NEW RULE WILL KILL "FREAKS"

McCann Says Legislation Won't Abolish Tricky Deliveries by Big Leaguers.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—No matter what the baseball rules committee does toward abolishing freak pitching at the Chicago meeting, it is a certainty that hurlers will invent some other unnatural delivery for this season.

Not a few baseball men are inclined to the belief that the so-called "shiner" is more of a myth than anything else, and that the credulity of the ballplayer has helped to foster it.

Gene McCann considers the "shiner" more or less a bluff, and he is not alone.

SHINER CAMOUFLAGE

McCann avers that Hod Eller's "shiner" is about 100 per cent camouflage. He predicts that legislation against freak pitching will have no ill effect on Eller's ability next season and he says the same goes for all other pitchers who are reputed to have mastered the "shiner" and other freaks. The spit-ball, of course, is a substantial reality. Abolition of its use will be a hardship on a good many hurlers.

According to McCann a pitcher with a fast curve ball and a nimble brain can bluff about 75 per cent of the players he faces into believing that he is using some freak delivery, once he gets the reputation for it. And because of the credulity of the average run of ballplayers it is easy for a smart pitcher to make capital out of the socalled "shiner."

WOULD TAKE CHANCE

"If I were a pitcher with a fast curve ball," said McCann in a recent fanning bee, "I'd naturally take advantage of every chance to make a batter believe I had a freak of some sort up my sleeve. Once I fooled a batsman into such a belief I'd just give him time to get back to the dugout and spread the news and then I'd get busy shining up the ball like an animated bootblack.

"To my way of thinking that just about covers the 'shines.' Once you get the players to thinking you've got it you have something on them, and the rest is easy enough. It's easier still if the catcher works with the pitcher in the way of dropping a remark now and then."

Legislation against freak pitching will probably act differently on the batsmen, however. If he believes that such legislation is in force he will cease to think of freak deliveries and go up there and swing with the feeling that the pitcher has no undue advantage over him. The chances are that he'll connect with the ball more frequently as a result of it. But there will always be the batter who is looking for an alibi for weak hitting, and he will be the one to yell "wolf." Wait and see.

Opening of Golf Play Season Is Set Back

Owing to the fact that the regular greens on the Portland Golf club course will not be ready for play until after a good, heavy rain, Chairman Walter H. Nash of the handicap committee has postponed the opening of the 1920 tournament matches which were tentatively billed for next Sunday.

Nash is rearranging the schedule and will present it to the board of directors for approval at the next meeting. There has been considerable play over the Portland links this spring and the officers of the club are looking forward to a wonderful year.

Ted Thye Suffering From Mat Poisoning

Ted Thye, claimant of the world's lightweight wrestling championship title, who has been winning matches right and left since his victory over Walter Miller, is out of the game temporarily with mat-poisoning.

As a result of this he has been forced to cancel a couple of engagements, but believes that he will be able to resume training about the middle of March. He is negotiating for a contest in Vancouver, B. C., during the latter part of March.

NORTHWEST JUNIOR TENNIS TOURNEY IS SLATED FOR SPOKANE

Clubs Asked to Apply for Dates; International Body to Join United States Tennis Association.

WALTER A. GOSS, sectional delegate of the United States Lawn Tennis association, has written letters to the Pacific Northwest tennis clubs asking them for their proposed dates for tournaments during the 1920 season. Word was received from the New York headquarters that all dates must be in the East in time to be acted on at the meeting of the association slated for March 15.

Present indications are that the British Columbia clubs are willing to allow the International association to become a part of the United States Lawn Tennis association and if such is the case it is planned to convert the international doubles into sectional doubles and thereby make it necessary for a single schedule. Spokane was to have staged the 1920 international tournament.

In his letter to the clubs of the Pacific Northwest, Goss asked that all tournament dates whether or not they be high school, city, club or state, be sent to him immediately so that definite announcement can be made without conflicts. The Pacific Northwest championship for boys and juniors will be at Spokane this summer and every tennis center is expected to send its winners to the Inland Empire tourney. The winner of the junior gathering will be sent east to the national championships.

