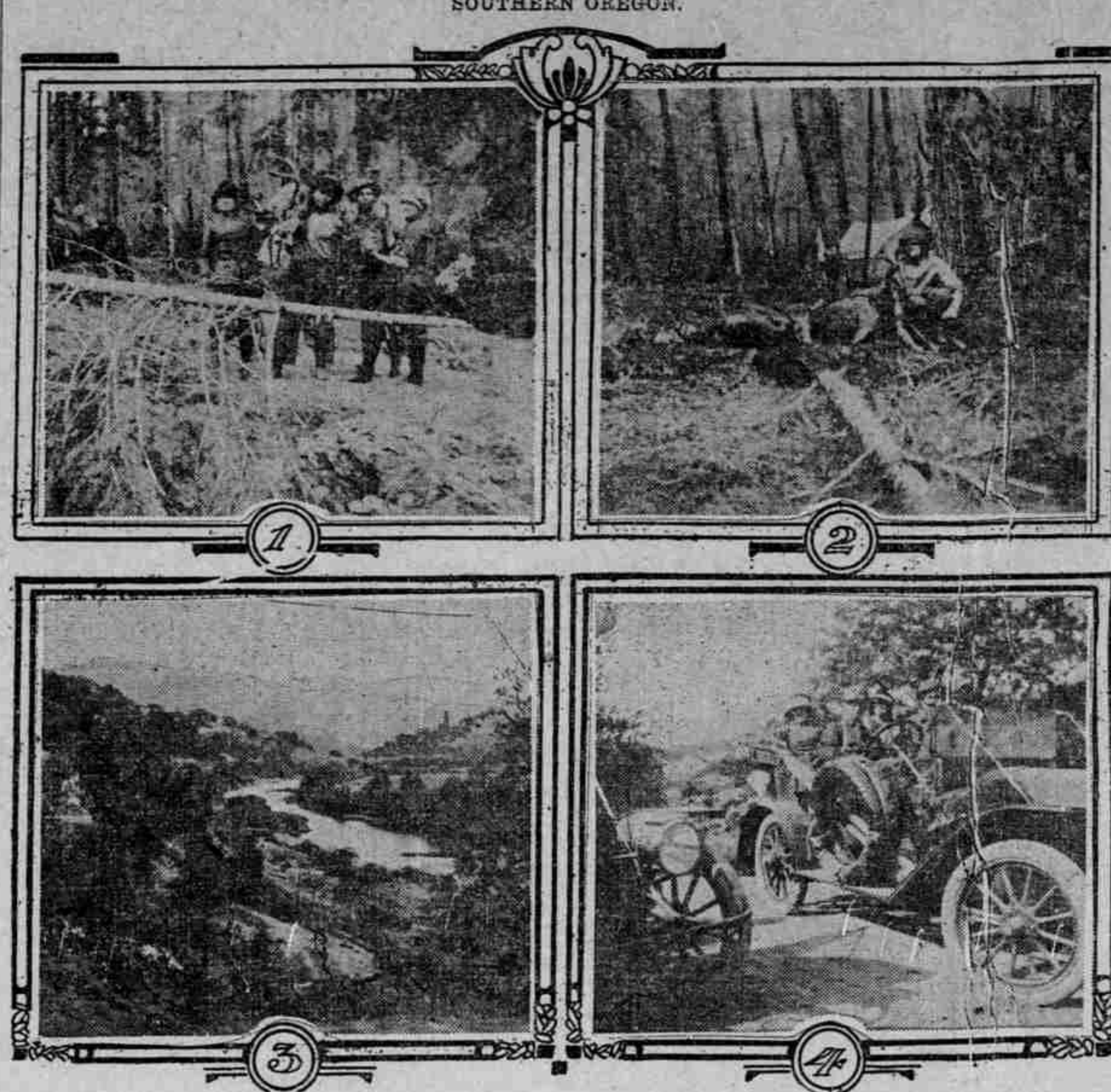
Bring on your Wood and Collins—
With all their pomp and rank—
Howe'er their curse
They can't be worse
Than Bender, Coombs and Plank.

That poet knew what he was talking about, for whereas Murray was the hitless wonder of 1911 against the Athletics, he started off the Boston series in such rare form as would make Sappho look like a Fort Wayne benchwarmer.

THE Ladies' Home Journal frothed for some months with attacks on the follies of women, such as beauty aids, skin foods, bust developers and the little odds and knick-knacks which the gentler sex imagines will make all mankind fall and worship before her dazzling and radiant beauty. Tut, tut, Sadie, you are known.

But, on the other hand, did you ever know a bald-headed man, who at some period in his life, did not absolutely immerse himself in hair restorer? Countless men have their wrinkles chased around the corner and browbeaten, their moles and other facial blemishes touched up by hydrochloric, or whatever they use, and their claws done over by a manicurist. No use, boys. Everybody is on to the fact that you have reached 40, so better become one of our prominent citizens and forget it.

