

MANLY PLAYERS TO BE REJECTED SOON

Weeding Out of Aspiring Lads in Major Training Camps Is Drawing Near.

SOME GOOD ONES DROPPED

Christy Mathewson Tells of Stars of Today Who Once Knew Bitterness of Being Unceremoniously Sent Back to Bush.

BY CHRISTY MATHEWSON, The Giants' Star Pitcher.

MARLIN TOLD MARCH 14 (Special).

There will be a lot of disappointed ballplayers between now and May 1, when the prospects are weeded out of the Spring crop of recruits that went South to the training camps of the league clubs and the rest are sent back to the bushes. But incidentally this is the most trying time of the year for the manager, because he has so many recruits to look over, and he does not know whether he is passing up something good or not after he lets one go.

Therefore, when a youngster is returned to the minors, he should not, altogether discouraged unless he himself realizes that he has some fundamental fault.

Many a good man has come up and been sent back, either because the manager who had the first look at him did not have the ability to recognize talent when he saw it. "Jimmie" Archer, whom I now rate as the best catcher in the game, and "Joe" Jackson, the great hitter of the Cleveland club, are a couple of the stars who were turned back, and they have come up to the majors the first time.

The story of "Joe" Jackson is an interesting one. He came to the Athletics in 1908, and, of course, "Connie" Mack saw in him a great slugger, but "Joe" was just naturally homesick for his South Carolina, and he left the Athletics in Washington and went back to Greenville, S. C. Mack brought him back and offered to educate both Jackson and his wife. Once more "Joe" ran out on the team. Then "Connie" Mack did not want to do anything with him, one of the few players "Connie" has ever made such an acknowledgment about, and he cut Jackson loose entirely. Jackson led the South Atlantic League in hitting the next season, and Cleveland grabbed him. He must have preferred the conditions in Cleveland to those in Philadelphia, since he has stuck there.

Through the irony of fate, Jackson has always been exceptionally good in his hitting against the Athletics. And here is another instance of the feeling between the Philadelphia club and Jackson. It seems that he was just a few points behind Cobb in the batting average in Cleveland last season after the Athletics had clinched the pennant, and there was a chance that Mack might send some of his second string pitchers against Cleveland to ease off on the regulars. However, "Connie" with the strict fairness of his kind, did not want to give Jackson any advantage over Cobb, and the great Detroit outfielder had been forced to bat against the top-notchers right along, so the best the Athletics had went to the box in the Cleveland series.

"Rube" Oldring was just a few points shy of the 300 mark at the time of this series I have in mind, and he was eager to put his arm back into the game, to close out his season in the select circle. A few more hits would do it, and "Rube" was running for those hits. He banged one out the right field fence, as I get the story from members of the Philadelphia club, that looked as good as a million dollars. It had all the marks of a home run, but "Connie" came charging over and picked the ball off his shoe tops, crashing into the concrete side of the stand in order to make the catch before he could stop. Thereafter the Athletics worked harder than ever to keep the Cleveland slugger's average down, and no ball he hit was to stay in the park, it was to be for it. It is a great reflection on the honesty of baseball that such sluggers as Cobb and Jackson do not "lobby" for hits when they are in such a tight fight for the batting championship as they were last season. By "lobbying" I mean asking pitchers to ease up against them when nothing depends on the result of one particular game or series.

The Athletics and Cleveland teams did not jibe very well last season anyway. In fact, the Athletics were not popular with any of the other clubs in the American League, according to the gossip I have heard, and the story of the free fight between the members of the Red Sox Club and the Cleveland team after one game in Cleveland is well known.

Vanity Is Aligned.

As soon as they started to be pennant contenders they all began to strut. One American League player told me of the Cleveland players. "They wouldn't even speak to the members of the other clubs, and they acted as if they were playing a lot of bushers all the time."

"Jimmie" Archer was actually with the Detroit team once, but Jennings did not see any great star in him. As a matter of fact, I don't think he gave him a careful lookover, as many recruits come to him, and he is a very manager during a season and it is hard to watch them all closely. Besides, Archer has a style of catching that would not naturally attract a manager to an unknown. "Jimmie" has always been a squatter behind the bat, and most managers would believe an unknown could not throw from this position. However, no one in the National League who has tried to steal a base against "Squatting Jimmie" doubts his ability in this direction now.