In asking for dates to hold tournaments the various clubs have been requested to send both first and second choices.

Gun Club to Stage Merchandise Shoot

Five trophies will be awarded the high guns in today's merchandise tournament to be staged on the Everding Park traps of the Portland Gun club. The first string of targets will be thrown at 10 o'clock. This tourney is the third of a series of 12 to be held during the year to determine the handicaps to be allotted the shooters in the Directors' trophy and President's cup events.

Soccer Meeting May Prove "Stormy"

The meeting of the Portland Soccer Football association, scheduled for Monday night in Judge Cameron's offices in the Chamber of Commerce building, promises to be well attended with representatives from each team in the circuit. Three players, one on each of the Mount Scott, Peninsula and Kerns elevens, have been suspended by President Browne and the matter will be thoroughly discussed Monday night.

The protest of Manager Walter Tannensee of the Waverleigh Athletic club against the playing of an ineligible athlete by the Kerns squad two weeks ago will be brought up and decided. The protest has been pending inasmuch as no meeting was held last week because of a holiday. Two games will be played in the circuit this afternoon Kerns and Peninsula battling on the Reed college grounds, while the Franklin bowl will be the scene of the Waverleigh-Mount Scott affair. The games will start at 2 o'clock. All Waverleigh players are requested to be at the grounds at 1:30 p. m.

St. Paul Battler Would Box Gorman

Tommy Barone, the flashy young featherweight of St. Paul, who lost a close decision to Earl Baird at Milwaukie last Wednesday night, is anxious to catch on with Joe Gorman, the local featherweight, who will return from California within the next two weeks.

Barone, while he lost to Baird, is a clever mitt-wielder, and many local fans would like to see him in action against Gorman. He is also angling for a chance at some of the Seattle featherweights.

Plenty Pre-Season Action for Majors

Six clubs in each of the major leagues will clash in 106 games in the spring training trip. The games will be: Giants versus Red Sox 21, Braves versus Tigers 18, Reds versus Washington 18, Brooklyn versus Yankees 16, Cardinals versus Athletics 16, Cardinals versus Browns 7, Brooklyn versus Washington 4, Reds versus Yankees 3, Pirates versus Red Sox 3.

PUGILISTIC PALAVER by Bob

DO the little fellows draw in the fight game?

They do, then again they don't. If they have a reputation that is smattered over the nation or even over a certain region and are known as knockout artists or fast and willing boxers, they may pull the crowd to the box office. Otherwise, the promoter who gambles on them solely as magnets for the fistic fan's dollar is going to play a losing game. Size seems to count as much in the boxing world as it does when it relates to the dimensions of a man's pocketbook or his stature. Innately or perversely, we have respect for things that fill a lot of atmosphere.

The Milwaukie Boxing commission's experience at its recent smoker demonstrates the truth of these statements. With the exception of the middleweight bout, one opponent in which had shown poorly on his first start six weeks before and one of whom had never garnered first class laurels, the card was made up of the littler classes. Two of these boys, Earl Baird and Heinie Schuman, were known to coast fans and had always pleased fans, but their opponents were both unknown locally.

The consequence was an attendance far below what was deserved by a fight so good as that which took place between Baird and Barone.

Time was when Portland would have turned out like a full rigged army to see such a scrap as that. But that was before boxing regained its feet and ere our eyes had become accustomed to seeing the giants in action. Chances are that had every man on the Milwaukie card been a heavyweight of a caliber inferior to that of the little boys on the bill, the big auditorium would have been packed. The crowd hungers for a glimpse of big fellows plunging and lunging and biting the resin.

Yes, the little fellows will draw well when they are good and evenly, or nearly evenly, matched, but otherwise it seems necessary to back up their appearance with contests between the goliaths.

* * *

JACK DEMPSEY'S indictment by a federal grand jury as a slacker is a surprise to most of the sporting world. Many had believed the charges against him were trumped up by a scorned woman and by jealous pugilistic rivals.

