

SPORTSMEN THE TO CLUB HOUSES

QUAIL AND DUCK SHOOTING IS IN ORDER

Opening of Season is Marked by General Exodus of Angelenos Who Seek the Covert and Blind

There was a great exodus of khaki-clad men from Los Angeles last night. Trolley cars and trains took them away by hundreds, and automobiles and livery rigs conveyed scores to the chaparral and the club houses by the shores.

Duck hunters with shell bags and gun cases, quail hunters with pockets full of luncheon, shore bird hunters with shell vests crammed full of brass rimmed red and yellow cylinders, all in eager expectation of the first day's sport afield for the season.

Down at the club houses last night there were merry crowds of sportsmen who burned good tobacco and drew the long bow until the momentous hour when the dice were rolled for first choice of blind and first gun.

Out in the brown scrub covered foothills and up deep gorges scores of men sleep beneath the stars last night and many arose this morning a little sore as to body, but cheerful as to mind for the call of the valley quail was already to be heard far away where the sun had tipped the hills tops with the morning halo.

The shore bird gunners who went down last night were on the marshes and along the shore at daylight, waders, the plover, curlew, the bill, snipe and other waders and swimmers are reported to be quite plentiful.

As for ducks, there are more of them than there has been on the southern coast for many years. B. H. Tufts of the Pacific Gun club made a trip down to the club Wednesday and returned via Newport. His observation covered the preserves of twelve clubs. Mr. Tufts says he believes there are ten times as many ducks on the inland waters of the club as there were three years ago.

There are now twenty-three shooting clubs in Orange and Los Angeles counties devoted to the sport of duck shooting.

These clubs have provided vast areas of fresh water for the birds. There are a large number of new artesian wells in this district and the green feed, which is the direct result of the fresh water, has attracted myriads of water fowl to the preserves.

In the blinds, just before dawn this morning, sat scores of eager shooters all awaiting light enough to enable them to see their sights and to hear the report from the gun of the man who had been fortunate enough to draw that privilege.

The following members of the Bolsa Chico Gun club were in the blinds at daylight: Jaro von Schmidt, William Bayle, Dr. G. MacGowan, John J. Fay, Jr., Edward R. Hull, Gail B. Johnson, M. J. Connelle, H. T. Kendall, J. S. Torrance, C. P. Moorehouse, J. D. Thomson, Fred Wilcox, Isaac Milbank, H. C. Merritt, James Slauson, T. J. Lendum, E. J. Marshall, W. Dunn, and H. L. Story.

Among those who shoot at the Centinela club today are J. W. A. Off, W. G. Nevin, F. K. Eckley and W. G. Teitel.

Charles E. Gillem and party have gone up the coast north of Santa Monica. They are hunting shore birds and ducks on the marshes.

Among the sportsmen who are at the various club's grounds for the day's shooting are Robt. E. Ross, E. D. Silent, W. L. Graves, G. Holterhoff, Jr., H. H. Markham, C. H. McFarland, W. L. Valentine, F. S. Hicks, B. E. Greene, W. W. Lovett, P. W. Hayle, N. G. MacGowan, John J. Fay, Jr., and Walter L. Wolkyns.

A party composed of J. F. Maler, Jr., Henry Koch, August von Handorf and Ed Golter have gone to their club on the Chico Land and Water company reservation.

Al Levy, E. M. Stanton and Geoffrey Fritz are in the blinds at the Christopher Land and Water company grounds' preserves. A. W. Eager and L. J. Christopher are also at this shooting preserve.

A party of gunners who are sure to get the ducks in the blinds at the Christopher Land and Water company grounds' preserves. A. W. Eager and L. J. Christopher are also at this shooting preserve.

At the Pacific Gun club eight sportsmen are enjoying a perfect opening day. They are E. B. Tufts, F. M. Lyons, F. M. Notman, Hancock Banning, F. G. Schumacher, John J. Fay, Jr., W. H. Holmes and John R. Schumacher.

