

# SPORTS



Too Strong.  
A New Jersey fellow named Long drank a dozen cocktails, which was wrong. "Let your wife see you off," said a friend. "I can't," he replied. "It's too strong."  
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## DECORATION DAY SPORTS

### Carnival of Games for Portlanders on Wednesday Next—Opening of Baseball Season—Gossip.

Athletic events for the Spring of 1906 will culminate Wednesday, Decoration day, in a grand carnival of games. On that day there will be a continual round of sporting happenings, from early morning until dark. The bicycle road race will be the first event of any consequence. It will start at 9:30 o'clock in the morning, and will consume considerable time. Immediately after lunch, the railroad men's big meet at Irvington Park will commence. There will be athletic events of all kinds, beside the races, and the spectators will have a chance to gratify their various tastes. The finals in the tennis tournament of the Multnomah Club will also be played on Decoration day.

Sports have been comparatively quiet during the past week. Little has been going on, all the men being on the training list for future events. Beyond the progress of the tennis tournament and baseball, there has been no active sport.

Yesterday was practically the opening of the baseball season. The Chemawa Indians and the Multnomah Club nine crossed bats on Multnomah field. The last-mentioned team has undergone a number of changes since the opening of the season. Some new material has been worked in, and the old players have been assigned to positions. The Indians are playing the stiffest game. Delugan again makes his appearance on the diamond, after several years of retirement. At one time he was the star first baseman of the Northwest, and recent practice games show that he has lost none of his old-time ability. Doble and Harkins are new men, and are put up by the baseball "cranks" as two of the coming players of the coast. Doble played ball with the Oregon team in Manila, and Harkins has a reputation as a pitcher among school teams.

The Chemawa team is playing this year with practically the same line-up as it did last year. Ladumbe is again directing the movements of the nine, and is playing in his old position, right field. Graham is holding down the box, and Teabo is behind the bat. The rest of the team is about the same as it was a year ago. The Chemawas have the advantage of a season's practice, and will no doubt make a better showing this year. Last year's record, however, is one that many baseball organizations would be glad to possess.

An interesting game of baseball was played last week in Vancouver. It was to some extent the increasing popularity of the game. A nine made up of school boys under the age of 15 years, issued a challenge to the lawyers to play a match game. The latter, at first, took the matter as a huge joke, but the earnestness of the small boys finally prevailed upon the legal lights. The juveniles won "in a walk." They could only make one base hit, but every boy that came up lined out one and they piled up the runs. The members of the bar could not get onto the curves of the youthful pitcher on the opposing side, and many of them struck out.

**Railroad Men's Races.**  
Portland's Baby Home will be several dollars better off as a result of the bicycle meet, to be given May 30, under the auspices of the freight clerks of the various railroads, at Irvington Park. Business men in all portions of the city have responded liberally, and the prize list has been swelled beyond the fondest expectations of the committee having the matter in charge. The various riders have been training hard, and a race for blood will result. Good, honest sport will be the order of the day, and everyone who attends will have the additional satisfaction of knowing that they paid their money for a good cause when they entered the gate. Manager Fuller, of the Portland Railway Company, has placed a car at the disposal of the committee and, in addition, put in the case in the general fund. Fred Merrill has consented to act as referee.

In addition to the bicycle events, there will be a series of athletic events between members of the Y. M. C. A. High School, Portland Academy and Bishop Scott Academy. These four organizations have banded together, and will hold a meet on the 30th. All events, except the runs, will take place at the same time that the races are being run on the track. A field will be prepared opposite the grandstand, and on that the high jump, broad jump, shot put, and various other games will be held. The runs will take place on the track, directly in front of the grandstand.

between "Jim" Lagthers and the winner of last night's fight. Officials of the Westchester Athletic Club, New York, have decided to postpone the Fitzsimmons-Rublin fight until June 15. Fitzsimmons got mixed up with a pet lion, and appeared before the club officials with his hands tied up in bandages. He was in condition to fight at present, and Madden, for Rublin, and Julian, for the club, refused to accept Fitzsimmons' forfeit, and it was finally agreed to postpone the fight, as stated.

**Unsatisfactory Meeting.**  
Seattle people failed to turn out Saturday, a week, to witness the events between the athletes of the Universities of Oregon and Washington. The meet was not characterized by any sensational performances, but the sports were interesting and well worth seeing. Why a crowd did not turn out is not known, but the fact remains, nevertheless. Seattle people are now trying to account for the outcome of the meet by stating that President Graves, of the University of Washington, would not permit "conditioned" pupils to enter any of the events, and that, as a result, the entries were cut down to the minimum; on the other hand, the Oregon boys having a full crew.