The affair takes reverse English now, for it is not our province to contend that federal investigators would have acted against the champion unless there had been some grounds. The extent of his offense, if offense it proves to be, will have to be established by a trial in federal court, a proceeding which may result not only in Dempsey's complete dethronement in popular esteem, but one that may lead him to a felon's cell.

However guilty or innocent Dempsey may be, a stigma will attach to him to the end of his days regardless of acquittal or conviction by a jury. There will always be those who will hold to their original viewpoint of the case.

No matter how we look at it, whether from the position of those who hold him a traitor or from the position of those who contend that jealousy has made him a victim, the case possesses both pathos and contrast. The mighty champion of the world helpless before an abstract law of morals and patriotism! No more plaudits will ring for him in any part of the civilized world should he be convicted! Hisses and jeers will greet him when he steps on or off a train or when he walks through crowds!

Surely that will be less palatable to him than physical defeat at the hands of another boxer.

Jack Dempsey may learn too late the bitter lesson that public opinion is fickle; that it must not be tampered with, and that forgetfulness is the portion of the great and the near-great.

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COLONEL ALF'S ADVENTURES IN THE FAR, FAR WEST—AND IN THE EAST ALSO

IT WAS some years before California had more than one transcontinental line, that across the Mohave desert there ran a road from the "Sinks of the Mohave," where its water sank in the sands, soda and alkali of "Soda Lake," a great waste of desert where once had been an inland dead sea; or, perhaps a gulf extending from the Gulf of California. This road led by many turns and windings toward Fort Mohave on the Colorado river on the Arizona side, and from there to Prescott, the capital of the territory.

At Marl Springs I was assisting Captain Seth Tate manage the "station," which was situated at the east end of a 60-mile push without water across Soda lake, and the station embraced all the activities of a town, and at times exercised them as travelers sojourned. For at Marl Springs was good water, and plenty of it, if the sojourner paid for it, and he did not pay for nothing, as the water represented an investment in tunneling the rock in several directions, storing the water where it would not evaporate and serving it in troughs and barrels as occasion might demand.

It was in the early dawn of a May morning that Captain Tate and I were disturbed by a man stumbling and pounding against the door and the barking of the dogs of Indian Joe Bruno, a gaunt and black Mohave Indian who pitched his "wickyups" of brush and skins in a gully near by. We unbarred the door and a young man stumbled into the room and mumbled. His swollen tongue refused to make intelligible speech; it protruded from his mouth. His face and hands were blistered and bleeding. He had his feet wrapped in parts of what had been his coat. He was "all in" as the saying is.

We gave him a small quantity of water in a whiskey glass; but he could not swallow it. A wash basin was brought in half full and he laved his swollen and bleeding face and hands, and then could painfully but eagerly swallow a little water from the glass.

He mumbled and motioned to the south, but we could not understand him. His face seemed familiar, and I tried to identify him. Evidently he knew me but could not mutter his name distinctly enough for me to recall it.

While we were trying to understand him and relieving him at the same time, Joe Bruno, with his two wives and most of his promising families, drew near, observing operations but saying nothing. Suddenly Joe came in and caught up a sheet of store wrapping paper and a big carpenter's pencil from behind the counter and shoved theem at the wayfarer, saying, "Write quick, you d——d fool! White man no talk, mebby can write."

And leaning against the counter, which was oftimes a bar, the man wrote: "Three women and three men starving for water at Devils Paw sink hole. My name is Ned Leep."

SUFFERER RECOGNIZED

Then I knew him, for I had met him and his people many times in San Bernardino, and his father, Billy Leep, had been kind to me, as had all the family. His father was a Cockney Englishman and ex-Mormon, who had fled from Salt Lake in early days and owned a fertile farm near San Bernardino.

"Is your father one of the men?" I asked, and a hissing "Yes," and a scrawled "Mother, too," was his answer.

