



GOING SOME TO TAKE 5 STRAIGHT

SAN FRANCISCO BASEBALL TEAM WHICH HAS SUCCUMBED TO BEAVERS

SCHEDULE IS RUB OF THE MAGNATES

Seals Lose 3 to 4 in Greatest Word Throwing Contest Ever Witnessed on Local Grounds—Catcher Berry Fined \$10.

Close Decision at Plate Starts a Word Hurricane That Ends Disastrously for Three Friscans and Affords Amusement.



Reading From Left to Right, the Players Are: Killifer, Williams, Hildebrand, Sutor, Griffin, Bro wning, Melchoir, Berry, Berger, Mohler and McArdle.

Difference in Seasons Causes Disagreement of Two Sections—Merely Chatter.

San Francisco, Sept. 19.—President J. Cal Ewing, of the Pacific Coast league, and Henry Berry, manager of the Los Angeles team, returned today from Portland.

The magnates went north to confer with W. W. McCredie, owner of the Portland team; W. H. Lucas, president of the Pacific Northwest league, and J. Douglas, manager of the Seattle team of the Pacific Northwest league, in regard to the expansion of the coast league circuit next season.

Ewing says nothing was accomplished but hopes for an adjustment of the varying plans of the conflicting interests before long. As president he may be willing to give up some of his territory, but the rub comes in the arrangement of the schedule.

McCredie will probably have to modify his schedule earlier and closer in the northwest and Ewing is opposed to any shortening. So that fact alone may keep McCredie from buying more than two new clubs added to the circuit.

McCredie made three times as many hits yesterday as Los Angeles but was beaten 4 to 3. Slim Nelson held the Seraphs down to four hits, while his teammates made 12 off Brivawater.

McCredie's recovery was not a surprise. In addition Heilmutter made a home run, George Smith a three-bagger and Billie Moore a double. McCredie struck out eight men. Truly the game goes to the victor.

Umpire Jimmy Flynn is the most popular man in Oregon tonight. If you don't believe it, ask any of the thousands of fans who saw Kid Mohler grind his molars as he beat the policeman, summoned by Mr. Flynn, to the entrance gate.

It cost Claude Berry \$10 to play catch with Nick Williams yesterday afternoon. Claude was very naughty, but it is doubtful if he will take any more liberties with Perrine's successor. The only thing the crowd regretted was that "Dirty Dora" did not get about \$325 sliced from his check this month, too.

Manager McCredie is playing great ball since his return to the right grand after his long rest. "Bawling Walter" is responsible for much of this week. Ryan has been hitting hard and often also, as has little "Burr" Ryan. Ryan recovered his usual sunny disposition, and his playing has undergone a marked improvement in consequence.

The nine men that defeated Mohler's cranks yesterday present the strongest aggressive formation that McCredie has had in a game in Portland. There was not a weak spot on the batting list.

Jack Granev has come into his own again. If he continues to pitch in the same form he will be the mainstay of the team. Jack lacked control when he made his first appearance, but he has mastered the art of cutting the corners now, and when necessary he can put the ball where he wants it. He did this twice during the present series.

Cal Ewing remarked Friday that if the Golden Gate fans had the spirit of the boosters who come out to see the Beavers play that San Francisco would be the greatest ball town in the United States. The Portland crowd is certainly loyal, but the home town is trying to root for the Beavers.

Umpire Flynn is certainly to be congratulated for his manly efforts to eliminate rowdism. Flynn had to have a good deal of nerve to stand in the mouth of the "Kid" yesterday, in view of the fact that he depends upon his retention in the league by the owner of the Frisco team.

Five straight for the Beavers! And "Doc" Anderson says it's going to be seven.

Wouldn't it be the irony of fate if "Falloway" Patrick should beat McCredie's nine? Answer, No it wouldn't; anyway, not on Sunday.

There are many who think that Umpire Flynn should have called the game yesterday after Mohler refused to shut his mouth. Mohler's attitude was never an advisable move, though except in the last recourse, Flynn punished the magnate's insolence. Mohler was not bit too much. In fact, Flynn was just about right.

That policeman who is supposed to be the umpire's protector and friend in time of need is another Caduce. To see him lope over the field when Flynn called on him to put Mohler off the field was the rarest diversion a Portland ball crowd has seen in years.