Oregon won on points—52 to 50. Whether additional entries by the Washington team would have changed the result is a question. Smith played the star games for Oregon. He took first place in the shot-put, hammer-throw and running broad jump. Caulkins, of Seattle, took first in the discus, 228-yard dash and 130-yard hurdles.

**Tennis.**  
Lawn tennis is attracting more attention among athletes this year than it has for a number of seasons past. The tournament now in progress on the Multnomah courts is stimulating unusual interest. Most considerable speculation is being indulged in. Each afternoon the courts are crowded, and the number of spectators is increasing daily. The results up to date are as follows:

Lothrop beat Van Duser.....5-3  
La Farge beat Sterling.....5-2  
Gomph beat McAlpin.....5-2  
Thelen beat Shinkler.....5-2  
Chen beat Lombard.....5-4  
Graham beat Lee.....by default  
Chen beat Arnold.....5-2  
Graham beat La Farge.....5-2  
Lemair beat Zan.....5-2  
Gomph beat Lee.....5-2  
Baker beat Nunn.....by default  
Lester beat Oliphant.....5-2  
Horn beat Lee.....5-2  
Gomph beat Baker.....5-1  
Lewis beat Lester.....5-2

Gomph, Chen and Lewis have each been picked for a winner. They have an equal chance, handicaps considered, and some interesting play is anticipated in the finals and the semifinals. Chen seems to be the favorite, and from the manner in which he defeated Gomph, his friends have reason to pin their faith on his ability to win. Chen is playing from scratch. Gosows is and Lewis is a scratch guy.

Some rapid work is anticipated in the doubles. It is a more fascinating game for the spectators, and pretty plays are no doubt made a better showing this year. Last year's record, however, is one that many baseball organizations would be glad to possess.

### WAS A SPORT, ALL RIGHT.

Only "Skinny, the Toot," Took Unfair Advantage of Him.

"Do I look like a sport?" inquired the stout German citizen of the Sergeant, as he entered the Police Station.

"Well, I don't know," replied his friend.

"But, come to think of it, you do appear to have changed somewhat of late. Your clothing seems to be of a more stylish cut, and you step along like a 3-year-old."

"Well, I was a sport—a true-blue, blooded von. I was a horse sport."

"A what?"

"A horse sport—I play der ponies."

"Take my advice and you will give it up, or they will have your beer palace before you can say Jack Robinson."

"Do?" said the wife, who said, "I was too smart for dem. I was a blunder, und I vin so much der bookmakers was all afraid of me."

"Yes; but how about that story that you were badly taken in yesterday?"

"I was humbled—I wasn't beaten fair. You see, a young fellow val dey calls 'Skinny, der Toot,' comes into mine place und he says der he has der biggest clench der season—a regular lay-down. I tell him dot I hears about dose clench, und dey vas no good. He says dot der name

of his horse was Beeswax, und he vas a sticker and couldn't lose.

"Joost den der telephone rings, und ten I go mit it, der feller on der odder end he says tell 'Skinny, der Toot.' If he comes by mine place, dot his horse lost dot he was beaten by an eyeful. Ven I go back mit der bar Skinny was still der, und he says I was a foot not to take his tip."

"I bet you \$10 he don't vin," I says. "I go you twice—two times," said Skinny. Den he bet \$20 und put der money up mit O'Sullivan, der grocery man. Ven der bapers come out dey say dot Skinny's horse von, sure enough, und he gets der money."

"Well, you lost all right, didn't you?"

"Yes, I lost \$10, but I would like ter find dot feller der telephone mine place."

"You would, would you? Well, I guess Skinny knows his address all right. But take my advice and cut Skinny and his associates off your visiting list."—New York Tribune.

### THEIR IDEA OF IT.

#### Frenchmen Follow Sport as Pastime, Not for Athletic Benefit.

The distinction is, in Parisian view, says a writer in The Century, that pastimes are made for man, whereas man is notoriously made for sports. He carries a sport as far as it may go, for sheer amusement, and stops there. All the rest tends to the ideal perfection of the athlete, he counts but labor and sorrow. This is in harmony with his entire outlook on life. He is mainly sociable in his amusements, rather than mainly competitive.

