

LATEST SPORTING NEWS

LOCALS READY FOR IDAHOANS

BOISE ELKS PROVIDED WITH FINE OF PLAYERS.

Game Here Tomorrow of Inter-State Affair, Attracts Interest.

Blyou, pitcher, Hughes, catcher; Van Euren, first base; Charles Hallgarth, shortstop; H. Hallgarth, third base; Lenhart, second base; Francis right field; Al Ray, center field, and Irwin, left field, is about the way the La Grande Elks will lineup here for an interstate fraternal fracas on the local ball lot. As the day approaches for the game, interest is increased because of the continual string of reports coming from the Idaho capital to the effect that the Boise Elks are just "some" players. Their pitcher is touted to be a skilled mound artist and is well back up, too. Look for a good game, commencing at 3 o'clock tomorrow.

"Mother" Stone and Jackson, the Baker pitcher and catcher, have gone to Boise to play with that team in the finish up of the season there.

It is likely that Cove will be brought to La Grande a week hence. The Covites were to have been here tomorrow, but the Elks' game deferred the game at least a week.

Elks will not by any means be the only people at the game here tomorrow, for the entire city is interested in the inter-state fraternal warfare—on the diamond. The local Elks are preparing to entertain the visiting brothers in royal style, for off the diamond they will be the very best of friends. The Boise Elks have never visited La Grande in a body before.

Canadian Athletes in France.
Nancy, France, July 29.—A number of well trained and finely developed young Canadians, representing the National Gymnastic society of Montreal, have arrived here for the international gymnastic tournament, in which they will compete against some of the best muscle in the world in feats of skill, speed and endurance. The tournament is to have its formal opening tomorrow and will continue for several days.

Judge Richard Russell of the court of appeals of Georgia has announced his candidacy to succeed Hoke Smith in the governorship.

Automobile News and Gossip

More than a majority of the directors of the Union County Motor club have attached their permission to the petition of club members that the club father a race meet here. Because it was too busy a season to get all the directors together, Secretary Andrews wrote individually to them and during the week he received answers from more than a majority sanctioning the proposed meet. As a consequence the coming week will see work on the track commenced so that there will be plenty of time to hold the meet about the middle of August. It has been suggested that the members of the club be taxed a dollar each to improve the track and the club calculates that the attendance will cover other expenses, such as the bringing of daredevil riders to this city to augment the program.

A. V. Andrews and family were off today on an auto drive to Lostine where Mr. Andrews will fish for a day or two and then go on to Joseph lake.

Dr. W. D. Zimmerman took his Maxwell down Sheep creek canyon, out of Joseph, this week, going a distance of 20 miles, which is said to be the farthest along that stream that a gasoline destroyer has ventured. The trip was a "stiff" one for the hills are terribly steep in places.

During the present week the new 1912 model of the Herrshoff car, 25 h. p., will have reached the Dittebrandt Auto garage. This car will be the first of its kind to reach the city. It

sells for \$1,150 and is a four passenger car.

W. R. Kivette is the baby auto fan this week. He purchased a Hudson 33 fore-dore from the Dittebrandt Auto company and is now able to go where anyone dares. His many trips to points in the interior on lumber business will give him plenty of chance to show his mechanical abilities.

Hemery in a Fiat equipped with Michelin tires was the only driver to finish within the allotted time in the grand prize automobile race July 23. The race was run over the circuit de Sarthe in France, and drew the largest crowd since the Wright aviation contest in 1909. The intense heat subjected the engine and tires to a tremendous strain, adding greatly to the interest of the event as a test of endurance.

Where farmers used to drive the life out of horses to come to town after a little extra for a binder or header, worrying over the delay he was causing the harvesting of his crop, a new order of things exists today. Local implement houses so seldom see a horse or team vehicle drive up for minor supplies that they get lonesome. Mr. Farmer buzzes to town in his automobile in less than half the time it took before, and accomplishes the same errand with a great deal more dispatch.

Two cars, one a fore-door and the other a roadster, Hudson, were sold to Joseph parties by the Dittebrandt Auto company this week.

THE LONGEST WALK IN THE WORLD.

Hal Chase and Jimmy Callahan were discussing baseball after the game recently, and attention was called to the fact that the manager of the New York Americans had struck out three times as had "Ping" Bodie.

"Hal, do you know what is the longest walk in the world?" asked Jimmy.

"It's pretty hard to say," replied Chase.

"Well, it's that walk from the plate to the bench after striking out," declared Callahan, and Chase agreed with him. "That's one time," remarked Chase, "that a ball player doesn't know what to do with his hands or which way to look."



BILLY PAPKE, WHO HAS CLAIMED MIDDLE-WEIGHT TITLE.
Clever scrapper of middleweight class who is now the aim of several good fellows who want to meet him.

