

SPORTS



Went for Naught.
How easy he could have been.
He's read some "inferno"
And other works of fiction and of mythologic
lore.
You'd read until he had
Dropted Homer's "Iliad"
Wouldn't tell very little of the knowledge he'd
in store.
He had a Webster hand,
And of him it could be said
That his persons of oratory to such extent
were so
Developed, you'd declare if
You heard him on the tariff
That he could old Demosthenes or learned
Cicero.
On matters scientific
His knowledge was terrific;
He had works of many authors who have cap-
tured rank and fame,
But you'll own 'tis a bore
To have this man of mighty learning
Couldn't tell a three-base hitter at the festive
insect ball game.
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

HODGE-PODGE OF EVENTS

**Decorations Day Programme Covered
All Sorts of Athletics—Next Big
Event the July Regatta.**

The annual regatta of the North Pacific Association of Amateur Oarsmen will be the next big sporting event to be held in Portland. The regatta will be pulled off on July 2 and 4, and the races will be on the Willamette River.

Aside from this, the principal sports from now until Fall will be baseball, tennis and cricket. Golf will receive its usual share of attention, but as that game is played at all seasons of the year, it is not rated with the periodical sports. Decoration day practically wound up the field and track events, and lovers of athletics had ample opportunity that day to witness any and all kinds of sport. There were bicycle road races, bicycle track races, field and track contests, baseball, tennis and aquatic competitions. Each had its proportion of interested spectators, and everybody seemed satisfied, except the spectators and their friends. Lack of good sport on the river, however, resulted from the lack of breeze, and for that no one can be blamed.

At the Tennis Nets.
The tennis tournament finished about as was expected. Goss won the "singles" and Goss and Lewis carried off the honors in the "doubles." A "round-robin" tournament will next be run off by the Multnomah tennis players. That will be followed by the state championship meet, which has been arranged for July 21. Multnomah and Mount Angel teams put up splendid ball at Mount Angel Wednesday afternoon. Contests are now being arranged for some time in advance, and the National game should be at the front in Portland for some time to come. Among the teams that will meet Multnomah's twirlers this year are the Chemawa Indians, Mount Angel boys and several teams from Puget Sound cities.

Among the Oarsmen.
The number of oarsmen in active training at the Portland Rowing Club, for the purpose of working out the various crews and to correct any errors in form. When the big event comes of July 24, the local oarsmen will be in condition to give their Northern friends a harder rub than during years past. The Vancouver and Victoria crews are not using any time, and are as good as dead. The Vancouver junior crews are said to be especially strong, and will make a hard fight to sweep their best laurels.

Portland's senior crew, composed of Hall, bow; Rintoul, two; Scott, (captain), three; and Stiles, stroke, is working better than any crew ever seen on the river. It is probably the heaviest that ever represented the club, and there is little doubt that the men will give a good account of themselves.

Paterson, Goss and Stiles are doing fast work in the singles, and are daily improving in form. Hall and Stiles will represent the club in the senior doubles.

Yachting.
It was impossible for the yachts to go on an interesting showing on the river Wednesday afternoon. By reason of the machine of sufficient wind to move the various craft at a rate of speed much over a mile an hour. The starting gun was fired at 3 o'clock sharp. Two hours later the leading boat had not rounded the first buoy, and the officials called the race off. This was discouraging to both spectators and spectators, but nothing could be done. Since the close of last year the various members of the Oregon Yacht Club have discussed the merits and demerits of the different craft, and the question of what to do in the event of a storm which would wreck all contrivances. The starters, Wednesday, were divided into three classes, according to "tonnage." They were as follows:
Class A: Alice, Wells skipper; Tardie, Jordan skipper; Haze, Zellar skipper; Jordan skipper; Lillie, Gordon skipper; and Pearl, Marchetti skipper.
Class B: Lark, Todd skipper; Hazel, Johnson skipper; Agnes, Hill skipper;

Owyhee, Taylor skipper, and Swallow, Marlett skipper.
Class C: Carlo, Morey skipper; Beconall, O'Bryan skipper; Quackster, Woodward skipper, and Edith, Catlin skipper.