Only six hits off Granev in two games, both pitched this week.

Beck made a fine throw to the plate yesterday in the second, and had Berry bid that ball Cooney would have been struck out. The ball Cooney would have struck was a wide swath of territory in the center grass patch, and his binging is the envy of his teammates.

THEY'RE OFF! WILL BE TOMORROW'S CRY

STEPPERS FACE STARTER IN CLASSICS

They're off! This will be the cry from the railbirds when Starter Harriman gives the word in the first race for the rich classics at the Country club track tomorrow afternoon at 1:30 o'clock. Twenty-seven high-bred animals have been entered for the 2:14 pace, and there will probably be no less than 16 of them face the starter. This event has been designated as the Open River purse, and is one of the richest of the meeting, being worth \$1,000.

The other big event of the afternoon is the 2:16 trot, the Commercial Club purse, with plenty of keen competition promised. This stake also is valued at \$1,000. There are 25 entries with a strong probability that 15 or 18 will face the barrier. Such performers as Bert Condon, Dan Derby, Nogi, Prince Seattle, Satin Royal, Day Break and Zobona are entered. All these have shown themselves to be top-notchers along the circuit and there is bound to be a whipping finish at the end. In the pacing feature such sterling individuals as Ray O'Light, McFadden, Bushnell King, Chilly the Clipper and others will round out the attraction.

Week of Records. During the past week at the state fair there was no end to record-breaking performances in the light harness division. First it was Mona Wilkes, 2:09; then Charlie D. 2:08 1/2, and later Leland Onward, 2:05 1/4. Then the great 3-year-old, Ray O'Light, 2:09, paced the fastest heat covered by a 3-year-old in the history of the fair. It is a cinch that he can do 1:11 or better on most any kind of a track.

Following are the entries in the two blue ribbon events of the opening day: Open River Purse, \$14 Pace, \$1,000. Lizala C. b. m. by Acclamation-No-name, Frank J. Richardson, Portland. Explosion, b. m. by Steinyash-Flash, F. E. Ward, Los Angeles. Diabul, ch. g. by Diabulo, W. Griswold, Salinas. Albert Derida, blk. h. by Robert D. Direct-Ida May, L. Y. Dollemeyer, Hanford, Cal. Queen B. b. m. by Count-Nellie Sherman, E. F. Bean, Spokane. Freely Red, b. m. by Red Medicine-Miss Friel, A. C. Dahl, San Diego. Alton, blk. h. by Altamont-dam by Alex Burton, Lou Mattiva, Dixon, Cal. Pilot, ch. g. by Abbottford Jr.-Belle Caprice, Robert Galinda, Oakland. Raffles, b. g. by Zolock, J. R. Sears, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, Seattle, Wash. Freddie C. Jr. b. h. by Prince Direct-Birdie, Gobble, Jr. g. by McVera-Lizala, Seattle, Wash. Easter Belle, b. m. by Diabulo-Eliza, Buck, b. g. by McKinney-Tuna, Beuer-

Some of the Good Ones. Among the best ones is Emily W., a good going trotter that has always given a creditable account of herself, and as F. E. Ward is her companion, and handles the ribbons whenever she turns for the money, it is a copper-riveted cinch that this one is always trying to get her nose in front. Ben Walker could be touted just a little. He is oil in the can when it comes to getting out on a tight string with the field. Mr. Walker is well known throughout the harness world, and has always been considered one of the best in his class. Mr. Walker will have the mount behind Vallejo Girl who has shown her ability when right to step into the lead.

The Open River purse, for 2:14 paces, valued at \$1,000, and worth \$500 to the winner, has attracted the attention of the best owners and trainers from the west and no doubt this will be one of the best races in the circuit during the season. It looks to be a close race to which horse will be returned the winner in this field of side-wheelers. Don't forget the runner-up, Chilly the Clipper, by Hall Cloud, 2:07 1/4, the property of F. S. Byers. Josephine, which will be in the race, and more. Rutherford will be doing the leading. Ray O'Light, Queen B., Freddie C. Jr., and McFadden are also entered. This one will be a horse race from wire to wire, and it is the most talked of of the meeting.