James has always been an arch enemy of the Giants, and he has beaten us out of more games than any other man in baseball. I believe with his timely hits. I wish Jennings had recognized his ability and kept him in the American League.

"Rube" Russell, the sensational young pitcher of the Chicago White Sox, was slated to go to the minors last year after the Spring training trip of the White Sox in California. So little was thought of Russell when the club broke camp, so they told me that he was sent along home with the second squad. However, his work in the exhibition games played by the second team was so far from what calls for an made up his mind to hold on to Russell and I guess he has never regretted his decision, as the youngster was the find of the season.

Even "Ty" Cobb was once released by a minor league manager when he first began his career in Augusta because he would not hit the ball hard enough, according to this judge. "I got a double and a home run in the first game I played with Augusta," Cobb told me once. "And the next day I made a single and a couple of sacrifice hits. 'Ole' Struthers, the Au-

gusta manager, released me that night and I went to Anniston, Ala." Therefore, managers are extremely wily at this time of the year not to overlook any coming stars among the recruits. "Connie" Mack makes it his habit to stick with the youngsters on the way north in the Spring and puts the regulars in charge of some veterans. His average in picking the real stuff out of the flock of recruits is extremely high. Mack realized Jackson was a coming player when he had him, but could not get him over his desire to go home.

McGraw has not overlooked many bets, either. You seldom hear of a man coming back and making good in the majors after "Mac" has passed him up. Of course, he once had "Dick" Rudolph, the pitcher now with the Boston Nationals, but he was not big enough physically to suit McGraw. He has twice let good ball go for Stallings, and he pitched the Giants to death once or twice last Summer. Still, many of the other managers overlook good material, so the youngster should not be entirely discouraged if he is turned back.

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PITCHER LEO REARDON SIGNS

James Only Prospective Member of Seattle Team Not Signed.

SEATTLE, Wash., March 14.—(Special.)—Pitcher Leo Reardon signed with Seattle today. Bobby James, Seattle's only prospect, has not yet signed.

DIRECTING HEADS OF O. A. C. BASEBALL TEAM



Wilke Clark, Coach. Capt. Bert C. Culver

third baseman, is the only prospective member of the Seattle team not under contract.

Manager Raymond announced today that after the squad reported March 25 games with outside clubs would take the place of the usual stunt, regular vs. yanigans. All of the young pitchers are to be tried out in these games.

Pitchers and catchers will report March 29 or earlier. Al Gipe, who will be the star of the team if his arm is right, and Pete Schneider will not leave Los Angeles until March 19.

President Dugdale is still badly crippled from rheumatism.

Pitcher Pails Fake Fit and Chases Umpire

Erve Higginbotham Dauls Face With Soapuds and Drives Saint Maria Arbitrator From Park.

SANTA MARIA, Cal., March 14.—(Special.)—Rube Waddell and Bugs Raymond may have been great cutups in their halcyon days, but for sheer deviltry Erve Higginbotham, Portland pitcher, has both these backed up a coal chute.

The other day, with half the population looking on, Hig pulled a cataleptic fit in the pitching box and it was so realistic that it scared a 200-pound umpire out of six months' growth.

The stunt was one for the scrapbook. After chasing said local character twice around the diamond, Hig finally was overpowered by his teammates and the frightened arbitrator, Perry Doane by name, was induced to return to the game.

Hig had him so completely baffled, however, that on one occasion he called him safe at every base as he ran around the circuit.

Later Higginbotham emerged from the clubhouse with his face daubed up with soap suds, allegorical of froth, and sent the crowd into spasms by driving the ump out of the park.

"Something should be done about that crazy pitcher when he takes those fits," declared Doane afterwards to a crowd of villagers. "They ought to lock him up. I tell you he's liable to kill somebody. I tried to get Rodgers to take him out of the game, but he said he was afraid to."

Hig's idiosyncrasies are known all over town.

Students Will Hear Hayward.