Lawn Tennis.
The coming event in tennis circles is the round-robin tournament, which will be run off in the near future. In this, each player is pitted against every other player, and the prize is awarded on points. The standard of playing has greatly improved of late, and all players who enter for the tournament will go in under a new classification.

The Multnomah and Mount Angel baseball teams played a rattling good game at Mount Angel Wednesday afternoon. It resulted in a score of 7 to 3 in favor of the Portland team. The college boys failed to score until the last inning, when they managed to scratch in three runs. The game would no doubt have ended without a score for Mount Angel, had not the Multnomah grown overanxious to hold them down. Harkin pitched a terrific game for the Portland nine. The college boys were unable to knock a single ball outside of the diamond. Almsfeldt played in his old-time form, and his work behind the bat was a feature of the game. For Mount Angel, the heavy hitting of Larier and Costello's work on first base were the leading points. Pontaine always plays round ball, and was up to his usual standard.

CONEY ISLAND ARENA.

History of Building in Which Jeffries Defeated Corbett.
The clubhouse at Coney Island, in which the Corbett and Jeffries battle took place recently, has a very interesting history in fact, and is known to the world over. The building was originally built by the late Paul Bauer, and was used by him as a casino and skating rink. Along in 1882, says the Brooklyn Eagle, Dick Newton, Kenny Souterland and Dick Tighe conceived the idea of giving the sporting public in this section of the country a real boxing club. This was rather a bold move, as boxing was considered unlawful at that time, and many predicted a short career for the new organization. Every effort was made by the authorities to stop the promoters from opening it, but notwithstanding all the opposition, the doors of the Coney Island Athletic Club were opened to the public on Monday, May 19, 1892, with a finish contest between Billy Plimmer, champion of England, and Tommy Kelly, the "Harlem Spider." The contest was to be 3 rounds

INTERCOLLEGIATE HAMMER-THROWER RECORD-HOLDER



A. D. Plaw, University of California.
By his performance at the dual track and field athletic meet, between the University of Pennsylvania and California, at Philadelphia, Monday, May 28, A. D. Plaw, representing the Golden State, was the distinction of being the champion hammer-thrower of the American college world. Pitted against T. T. Hare, of Pennsylvania, who secured a distance of 122 feet 1 1/2 inches, in the competition, Plaw cast the 16-pound hammer 165 feet 1 1/2 inches, thereby beating his own previous intercollegiate record of 134 feet 4 1/2 inches, made at the national intercollegiate games, on Manhattan Island, New York, the preceding Saturday. Plaw not only did this, but, in practice, just before the Pennsylvania-California contest, he threw the hammer 178 feet 8 inches, thereby breaking the world's record of 167 feet 8 inches, held by John Flanagan, the Irish hammer-thrower, of the New York Athletic Club. His performance stamp him as one of the foremost American athletic champions, a wonder among weight-throwers and a credit to the Pacific Coast. Why doesn't Multnomah get in and do something like that? It should have some strong men among its membership, and should awake from its present lethargy.

or "more." The bout ended in a clean knock-out victory for the younger Englishman, after an exciting battle, lasting 10 rounds.

The club, under the management of its trustees, continued for nearly two years. When the McKean trouble began at Gravesend, it started on the downward path, and shortly before the election of 1886, the doors were closed, and the Coney Island Athletic Club passed out of history. During its two years of existence many notable events took place in the arena. Dick Newton, who was the matchmaker of the club, starting the sporting world by offering \$4,000 for a contest between Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Hall; \$4,000 for Jack McAuliffe and Dick Burge; and \$6,000 for Corbett and Mitchell. None of these matches ever took place, however. Fitzsimmons and Hall decided that \$6,000 of New Orleans money was better than \$4,000 of Coney Island coin. Fitz won the fight, but the club paid him no notes, and the lanky Australian still retains them as mementoes of the battle.

The McAuliffe-Burge match was made, articles drawn up and deposits put up, but the Englishman flunked out of the match by sailing for England. The Corbett-Mitchell match was scheduled to take place in December, but the arrest of Newton Sutherland and others connected with the Coney Island ring brought the match to a sudden end and boxing was a dead issue so far as Coney Island was concerned.