PORTLAND DEER HUNTING PARTY WHICH RETURNED RECENTLY FROM SUCCESSFUL TRIP IN SOUTHERN OREGON.



Mrs. J. W. Van Metre, Frank De Mint, Dr. Roy McDaniel and Miss Josephine Brooks (Left to Right); Miss Josephine Brooks and Two Quarries of J. W. Van Matre, and Dr. Roy McDaniel Umpqua River; Roy McDaniel at the Wheel, J. W. Van Matre, Mrs. Van Matre, at the Left, and Miss Josephine Brooks.

Although some reports from Southern Oregon declare there are more hunters than deer, the above party found the latter plentiful, and, had they been "game hogs," they could have shot down 20 at least. As it was, the three men got seven. Dr. Roy McDaniel was the biggest hunter, getting four, DeMint, the guide, got two, while Mr. Van Matre had to be content with one, his first. The trip was made by auto exclusively, 590 miles being registered on the speedometer. Most of the hunting was done in Cow Creek Canyon. The party was composed of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Van Matre, Frank DeMint, Dr. Roy McDaniel and Miss Josephine Brooks.

THE Minneapolis Journal expressed itself forcibly a fortnight ago against the Minneapolis American Association champions being permitted to journey on a money-getting joy ride to Denver, there to meet the champ Grizzlies of the Western League.

A boneheaded mess the trip has deteriorated into. The class AA leagues claim to be almost on a par with the majors and high above the class A's, from whom they divorced themselves last Winter. Still, the rare-air fiends gave the Cantillion forces such a walloping as will hurt the Chivington circuit, and the Pacific Coast League, too, incidentally, for years to come.

The major leagues are wiser. They meet the big minors in the Spring, when a beating means nothing, but if any post-season imbroglios are entered into you will find them either mauling each other around the lot or tangling with some class B or C club. The B's, for instance, are so far downstairs from real aristocracy as to put any manhandling in the flukey division. Even the dovetailing of the class AA's and the class B's, such as local fans were treated to a fortnight ago, is excusable, for nobody except a Spokane writer would take seriously any upset of the dope anyway. But when the class AA's expose their vitals to the class A rapier, that's getting too close to the seat of things. The Minneapolis-Denver series is a concrete example of what concrete craniums will conceive and condone.

THE University of Oregon and the Oregon Agricultural College, after spilling o million dollars' worth of hieroglyphics, have finally described a perfect parabola, with a little boomerang stuck in around the edges, and are now back at the starting point. They have decided not to meet on the football field. Oregon stanchly refuses to play in Portland, and the Aggies are just as determined not to mix either at Eugene or Corvallis. Why not get together on the banks of Hudson Bay or Great Slave Lake? Seems to us these football coaches are overlooking a bet, anyway, in not going north for their training trips.

Meanwhile the people of Oregon are smiling broadly at the unbusinesslike snarling and sniffling. If the schools will act cantankerous, we may have our opinions of the mental processes, but we do not feel like doing a "strong-arm." It's the same feeling we have when we see a man standing on his head on his gatepost and waving his brogans in the air. It's his gatepost and he is spending his own time.

THERE are seven wrong positions for every chunk of hand-set type, according to a foundry advertisement that has just come into the sport sanctum. This is surprising news. After looking over a few country weeklies we had come to believe there were more ways than that. Every once in a while one runs across something that is good. An Oregon "every Thursday" publication tells of a runaway, including a misprint that made it say the victim received "a badly scared face." That is really funny.

The New York Mail reprints a news item from an upstate paper:

"A local farmer was asked why he didn't buy a motor car. 'I can't decide,' he answered, 'whether to get a gasoline car or a limosine. Tell me, does a limosine smell as bad as a gasoline?'"

That story isn't funny. It doesn't smack of the soil. It's a joke from a Sunday supplement with a local setting.

But the weeklies are not the only fountains of foibles and fun. John H. Ginder, who published the Skamania County Pioneer at Stevenson, Wash., throws some "Rough on Whiskers" ointment in the direction of The Oregonian.

"Three times within the past 10 days The Oregonian has referred to fishermen as Nimrods. It's enough to make the 'mightiest hunter before the Lord' turn over in his grave and groan to hear himself spoken of as a common fisherman," says John, who then devotes a column to an obituary on "Nim."

While "Nimmy," it appears, knocked no three-baggers in a world's series, he did kill so many ferocious wild animals that the people elected him King. He was a grandson of Noah, and it must, indeed, have been humiliating for him to find himself compared to a lowly Waltonite—that's it, isn't it?—sitting on the new steel bridge over the Tigris, angling for tadpoles with a hookworm.