MARSHFIELD, Or., March 14.—(Special.)—Bill Hayward, athletic instructor for the University of Oregon, is here and will speak on athletics in the high schools in Marshfield, North Bend, Myrtle Point, Bandon and Coquille.

Both the track and field teams and baseball squad are out practicing and from all accounts a good representation

FRANKLIN HIGH TO SHARE IN SPORTS

New Institution Is Expected to Be in Interscholastic League in Course of Time.

BASEBALL SQUAD FORMS

Change in Method of Disposing of Games and Deciding Championships Will Have to Be Arranged as a Result.

If plans of Robert Krohn, physical director of the Portland public schools, materialize the new Franklin High

can be expected if the school is taken into the fold for the coming baseball and track seasons.

SIX-DAY RACE IS SUCCESS

Ridgefield High School Track Team Races Daily.

RIDGEFIELD, Wash., March 14.—(Special.)—The annual six-day race which was held by the track team of the Ridgefield High School during the week of March 2 to March 7 and which finished on March 7, was a grand success in every way. Eleven members of the local track team entered. All but one finished.

The track artists ran 10 minutes each day for six days. Better time was made all around in this year's race and the athletes were in splendid condition. Following are the names of those participating and the number of laps covered in the six-day race of 60 minutes actual running time, and the order which they finished: Murray, first, with 84 3/4 laps; Vahn, second, 84 3/4 laps; Morris, third, 84 3/4 laps; Potter, fourth, 84 2 1/2 laps; Griffith, fifth, 82 3/4 laps; Brunkow, sixth, 80 1/4 laps; Weber, seventh, 76 laps; Keith, eighth, 72 laps; Rosenau, ninth, 67 1/2 laps; and Johnson, tenth, 62 1/2 laps.

The following gold, silver and bronze medals were awarded to the first, second and third runners: Gold medal, first, George Vahn, silver medal, second, Thomas Morris, bronze medal, third. The following track artists will graduate this year: Murray, Brunkow and Keith.

BASEBALL LURES MANY

FORTY CANDIDATES FOR PLACES ON O. A. C. TEAM.

"Brains in Baseball" Is Slogan of Coach Clarke, Who Drills "Headwork" Into All Aspirants.

OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Corvallis, March 14.—(Special.)—Baseball is king at the Oregon Agricultural College. Forty men, ten of whom wear the monogram, are turning out each day, and rosette visions of a championship have by no means been dispelled in the minds of the dopesters. Captain Culver smiles as he views the scores of men who are working out each day, and the ambition of making bench-warmers out of the men of last year's varsity, and Coach Wilke Clarke, though non-committal, has hopes that his lads will develop into pennant winners. The student body is enthusiastic and large crowds are turning out to watch each evening's practice.

Coach Clarke's slogan is, "Brains in Baseball," and he has been working hard to induce the locals to use their mental powers while on the diamond. "Headwork is what a team needs beyond everything else," said the local mentor. "The man with mere technical skill may make an occasional brilliant play, but it is the player who is constantly using his brain who is going to win games." From these remarks players and fans gather that the man who consistently pulls "boners" will soon find himself derided to the bench.

Several innings of baseball played each afternoon have given the fans the opportunity of seeing the errors, wild pegs, and passed balls, but have also served to show that some of the varsity men will have to play gilt-edged ball to hold their positions in the line-up of the team. An ever-changing scrub nine has been sent against the monogram nine at hand, consisting of Weller behind the bat; Smith at first; Fryer at third, and Shaw, Looft and Robbins in the outer garden, and the bushers have been showing considerable ability. At Corvallis, Oregon, varsity heavers, have not been sent into any of the games thus far, although both have been warming up each day. Clough and Tammerlin have been hurling for the varsity. Williams, of Jefferson High, would seem to be the best of the newcomers in the pitching line, and he is expected to be at second or short rather than in the box, although Clarke could use another good heater to advantage.

Hays, of Pasadena, Cal.; Supple, a prep student here last Spring; Houck, Moist, of Lebanon, and Markham, are catchers who have their eyes set on Weller's backstop job. Funk is a rany rook with aspirations for a job at first base, and Seiberts, Price, S. Weller and Seelye are candidates for second and short.