After remaining closed for nearly one year, Jim Kennedy got some prominent Brooklyn politicians interested, and under the name of the Seaside Athletic Club boxing was revived, and the club opened on August 7, 1884, with a 10-round contest between Young Griffo and Jack McAuliffe. During the Kennedy management the club proved a successful venture for nearly two years.

Warren Lewis was the next man to try his hand at the game, and he changed the title to the Greater New York Athletic Club, and opened with a contest between Peter Maher and Steve O'Donnell on Christmas afternoon, 1885. It was a frosty day and a frosty contest, but Maher put out his man in one minute. Boxing under Lewis' management was very brief, and the club fell into the hands of Alex Brown, who has been connected with it ever since. During Brown's regime, William A. Brady and Martin Julian became interested in the club, and, with their assistance, the heavy-weight championship between Fitzsimmons and Jim Jeffries was decided there. Tom O'Rourke has now become half-owner in the club, and from now until September 1, when the Lewis law which will abolish boxing in New York state, goes into effect, many big events will take place.

During the eight years of boxing at

Coney Island, England, and Australia, has fought in the club. The building is so arranged that 30,000 can easily find accommodation within its walls.

CHROQUET-GOLF.

Popular New Game, With Best Points of Golf and Croquet.
A new out-door game that has been invented and played considerably in Washington, D. C., promises to become as popular a pastime as golf. It is called croquet-golf, and, as its name implies, it is based on a combination of the best points of these two favorite sports. Those who have tested the new game's merits say that it possesses practically all the desirable features of both golf and croquet, but few of the disadvantages of either, and that it is bound to grow in favor with players of both sexes. It was originated and developed by Alva Gardner, lieutenant-commander Henry McCrea, who is at present on duty at the Washington navy-yard as ordnance inspector. A good source has been laid out on the turf at the navy-yard, consisting of seven holes, or wickets, which are called, where some of the best experts of the Washington golf clubs have had spirited matches. The course covers between 300 and 1000 yards, and has been made in 22 strokes.

One feature of this new game that will appeal to many, says the Brooklyn Eagle, is the fact that it can be played on a smaller field than would be suitable for golf. All the strokes, swings, puts and drives that are employed in regulation golf can be used with effect in this game, while the delicate and accurate shots that are necessary in both golf and croquet are developed to an equally fine point at this style of play.

The outfit is simple, consisting of a number of balls and a stick. The latter is a combination of a golf club and croquet mallet, having a long handle, although shorter than a polo stick. The head is equipped with a driver at one end and is beveled at the other, so that a good loft is provided for lifting the ball clear of the turf. The course on any lawn or field depends upon the shape of the place, and is marked first by wickets or arches, similar to those used in croquet, and second by numbered flags. No account need be taken of the actual distances between the wickets, it being better to have them vary in this respect, so as to afford a course calling for long and short drives. A spot or tree is usually selected at a point near the center of the grounds, and the wickets made to face to that point, so that all shots made through the arches must be toward the center. The balls used are wood, 3 1/2 inches in diameter, light and tough, the object being to get force and speed without momentum, with a certainty that they will float.

In scoring, the players may count either strokes or wickets. In case the former method is followed, the player completing

the course in the least number of strokes wins. Most of the rules of golf have been adopted for this game, with a few additional ones made necessary by the difference in the preparation of the ball, as in croquet-golf, the ball is on the lawn at the starting point, and in the immediate vicinity of each wicket. The more natural obstructions there are, such as bushes, hills and depressions, the better, as they will call into play special skill in lofting and driving. Only one club is necessary and no caddies or assistants.

"LANKY BOB'S" PETS.
Fitzsimmons' Utter Fearlessness With Wild Animals.
Down at his training quarters at Bergen Beach, writes the New York correspondent of the Chicago Times-Herald, Bob Fitzsimmons has a small menagerie of untamed denizens of the places that man is supposed not to frequent, and they all take to the tall, pink-thatched warrior of the roped scrapping pen, as if they were his kith and kin.