The Skamania County Pioneer has a right to feel disappointed in The Oregonian. It is regrettable—regrettable indeed. However, since the American Newspaper Directory gives the Stevenson weekly as "Republican, established 1893, eight pages, 13 by 20, circulation 500," we don't see the sense of any copy reader resigning out of pique.

MAN has been known for his impatience ever since the time that Noah, the granddaddy of Nimrod, sent out the dove three days in succession. A Gotham space fiend got impatient on the eve of the world's series the other day and as a result he writes with eclat, that—

"Outfielder Jack Murray, of the Giants, has organized a Wilson club; Mathewson is expected to launch a rival Taft club."

That must have come from the brain of the same gink who said that Larry Doyle's batting slump, a fortnight prior to the series, was due to the fact that he was easing up for the big jamboree. Anybody familiar with ball players—from the college tyro to the tobacco-devouring, protruding-jawed type—can enjoy a good laugh at the absurdity of the Doyle alibi.

We doubt if the players on the New York team are more intelligent politically than those on the Portland Coast club. The writer attempted to draft a symposium on the political situation as seen through the optics of a fourth divisioner. Only one Beaver had voted at the last election; two expected to cast their ballots in November, Elmer Koestner being one of the duet and the "Sphinx" said he would vote for Bryan, while Dave Bancroft asked in all seriousness if Roosevelt's new Bull Moose party was the same lodge somebody had asked him to join.

Yes, indeed. "The ball players discuss politics more than they do baseball." And, especially two days before a world's series.

A horse has one advantage. When he wears a hat his ears stick out through holes in it.

DOWN in Los Angeles, Tom McCarey's silver-tongued publicity benchman flung these golden thoughts at the sporting editor of the once dynamited Times:

"Joe Levy is still holding onto the mast of his ship that will eventually glide into the championship goal for his Spanish marvel, Joe Rivers."

Harry Carr, the clever Angel City writer, raises a question as to the rhetorical and metaphorical dignity of the aphorism. Like Carr, we hardly get the drift, but we're strong for it. While no apostle of apomecometry, we, too, advise Joe to lash himself to that mast, for there's many a schooner been unloaded going over the bar. If Levy had pinioned his delilah-loving protege to the lee scuppers some weeks ago, the chances are Rivers would still be up in the big league division of money-getters.

PETER BUZUKOS, a local 155-pound "rassler," who claims the paper-weight championship of the world, is not recorded in the newspaper directory, but nevertheless the toe-hold buzzard has a full grown peeve against us. Peter says the newspapers make him produce real kale before they will advertise his wrestling matches, yet, when he gets playful behind the scenes at a local theater and extracts a couple of teeth from a mat partner, after the latter has taken a $25 reward for staying with him a limited time, the newspapers give him reams of publicity without taxing him a nickle.

THE new football rules permit interfering past the line of scrimmage on kicks but not on forward passes.

"How are the defensive men to know whether it is to be a kick or a pass until the ball is actually booted or thrown?" inquires one puzzled gridiron student.

They cannot unless possessed of the power of clairvoyancy. A majority of team use the same formation for the kick and passes so the best the officials can make out of it is to permit defensive backs to interfere until the actual pass is made.

WHEN one begins wearing high collars and canes and gloves and other forms indicating a manicuring of the primitive instincts, people naturally expect—but, then, let's omit the moral. Anybody who can steal a couple of perfectly good columns from the irate advertising department is really entitled to better consideration.

We might explain it to Peter in this fashion: If a dog runs down the street, that's nothing. But, if Fido has a can tied to his barometer, that's news. How we do love the activities of life!

PETE DALEY IS BEST

Los Angeles Outfielder Star in Statistics.

SEASON'S RECORD IS .342

Angel Player Began Remarkable Run on September 25 Against San Francisco and Has Shown Mettle in Long Stretch.

Pete Daley, the Los Angeles, outfielder, is easily the star performer down the home stretch in Coast League statistical circles. Daley has hit safely in 24 consecutive games for an average of .446. His record for the long Coast season is .342, or 21 points behind Del Howard, of San Francisco, the league leader, who has batted in not many more than half the number of games.

Daley began his remarkable run on September 25 against San Francisco, and has successfully met Oakland, Vernon, Sacramento and Portland pitchers in the five weeks' stretch. He poled out three hits on August 25, September 7 and 11, and on September 18 in Portland.

Bill Rodgers, of Portland, is also enjoying a nice run. Since September 25 he has made 21 hits in 49 times at bat for an average of .429 in the 14 games. Ivan Howard, of Los Angeles, has batted .356 in the last 17 games.

Of the men aspiring to the automobile honors, Kane is batting .303, Metling .309, Bayless .317 and Daley .342.

