

IN THE SPORTING WORLD



You've All Been There.
Have you seen our Isaac Walton, With his bamboo poised with grace, And his cast-iron line and three around his bait, But the quarters to buy fish with, Kept discreetly out of sight, With the pommyrol to keep away the gnat?

Have you seen his natty crew, too— A square hole in his lid, Showing sandwiches and milk and lemonade, But his flask of old, old whisky Kept discreetly out of sight— To prevent the Indians, should he wade?

Have you seen him bug his fish home, And heard him spin the yarns 'Bout his fighting them, and gits up on 'em, But the quarters that you've squandered Kept discreetly out of sight, While he posed 'a holy terror' with the fly?

Why, of course you've often seen him, And you've been there, too, yourself, And you've done the great prevaricating act, Kept discreetly out of sight, As you've passed off whoppers lies for solid fact.

—Forest and Stream.

ECHOES OF THE REGATTA

Most Successful Event Held in the Northwest—Results of Seattle Galleys—Current Events.

Sports of the Fourth of July week are events of the past. Athletes spent weeks in preparation for the contests that, in a day, passed into history. From now on sporting competitions will be few and far between. Baseball and tennis will constitute the larger portion of the active events during the remainder of July and August.

On a whole, the results of the past week have been gratifying. The Vancouver crew won the senior four race, the biggest rowing fixture on the Pacific Coast, but in such a manner as to leave the friends of the Portland men firm in the belief that the best oarsmen reside in Oregon. The breaking of Ball's oar was an accident that was as sudden as it was unexpected. Where the fault lies cannot be fully determined. The stroke was fully half over when the oar snapped. At the time it happened the home crew was fully a length ahead.

In the championship competitions of the Pacific Northwest Association, Seattle captured the pennant, by a lead of 17 points. The contest was purely a case of all-Washington against Multnomah, and a novice team, practically, at that. Without a doubt, the relay race was what decided the annual games in Seattle's favor. Until that event was piled off the teams were nearly on an even basis.

Multnomah's nine was defeated in the baseball game of the Fourth by the Chemawa Indian team. During the first two innings there was baseball, good and fast. Rain caused a postponement of 30 minutes, and then the field was more of a mudhole than anything else. The slippery ball or mud did not seem to bother the

Indians in the least, while the Multnomah team went all to pieces.

The horse races at Irvington were successful, in that they demonstrated that the people of this vicinity would support good, honest turf events. The gallopers worked on a heavy track and the harness events were postponed until Saturday. The crowd at the track was principally composed of old-timers, who "played the races" in years gone by, at the old City View Park.

Concerning the Regatta.
The ninth annual regatta of the North Pacific Association of Amateur Oarsmen having passed, the members of the Portland Rowing Club are spending their time discussing the happenings of the week. From every point of view, the regatta was the most successful that has ever been held by the association. There were entries in all the events, and it was "any man's race" in nearly every contest until the finish line was crossed.

Interest centered in the senior four race, and there was general regret felt that the sport was marred by the wind and rough water of the second day. At noon the race was called, and it was as beautiful a start as has ever been seen on the Coast. The four crews took the water at the same time, and together they played a hot finish to the senior Vancouver oarsmen.

Ball demonstrated the fact that he is a first-class oarsman, and, in all probability, the craft used by him and Billie has not been smashed the day before the race, the two would have carried off the big event in the doubles. An effort is being made to have the next regatta of the association take place on Shawanigan Lake, near Victoria. The Portland Club will hold its Fall regatta as usual. The date has not been set.

P. N. A. Games.
Seattle won out, with a total score of 89 against 63 points for Multnomah. The latter organization sent over, comparatively, a novice crew. The Sound team was composed of men from all parts of Washington. But in spite of the disadvantage, some good work was done. Heater did 19 feet 11 1/2 inches in the pole vault, with perfect ease. This is 1/2 inch under the Coast record, held by Dolie, of Berkeley. Had Heater not been saving himself for events that followed, he could, it is thought, have reached up close to the intercollegiate record. Kerrigan and Trenkman tied for first place in the high jump, at 5 feet 9 1/2 inches. They did not jump it off, as neither was out for a record and points were of more importance.

Blumenthal's defeat by Paris was a surprise no one bargained for. The Portland man is fast and sure, but Paris is a wonder, and it is no disgrace to have been beaten by a man who does 460 yards in 22 1/2. Heater again loomed up in the 100-yard, and second in the 200-yard hurdles.

The relay race, on which 5 points were won, was captured by Seattle's team. Davis, Bader, Thayer and Paris ran for the Sound club, and Blumenthal, Gammie, Percy and Dammsch for Multnomah. Young took the mile walk in first-

chase style. Newberger finished second.