HUGH JENNINGS ON BASE BALL

NO COWARD MAKES A SUCCESS OF THE NATIONAL GAME.

Ty Cobb Is Jennings' Ideal Player Affirms Tiger Leader.

"No coward ever made a success of baseball," says Hughie Jennings. "The first great requisite to success in the game is nerve. I have seen players with the speed of Cobb, with the terrific hitting strength of Crawford, with the grace of Chase, and they did not make good. They lacked the prime essential, stoutness of heart. They wavered when the crisis came. I have seen wizards of the game quiver in the heat of battle and lose their cunning. They didn't last long; they never do."

"To begin with, of course, a man must have the natural ability to hit, field and run. And then comes imagination. Give me the player who can conceive plays, who thinks all the time he is in the game—and who doesn't stop thinking when it is over, but keeps his mind on it and goes over every play of the afternoon, recalling how he made this mistake and how he could have avoided it, and of how he pulled off that play and the reason of it."

"The ball player who doesn't love his game isn't worth his salt. He's getting away with it under false pretenses. "When I joined the old Baltimore team I was young, at an age perhaps when early impressions stick strongest, but all through my life as a ball player and manager I have always felt that the club handled by Ned Hanlon was the greatest team ever organized. I recall with what enthusiasm Johnny McGraw, Bill Keeler, Wilbur Robinson, Doyle and the rest of us used to study our game under the careful, patient guidance of Ned Hanlon."

"On the trains, in the corridors of the hotels, and often in bed at night, when we should have been sleeping, we were discussing plays, arguing over them and planning for the game of tomorrow. No other subject was ever discussed. It was baseball morning, noon and night."

"Nerve is the first great requirement, and love of the game for its own sake is the second. A man like Cobb, for instance, gets a pretty fair salary. But if you should put Cobb on a team to which no money was paid he would play just as hard, once he donned his uniform. A sample of this is shown in an incident that happened at Bennett park in one of the games a year ago. As I recall it, we were playing New York. We had had a hitting bee and had scored so many runs we were all tired out, and the crowd had grown weary of the constant scoring. It was toward the close of the game and Cobb was on first.

"Step off and let them tag you out, Ty. For heaven's sake, finish it," said Bill Donovan, who was coaching from first. And Ty grinned and stepped from the bag with his hands at his side, awaiting the ball. And right here that tired crowd was electrified by the most sensational base running I had seen that year.

"As the catcher shot the ball to first Ty started. He was caught off the bag and started to zigzag back and forth, with the whole infield chasing him. Back and forth he dodged. Cobb made one of his famous 'dipseyo' dives and was safe at second.

"Why didn't you get out as you agreed to?" Ty was asked after the game.

"Well, I started to, all right," said the Georgian, "but, gee whiz, after I stood there a second and saw that ball coming I couldn't do it. I just couldn't stand still and let them throw me out."

"His love of the game was so strong that he couldn't stand it. He had to fight back whether he wanted to or not."

"Nerve and love of the game for the game itself are the main things in a ball player's makeup. And next there is imagination. Confidence breeds confidence. The player who can think of victory, see it coming against all odds, is the valuable man for a ball team. Let me recall an incident in that seventeen inning game in Philadelphia when the Tigers showed the followers of the game that they were on earth to stay. It was growing darker and darker. We had fears that the game would have to be called before we could win it. It was about the fourteenth inning. No man on that club had the slightest idea of being beaten. Some one dared to sug-

man Schaefer flew into a rage. "Tien't growing darker," he belted with all the strength of his good lungs. "I say it isn't. It's growing lighter every minute, every minute. It's getting lighter and lighter, and we'll win out if it takes us thirty innings."

"Good old Schaefer! He was so sure of victory that he wouldn't even tolerate any one thinking that the sun was bound to set eventually; that it didn't stay up simply because the game was a big one. And I guess we all thought that that game was considerably more important than the conduct of the world and the universe in general."

WOLGAST EARNS TITLE

MANY PROPOSED NAMES FOR HALL OF FAME.

Scrappy Dutchman Considered Peer of His Class Among Fighters.

They called Battling Nelson the "Durable Dane." What shall Ad Wolgast's descriptive moniker be. "The Unimpaired Teuton" or the "Impresionless Wildcat?" Surely a more high flown headline than Nelson used on his literature should decorate the business correspondence of the dashing little daller from Cadillac. He deserves it, and doubtless he would regard such an expression of respect for his stability as gratefully as a Michi-

CRAWFORD RESPONSIBLE FOR MANY TIGER RALLIES

It is doubtful if Ty Cobb, despite the fact that he is the leading batter, runner and base runner of the American league, is any more valuable to the Detroit club than Sam Crawford.