Personally, Fitz, notwithstanding his brutish and punching aggressiveness, when he is out for the big end of the gate receipts, is a brave, good-natured boy, who when the McKean trouble began at Gravesend, it started on the downward path, and shortly before the election of 1886, the doors were closed, and the Coney Island Athletic Club passed out of history.

He gets more of the rough play dallying with the coarser brute than he could possibly obtain from roughing it with his own kind, the human animal. They take to him as if he were a member of the family, and he doesn't have to lose any time making passes. Whatever his power, they promptly recognize in his reckless face the master, and whatever arrangements they may have formed to look into the pale blue eyes gives them another think, and their will is subservient to his.

Not very long ago Bob was out on the beach with a tiger, and he had a fine time. There a circus man had an invoice of lions and other savage bric-a-brac. A particularly ferocious lioness in a cage became the particular object of Bob's attention.

"Don't go near her," cautioned the keeper; "she has cub, and is worse than dangerous. I wouldn't touch her myself for a bag full of dollars."

"Absurd," quoth Bob; "she won't be ugly with me."

Whereupon the erstwhile champion staggered over the lioness and cried something. The lioness came to the bars of the cage, and purred softly and contentedly, as Bob stroked her head. Much to the keeper's astonishment, however, Fitzsimmons insisted on going into the cage, and the lioness fawned upon him as if he were her mother, and had it with him to settle at once.

"I asked Fitz what was the secret of his strange power over wild beasts."

"I don't know," replied the genial Bob. "I like them and they like me. That's all there is to it. Most men are afraid of animals. I am not. I go up to them and play with them and mail them about and they enjoy it. The cat family, particularly, like to play, and if they get one who is not afraid to give and take a buffet with them, they appreciate fun. I never feel the slightest fear in fondling a lion, bear or tiger, and they, no doubt, recognize me as one of themselves."

All of which would go to show that Lanky Bob is a simple child of nature, notwithstanding the credit that he gets from friends and the fact of being a peculiarly foxy proposition when he meets an adversary in the ring.

"RANG IN A 'COLD DECK'."
BILLIARDISTS SCHAEFER AND IVES "DID UP" THEIR MANAGER.
Arranged a Little Game of "Draw," and Just Manipulated Things to "Beat the Band."

A poker game which took place in a Nashville hotel a few years ago will long be remembered by the sole survivor, no less a personage than Jacob Schaefer, the "billiard wizard." Frank C. Ives, then a "shortstop," but later having the prior claim on the world's championship at billiards, and C. J. B. ("Charley") Parker were the other players.

According to the Chicago Tribune, Parker had taken the great billiardists South on an exhibition tour, and the trio were stranded at Nashville, when the races were in progress, through picking the wrong horses, as also the losing cards at faro.

George D. Mattingly, of Owensboro, Ky., happened to be in town, and furnished all the money asked for, "so he is likely that Nashville could have beaten the world, as

by standing put, but you babies force me to draw to the strength of my hand."

He looked wise.

Parker, in his secular way, muttered, "Humph!" when Ives stood pat, but when he discovered how his hand was "beaten," he laid his cards on the table and calmly lit a cigarette, as Ives beat the limit and Schaefer threw up his hand. Then he threw in two dollars and looked wise.

Ives raised again and again, and Parker always went one better. Ives, finally, said:

"Charley, if you can beat this hand, I am willing to be broke." Ives's fit more. "What's the use of fooling?" and he shoved all his chips and money into the pot. Parker called and was shown a straight flush.

Ives sat dumfounded for a moment; then, without a word, he walked over and began to cut the wire of a fresh bottle of beer. And how he did wrench that wire! He was burning up. Soon he served the boys; then, as he bought more chips, he said, hotly, smashing his hand on the table:

"That's the fourth time in my life I have had four of a kind beaten. Do you know that such has been my fortune in all things, and if I had ever had an even break I would today be worth a million of dollars."