Killilay, Leverenz, Chech and Klawitter are the leading pitchers. The batting and pitching statistics up to this series are as follows:

Players, Club—	Ab.	R.	Bh.	Av.
Edmonson, Vernon	3	2	2	.661
Pape, Oakland	11	1	4	.364
D. Howard, San Francisco	341	42	124	.363
Daley, Los Angeles	550	81	188	.342
Heitmuller, Los Angeles	556	68	188	.338
Peters, Sacramento	6	1	2	.333
Fitzgerald, Portland	120	19	39	.325
Bayless, Vernon	619	88	196	.317
Nagle, Los Angeles	38	6	12	.316
Van Buren, Sacramento	334	41	105	.314
McCafferty, Los Angeles	16	2	5	.313
Lindsay, Portland	317	33	99	.312
Hetling, Oakland	629	84	194	.309
Doane, Portland	459	61	142	.309
Delhi, San Francisco	39	4	12	.308
C. Patterson, Oakland	511	87	157	.307
R. Brashear, Vernon	611	91	87	.306
Kane, Vernon	548	109	166	.303
Krueger, Portland	516	66	155	.300
Sharpe, Oakland	356	29	107	.300
Lewis, Sacramento	491	58	146	.298
Munsell, Sacramento	37	5	11	.297
Coy, Oakland	558	111	165	.296
McIntyre, San Francisco	78	10	23	.295
Zimmerman, San Francisco	180	16	53	.294
Yohe, San Francisco	17	3	5	.294
Wuffli, San Francisco	374	46	109	.291
Rodgers, Portland	625	73	181	.290
Dillon, Los Angeles	375	52	108	.288
C. Howard, Los Angeles	680	122	195	.287
Moore, Los Angeles	254	38	73	.287
Musser, Los Angeles	7	1	2	.286
Chadbourne, Portland	603	84	171	.284
Higginbotham, Portland	88	7	25	.284
Litschi, Vernon	506	59	143	.283
Berger, Los Angeles	635	109	179	.282
O'Rourke, Sacramento	607	73	171	.282
Tiedemann, Oakland	360	39	101	.281
Swain, Sacramento	372	53	104	.280
Page, Los Angeles	232	39	65	.280
Zacher, Oakland	598	79	167	.279
Core, Los Angeles	233	30	65	.279
Agnew, Vernon	280	25	78	.279
Shinn, Sacramento	559	92	153	.274
Madden, Sacramento	326	53	89	.273
Schmidt, San Francisco	322	23	88	.273
Ireland, Sacramento	349	44	95	.272
Brooks, Los Angeles	248	33	67	.270
Felts, San Francisco	63	6	17	.270
Carlisle, Vernon	665	144	179	.269
Mundorff, San Francisco	393	54	105	.267
Gedeon, San Francisco	407	40	108	.265
Corhan, San Francisco	605	67	159	.263
Driscoll, Los Angeles	209	29	55	.263
Brown, Vernon	294	36	77	.262
Hosp, Vernon	477	46	124	.260
Tozer, Los Angeles	89	5	23	.258
Gray, Vernon	66	8	17	.258
H. Miller, Sacramento	567	59	144	.254
Cheek, Sacramento	351	35	89	.254
Fisher, Portland	272	26	69	.254
Butcher, Portland	233	25	59	.253
Gregory, Oakland	75	6	19	.253
Hardin, Sacramento	8	0	2	.250
Mohler, San Francisco	378	38	94	.249
Orr, Sacramento	263	20	65	.247
Gilligan, Sacramento	105	14	26	.247
Burrell, Vernon	529	52	130	.246
Rapps, Portland	508	48	125	.246
Lober, Los Angeles	470	48	115	.245
McDonnell, Vernon	218	19	53	.243
Rohrer, Oakland	206	16	50	.243
Suter, Portland	37	1	9	.243
Cook, Oakland	666	76	161	.242
Leard, Oakland	575	109	139	.242
Pernoll, Oakland	33	2	8	.242
Metzger, Los Angeles	568	65	137	.241
Killilay, Oakland	58	5	14	.241
J. Baker, San Francisco	76	6	18	.237
Heister, Sacramento	340	31	80	.235
Abbott, Oakland	51	3	12	.235
Frick, Oakland	160	20	37	.231
Wagner, San Francisco	134	18	31	.231
Slagle, Los Angeles	78	8	18	.231
Bonner, San Francisco	13	0	3	.231
Boles, Los Angeles	261	26	60	.230
Halla, Los Angeles	79	8	18	.228
Hitt, Vernon	110	9	24	.218
N. Brashear, Vernon	83	4	18	.217
Howley, Portland	298	19	64	.215
McAvoy, San Francisco	86	8	18	.209
Williams, Sacramento	86	11	18	.209
Mitze, Oakland	375	30	78	.208
Koestner, Portland	126	7	26	.206
Malarkey, Oakland	78	7	16	.205
H. Patterson, Vernon	196	29	40	.204
Henley, San Francisco	113	8	23	.203
Christian, Oakland	79	18	16	.203
Stewart, Vernon	69	10	14	.203
McArdle, San Francisco	362	32	73	.202

October 7, inclusive.