Wilson, whose cracked ankle retired him at the beginning of the season in 1913, will be Fryer's chief rival at third. He is a clever lad, and may shade the present occupant of the berth. Wilson has not reported yet on account of poison oak, which is keeping him confined. Dewey is another infielder who will appear as soon as an injured eye, received in the last Oregon basketball game, permits. The Admiral may be tried out in the outfield, and the inner recesses of the game are being filled out by the following: Hays, of Pasadena, Cal.; Supple, a prep student here last Spring; Houck, Moist, of Lebanon, and Markham, are catchers who have their eyes set on Weller's backstop job. Funk is a rany rook with aspirations for a job at first base, and Seiberts, Price, S. Weller and Seelye are candidates for second and short.

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SOX-GIANTS FALL TO SHUT MONTE CARLO

World Tourists Risk 5 Francs Each, but Few Make Even \$500 "Killings."

MANY SPECTATORS THERE

"Wise Ones" Are Welcomed and Big Share of Money Raked in Comes From Americans—Visitors Take Auto From Nice.

BY G. W. AXELSON. MONTE CARLO, Feb. 14.—The bank at Monte Carlo is still doing business. This despite the fact that some 50 husky athletes and other members of the White Sox and Giants party descended on the roulette and baccarat tables a few hours after reaching Nice.

There had been a lot of saving up on the trip in order to give the "bank" a touch of high life. Umpire Bill Kien had spent his spare moments in working out a system whereby he expected to put Monsieur Blanc and the Prince of Monaco in the poorhouse, but at latest accounts both are getting their "three squares" a day.

There are mighty few in the party who are much on games of chance, but it seemed to be second nature for each one to risk at least a 5-franc piece. Some of them got their original capital back while others did not. Others were lucky enough to make a "killing" if \$500 could be called such.

The majority had seen the game before and knew that the percentage of the game to the "house" would eat through any pocketbook, however well lined. Consequently the winning or losing of just one 5-franc piece satisfied the curiosity of most. They spent their time watching the show.

Nobles Mix With Thieves. As spectators they had plenty of company, several hundred. It was a miscellaneous collection, men and women of noble blood, American millionaires, adventurers from all parts of the world, old and young, men and women, touts, thieves, pickpockets, all rubbing elbows around the enchanted tables. The tourists noted with surprise that possibly the majority of players sitting down around the nine tables in operation were middle-aged or old women. There were also young girls and boys still in their teens jostling with octogenarians, all trying to get something for nothing.

There was no question about the game being uncertain. It was more so, it was hazardous. Tense faces to the number of 20 around each table in chairs, with a fringe of five deep standing up, watched with varying emotions the spinning of the wheel. With monotonous regularity four croupiers at each table would reach out a long arm and rake in a quart of silver, gold and notes after the ivory ball had dropped into its niche. Paying out was less regular. Some way or other the lucky number was more than paid, but not left "uncovered," but still after each spin of the wheel a shower of gold, silver and paper descended.

No pistol shots resounded through the marble corridors, nor did any of the party see any newly made grave in the "private" cemetery, but tragedy could be written in more than one face as the last louis was thrown into the hopper, which always yawned for more.

One of the keepers explained that it was a square game, and as long as humans wanted to gamble, why not profit by it? He pointed out that the percentage against the player was less than in the United States. At Monte Carlo there is only one "0" instead of two.

"Wise Ones" Welcomed. There are one or two other points which lessens the percentage for the "house," but the edge is still there, and there is not a chance in the world to even theoretically "break the bank at Monte Carlo." They welcome "systems." Anyone with a big bank account and an infallible system is guaranteed a royal entertainment. M. Blanc will cheerfully pay his living expenses at \$25 a day just as long as he is willing to sit at his table and "break the bank."

The player with the roll need not associate with the common herd, either. Monsieur Blanc will provide him with a membership card which admits him to the inner recesses of the gambling hall. As a rule this costs 50 francs. There is, of course, no admission charges to the general rooms. Those inclined to worship at the shrine of chance will have paid plenty before they again emerge. There are certain restrictions observed in gaining entrance, but they are not arduous. The name and the place of residence if requested, and in return a card of admittance is issued. This scrutiny at the door is necessary in order to keep any citizen of Monaco out.