At daylight, when the game broke up, Ives, the banker, set \$7 in money on one side before he settled up, and this amount he pushed over to Parker, with:

"Charley, I don't feel right at beating

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Kraenzlein had already achieved enough fame in the sprints as the only serious rival of Princeton, the Syracuse broad-jumper, and holder of the world's record in that class of contests, to satisfy most athletes, but on the occasion of the intercollegiate meet he went one better, and astonished the amateur athletic fraternity. In the history of the games, as reported in The Oregonian's dispatches, published on Sunday last, and as subsequently confirmed by the leading sporting writers of the country, no man has done what he did in the way of winning successive victories in important athletic contests.

In the preliminary events for the intercollegiate field day, Kraenzlein qualified in four contests—the 100-yard dash, high and low hurdles and running broad jump. In the final, on Saturday, a week ago, he won three of these events, and, on the strength of his performance in the "semi-finals," took second place in the broad jump, which was won by Myer Princeton, of the Syracuse University, with a jump of 23 feet 3 inches. Kraenzlein had exhausted his reserve force in the three contests he had won, and did not jump in the "finals." This record of three "firsts" and one "second" out of four contests on one day stands unequalled in the intercollegiate athletic world, in a national competition.

MARVEL AT CHESS.
Mysterious Player, of Budapest, of Phenomenal Skill.
In Austria-Hungary there is a marvelous chess player, whose name and residence are unknown, but who every now and then shows most remarkable skill in the game. The last story of him is told by George H. Hyatt, of Philadelphia, who has just returned from Budapest, and was in Chicago on business recently, says the Inter Ocean, of the latter city.

"I was playing chess with a friend in a cafe," said Mr. Hyatt, "and plainly saw my defeat, when a little bit of a shrewd fellow with a tray of cheap jewelry stood in front of us and offered his wares in most persuasive tones. He was a peculiarly foxy proposition when he meets an adversary in the ring."

Fixing the "Cooler."
Ives agreed, and the pair fought two new decks of cards, and, after dinner, excusing themselves from going to the race-track, they went to the room and proceeded to fix up the "cooler." Many and hot were the arguments as to how to arrange the cards, neither billiardist having more than an inkling of how the thing should be done. Ives insisted that So-and-so, in Kalispazo, told him so-and-so, and that Harry Blank, at "The Radicals," said that this way was correct, but Jake, with his well-known firmness of purpose, was certain Ives was wrong. The argument was a strong one, and a compromise resulted, after several hours' work in getting the cards placed right.

The evening's play began as usual. Whenever a bottle of beer was needed the poker game became double-handed for a few moments, because the third player was opening the beer. Now when it came to Parker's turn to act as bartender, in went the "cooler." It was a "jack pot," and Jake opened it, saying loudly, "I'm there!" (he had a pair of jacks). Ives bowed, "I raise you \$1," and Jake raised back and forth went the raising and finally the noise attracted Parker's attention.

"Hold on there!" he yelled, "let me see what I've got!" He looked at the pot and his five cards were on the table. "You haven't any right to stay," said Ives, and tried to throw Charley's cards away. "I haven't," asserted Parker, as he grabbed the cards. "Well, I guess my money is in the pot," and just then, seeing three fours in his hand, continued:

"How much have you fellows in the pot, anyway?" and started to count the chips and silver.

"Say, Charley," soothingly said Schaefer, "don't be stubborn and foolish! Lay down your hands and let me see what you've got." He looked at the pot and his five cards were on the table. "You haven't any right to stay," said Ives, and tried to throw Charley's cards away. "I haven't," asserted Parker, as he grabbed the cards. "Well, I guess my money is in the pot," and just then, seeing three fours in his hand, continued:

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COMMON SENSE TALK.
Michigan Wheelman Puts "Side Paths" Question in Nutshell.
In an address to fifteen gentlemen, on Chief Consul Earle, of the Michigan Association, L. A. W., explained the attitude of his division on side-paths in these words:

"We wheelmen, or, in other words, we men that ride a wheel, don't lay claim to the exclusive right to run the state, or to the exclusive right to run all over the state; we only claim the right that any 30,000 citizens might rightfully claim, provided they are liberty-loving, law-respecting and obeying people. Our object is to make this world a better place to live in, but more especially that part of it called Michigan, and immediately, for we want some of the good things before we go."

