DUCK HUNTING IS NOW LUXURIOUS.

Present Day Sport Much Easier Than in Days of Yore.

CLUBHOUSES LIKE HOTELS.

Upholstered Blinds, a Jap Cook and Keepers in Plenty to Pick Up The Birds Killed.

"Curious how men hunt ducks nowadays—upholstered blinds, clubhouses like hotels, and Jap cooks, with a lot of keepers to pick up the birds, set out decoys and such, ain't it?"

He was old, grizzled, gray, this speaker. Seventy he would never see again, but his frame was erect, and in his eye still flashed the fire of youth—a fire that years of outdoor life and the keen excitements of man's oldest sport had preserved undimmed beyond its time.

He had lain prone in the sunken battery on Chesapeake bay in ante-bellum days surrounded by his hundreds of decoys and with a heavy muzzle-loading double eight bore within reach of either hand, between his legs a loading pan with its powder, shot and wads compartment, he had killed his two hundred canvasbacks in a revolution of the tide.

Then in later years, his favorite fowling piece had been one of the first to fire over the virgin prairies and sloughs of the north and west. In the early seventies he had taken his place on the Bois de Sioux and the Lac Qui Parle in western Minnesota; killed his seventy-odd mallards in that one head-long rush that used to marke the "evening flight;" and all the sportsman's experiences in early days on the Wapsipinicon and Cedar rivers in Iowa had been his; to the old gun had fallen bags of redheads as great as any. In the spring it had been held no sin then—that same old piece loaded full heavy with the black powder that a later day sportsman spurns—had scored its hundred and fifty bluebills in one day's flight on the Mississippi. The goose clouds of the San Joaquin Valley had floated before his expectant eyes until goose killing became monotonous; the sprigs and widgeon of the Suisun were his old friends. So the old fellow had full right to move for a reconsideration of the game question; he had voted with the affirmative.

"No such luxury as today's in mine. When I shot ducks I rose before daylight, but me my blind in such places as the evening flight ha dsuggested, and at first spurned decoys as a needles nuisance. But that was in the days when the incoming fowl beclouded the setting sun, when an inexhaustible stream of whizzing, squawking ducks sped past the gun, and a miss was of no consequence.

"True, several of us, kindred spirits, had a clubhouse several years on the Lac Qui Parle. It had hardwood floors, too, and hardwood sides. But they were planed with an ax. Rabbit Bill—a rabbit always looked better to him than a duck—Bill was our Jap cook. And on occasion he could pull a pretty clever trigger, too. I've stood beside him and seen him drop his three dead ducks in five shots, hour after hour, in one of those Minnesota passes, and that's not shooting ducks over decoys, either—but here, I'm getting away fro mthe subpect. Somehow I can't forget those old days, though I'm pretty old myself now.

"No, we had no keeper then. We kept the birds moving pretty lively and that was 'keeping' enough for us. There wasn't any closed ground; most of it wasn't fenced. The best shot didn't always get te bags, either; the good duck hunter had a chance to profit by his experience. It wasn't a game a novice learned in a year; one had to serve long apprenticeship at it, though there seemed no end to the supply of birds. It's different again, now. I've bee nover that same country since—changed and civilized, of course—and the ducks are done. I don't know where. I guess I accounted for some of them in my time, especially that spring shooting. But I quit that a long time ago. It isn't really fair to the ducks, catching 'em coming and going that way. It seems funny to me to hear 'em telling about fifty ducks a day being too many for one man to kill. I've killed 20 in a day before now, and right on those Minnesota passes. But I guess fifty is more than I'd care to kill today. I used to pick one kind of ducks and get more than that in an evening's shooting."

"Don't you think duck shooting is easier than it used to be?" the old fellow was asked. He was tiring out, but the sportsman's instinct rallied with a rush.