They have made many laudable attempts to acclimatize football, and have taken a beating at regular intervals from one of the English visiting teams. If they do succeed in this as well as they might, it is in part to be imputed to them as merit. As persons of taste, they have a great horror of brutality in sports. "We do not want to turn these French lads into English ones," cries M. Ribot, in his important work on educational reform, published the other day. "Rough sports do not suit our race, more refined in its vigor and elegance than that of the Anglo-Saxon." In the last resort, they usually fall to see why they should suffer for their enjoyments, and they sicken with disgust, rather than with fear, when the drollish-beaters and the surgeons follow the teams into the football field.

This is the French note, always the touch of elegance, and this is why a certain association with "fashion" is of the essence of French sports. It does not like English sport, usually begins among the people retaining something of the primitive wildness of its origin; or, if it does, it is always trying to mount sleek circles. Football will take long time to reach the French masses. Their instincts know not the stern joy of the scrimmage. For

## CORBETT'S REJUVENATION

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Transformation in an Athlete Who Was Thought by Some to Have "Borne Himself Out."

"Corbett's splendid fight against the giant Jeffries is the greatest surprise lovers of athletics have ever encountered," writes W. O. Inglis, in the New York World. "It is more than a mere incident in pugilism. Here is a man who, after nine years of bad living, renews the energy of his youth by obeying the laws of nature for less than one year. He has become vigorous as ever now, in the thirty-fourth year of his life—usually a green old age for an athlete."

"How was this rejuvenation accomplished? By what means did this worn-out athlete recover his old-time strength and staying power? His present condition compared with his past makes one think that a miracle has been accomplished. The history of his case is full of interest, for every one who is able to regard man as something more than a mere machine for getting money."

"I first saw Corbett in 1891, when he came to New York after battling 61 rounds to a draw with Peter Jackson. He was then 25 years old, supple as a panther and the cleverest boxer ever seen in the ring. He was strong, too. The great meaning of success he had earned enabled him to gratify his fondness for luxurious living. Night life had a great fascination for him. Nothing pleased him so well as to sit up with a lot of actors, brokers and big betting men, eating supper at 1 or 4 o'clock in the morning, turning night into day. He never was a hard drinker. He was frantically away his energy by idling and by losing sleep, for no matter how late he went to bed, it was a point of pride with him to be up and about as early as any one else. Concerning Corbett's other weaknesses, the weight of evidence is that the reports were greatly exaggerated, although they rested on a solid basis of fact."

### Training for Sullivan.

"When the match to fight John L. Sullivan was made, Corbett trained at Loch Arbury, near Ashbury Park, from a life of debilitating ease he sprang at once into the hardest kind of work. He ran on the road. He rode a bicycle. He played handball with all who cared to try him. He boxed with Jack Daly and Connie McVey until they were too weak and sore to go any further. He wrestled with McVey and threw his 230 pounds of solid bone and muscle as if the giant were a man of straw. All of these things I saw. Corbett showed an insatiable appetite for hard work. He went out all his trainers, but in doing so he wore himself out as well. The result was that when he beat Sullivan for the championship he was not so robust as he might have been had he used better judgment in training, although he was good enough to win."

### AMONG THE WHEELMEN.

#### Various Matters of Interest to the Cycling World.

After several years of persistent work the Massachusetts division of the League of American Wheelmen has succeeded in securing the passage of a state law compelling railroads to carry bicycles as baggage, without any excess charges. Massachusetts is the 16th state to pass such a bill through the efforts of the L. A. W. The committee in charge of the L. A. W. National meet, which scheduled at Milwaukee for July 10-15, has decided upon an artistic official badge. It will consist of a handsome bronze pin, upon which will be inscribed the figures "1893," and a pendant medal suspended by the league color, royal purple, upon the obverse side of which will be stamped the L. A. W. emblem, and which will appear the inscription "Twenty-first annual meet, Milwaukee." The reverse will contain a full-length view of Milwaukee Bay, with a suitable inscription around it, denoting the fact that it is a souvenir of the city. These will be distributed exclusively to L. A. W. members.

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## DISCOVERY OF PRINSTEIN

### FROM BOY TO CHAMPION BROAD-JUMPER OF WORLD.

Syracuse Observant Athletic Trainer Picks Him Out From Lads at Play as a Wonder.

Myer Prinstein, of the University of Syracuse, N. Y., who recently broke the world's record in the running broad jump, at Philadelphia, was, years ago, "discovered" by C. H. McCormack, trainer of the Syracuse Athletic Association. Prinstein was then a youngster of slight frame, and without any special marks of promise. As McCormack was passing along an obscure street in the City of Syracuse one day, he noticed a crowd of boys jumping. One of them surpassed the others at the sport. His style was unusual, and different from the others, and that night McCormack pondered over the fact and became impressed with the idea that the young lad might completely revolutionize the accepted form.