Ken West Goes Lame. Ken West, the handsome 4-year-old brown pacing horse, has gone lame, and is likely to be a loser for the rest of this season. He is the property of Mr. Whitmore of this city, and was one of the best in the northwest circuit. Portland day at the state fair Ken West was a starter up to the 2:14 pace, and was always up to the front. It was noticeable from the time he first appeared upon the track that the Commonwealth colt was not at his best, and Trainer Hornsboom was compelled to urge him along. The present admirers of this grand individual were to encourage private ownership of high class horses and correct appointments than any one man in the northwest, and his stable always contains fine ribbons. His champion mare Sunshin would be a feature in any show, and has a record of 2:06 1/2, and has a 1:11 in the

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lah, ch. f. by Nutwood Wilkes-Pattie D. Phillips & Retchel, Great Falls, Mont. Josephine, b. m. by Zolock-Lady May, Homer Rutherford, San Bernardino, Cal. Zomvert, b. h. by Lombro-May Scoff, Fred Brooker, North Yakima, Wash. Oregon Baby, blk. m. by Smear's Caution-Olympia, J. D. Isom, Albany. Cleopatra, b. m. by Alexis, Francis B. Allen, Walla Walla. Lady W. b. m. by McKinney-Delta, J. Oakland, Spokane. Zom Nort (formerly Lord Lister 2:16), b. h. by Zombro-Noria, L. D. Gibson, Salem. Ray O'Light, br. c. by Searchlight-Carrie B. E. S. Train, Salinas, Cal. Atabal, b. g. by Keeler-Atal, James Stranahan, Hood River. McFadyen, ch. a. by Diabulo-Bee Stirling, E. D. Dudley, Dixon. Rockaway, m. g. by Stoneway, G. A. Pounder, Los Angeles. Kermit, ch. jr. by Henry Nutwood-Two Minutes, F. E. George, Santa Cruz. Chilly the Clipper, br. h. by Hall Cloud-Ruby L. F. S. Byers, Denver. Speedway, b. g. by Saraway-Daisy H.; Highway, blk. g. by Saraway-Blue-Pearl, A. R. Gumar, Florence, Colo. Commercial Club Purse, 2:16 Trot, \$1,000. Patsy Rice, b. g. by Gold-Kingira, Albert Smith, Bozeman, Mont. Princess W. blk. m. by George Washington-Urania, Fred J. Kirkpatrick, San Francisco. Modron, b. m. by George Arres-Angle Bay, Alexandria, b. c. by Bonnie Direct-Alix B. Morris Bros., Pony, Mont. Nook, b. h. by Athabolo-Cora Wickersham, Warlow & Walton, Fresno, Cal. Irene, b. m. by Martin's Florida-Birdie, Robert Prior, North Yakima, Wash. Minnie M. N. K. West, La Grande, Or. Freddie C. Jr. b. h. by Prince Direct-Birdie, Gobble, Jr. g. by McVera-Lizala, Seattle, Wash. Easter Belle, b. m. by Diabulo-Eliza, Buck, b. g. by McKinney-Tuna, Beuer-

M'FARLAND WILD TO MEET NEW CHAMPION

KETCHEL SEARCHES HILL FOR REST CURE

By Will J. Hattery. San Francisco, Sept. 19.—Since the recent fistic carnival at the Mission street arena, there has been quite a lull in the fighting game, and though the city is full of talent at the present time the various promoters do not seem willing to take a chance of pulling off any more, for a while at least. The general fear is that the game will be overdone unless care is exercised, for the recent alleged championship between Attel and Moran disgusted many of the followers of the game on account of the miserable showing made by the American champion. Promoter Jim Coffroth is trying to get Nelson and Packey McFarland together for Thanksgiving day, but there does not seem to be much of a chance for this match right now. While McFarland is apparently mad to get at the champion, the latter is too busy picking up easy money on the road, and as long as this holds out it is not likely that he will again sign up for a fight, especially against a tough fellow like McFarland. Charlie Lecar, the man who succeeded Luke Marish as the main screw in the Pacific club offered Nelson a fat bonus to go for 30 rounds against McFarland in this city next month, but this inducement only brought from the Dane the declaration that he will never fight within the city limits here again for the reason that the bouts are limited. Nelson has fully realized that he must get the whole route to be at his best. Consequently, if McFarland expects to get on with the Battle he must abandon his dream of a 20 round mill. There is no chance for him. The most peculiar phase of the pres-