Owing to the misfortune of having a sprained wrist, E. W. Davies is unable to shoot with his friends. Dr. J. R. Thorpe is too busy to run down to the club at present.

Six members of the Pasadena Gun club who are celebrating opening day include L. T. Moore, E. Kayser, R. B. Stevens, B. O. Kendall, F. B. Weatherby and R. Gaylord.

Among the Santa Monica Gun club members who are in the blinds are C. Le Bas, A. L. P. French and A. R. Evans.

Newport club members who are sure of big game are E. W. Murphy, Dwight Whiting and James Matfield.

A large party went down to the Recreation club to see if the reports of many canvasbacks can be verified. A partial list of the crowd includes: J. Frankensfield, Ed. Strasburg, Jud Saeger, J. Hauerwaas, J. F. Holbrook, J. Adloff, F. E. Browne, Dr. J. S. Crawford, J. M. Elliott, J. J. Fay, Jr., A. R. Fraser, J. W. Frey, J. Fieber, F. W. Ingalls, W. G. Kerckhoff, Jacob Kuhrt, C. F. A. Last, Joe Maler, Aug. Marquis, A. E. Messerly, L. F. Moss, George A. Ralphs, A. Winstel.

The Western Gun club has at least six of its members on the grounds scoring clean kills. They are: W. R. Leeds, E. H. Barmore, C. W. Gates, Barbee Hook and Adolf Swartz.

At the Del Rey club W. T. Glassell, C. L. Winship, A. Mains, H. W. Keller and Percy F. Schumacher are watching for the good things that may fly their way.

There are seven men down at the Blue Wing Duck club waiting for the end of a day's sport to count seven limit bags. The party is composed of P. A. Howard, E. A. Curtis, E. Latten, L. P. Stephens, F. E. Robinson, A. F. Schifman, W. Cochran, W. T. Glassell, H. A. Warrington, E. W. Winston, Charles Malcom, J. Howard, W. C. Brain, J. W. Patterson, A. Stetson, H. S. Hazeltine, J. B. Binford, C. B. Jones. Owing to the plentiful rains of last season there has been plenty of feed for the valley quail and there is better coverts than for several seasons past.

'SATAN,' 17-YEAR-OLD POLICE CAT, ADOPTS THREE TINY KITTENS

Bewilderment reigns in the central police station. Officer Varey is sore troubled. "Satan," famous throughout the city by reason of his distinguished position as the sole survivor of many generations of the feline family which have come and passed with the history of the corridors of First street is in deep dismay. Likewise, Jailer McCauley, who is racking his brain for a suitable home for three little orphan kittens which the said "Satan" unceremoniously carried into the station and carefully deposited in the helmet of Officer Varey, while the latter with coat, vest and hat removed, was laboring with his daily report in another part of the station.

The point of the story which the police officers are trying to figure out is why "Satan," an ordinary every day cat who in the waning years of his life, should suddenly take upon him to care for three little orphan kittens. "Satan" is nearly seventeen years old and for these long years he has held the position of chief-of-the-animal-attaches to the central police station. Also for the last two years he has reigned alone, with no one to dispute his title of "King of the Municipal Petals." For the past ten years he has roamed in the city's lodging house and has had but to utter a commanding "meow" and the army of officers that daily gather there, have hurried to render him service. Yet at this late hour while he is practically tottering on the brink of his grave, he has suddenly assumed the responsibilities of a parent and sought to make his name immortal by laying the foundations for future happy careers for three orphan kittens. During the noon hour while he is practically tottering on the brink of his grave, he has suddenly assumed the responsibilities of a parent and sought to make his name immortal by laying the foundations for future happy careers for three orphan kittens.

When in the course of events at the central police station yesterday afternoon the officers of the fourth watch returned to the headquarters and were seated in their private quarters making out their reports for the day, Officer Varey who had been busy all morning peering for wild and unlawful noises in the vicinity of Main and Sixth streets, removed his coat, vest and

hall. They left last night in an automobile.