None of the subjects of Prince Charles is allowed in the Casino. The Prince probably knows something about the percentage against them, and this it has happened and is happening that non-residents have built the \$1,000,000 Casino, furnished the priceless paintings and tapestries on the

walls, paid and pay the army of employees, built the roads, cleared the streets, support the entourage of the ruler, erect palaces for the nominal proprietor, and, in short, pay all taxes and expenses of this minor league principality.

Americans have furnished a large share of the coin raked in. There were a number of well-known financiers who watched the show while the players were there. Few gambled. They were content in watching others feed the bank. The majority of Americans at the Casino were the Winter on the Riviera. They cannot be blamed for doing that if they have the price, as it was the unanimous opinion of our countrymen to show up on cards can compare with the Italian and French Riviera, which includes a couple of hundred miles of the Mediterranean shore.

The millions left along the shores have undoubtedly been put to good use, as magnificent driveways and imposing palaces and gardens skirt the calm waters of this almost landlocked sea. Every one in the party "blew" themselves to an auto ride between Nice and Monte Carlo. It was worth the price, as in song and story the grand cornice road taking the traveler above the clouds now and then is regarded as nature's and man's masterpiece.

Varsity Has New Uniform. Baseball Squad at Pullman to Be Arrayed in Red, Gray and White.

MOSCOW, Idaho, March 14.—(Special.)—The varsity baseball squad this Spring will be adorned in brand new uniforms. No jackets will be worn. In their stead will be substituted tight-fitting, low-necked jerseys of a deep red in solid color except for the sleeves, which bear about a dozen narrow circular stripes of white. The caps are red with circular white stripes. The caps are of gray save for the red letter "I" which stands out in prominence on the front. The breeches are gray with a strip of red running lengthwise and a wider stripe of the same color on each side seam. The suits arrived yesterday and will be distributed next week.

Ashland Police in Uniform. ASHLAND, Or., March 14.—(Special.)—Members of the city police force have discarded plain clothes. Chief Porter and Assistants Atterbury and Christie are now resplendent in regulation uniform. This is in accordance with the order adopted by the city authorities, which went into effect Friday. The uniform suits are complete, supplemented with hats, helmets and badges.

In California They Call the Beavers the Ducks—Their Antics Pictured by Roscoe Fawcett Spell the Same

Illustration of a beaver and a duck.

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No pistol shots resounded through the marble corridors, nor did any of the party see any newly made grave in the "private" cemetery, but tragedy could be written in more than one face as the last louis was thrown into the hopper, which always yawned for more.

One of the keepers explained that it was a square game, and as long as humans wanted to gamble, why not profit by it? He pointed out that the percentage against the player was less than in the United States. At Monte Carlo there is only one "0" instead of two.

"Wise Ones" Welcomed. There are one or two other points which lessens the percentage for the "house," but the edge is still there, and there is not a chance in the world to even theoretically "break the bank at Monte Carlo." They welcome "systems." Anyone with a big bank account and an infallible system is guaranteed a royal entertainment. M. Blanc will cheerfully pay his living expenses at \$25 a day just as long as he is willing to sit at his table and "break the bank."

The player with the roll need not associate with the common herd, either. Monsieur Blanc will provide him with a membership card which admits him to the inner recesses of the gambling hall. As a rule this costs 50 francs. There is, of course, no admission charges to the general rooms. Those inclined to worship at the shrine of chance will have paid plenty before they again emerge. There are certain restrictions observed in gaining entrance, but they are not arduous. The name and the place of residence if requested, and in return a card of admittance is issued. This scrutiny at the door is necessary in order to keep any citizen of Monaco out.

None of the subjects of Prince Charles is allowed in the Casino. The Prince probably knows something about the percentage against them, and this it has happened and is happening that non-residents have built the \$1,000,000 Casino, furnished the priceless paintings and tapestries on the

walls, paid and pay the army of employees, built the roads, cleared the streets, support the entourage of the ruler, erect palaces for the nominal proprietor, and, in short, pay all taxes and expenses of this minor league principality.

Americans have furnished a large share of the coin raked in. There were a number of well-known financiers who watched the show while the players were there. Few gambled. They were content