"Never a bit. Duck shooting is always hard, and it's harder now than it used to be because the birds know more about a gun. It's the hunting that has been made easier by preserved ponds and modern conveniences. No, I think the shooting is, if anything, harder; that is, always giving a fellow credit for being a sportsman. Birds always have lit on the water and always will so long as there are birds, and a man can shoot them that way if he is built on that plan, but some way I wasn't, and I did a turn or two for the market in my time, too, though I suppose I ought to be ashamed of it. Still it was looked at differently in those days. I remember when big hotels like the Palmer House in Chicago each had their man hunting for them and shipping back game by ice-pack, often hundreds at a time. But we were comparing the hardness of the shooting then and now. There was another thing. You hear some old fellows tell that the old guns were the best, but don't you ever believe it. I've seen some shots made on club marshes that couldn't have been done with the guns I used to shoot, and they were counted good of their kind, too. No, guns are better and ammunition is better; that tends to equalize the odds between the hunter and the hunted now as compared with then.

"But it's the luxury of present-day duck shooting that makes a hit with me. I can't get used to it. In days past, wealthy Chicago sportsmen came out into the chicken country in the early fall in private cars luxuriously fitted up, and we used to laugh at them; they had good dogs and fine guns, but we got the birds—probably because we knew how to hunt them and could shoot."

"Some people are sore at the duck clubs—foolishly, don't you think?" the veteran was asked.

"I don't believe many responsible people hold it against a party of men that they like sport and are willing to pay their money for it. They aren't depriving anybody of ducks, for most of them, I understand, make their shooting by developing water and building ponds. That brings more ducks into the country and gives even the poorer fellows a chance to get a brace occasionally. Conditions are different now from in my time; civilization and shooting travel in an inverse ratio, and the gunning must be preserved if there is to be any. I think drained swamps have as much to do with the duck scarcity east as anything else. The only thing I have against the club proposition is that it has a tendency to place the good duck hunter on a par with the good duck shot instead of making excellence in both branches necessary to success.

"Some men, they say, cannot tell a sprig from a widgeon, or a spoonbill from a mallard, yet they kill ducks. I used to slek them out half a mile away by their gait in the air; all those things are part of duck hunting as I learned it. But I guess I was a crank on the subject."

Valuable!

Doubles the life of clothes. Saves half the work of washing—Fels-Naptha.

Fels-Naptha Philadelphia

Still Playing Ball.

Los Angeles, Nov. 3.—Score:

	R.	H.	E.
Los Angeles	8	11	1
Tacoma	2	6	2

Batteries—Gray and Chance; Fitzgerald, Lynch and Graham.
Umpire—Perrine.

San Francisco, Nov. 3.—Score:

	R.	H.	E.
Portland	3	7	3
San Francisco	3	7	2

Batteries—Iberg and Kellackey; Whalen and Gochnauer.

Oakland, Nov. Score:

	R.	H.	E.
Seattle	3	8	4
Oakland	4	3	2

Batteries—Hogg and McKuenn; ones and Stark.
Umpire—McDonald.

DAVIS AND ARNOLD TONIGHT.

Featherweight Boxers Will Meet at Pastime Athletic Club.

Billy Arnold, formerly a pupil of Willard Bean's, and Terry Davis, the challenger of any 122 pound man in the state, will face each other in the roped arena at the Pastime Athletic club this evening to settle a dispute as to which is the better man. Both youngsters are regarded as being shifty, hard hitting mixers, and as there is considerable rivalry between them, their bout should be fast and furious while it lasts. It will only be for a distance of four rounds, but many a knock out has occurred within half that time.

SCHOOL LEAGUE SEASON.

Little Fellows Begin Their Football Work At Liberty Park.

This afternoon, at Liberty Park the first game in the school league series takes place. The contesting teams will represent the Washington and Oquirrh schools, and a determined struggle is looked for. It starts at 4 o'clock.

There are a number of really strong teams in the grade school league this year, and the fight for the championship is sure to be a keen one. The league starts out in good condition and there will be some desperate battles fought before the championship question is settled.

RISER GOES TO LOGAN.

He Will Try to Arrange a Game Between 'Varsity and "Aggies."

Manager George Riser of the U. of U. football team boarded the train for Logan last evening, and it is believed when he return he will announce that arrangements have been completed for a game between the 'Varsity and Aggies.

The Aggies would like the game on Thanskgiving day, but as the east benchers are under contract to play the Colorado College on that date it will be impossible to play the Logan eleven then. The 12th of this month is open to the Aggies, but so far they have declined to accept that date. Now it is up to Manager Riser and the Logan officials to settle the matter.