In a very few minutes Joe and I were on our way with two mules loaded with water and provisions. It was 35 miles over a trackless desert away into the boundaries of the Colorado and the Mohave desert. Cap Tate, having a game leg and the responsibility of the "station," remained, for travelers were likely to come at any time, and they were not always honest enough to even take needed water and go on, but would pillage and break into stores and supplies.

The Devils Paw was a jutting mass of black obsidian rock that reached out into the desert like the Marl Springs range did, with a great gulf of sand and alkali all around it, and in the winter time there was usually some feed for stock in the uplands.

In May the heat was something to be reckoned with. We had no thermometer, but it was run above 120 in the shade at the Springs the day before, and it was certainly that hot out in the sweep of the desert.

We rode hard, sometimes over sand and sometimes over rocks, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon came to the camp at the sinkhole. An awning had been spread over the folding tent rods and three mules tethered nearby tried to bray a welcome, but gave it up because of their parched throats. A man I recognized as Billy Leep staggered toward us, reaching out his hands and mumbling, "Water! For God's sake a little water for the women!"

We soon relieved the wants of the little company. One man other than Leep only was with them. The third man, a prospector, had started on foot that morning for Government Wells, another "station" on the Mohave-Prescott road, and about 40 miles away, thinking that young Leep might not be able to make the trip to Marl Springs in time to bring relief. Before we could start back that evening Cunningham and two young Indians made in with more water, for Tate had sent one of Joe Bruno's boys to Cunningham's ranch, urging assistance, to which he had responded with his usual energy and charity.

MEDIE HAD TWO GUIDES

One of the women was a Spiritualistic medium and another was a consumptive school marm of uncertain age. The medium, whose name I have forgotten, I will call Mrs. Bingham. She was the real party responsible for the situation through her guides and controls. Mrs. Leep had come because of her faith in the medium and because of her having had experience in roughing it on the desert. The school marm for adventure and also because of a yearning to become suddenly rich and practice philanthrophy.

I had met Mrs. Bingham and her husband at Arrowhead Hot Springs the year before. The Indian "guide" of hers always spoke of Mrs. Bingham as "Medie," and I was singled out as a bad boy because at a seance in the dark another fellow had let a bunch of bees out of a pickle bottle in the midst of the seance and not only the spirit guides but the mortal participants also had suddenly vamoosed. These guides revealed to her that I was responsible for the bees, and according to "boy honor" I never "squealed" or "peached" on the real culprit.

Now Medie was contrfolled by two spirit guides, one a Mandan Indian called White Wolf, and the other an Indian girl called Blue Dove. She also worked a planchette, which was a heart-shaped board about the size of a small pancake, with a pencil at one end and little wheels at the other. We have something of the sort in these days called an ouija board. Medie got some astonishing "tests" with that planchette and could read the most wonderful and surprising messages from the departed, based on irregular scrawls that I could not decipher. And neither Medie nor her guides had any use for men whatever. But Medie and motherly Mrs. Leep were glad to see me that time.

One of the younger Indians was dispatched on foot with a big canteen of water to overtake the prospector, and the rest of the party, the women on horses and mules, and the men taking turns, for there were not enough mounts to go around.

Medie appropriated my pony and rode, protesting that we should make a litter and carry her. About midnight Medie slid off the horse and protested that she could go no farther.

"All right, very good," grunted Joe Bruno. "Come back in morning, gather bones. Plenty coyotes, damn hungry.." With a shriek Medie got back on my pony and hung on until we arrived at Marl Springs.

ANOTHER SEANCE HELD

Two days later Medie and her friends held another seance. Then Cap Tate and I found out what it was all about. Medie had received communications some weeks before from the departed spirit of Pegleg Smith, who had died leaving no trace of his mountain of silver, but which he wanted Medie, her husband, the Leeps and a few others to share. Every time that planchette was put on the map it made tracks for a certain spot thereon—that is within three or four inches (the scale was about 20 miles to the inch). While this was going on at seance after seance, Mr. Bingham sold Bibles and supplies to Sunday schools and Medie charged for her revelations to persons seeking after "tests," of which there was apparently no limit either in the supply or the demand.