PITCHERS.	Games	Won	Lost	Tied	Percent.	Shutouts	1-Hit	2-Hit	3-Hit	4-Hit
Musser, L. A.	1	1	0	0	1000	0	0	0	0	0
Edmonson, V.	1	1	0	0	1000	0	0	1	0	0
Olmstead, O.	1	1	0	0	1000	0	0	0	0	0
Killilay, O.	17	14	3		.824	2	0	0	0	0
*Leverenz, L. A.	32	22	10	0	.688	6	1	0	1	4
Chech, L. A.	36	23	12	1	.657	3	0	1	1	4
Klawitter, P.	34	22	12	0	.647	3	0	2	0	2
Nagle, L. A.	15	9	5	1	.643	1	0	0	0	0
*Malarkey, O.	28	17	10	1	.630	3	0	2	0	0
Christian, O.	24	15	9	0	.625	1	0	0	0	0
Parkin, O.	21	13	8	0	.619	3	0	1	0	4
Castleton, V.	21	13	8	0	.619	1	0	0	1	0
Higginboth'm, P	27	16	10	1	.615	4	1	1	1	4
Hitt, V.	31	18	12	1	.600	4	2	2	2	2
Stewart, V.	26	15	10	1	.600	2	1	0	2	0
Vernon, L. A.	5	3	2	0	.600	1	0	0	1	0
Tozer, L. A.	26	15	11	0	.577	2	1	2	3	3
Raleigh, V.	26	15	11	0	.577	3	1	0	1	1
Gregory, O.	29	16	12	1	.571	3	1	2	2	5
Ables, O.	39	22	17	0	.564	4	2	3	5	7
Brackenridge, V.	25	14	11	6	.560	1	0	0	1	2
Fanning, S. F.	21	11	9	1	.550	2	0	0	0	0
Arrelanes, S.	35	19	16	0	.543	2	0	1	6	4
Carson, V.	23	12	11	0	.522	0	0	0	0	6
Miller, S. F.	38	19	19	0	.500	8	3	3	2	7
*Halla, L. A.	25	12	12	1	.500	2	0	0	1	0
Gray, V.	19	9	9	0	.500	0	0	0	0	0
Arlett, S. F.	6	3	3	0	.500	0	0	0	0	3
Pape, O.	2	1	1	0	.500	0	0	0	0	0
Munsell, S.	13	6	7	0	.462	0	0	0	1	0
McCorry, S. F.	24	11	13	0	.458	1	0	2	2	3
Gregg, P.	10	4	5	1	.444	0	0	0	0	0
Baum, S. & V.	23	10	13	0	.435	3	0	0	2	4
Baker, S. F.	26	11	15	0	.423	3	0	1	1	1
Slagle, L. A.	31	13	18	0	.419	3	0	1	2	3
Koestner, P.	36	15	21	0	.417	2	1	0	2	3
Harkness, P.	27	11	16	0	.407	3	1	1	1	4
Suter, P.	10	4	6	0	.400	1	3	0	0	1
Alberts, S.	5	2	3	0	.400	0	0	0	0	1
Delhi, S. F.	13	5	8	0	.385	0	0	0	0	0
Henley, S. F.	35	13	22	0	.371	2	1	2	3	3
Gilligan, P. & S.	28	10	18	0	.357	0	0	0	1	0
Williams, S.	23	8	15	0	.348	2	0	0	1	1
Hardin, S.	3	1	2	0	.333	1	0	0	0	1
Fitzgerald, S.	18	5	13	0	.278	2	0	1	0	1
Pernoll, O.	11	3	8	0	.273	0	0	0	0	0
Perritt, L. A.	4	1	3	0	.250	0	0	0	0	0
Bonner, S. F.	5	1	4	0	.200	0	0	1	0	0
McCaffrty, L. A.	5	1	4	0	.200	0	0	0	1	0
Peters, S.	3	0	3	0	.000	0	0	0	0	0
Fitchner, P.	1	0	1	0	.000	0	0	0	0	0

*Also one one-hit game, October 7, inclusive.

AUTO TO BE BARRED

Game Warden Finley Proposes Game Law Change.

TAME BIRDS EASILY HIT

Pheasants and Quail Pay Little Attention to Passing Vehicles and Pot Hunters Take Undue Advantage.

BY JAMES H. CASSELL.