Accordingly the next day he inquired the name of the boy, and found that he was the son of a Syracuse baker. McCormack then interviewed him, and influenced him to train with the Syracuse Athletic Association, where he soon developed into a sterling amateur athlete. His style of jumping was kept obscure, and few knew of the radical change which was destined to break all records for the running broad jump.

When Prinstein entered the University of Syracuse, he first came under college training and then under the guidance and coaching of Professor Scott, who developed and perfected his style. When he made his debut in the running broad jump, in the Spring of '97 few knew that Syracuse was to spring upon the world a record-breaker. Even at the university from which the lad came, few knew of his ability outside of the trainers.

### His Odd Style Attracts.

For years the record for the broad jump had stood at 22 feet 8 inches, and people had begun to think it would not be beaten. Thousands of persons were assembled to witness the athletic games on Manhattan Field. Chief interest was centered in the dashes, and nothing remarkable was expected. Prinstein was a new name, and a new jump. Every one marveled at his style and became interested. Instead of landing where he would naturally be expected, Prinstein with his legs bent at the hips, and his arms thrown both forward and back, landed sideways, fell over on his left side, but away from the taking-off mark.

Once the authorities noticed the change, and found no illegality in the new departure, and then there, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, men of the best athletic judgment in the world prophesied that the world's record would be broken. The odd jumper finally won the event and helped to place his alma mater 14th in the intercollegiate association, which place she has held every year since.

Some weeks later Prinstein again met the best jumpers in the country at the New York Athletic Club games, held at Travis Island. Hard training had improved his muscles, and he was in superb condition. Carefully measuring his stride, Prinstein struck the take-off accurately, and with a mighty spring outdistanced all the jumps of his rivals. The time told for a record, and with a swift, speedy run and catching the take-off squarely, he made a mighty jump, doubling himself up and, giving himself the added impulse of his double kick, landed nearly two feet beyond the world's record by a jump of 22 feet 8 1/2 inches.

He had, however, done something beyond breaking a world's record. He had given his style to the world's best jumpers, chief among whom was the renowned Kraenzlein, of the University of Pennsylvania. That athlete already held two world's records, and was a superb low and the high hurdles in record-breaking time, and was easily the best jumper in the country next to Prinstein. He, too, thrived at the same school, and had the wear of the "S." had made; he, too, noticed that peculiar hitch which Prinstein made in mid-air, and determined to imitate the style. A model athlete, trained in form, Prinstein was a dangerous opponent at any rate. With the additional advantage of the new jump, he soon broke Prinstein's record by a remarkable jump of 24 feet 4 1/2 inches, at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, adding another world's record to his list.

### Kraenzlein Takes the Record.

Kraenzlein was thereupon justly hailed the greatest jumper of the world, and few thoughts were wasted upon the originator of the new jump. Disappointed and saddened by his defeat, Prinstein constantly sought to perfect his physical condition and regain his former position as the foremost jumper in the world. Time and again did Kraenzlein and Prinstein meet, and as often did the Pennsylvania beat the New Yorker. Even Prinstein's most devoted followers could never defeat the invincible Kraenzlein.

Last Winter, among the entries for the intercollegiate mile relay race, was one from Syracuse. The team was the Orange and had participated in this event and she was not feared. Syracuseans, however, were hopeful. Abundant material was at hand and the trainer for the team was hot. The relay was the event of the season, and the teams were discussed in all circles. Only one or two knew that one candidate had been chosen for a long time, and they would have marvelled had they known that Prinstein was the one, for his former time for the 440 yards could not warrant such an assumption. But one or two had seen him jump in practice, and these, of course, knew that he was a double motive in sending Myer Prinstein to Philadelphia as a representative of Syracuse University. They knew that in practice Prinstein had broken the world's record, and had also run the quarter several seconds faster than ever before. His condition was better than in the past, and so he was sent to Philadelphia.

The relay team was composed of four sterling sprinters, Lee, Waite, Prinstein and Scarrford. They all had good records, and much was expected of them from local circles. Their practices took every warranted the expectation of their bringing home the banner which should denote that they had defeated all colleges in their class. It was, however, Cornell and Columbia, no more rivals by any means. The result justified expectations, for Syracuse not only won the relay event, but Myer Prinstein broke the world's record at broad-jumping, a second time, and by 1 1/2 inches, by a jump of 24 feet 7 1/2 inches. When Prinstein and his comrades returned to Syracuse, the university went mad over them, and gave them a magnificent ovation.