"We read that it will take a long time to build a perfect road system in this state, and so we ask the abutting property-owners all along the highways of Michigan to be good and build a road, not for the exclusive use of anybody, or any class, but for everybody and every class who won't use them to destroy them. They will be the sidewalks of the farmer and his family, the side-paths for the wheelman, and object-lessons to all of what a boon to the whole people would be permanent macadam roads."

Suspected It.
"Uncle Gabe Lunkhead of the Spread-eagle neighborhood," wrote the editor of the Bumblebee Bugle, "dropped in last Monday morning and paid us in on subscription. Come again, Uncle Gabe. The object being to get to be a contributor. We thought it was a good look out, but as it was the first one Uncle Gabe had paid us for seven years, we concluded we would rather have that than nothing."—Chicago Tribune.

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FUTURE OF AUTOMOBILE.
ITS MANIFOLD USES BEGINNING TO BE RECOGNIZED.
Will Supplant Nearly Every Other From of Road Locomotion With the Leisure Classes.

Many honest Englishmen will certainly conclude, with a sigh of regret, that the roadster of the future will not be fed on oats and hay, says the London Field. It will be a thing of wheels and machinery. Twenty years hence it will be possible to look back and trace the development of the motor car, as, in retrospective reviews, we are now able to regard the checkered career of the bicycle, and probably the vicissitudes through which the one has passed will be the measure of the treatment accorded to the other. The motor car will have to fight against opposition and war with prejudice in the same persistent way as its little forerunner has done, but no one has any reasonable doubt that it will emerge triumphant from the struggle.

Although from its size and character it commands greater respect than the bicycle, which was often, in its earlier days, the helpless victim of much violence, and denounced in terms of unmeasured abuse, it has encountered similar hostility, though of a less virulent type. As an bicycle was described as a "roving circular saw" whose mission was to wound and maim the legs of subjects of Her Majesty, so the motor car is regarded as a malodorous, noisy monster, with the same malevolent intentions.

Time alone can assuage the animosities of those who are not amenable to the logic of facts. Meanwhile the motor car, under the careful and astute handling of those who are controlling its development, is making most satisfactory progress in the important direction of reassuring the public as to its harmless activities as a road vehicle, and gradually establishing a reputation for being under more perfect control than any other form of carriage.

Test Being Made.
A demonstration, admirably conceived and carried out, with every advantage against the possibility of abuse, is now being made with the object of showing the practical character of the motor car and its reliability for protracted journeys on the highway. When the great trial now in progress over the greatest road will be one of supply, and it is the manufacturer that will then require to be stimulated, in order that the production of motors may keep pace with the demand that is rapidly arising. Practically, every person who takes a seat on a motor car for the first time becomes an adherent of the movement, and falls an easy victim to the unmeasured praises of the automobile. His attentions alone make its ultimate success a foregone conclusion.

From a utilitarian point of view, the outlook is equally promising. As a means of the backbone of bicycling, so the ability to cover long distances expeditiously invests the motor car with a value that is, as yet, but faintly appreciated. Sir Francis Jenne remarked at the dinner of the Automobile Club, it will now be possible to run over to a friend's house, 20 miles away, for lunch, and be back in time for tea, and, referring to the way in which the motor car ministered to the requirements of the country gentleman, he described it as a "virtually bringing the railway to the very door of the house." This advantage, but with a discrimination in favor of those only who are strong and vigorous. In the case of the motor car, there are no restrictions; no bodily fatigue is involved, while every comfort is assured. In its sphere of usefulness as an instrument of recreation the motor car is destined to become especially valuable for touring purposes.

Unlimited Field.
In this direction an unlimited field of operation is opened up to it, for, with an independence equalled only by the bicycle, it possesses the most ample luggage-carrying capacity. Herbert the touring cyclist, who has had to become a pedagogue in access to some of the most beautiful scenery in the country, otherwise known, perhaps, to a mere handful of pedestrians beside the local inhabitants. He has warmed his way into