Will A. Wright and George Slotterbeck have gone to San Fernando and will drive over to their favorite spot. Both men are crack wing shots and are certain of a limit bag.

Champion James Jeffries, with his brother Jack, Billy Morgan and C. W. Patterson left Friday for Lancaster.

Harry Althouse left last night for Santa Ana.

"Pet" Peterson has gone to Palomina, where he has secured good bags previous seasons.

Matt Wolfskill and Harry Hyatt are in the Santa Monica canyon, where so many valley quail are reported.

Sam Thies, Henry Pirmann and Billy Ruess went in to good quail grounds from Ontario.

A. S. Hetchew, Ralph Winston, James Snyder and A. Demmitt went into the sage brush from San Fernando.

Victor Parma cast his lot with the gunners who started out from San Gabriel.

"Dad" Smith has gone to Newhall.

G. B. Kirkpatrick and companions went up to a chosen spot, the whereabouts he refuses to disclose. They always bring in a limit bag. This party left in the evening in a benzine buggy.

W. H. Schwappe left the Arcade station last night with a case containing 500 shells.

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helmet and laid them in a corner. In the usual quiet that reigns at this period of each day interrupted now and then by questions on the spelling of many and strange words which the police officers insert into their reports. The air was rent with a pitiful "meow" from the quarters behind the private lockers of the officers in Judge Rose's temporary court room. At first the officers did not believe that the cry for assistance came from "Satan," but Officer Murray said: "That sounds like the call of 'Satan' to me."

"Shouldn't wonder but what you got the right dope on that," said Officer McCarr, "let's investigate," he added. And the officers left the table.

Going behind the lockers they saw "Satan" behind an officer's helmet, with muffled "meows" emanating from the helmet. Officer Varey immediately recognized his property and gently pushing aside "Satan" peered into the interior of his official head gear.

"Well, now, what do you think of this. My lid has degenerated into a cat incubator. Three kittens, if my eye sight is good. And not yet opened their eyes. But, how in the world did 'Satan' get them up here. Account for it old boy." (This to "Satan" who was tugging at the pant legs of Officer Varey anxiously watching what the officer was going to do with his protages.)

"I'm afraid they are chips off the old block," said Officer Larsen with a mischievous smile.

Close scrutiny revealed that Officer Larsen hit it right. There was a distinct streak of black fur running down the backs of the trio. The officers looked at "Satan" inquiringly. Dropping to the floor "Satan" wiped a tear from his eye.

"Don't you worry," said Varey. "We've sheltered you for seventeen years, I guess we can shelter the kittens."

After "Satan" had received the congratulations of all the officers, they carried the little orphans to Jailer McCauley to provide them with more suitable quarters and Officer Varey hung his helmet on a nail.

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TELLS STORIES OF ADVENTURES

OLDEST MORMON INTERESTING RACONTEUR

Nathan Tanner, Ninety-One Years of Age, Vividly Recalls Thrilling Scenes of the Early Pioneer Days

The oldest Mormon in the world, Nathan Tanner, a veteran of 91 years, is a member of the party of Mormon patriarchs which is in Los Angeles this week. Mr. Tanner, who built the first brick house in Missouri in 1834, and removed to Nauvoo in 1835, and thereafter the Mormon faith. He relates many interesting stories of adventures which happened to his party, which was the first of the Mormon caravans to cross the plains.

"In the early spring of 1847," said Mr. Tanner, "the first company of Mormons to start for the promised land of Utah was preparing for the journey from the village of Nauvoo, Ill. It was necessary to post guards each night to keep the Indians from running off our horses and oxen. On this particular night the guard on duty was not sufficiently vigilant and the Indians came and stole all of our stock. That was not very pleasing to me as the leader of the company, and in the morning, together with my brother and another man, I started out after the stolen animals."