H. S. VS PARK CITY.

Football Teams Will Clash at Walker's Tomorrow Afternoon.

The East Side High School team has not dropped out of sight, as many have thought ,since its defeat at the hands of the University "preps." It is hard at work, and intends to mawe a hard fight against the West Side institution for the trophy and the state championship. Tomorrow afternoon it has a game scheduled with the Park City High School team at Walker's field. Its line-up has been shifted considerably since meeting the "preps," and it ought to put up a formidable game. It will line-up tomorrow as follows: Pickering, l.e.; Treseder, l.t.; Loofbourrow and Johnson, l.g.; Wire, c.; Home, r.g.; Kidder, r.h.; Bassett, r.e.; J. Loofbourrow, q.; Hammond and Halm, r. h.; Kearns, l.h.; Moon, f.

A week from tomorrow the East Side team will line up against the veterans of the West Side School, and will probably inaugurate a feeling of keen athletic rivalry between them, in which the East Side will grow to be the West Side School's most formadible opponent. This season only two years of high school work are established on the East Side, but the boys are looking for a bigger school and more extended work next year, when the hope to wrest the championship from the West Side.

M'GINNITY'S ANNUAL KICK.

e May Go to Los Angeles if He So Desires.

Pitcher McGinnity's annual threats to quit baseball on account of the injustices done him by the New York National league have come to be regarded as amusing bluffs by baseball men, and the opinion is growing that the star twirler of the Giants is afflicted by a hat band too tight for him. His latest complaint that he is bebig robbed of the chance to make $2,500 during the winter by pitching for one of the Pacific coast clubs, because of Brush's refusal to permit him to accept the offer, may be based on fact, but it does not show McGinnity up as a particularly "quick thinker." There is nothing in baseball law or any other law to prevent McGinnity accepting an offer to pitch for the Los Angeles club if he wants to. The New York club has no moral or legal right to control the acts of any player after the expiration of his 1904 contract on Oct. 15 and before the beginning of his 1905 contract on April 15. On this point the Chicago Tribune says: The right of reservation does not carry with it the right to dictate to a player how he shall spend the off months. It has been learned by the experience of other major league players that it is not wise to attempt to play baseball the year round.

Several instances are known where big league players have spent some of the winter months on California teams and have found their ability seriously impaired on the following year in fast company in consequence. They have passed up such offers since then to avoid going "stale" during the long championship season. That McGinnity could pitch a part of the winter in Los Angeles without injuring his future work in the National league is doubted by men who have tried it. But that is McGinnity's lookout. The New York club, however desirous of nursing the strength and ability of its breadwinner, has nothing to say about what he shall do this winter. If McGinnity took it into his head to have his right arm amputated next month Brush might get out one of his famous injunctions, but there is no law in the land on which it could be based. Knowing this, and that he would take chances of impairing his value, McGinnity doubtless had no idea of accepting the Los Angeles offer, but is using it simply to make his annual complaint over the injustice he imagines he suffers in being compelled to pitch baseball for New York at a salary in excess of that usually paid an iron molder.

"PENNY" GOSSIP.

On Cummings field this afternoon the Seniors and Freshmen football elevens will fight it out in the third game of the series of the class contests.

The Soldiers and the 'Varsity teams play tomorrow afternoon, and Uncle Sam's boys declare that it will be no practise game, and that they are going to "show up" the eleven that has had such a great winning streak. The game will be called at 3 p. m.

Memphis, Nov. 3.—The matinee trotting events and exhibition trials of Lou Dillon and Dan Patch have been postponed on account of rain and slow track until tomorrow. Secretary Howe, however, believes the track will not be in condition for fast time until Monday, and another postponement is looked for tomorrow.

Here's a puzzle for some football fans to solve: The University of Oregon beat the Utah "Aggies" 45 to nothing. Stanford defeated the University of Oregon 35 to nothing. Tomorrow afternoon the Utah "Aggies" will play the Stanford team. Now, what will be the score? Really, we hate to think of it! But it may not be so bad, because big "Tal" Kirk, a former guard for the "Aggies" is to rejoin the team at Palo Alto.

"Young Corbett" arrived on the coast several days ago and immediately sought training quarters to condition himself for his twenty round encounter with "Battling" Nelson, which is scheduled to take place under the auspices of the Hayes Valley club on Nov. 30.