"It shall be unlawful for anyone to shoot game birds from a vehicle."

Such is the clause Game Warden Finley would have written into the game laws of Oregon at the next session of the Legislature, eliminating the gentle practice of motoring out upon the country roads, halting with a honk and a flourish, and slaughtering inquisitive quail, grouse and pheasant, which heed passing vehicles no more than the average barn fowl.

The law is aimed chiefly at motorists, who are enabled to run out from Portland and other cities to the shooting zone within a short time, but will include all vehicles.

"This practice of shooting unsuspecting birds from automobiles is becoming more than a nuisance," says Mr. Finley. "Many birds are slaughtered yearly in this manner, for birds which would fly long before the approach of a pedestrian exhibit nothing but passing curiosity at the approach of an automobile or a buggy, and it is easy to kill them, jump back into the machine and go a few hundred yards further before repeating the performance. I can't understand how men can call shooting tame birds true sport, and a strong effort will be made to outlaw the practice at the next legislative session."

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The upland bird season opens on Tuesday, October 15, inaugurating a two months' period of doubtful pleasure for the careless or ignorant hunter. Blue grouse, native pheasant or ruffled grouse and mountain quail will be eligible to shotgun attacks on Tuesday morning.

The complication in the situation is this: While the three upland birds mentioned are legitimate prey for scattergun enthusiasts, it is unlawful to kill China pheasants or the Bob White quail. China pheasants and the protected quail outnumber the unprotected species of bird about five to one, hence a hunter must exercise much care in pumping away at the birds before determining their variety.

Warden Finley and his subordinates are determined that the two-year law for the protection of the China pheasant and the Bob White quail shall be enforced, and special deputies have been appointed preparatory to the opening of the season. In addition to instructions regarding hunting licenses, Warden Finley has issued orders to all deputies to inspect game bags in search of incriminating evidence.

"I want to give all hunters full warning to be extremely careful in shooting upland birds," said Mr. Finley last night. "The China pheasant is so numerous, following a good season, that the hunter must exercise the strictest vigilance if he is to obey the law. The law is a difficult one to enforce, and my deputies have been instructed to make examinations of game bags in all instances where hunters are suspected of wrongdoing."

It is not very difficult to differentiate between the two species of pheasant. The China pheasant has a long tail, as compared to a short one carried by the native variety. The Bob White quail may be distinguished from the mountain quail by the absence of the two crests which mark the mountain quail. In addition, the Bob White has a white breast and throat.

Reports from all over the valleys indicate that the upland birds are numerous this season. One deputy game warden counted 40 birds from a train during a short ride. Farmers are co-operating with the officials in protecting the birds, reporting many cases of China pheasant shooting, which have been followed by arrests and convictions.

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Duck shooting continues good along the Columbia River, with few parties returning without limit bags.

One of the most noteworthy parties out today is that headed by Dr. K. A. J. MacKenzie, at Deer Island. Dr. MacKenzie has among his guests General Leonard Wood and General Maus, two well-known Army officers. Deer Island is one of the best duck resorts in Oregon, and no trouble should be experienced in bagging as many fowl as the law permits.

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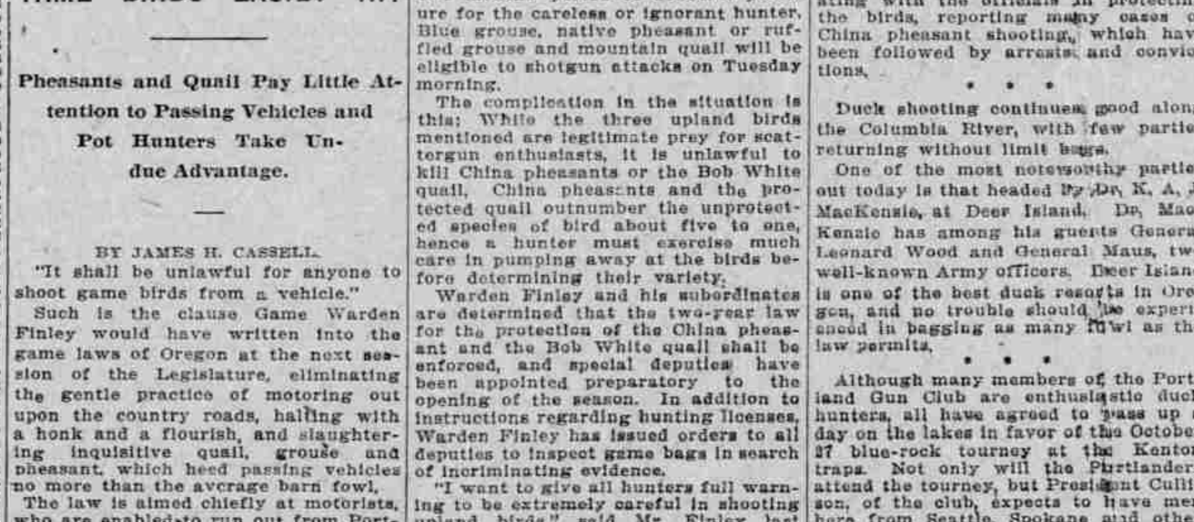
Although many members of the Portland Gun Club are enthusiastic duck hunters, all have agreed to pass up a day on the lakes in favor of the October 27 blue-rock tourney at the Kenton traps. Not only will the Portlanders attend the tourney, but President Cullison, of the club, expects to have men here from Seattle, Spokane and other out-of-town points.