"We soon came to the camp of a band of Illinois Indians, but the chief disclaimed all knowledge of the stock. I rather suspected that he knew more than he said about our horses and oxen and pressed him closely to find their whereabouts. At last he admitted that he knew where the stock was, but swore that his band had nothing to do with the stealing. He gave me a guide and we started out to find the camp of the Leotas, who, he said, were the guilty ones. But between us and the camp of the Leotas ran the Mississippi river, which is at that point a mile wide. It was, as I said, in the early spring, and the ice was not all out of the river, and great cakes of ice, together with logs and trees, were coming down the river, which was running like a mill race, it being the season of the spring freshets."

"It was absolutely necessary that we recover the stock, so we started to cross the river on our horses. Before we had gone over fifty feet our Indian guide turned his horse around and said that he did not dare to go, as the Leotas would surely kill him. I turned my horse around, too, and we rode back to the land. I got down from my horse and made the guide get down also. 'Now,' I said to him, 'if you go with us you may be killed, but if you don't go it is certain that you will be killed, for I shall do it myself,' and I got my gun ready for action. He came along."

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We landed on the other side of the river and went straight to the camp of the Leotas. I accused the chief of having stolen our stock, and he said that he had nothing to do with it, but that some of his young men might have done it. He called all the members of the tribe before him and told them that the stock must be returned. Two young bucks confessed to the theft and were soundly berated by the chief for being tracked and discovered. His code of morals was that it was all right to steal, but that it was very bad to be found out and returned. "It was late at night and we could not get our stock before the next morning, as the horses and oxen had been turned out to graze and would require some search to get them together. The chief was insistent that we turn our saddle horses out for the night, but this we refused to do, for if by any chance our mounts were lost we should be stranded. So to be perfectly safe each man stood all night and held the bridle of his horse over his arms. It was bitter cold and the only way we had to warm ourselves was to chew cinnamon root, which was pungent tasting and warmed our mouths. There was a little rest growing there, but we soon burned that. The next morning the chief had our stock rounded up and we started back to the camp. We recrossed the river and arrived at the camp about dark. The sentry through whose laziness we lost our animals disappeared soon after that and never turned up again."

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TORTURED GIRL TO BE RETURNED

PRESIDENT DIAZ TELEGRAPHS ORDERS

Little Jermana Rodriguez Finds Friend in Senor Antonio Lozano, Mexican Consul—Women Would Adopt Child

After nearly two years of trouble and unspeakable torture, little Jermana Rodriguez, the Mexican girl whom it is alleged was sold into slavery, has found a good friend in the person of the Mexican consul at Los Angeles, by Senor Antonio Lozano's efforts she will be returned to the care and protection of her parents at Chihuahua, Mexico, during the coming week.

Throughout the entire court proceedings the Mexican consul has been deeply interested, and his wife to President Diaz yesterday was answered by an order to send little Jermana back to her parents.

In speaking of the troubles of the girl yesterday, Consul Lozano said: "The case of this little girl is very distressing. My heart has bled for the poor little wail, who, hundreds of miles away from her parents and at an age when a girl most needs a mother's care, has received inhuman treatment."

"This case was brought to my notice several weeks ago. Since then I have been constantly at work on the case and shall go to the bottom of it. At present the little girl is being well cared for at our expense at the Ransom home."

"The child is absolutely innocent and the moment I first saw her I knew that she had been wronged. Many kind women of Los Angeles have called today to ask about the little girl. They have read in The Herald the story of the girl's suffering and wish to care for her. I thank them for their interest in the defenseless little maiden, but the girl has her 4-year-old brother with her and they must not be separated. Together they shall go back to their home under the protection of the government of Mexico."

One of the first of the kind-hearted women of Los Angeles to offer care for the little girl yesterday was Mrs. R. L. Beatus of 1701 New England street. Other offers were received, but as threats against the child's life have been made it is thought best to send her to her parents at Chihuahua.