Finally it was agreed that a party should be made up and the expenses thereof should be advanced by Billy Leep. In order to preserve the proper magnetic strength and power at least two other women besides Medie must accompany her. The prospector next came into the game. I think his name was Boyd. He had looked for Pegleg Smith's mine himself, and knew something of the desert. The total values of the mine were to be divided into three equal parts, one share to go to the "Banner of Light," a Spiritualist publication in Boston. Another part was to go to the establishment of homes for retired mediums and the remaining third was to be divided amongst the Leeps and several others.

It appeared that after they got started Leep and his son and the prospector, Boyd, got together and decided that it was a waste of money to give the Banner of Light anything like $3,000,000 and that all the mediums in the country would not need a similar sum if they lived to be 1000 years old. Bayd knew some mining law and it was agreed that one claim was to be devoted to the Banner of Light and one to incapicitated mediums, and the rest of the mountain of solid silver and gold was to be divided pro rata, according to the number of the participants.

DESERTED BY SPIRITS

"Medie heard you!" declared the medium at Marl Springs, or rather her Indian girl guide, Blue Dove. "Big spirits came and would not let you find the mine. Greedy people. Greedy peoploe. Talk two-face. Promise to give to great cause. P-r-o-m-i-s-e! Then get together and say no. Pegleg Smith gone away. Very mad. Can't get him back. Mebby gone to Venue. Mebby to Jupiter. I don't know. High spirits say never come back. Nobody ever find the mountain, all silver and gold, because nobody honest. Medie long way off, when you bad men talk, but Medie heard you. Oh yes, and big spirits heard, too."

They had wandered from spring to spring, mountain to mountain, water hole to water hole, and all the time they met with failure. Nothing doing. Boyd said there wasn't as much sign of a valuable mineral deposit as there was on a hot stove. They made a break to get to water, coming from same section much farther into the desert wilderness than my knowledge or that of Joe Bruno understood. The sinkhole of Devils Paw was dry. The secret Indian well that Boyd knew about was dry. the party was up against it hard, for without water life soon goes out of the body. Some say two days, and some say three. It depends upon circumstances, such as temperature, physical action, knowledge of various natural things and the strength of the mind and body. Young Ned Leep decided to go to Marl Springs for relief, 35 miles away, with no definite trail much of the distance. He made it successfully, but he didn't have much to spare.

Medie and her husband took the stage to Prescott that came along in three or four days. Leep decided that he and his wife and the school marm would return to San Bernardino when a stage came west bound, and Boyd and Ned were to bring up the rear with the animals and camp outfit.

TELLS TALE OF WOE

One evening the women went to Joe Bruno's wickiyups to hold spiritual services with the two Bruno families and teach them hymns and civilization.

We gathered around the festive boards of the store at the station where a large tankard of the best brew of Fort Mohave frothed, and Billy Leep told his tale of woe.

"Hi believe the woman was spoofin' hus, drat 'er curly 'ed and baby hyes," he declared.

"Oye, oye, the wimen do spoof the men for ever and aye," sympathetically answered Cap. Tate. "De ye thinket, now, that these higher spiruts tweeked her ear a bit and put her wise to your secret covenant?"

"Tweeked ye foot!" exploded Leep. "It were that bally hass there," pointing to his son, Ned. "She spoofed 'im hand pumped 'im dry. 'E 'asn't the sense 'o the lop-eared mule he swapped a good 'orse for on the Mohave, 'e 'asn't."

"Noo, noo, don't blame the lad. He wasn't the only one, Billy, that got spoofed and pumped, I'll wager ye a hot bun," soothingly admonished Cap. Tate, seeing a family row in the offing.

"Do you think Pegleg Smith and the higher spirits went to Jupiter?" I inquired anxiously.

Leep did not directly reply. He filled the glasses all around and lifted his own high. "'Ere's 'opin' that w'en they got there they found hit w'ite 'ot hand billin' over, hand they 'ad to plunge hin," toasted Leep.

"Curly-head witch woman all right," said Joe, rubbing the exterior of the interior location of his last glass of beer. "She tell me nice young squaw wait for me at Fort Yuma."