### New York Has 153 Golf Clubs.

New York still maintains its reputation as the premier state in golf, as 153 clubs are devoted to the game within its boundaries. Massachusetts is a good second, with 114 clubs; Pennsylvania has 90; New Jersey, 67; Illinois, 49; Connecticut, 37; California, 28; New Hampshire, 20; Ohio, 24; Maine, 22 and Michigan, 21. Montana, Utah, South Dakota, Louisiana, Nevada, the Bahamas and New Mexico have one club each.

### Some She Does Understand.

"Can your husband use those golf terms that your husband uses, Mrs. Farwell?"

"No. The only ones I can understand are those he uses when the ball goes behind one of the green mounds, or into a sand-hole, or when he uses a club with his club."—Chicago Times-Herald.



ACTUAL SIZE.

divine heir, and after he broke that bat he hit .350 for the rest of the season. Little Butler, who, until he had his hand blown off by a cannon cracker, was the best hitter in the Western League, used to put oil in his eyes before the game, and old Pietro Gladstone Browning would kick his head out of a car window and get cinders in his eyes to clean them out, in order that he might see more clearly.

### HIS LAST WORD.

#### Golfer Varden Says Our Amateurs Equal Those of England.

Harry Varden, the English golf player, said before sailing for Europe after his tour of the Eastern United States:

"I shall return to America in July and play somewhere out West. In August I shall take a turn in New England. I have seen the game in that milk." "Yes," he had a good time in America, and think that the people of this country are about the keenest I have ever met. In playing here I had one great advantage, since the American champions knew every blade of grass growing."

"What do I think of the American champions? Well, I will tell you; in about all their combativeness, they regard life as a progression, an orderly development, not as a battle and a march. For this sport, as for most of the others that involve danger, we must wait on the upper edge of the big race, the home crews, and polo and what not, and have done their best to tame them into diversions fit for a man who values a whole skin."

"I was down to a shadow of himself when he entered the ring. Little Butler, who, until he had his hand blown off by a cannon cracker, was the best hitter in the Western League, used to put oil in his eyes before the game, and old Pietro Gladstone Browning would kick his head out of a car window and get cinders in his eyes to clean them out, in order that he might see more clearly."

220 pounds apiece, with one weighing 190 pounds, and with his brother Joe, a middle-weight. Besides this, he ran 10 miles on the road every day, and played from three to five games of handball with Al Hampton, champion of the Pacific Coast. A good, bright girl learns it sometimes in three lessons. Six does for almost any one who can learn to play golf at all. Generally speaking, the men do better than the women, though."

The teeling ground is a pad about six feet long and three wide. On this there is a heavy square of rubber. They tee the ball in this store golf course, and the windows are protected with stout netting. The professor does it to teach the strokes. You cannot have a real golf course in a room 30x30. The balls that would shoot into the 20 yards and make a good pump against a padded wall half a dozen steps off.

### INDOOR GOLF.

#### Game Taught in a Brooklyn (N. Y.) Department Store.

In one of the largest Brooklyn (N. Y.) department stores a golfroom has been established. There an athletic coach, instructor, gives vigorous lessons in the ball and gives lessons to any corner in form, position and the like, at 25 cents for half an hour. The room is small, but the golfing professor says it is abundantly large to touch golf rudiments. It is partitioned off from the rest of the store; has a green portiere at its doorway, and its walls are hung in green. The floor is covered in green, too, and calling and that was as long as a golf course, and the windows are protected with stout netting. The professor does it to teach the strokes. You cannot have a real golf course in a room 30x30. The balls that would shoot into the 20 yards and make a good pump against a padded wall half a dozen steps off.

"But that teaches them the position." "No, it doesn't. 'I couldn't do a better if I had a room three times as large. This isn't a golf course. The people that come here must be taught to handle the sticks properly, to drive straight. A good, bright girl learns it sometimes in three lessons. Six does for almost any one who can learn to play golf at all. Generally speaking, the men do better than the women, though."

The teeling ground is a pad about six feet long and three wide. On this there is a heavy square of rubber. They tee the ball in this store golf course, and the windows are protected with stout netting. The professor does it to teach the strokes. You cannot have a real golf course in a room 30x30. The balls that would shoot into the 20 yards and make a good pump against a padded wall half a dozen steps off.

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