Senator Blackburn, who is devoted to the sport of kings," tells the following amusing story of a man from a small town in Virginia, who, while visiting Washington, was taken to the Bennings races by a friend.

As the Virginian had never before seen a horse race, everything connected therewith was a source of great wonder and interest to him; and especially absorbing did he find the betting ring.

The friend explained to him the process of laying a wager, finally inducing the man from Virginia to place a bet of $10 at odds of 100 to 1. The man from the interior won. When the friend had collected for him, he gazed earnestly at the money in his hand and asked, "Is all of this mine?"

"All of it is yours," replied the friend.

"You mean to tell me that I get $100 for $10?"

"You do."

The Virginia man glanced about him nervously before speaking again. Finally, lowering his voice to a most confidential pitch, he said:

"Say, tell me, how long has this been goin' on."

America's great moneyed aristocracy has very appropriately sent one of its young tutelary lords to Harvard this year to teach the world that wealth does not necessarily mean worthlessness and that rich men can work as well as play.

The youth who carries this burden of responsibility upon his shoulders is Harold Kissam Vanderbilt, who is a conspicuous figure just now as second assistant manager of the Crimson football team. Whatever financial success Harvard's gdiriron athletics have this year will, in no small measure, be due to the long hours and arduous labor which Vanderbilt has indulged in this fall. As the youngest and least experienced of the three football managers it is perfectly natural that he should do the most work.

Vanderbilt is no novice in the art of management. Last year he was manager of the 1903 freshman football team and as such displayed not only a level head, but good executive ability as well. He is only a youngster as yet, and naturally has many faults. These, however, are more than offset by many virtues, conspicuous among which is a frank, good-humored democracy, which displays itself in every feature of his face. This democracy is still further testified to by the name he bears—the undignified sobriquet of Mike.

Your Pulse.

Feel It Once a Week To See In What Condition Your Heart Is.

If your pulse beats too fast, or too slow; two strong or too weak; or too irregular; 'tis a sign of a weak heart. Refresh it with Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure.

The healthy pulse of a grown person should average 70 to 80 beats a minute. The beats should be regular pulsations—not too weak to be easily felt, not so strong as to be felt without some pressure of the skin.

You may not feel particularly sick, but any day, if your heart is weak, you are liable to some sudden seizure, breast-pang, fainting, weak or smothering spell, a sign of real danger.

Do not wait for such a moment to come, but treat your weakened heart and circulation with a safe and efficient, modern, scientific Specific remedy, such as Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure has proved itself to be.

It is a wonderful heart and blood tonic and will make the blood rich and the heart strong. It will do you good by strengthening and building up the nervous system and circulation.

"For years I was troubled with pains around my heart, shortness of breath, palpitation and fluttering of the heart, occasioned by the slightest exertion, such as fast walking, lifting, ascending a flight of steps, excitement or emotion. I have used only a few bottles of Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, am entirely free from all of these symptoms, and believe myself completely cured."—
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WOMEN MUST LEARN SOMETHING USEFUL.

THERE is on my mind a matter I cannot get rid of till I write it off. A newspaper item mentions that two women, sisters of one of the most succesful comedians ever on the American stage, are in dire destitution. Their brother, a man who has made half the people of this country laugh till their laughing muscles ached, is dead. He helped his sisters during their lifetime, the item says, but now they are beggared. They have tried to get employment, and one had a place till she was displaced because she was "old," she having reached the venerable and heary age of fifty-four. The other sister is "old," too, the newspaper young man adds, being forty-eight.

These two ladies are indeed old, typical specimens of the old woman who never learned to do any money earning work, but was content to drift through life hanging to the neck of some man, husband, son or brother, just so she could be "supported." No trade or useful occupation did that old woman learn. It was man's place to "support" woman, and woman's place to be supported. That settled it. This old woman had a horror of the new woman who learned trades and professions and took "men's work" away from them. None of this new woman business would she have for herself or her daughters. They must retain their sweet, womanly dependence on man, must marry and have homes and men to foot their bills, more or less grudgingly, as the case might be.

Verily the old woman is reaping her reward!