"'Ow much did you pay?" inquired Leep.

"Two Mex." ($2 Mexican silver).

"Give 'er $10 and she'd tell you of five squaws," asserted Leep. "She'd give you back what hever you 'ad in your 'art and mind, drat' er lites hand liver."

And the tankard was dry.

FORMER STANFORD COACH TO HANDLE WHITMAN TRACK MEN

Professor Lawrence Appointed to Assist Vincent Borleskes in Handling Spring Sports.

WALLA WALLA, Wash., Feb. 28.—With the appointment of Professor George D. Lawrence as Whitman track coach this year to assist Athletic Director "Nig" Borleske in spring athletics, work was started in earnest this week to get a number of distance runners in shape for the relay carnival to be staged by the University of Washington this spring.

Coach Lawrence is a man who has had experience training high school squads for five years, besides his work as assistant football coach at Leland Stanford before coming to Whitman last fall. His appointment was made because of the fact that the indications are that 30 or 40 men will turn out this year for track at Whitman and this, with the large baseball squad which Borleske will have this spring, was thought to be too much for one man to handle. Borleske, however, will continue as athletic head.

Track turnouts are being held regularly with about 20 men out at present, and the plan of Coach Lawrence is to stage field meets at regular intervals during the spring training period to secure individual competition among the members of the squad.

At present the material which has appeared for practice shows the Missionaries to have a heavy list of distance runners, but lacking in the proper number for competition in the dashes. Prominent among the distance men are Harold Schmidt, a Walla Walla high school half-miler, who won first for the local high school in the Interscholastic meet at Pullman two years ago; Harry Goodspeed, a former Lewis and Clark Spokane high school distance man, and Robert Hurd, a Whitman track letter man from Spokane. Jerry Neterer of Seattle will probably be a contestant for the dashes, while Davis, Knudsen, Gaiser and Etzhorn are others with high school records who have recently turned out.

Bowlers to Compete For Big Side Purse

Charles Trucks, ex-champion bowler of Philadelphia, is matched to roll Glen Riddell of New York, holder of the Eastern individual title, a special home and home series of 15 games—30 games in all—total pins deciding; for a $500 side bet. The first half of the match will be rolled on the Metropolitan alleys, New York city, March 15, and the final games on the Casino alleys, Philadelphia, March 17. A. B. C. rules will govern the match.

Stanford Wins From Oregon Aggie Team

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Feb. 28.—Stanford university basketball aggregation won the second game from the Oregon Aggie tonight, 34 to 16. The teamwork and speed of the Cardinals was too much for the locals.

Mills was the shining light of the visitors, while Stinson and Gurley starred for the locals.

THOMAS KELLEY IS OFFERED POSITION AS IDAHO U COACH

Mentor Recommended by Stagg Brought Title to Missouri School of Mines.

MOSCOW, Idaho, Feb. 28.—Thomas Kelley of Mount Vernon, Ill., has been offered the position of University of Idaho football coach for the 1920 season. This announcement came today from the office of President E. H. Lindley. The offer was made after an exhaustive campaign to secure the best coach possible. The campaign was made by a committee of 12, composed of four members each from the faculty, alumni and student body of the University of Idaho.

As coach of the Missouri School of Mines, Kelley developed a Missouri valley championship team in 1914, his team running up a total of 539 points in eight games played. Coach A. A. Stagg of the University of Chicago recommended Kelley very highly, as did Walter Meanwell, athletic director of the University of Missouri.

Kelley has not yet accepted the offer of appointment, which was telegraphed to him today, but it was made upon receipt of practically an offer from him and meets his terms, and it is believed there is no doubt of his acceptance.

This announcement means that Enoch Bagshaw has turned down Idaho's offer.

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YOUR CO-OPERATION is asked in letting us have the benefit of your suggestions and counsel in connection with our service.

For further information,

John M. Scott, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Ore.
H. A. Hinshaw, General Freight Agent, Portland, Ore.

Are at your service.