ent tangle is Nelson's sweeping statement that he has drawn the red line. Imagine that! Doing anything like this after fighting smokes all his life and incidentally winning the title from one of them. But it goes, anyhow, though what is the use? There is not a shine in the country outside of Jack Johnson or Sam Langford who could be induced to climb into the ring with the Dane, and he sure is limned from going any of these, because of size. The color line is getting to be very popular with the fighters of today, and every time the fans of this city hear of it they become sorer and sorer. It's getting to be an awful joke, and the next man who tried to get away with this line of talk is liable to be run out of the city by the vigilance committee. Billy Papke, the conqueror of Stanley Ketchel, is at present basking in the sunshine of the smiles of them all. He is the big noise here when Nelson is not around, and the coming fight between him and Ketchel before Jack Gleason's club on Thanksgiving evening promises to be quite an event. Papke is bound to rule a heavy favorite, though the people of this city have never seen him go. However, this makes no difference. San Francisco is a city where the victor is king, and once they get a notion into their head. Nothing can budge them, either. Papke is a small, quiet, unassuming fellow, but he has a heart of a lion. He is a shoe salesman but a champion welterweight. In fact he is a very little man, but he has a heart of a lion. He stands about 5 feet 7 inches, and can fight at 145 pounds if necessary. Unlike Ketchel, he is not hollering for a chance to take on Burns or Johnson. He says that he is a middleweight pure and simple, and will stay in his class until he has beaten the best of his own weight. Then he claims that he will retire. He realizes that the heavyweight is not his dish, and he is about right. Before going against Ketchel here Papke will take another whirl at Hugo on October 14. As he has the verdict over Kelly in a 10 round mill, and as Ketchel put the crusher on it in an 8 round round, he figures to beat him handily, but in these days of pugilistic upsets, nobody can tell what is going to happen once a pair of fighters get together. Ketchel is trying the rest cure this time. He has been in the hospital, and if possible reach his hill when he faces Papke again. The former champion is away in the hills in the northern part of the state in the meantime, and there for another six weeks or so before starting to train for Papke. He says now that he has a drawing card. Welch entered the ring, and that the first punch Papke landed took all the fight out of him. Ketchel takes his defeat very much to heart. It was a crushing one to him in more ways than one. Besides betting a big chunk of coin to trim him, he also went for a roll on the rounds, laying a couple of thousands as easy money that he would come back to him in the sixteenth. The pickers around the city and surrounding towns also got a lot of the short end of the coin, though no large bets were registered at any of the poolrooms. Owen Moran, the little British featherweight champion, will be given another chance to display his fighting ability when he meets Eddie Hanlon, the former lightweight idol of this city in a 20 round bout before Sam Berger's club on the 21st. Moran is a very good fighter, and has never been defeated. Though always touted as a hurricane, slamed Abe Attel on Labor day, now it is up to him to square himself with the gang. Moran was supposed to have been entered in the graveyard of pugdom some two years ago, but a few months since he suddenly came back and fought a hard hitting Johnny Murphy to a standstill in a 10 round affair at Billy Hooper's saloon. This showing immediately boosted Hanlon's stock till at the present time he has an array of admirers who believe he can take the measure of the racy Britisher. Though always touted as a hurricane, slamed Abe Attel on Labor day, now it is up to him to square himself with the gang. Moran was supposed to have been entered in the graveyard of pugdom some two years ago, but a few months since he suddenly came back and fought a hard hitting Johnny Murphy to a standstill in a 10 round affair at Billy Hooper's saloon. This showing immediately boosted Hanlon's stock till at the present time he has an array of admirers who believe he can take the measure of the racy Britisher. Though always touted as a hurricane, slamed Abe Attel on Labor day, now it is up to him to square himself with the gang. Moran was supposed to have been entered in the graveyard of pugdom some two years ago, but a few months since he suddenly came back and fought a hard hitting Johnny Murphy to a standstill in a 10 round affair at Billy Hooper's saloon. This showing immediately boosted Hanlon's stock till at the present time he has an array of admirers who believe he can take the measure of the racy Britisher.

HIGH-STEPPER FOR HUNT CLUB SHOW



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