The season for the sale of ducks is for one month, opening on November 15. Until that time friends must be depended upon to supply fowl for the non-shooters.

M'LOUGHLIN CLUB FOOTBALL TEAM, WHICH IS ONCE MORE IN THE FIELD FOR PORTLAND GRIDIRON HONORS.



From Left to Right the Men Are—Herschler, Fullback and Manager; C. Driscoll, Center; Carr, Left Guard; Day, Guard; O'Hara, Captain and Right Half; Dwyer, Guard; McKeown, Tackle; Manning, Right Guard; G. Driscoll, Left Tackle; Mumford, Right Tackle; Kelly, Tackle; Toomey, Left Half; Hurley, End; Twitchell, End; O'Hanlon, Quarter; Burns, End.

The McLoughlin Club eleven will play The Dalles Athletic Club team at The Dalles today. On October 20 the annual game between the Holladay and McLoughlin clubs takes place on the Columbus Club field. On October 27 Manager Herschler has arranged a tussle with the Columbus Club team.

FIELDERS ARE FIT

Brilliant Work Done This Season by Northwesterners.

WHALING BREAKS RECORD

All-Star Team Would Have to Carry Some Men This Trip if Their Batting Average Was Below .175 to Even Things Up.

If one were to choose an all-star Northwestern League team exclusive of fielding alone, it would be unjust to those who stick on the payroll because of their hitting prowess. However, there are some who have shone so brilliantly in fielding this year that if they weren't hitting .175 it would be impossible to keep them off an all-star team.

Whaling, Neighbors and probably Frank Eastley belong in this class. It would be an argument between Raymond and Cooney, the Spokane boy having a wider margin over Raymond in batting and base running than Tealy has over Phil in fielding.

The most signal fielding performance of the season is that of Bert Whaling. He has broken a Northwestern League record by catching 138 games with only seven errors.

Cooney leads the league in assists, Phil having thrown out nearly 100 more men than his nearest rival.

Kippert of Vancouver threw out more runners than any other outfielder, and Whaling led Devogt by a narrow margin in pegging out would-be base thieves.

Nick Williams, of Portland, retired the greatest number of base runners, while Johnny Rawlings of Victoria made the highest total of boots. Pitcher Steiger did not make an error in 12 games.

Individual Fielding.