The latter was thought a year ago to be about all in as an outfielder, and it was reported that he might be used on first base because of his inability to cover ground in the outfield. But



SAM CRAWFORD, DETROIT'S HARD HITTING OUTFIELDER.

Sam has come back this year with a vengeance. He is well up among the batters himself and has also stolen twenty-four bases, a large number for a man who was never credited with being a speed merchant on the paths.

But the two leading run getters of the league are Cobb and Bush largely due to the fact that Sam Crawford is batting behind them. Bush gets many a base on balls and Wahoo Sam does the rest. Incidentally Sam has scored fifty-one times himself.

MANY EAGER TO FIGHT PAPKE ON HIS RETURN.

Now that Adolphus Wolgast has removed the last obstacle in the way of his unquestioned claim to the lightweight championship of the world, and has announced a six months retirement, or until other victims are brought forward to slaughter, the interest of ring followers turns to the doings of one William Papke of Illinois.

Papke is the self styled middleweight king of the universe, and as he is due back soon from a triumphant tour around the world, it is natural to suppose that when he does set foot on his native shores things will begin to hum in the division over which he has become dictator.

There are several good boys in this country who are eager to tilt with Papke for the world's crown, chief among them being Frank Klaus, a bear cat from Pittsburg; Wild Bob Moba, the original cave man of Milwaukee; Jack Dillon, an Indiana cyclone; Jimmy Clabby, a laughing wisard who is eager to joust with all 158 pounders, and Johnny Thompson, the Illinois farmer, who vigorously disputes Papke's claim to championship honors and sets forward in support of his contention a twenty round decision that he received over Papke in faroff Australia.

In addition to the foregoing there are a number of husky middles who insist on being considered in the running. Eddie McGoorty of Oshkosh, Hugo Kelly, Chicago; Jimmy Gardner and Jack (Twin) Sullivan have championship aspirations and their followings are large ones.

In all probability Papke will not remain idle long after his return home.

Pipe for Sale.

A large quantity of terra cotta pipe suitable for well curbs and drains. Dimensions, from 18 to 30 inches. This will be sold very cheap as I am cleaning up all work in La Grande.

B. S. DAVIS, Foley Hotel.



LATEST PHOTO OF WOLGAST, TAKEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS FIGHT WITH MORAN.

gan bank roll or the hobnailed boots that hang in clusters about the walls of his Wolverine den.

Adolph Wolgast was thought an accident when he defeated Nelson, and the impression was not removed upon his next important appearance within the rope encircled arena. However, the first summing up of his prowess has since been dissipated. But if the Michigander is truly an accident despite revelations to the contrary many pugilistic persons would probably prefer being jostled by a cowcatcher than undergo the blistering Ad invariably inflicts upon his antagonists.

The latest lightweight to wear the imaginary halo is a better fighting man today than his predecessor, Nelson, was in his prime. This is a hard thing to say, but statistical figures will bear out the statement. In all other qualities than toughness, Ad excels the Dane, and who knows but that he may outwear the once noble Battler? This would be extraordinary, however, as Nelson peddled gloves for ten years, whereas Wolgast has been in the game but five. Still, in those five years, the plowboy has taken part in only three less battles than Nelson did in twice that time, although he has traveled but 572 rounds to Nelson's 752.

At the present time Adolphus is fighting men of as good caliber as the Battler encountered after he won his championship. Here's the German's list of opponents since that forty-two round battle at Port Richmond, Feb. 22, 1910: Jack Redmond, Freddie Cole, Tom McFarland, Knock-out Brown, George Memsic, Anton La Grave, Frankie Burns, One Round Hogan and Owen Moran. Compare this list to the boys Nelson tore into after he became head of the lightweights—viz, Joe Gans, Dick Hyland, Ad Wolgast, Eddie Lange, Monte Dale.

The names of this coterie sound better than those of Burns, Memsic, Moran and La Grave. But were they? Gans was all petered out after the previous contest in which Nelson won his belt from him. Dick Hyland was very good then, and Wolgast was rather a mediocre performer.

Hogan, Cole, McFarland, Memsic and La Grave were nothing more than "marks," but Brown, Burns and Moran possessed merit. It is a matter of common knowledge that Wolgast has yet to meet scrappers as good as Nelson stepped into before he actually won his crown, but it stands to reason that our champ of today, analyzing all the late battles to the uttermost, would have borne his duties in arguments with Young Corbett, Herrera, Britt, Gans and the others with as much credit as did Nelson and even more. In view of Ad's enormous strength, his great determination, covering up and bulldog rushes in addition to his marvelous recuperative powers and pig iron jaw it may be said he would give the artists of Nelson's time worse gruelings than the Battler was able to dispense.

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