In poorhouses, in charity homes, eating the salt and bitter bread of dependence among relatives who will rejoice when she is dead, as a burden they are rid of—thus the old woman is reaping the fruit of her own willful stupidity and blindness. She would not see that social and industrial conditions have changed through all the world. Now she is taking the consequences.

Apparently it was considered by the writer of the newspaper item a cruel wrong to the two women that nobody put his hand in his or her pocket and forked forth the money to feed and clothe them the rest of their lives. Now, will anybody tell us what they or any other women like them have done that they should be taken care of? What good is their continued existence to the race that the race should make pocket sacrifice to prolong it? Does even a woman deserve anything she does not earn?

These are home thrusting questions that women must answer.

The parents, rich or poor, who do not train their daughters for practical life are criminals. If they are rich, let them give each girl a certain amount of property to manage for herself; let them make her thoroughly learn every detail of its care, not trusting to anybody else. The world is full of human sharks who will devour a woman even more quickly than a man because she is usually easier prey. If the parents are poor or in moderate circumstances the daughter must acquire a trade or profession whereby to earn her bread. It is written by the pen of human destiny that woman can no longer be a butterfly.

Neither let there be any "tissue paper" foolery about the trade the girl learns. Let it be something solid and useful. Tolstoi says every human being owes it to the race to do a certain amount of work with his hands. Work not wrongly looked on as drudgery reacts in an ennobling, healthful way on her who performs it. The trained woman grows strong as she works. She will be in the prime of her earning capacity at forty-eight or fifty-four or at sixty. The enthusiastic worker is immortally young. JANE MOSES.

AN EXQUISITE BLACK FROCK.

The exquisite frock pictured is of black silk gauze mounted over a foundation of taffeta. The very full gathered skirt is trimmed from hem to

knee with black chantilly lace, velvet ribbon and lozenges of velvet, which material also fashions the ceinture. The bodice has a becoming crossed bertha of chantilly strapped with velvet ribbon and fastened with tiny velvet bows.

SEVENTY-TWO YEARS MARRIED.

Seventy-two years of happy married life is the record of an old couple named Farion who are still living active lives at Verjux, in the French department of Saone-et-Loire. The husband is in his ninety-ninth year, his wife is eighty-eight and their eldest child seventy-one years of age.

Farion, who is a small farmer, can neither read nor write. He is an excellent husband, and he and his wife are said never to have had a quarrel.

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"And who are you, my dear?" asked Methuselah, as a little girl appeared at the door of his tent and wished him many happy returns of his latest birthday anniversary.

"Don't you know me, grandpa?" she said. I'm the greatest grandaughter you've got."

Thereupon the old man took his little relative, thirty-seven generations removed, upon his knee and told her she mustn't mind his forgetfulness—he couldn't possibly keep track of all of them.

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BOYS' SAMPLE SUITS in fancy trimmed Norfolk styles, ages 3 to 8 years only, made up in neat wool mixtures. These are all $3.50 and $4.00 values. Special sale price for Saturday only $1.99

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CHAIN BAGS.

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Children's chain shopping bags in a neat and pretty style, strongly made of black, tan, brown or grey leather with nickle frame and chain, superior 35c value. Sale price for 2 hours Saturday, 7 to 9 o'clock, at (each) 15c

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Saturday Night, from 7 to 9 o'clock.

We'll sell 120 dozen figured Union Linen Napkins, in 120 minutes, every minute one dozen to a customer. They come in red checks, blue checks or white with the colored borders and are 17 inches square. The regular price is 75c a dozen, but between the hours of 7 and 9 they'll go at, per dozen

44c.

Our Shoe Dept.

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LADIES EXTRA VALUE $2.00 SHOES, lace only, all sizes, for 2 hours only—

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$1.50 values for 88c.

This is a real good chance to buy a pretty, stylish House Wrapper for little money. Material fleeced flannelette in Navy Blue, Red and Black ground, with fancy Stripes and Dots; separate waist lining; sizes 32 to 44.

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For Representatives—Wm. J. Panter, Charles E. Marks, A. V. Anderson, Stonewall J. Stookey, Herbert B. Cromar, Clesson S. Kinnney, Harry S. Joseph, William M. McCrea, William T. Edward, Thomas Hull.

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