Player and club—	G.	Po.	A.	E.	Av.
First basemen—					
Cameron, Tacoma	53	543	34	6	.989
Barry, Seattle	33	272	17	3	.989
Brooks, Vic-Seat.	122	1103	69	19	.984
Myers, Spokane	159	1526	88	28	.983
Goodman, Vancouver	33	327	21	6	.983
Williams, Portland	133	1272	67	24	.982
Jackson, Seattle	89	904	25	18	.981
Brashear, Vancouver	123	1078	89	26	.978
Holderman, Tacoma	80	769	54	20	.976
Weed, Seat.-Vic.	45	447	26	12	.975
Hunt, Tacoma	39	337	25	15	.960
Brinker, Vancouver	13	102	3	7	.938
Second basemen—					
Cartwright, Spokane	117	225	357	25	.964
Nill, Tac.-Seat.	147	393	465	35	.961
McDowell, Portland	108	259	337	25	.959
Goodman, Tacoma	15	30	48	4	.951
Bennett, Vancouver	168	430	456	46	.948
Keller, Victoria	162	379	489	52	.943
Mensor, Portland	28	124	112	14	.942
Shaw, Seattle	53	120	153	18	.939
Chick, Seat.-Tac.	36	56	103	13	.923
Raymond, Seattle	21	54	52	9	.922
Fullerton, Seattle	20	37	49	8	.915
Johnson, Spokane	21	46	57	11	.894
Speas, Portland	14	24	33	10	.873
Third basemen—					
Dulin, Seat.-Van.	13	22	20	2	.955
Speas, Portland	13	25	44	4	.944
Chick, Seat.-Tac.	14	45	84	8	.942
Altman, Spokane	98	88	181	17	.940
Goodman, Van.-Tac.	20	37	39	5	.939
Kibble, Portland	119	166	237	32	.927
Cartwright, Spokane	38	45	68	11	.911
James, Vancouver	156	186	326	53	.907
Shaw, Seattle	81	61	147	23	.901
Esola, Portland	15	29	22	6	.895
Yohe, Tac.-Vic.	154	149	272	53	.888
McMullen, Seat.-Tac.	62	62	106	33	.870
Brennan, Tac.-Vic.	64	68	94	27	.857
Jansen, Tacoma	59	66	104	33	.837
Hausman, Portland	12	7	22	8	.784
Shortstops—					
Raymond, Seattle	146	347	481	48	.945
Cooney, Spokane	166	350	578	64	.936
Coltrin, Portland	152	304	452	58	.929
Scharnweber, Van.	134	303	439	61	.928
Morse, Tacoma	89	177	289	37	.926
Rawlings, Victoria	167	395	502	74	.924
McMullen, Tacoma	79	172	250	43	.908
Chick, Sac.-Tac.	21	31	55	12	.879
Cates, Vancouver	26	54	63	18	.867
Outfielders—					
Stadille, Vic.-Tac.	96	153	9	2	.988
Neighbors, Tacoma	165	262	22	4	.987
Daniels, Victoria	24	52	2	1	.982
Hartley, Spokane	45	70	6	1	.987
Mensor, Portland	17	41	2	1	.977
Weed, Victoria	92	160	25	5	.974
Kippert, Vancouver	158	329	29	10	.974
Zimmerman, Spokane	12	281	17	9	.971
Harmon, Victoria	22	28	5	1	.971
Fries, Portland	163	254	28	10	.966
Powell, Spokane	92	164	4	6	.966
Lynch, Tacoma	169	364	21	14	.965
Cates, Vancouver	40	51	4	2	.965
Clementson, Vic.	81	139	15	6	.963
Kennedy, Victoria	140	254	18	11	.961
Million, Tacoma	39	65	8	3	.961
Strait, Seattle	163	269	22	13	.957
Mann, Seattle	163	363	23	17	.957
Shaw, Spokane	21	37	3	2	.952
Johnson, Spokane	79	126	9	7	.951
Cruikshank, Port.	122	182	9	10	.950
Wilson, Seattle	58	68	6	4	.949
Frisk, Vancouver	161	207	27	13	.947
Mahoney, Portland	79	154	10	9	.945
Melchoir, Spokane	149	174	19	12	.939
Freer, Vancouver	16	28	3	2	.933
Brinker, Vancouver	83	161	11	12	.935
Speas, Portland	111	171	16	14	.930
Merritt, Victoria	23	50	3	4	.930
Persons, Van.-Tac.	12	25	0	2	.930
Moran, Seattle	120	158	15	15	.920
Friene, Victoria	18	29	1	3	.908
Abbott, Tacoma	93	173	7	21	.896
Catchers—					
Whaling, Seattle	138	714	188	7	.992
Wally, Seattle	36	153	40	3	.984
Devogt, Spokane	124	609	185	18	.979
Grindle, Victoria	39	185	48	5	.979
LaLonge, Tacoma	82	379	116	11	.979
Burch, Portland	35	167	57	5	.978
Lewis, Vancouver	110	576	142	18	.976
Ostdiek, Spokane	64	303	68	10	.974
Sepulveda, Van.	60	330	86	12	.972
Meek, Victoria	142	636	174	26	.969
Crittenden, Tacoma	76	399	102	19	.962
Troeh, Victoria	22	79	17	4	.960
Harris, Portland	101	513	123	27	.959
Moore, Portland	33	119	18	8	.951
Ludwig, Tacoma	14	29	9	3	.927

JOE PATCHEN WINS FEATURE

Winner of Blue Grass Stake Takes Three Straight Heats.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Oct. 12.—The feature of the fifth day of racing at the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association today was the Blue Grass stake, valued at $2000 for 2:10 class pacers. Joe Patchen proved too much for the field and took three straight heats, with Mansfield dropping in second place each time.

Jack London, driven by Tommy Murphy, took the unfinished event begun yesterday, in the fourth heat. After the race the judges declared all bets off on account of the bad acting of Dr. Mack, the winner of the first heat yesterday. This big gray gelding would not score properly and finished last in the last three heats.

OUTDOOR SHOOTING CLOSES

Portland Revolver Club Takes Up Indoor Practice.

The shooting in the National revolver championships at Beatty last Sunday closed the outdoor season for the Portland Revolver Club and from now on the shooting will be done on the indoor range in the Gilman Hotel.

The results of the other contestants in the National individual shoots have not been received and Portland does not know where it really stands. Indoor shooting started Friday, when a score of members assembled for the first practice in preparation for the annual league shooting.