Two walkers were disqualified. The summary of the events is as follows:
Hammes, 200 lbs.—Saunders, first; James, second; 30 feet 11 1/2 inches; points—M. A. C. 8; Seattle, 1.
Shot put (16 pounds)—Saunders, first; Overman, second; Arnold, third; 28 feet 2 inches; points—M. A. C. 8; Seattle, 1.
Discus throw—Thayer, first; S. A. C. second and third; points—M. A. C. 6; Seattle, 1.
Pole vault—Heater, first; Jay Hansen, second; Kerrigan, third; 19 feet 11 1/2 inches; points—M. A. C. 8; Seattle, 1.
High jump—Kerrigan, first; Trenkman, second; S. A. C. third; 5 feet 9 1/2 inches; points—M. A. C. 8; Seattle, 1.
Broad jump—Kerrigan, first; Heater, second; Seattle, third; 20 feet 11 inches; points—M. A. C. 8; Seattle, 1.
100-yard dash—Paris, first; Dammsch, second; Thayer, third; time, 23 1/2 seconds; points—M. A. C. 8; Seattle, 1.
200-yard run—Paris, first; Blumenthal, second; Thayer, third; time, 53 1/2 seconds; points—M. A. C. 8; Seattle, 1.
400-yard run—Paris, first; Dammsch, second; Thayer, third; time, 1:46 seconds; points—M. A. C. 8; Seattle, 1.
800-yard run—Davis, first; Zan, second; Bader, third; time, 2:37 3/4; points—M. A. C. 8; Seattle, 1.
1500-yard run—Davis, first; Wood, second; McCombs, third; time, 4:43 3/4; points—M. A. C. 8; Seattle, 1.
One-mile walk—Young, first; Newberger, second; points—M. A. C. 6; Seattle, 1.
One-mile bicycle—Millhouse, first; Harold, second; Nowotny, third; points—M. A. C. 1; Seattle, 1.
Relay race—Seattle won; points, 5.

Baseball and Cycling.

For the second time this year Multnomah's baseball team has met defeat at the hands of the Chemawa Indians. Last Wednesday the local team put up all-around better ball than its antagonist until after the rain made a quagmire out of the grounds and the ball had become as slippery as if it were greased. Then the visitors put up about the same game as they would under normal conditions.

The next game in which the Multnomahs participated was with the Palo Alto, of California. A return game was played yesterday at Multnomah.

No other games are in sight at present, and baseball will be quiet for a few weeks.

The 15-mile bicycle road race has been characterized by many as having been "fixed." The course was in the form of a square, which made it impossible to make good time. Several riders took undue advantage and rode on the bicycle paths instead of the road. The best time made was 59:35. Good roads and a fair course would, no doubt, have been productive of better time. Bicycle road races cannot be arranged to entertain spectators and hold out for good time, too.

WILLIE ATKINS.

FUN FOR THE CROWD.

Railway and Commercial Men Will Cross Bats Saturday.
The baseball game between the traveling railroad agents and the commercial travelers, of this city, scheduled for Saturday, July 14, at Multnomah field, is exciting considerable comment locally. There is a wager of a supper, to be paid for by the losing side, and there are also a number of individual cash wagers on the result. In the morning the bicycle race, which the railway men helped to conduct and participated in, \$26 in receipts was realized, which was given to the Baby Home, for the benefit of which institution next Saturday's baseball game is to be played.

Prior to the ensuing contest, there will be a parade through the principal streets that promises to be very funny. In the afternoon of local railroad and commercial men, in addition to the teams will take part. Governor Geer and Mayor Rowe have been invited to be present at the game. Governor Geer has been requested to pitch the first ball, and Mayor Rowe may act as umpire.

Cycling teams will line up in the following order:
The Line-Up.
Railroad Men. Commercial Men.
O'Neill Thornton
Coburn Coburn
Trumbull Thiel
Roche Blair
Willet Smith
Duffy Ackerman
Manfield May
Lang Smith
Jones Goldsmith
Denniston Jacobs
Nages Nages
General Passenger Agent Hurburt, of the O. R. & N.; Assistant General Passenger Agent Charlton, of the Northern Pacific; J. W. Casey, of the Milwaukee; W. M. Mend, of the Omaha; Traveling Freight Agent O'Reilly, of the Illinois Central, and C. H. Gleim, of the Colorado Midland, will assist the railroad team as "rooters" and otherwise, and Mr. McKnight and several others will perform a like office for the commercial travelers. The game will take the place of the regular annual game between the "rats" and "leans."

It can do no harm to recall a laughable chapter in the memorable contest between the "rats" and the "leans" in their game last July. Billy Mead, of the "rats," put in an appearance, properly "clothed and in his right mind." He was to pitch the first ball. Ed Lyons, manager of the "leans," strenuously objected to his appearing fully clad, on so warm a day. His objections were based on the ground that the bumptious Billy was liable to be afflicted with heart failure. Judge Hennessy, as umpire, ruled that Billy must peel off his coat.

Still Too Many Clothes.
This was done, and then some one else objected that he still had on too many clothes. The accommodating ex-Alderman then removed his "piled shirt." When he was asked to go to the full limit of the so-called "turtle act," and take off his trousers, a becoming blush overspread his features, and he refused. Then O'Neill and Roche overpowered him. In the presence of the big crowd of spectators they stripped off his nether garments. There he stood, chubby and defiant. His underwear was of the barber-pole striped variety, fitting him like a suit of circus tights. On his breast was emblazoned the trademark of his railroad company—"Omaha." Across the rear expanse of his bifurcated garment, the legend, "Little Willie," appeared.

The crowd hardly knew whether to be shocked or amused, at the unexpected change in his costume. But as it was only jolly, good-natured Billy Mead, every one concluded to laugh. Then Billy drifted away from the slab to right field, where he watched Messrs. Markham and Denniston try to catch "flies."

The game boomed along to about the third inning, when an unexpected development occurred. The gates opened,

and a patrol wagon, containing three policemen, entered the grounds.

Markham called Mead's attention to this, and a conversation, something after the following tenor, occurred:
Mead—What do you want?
Markham—They're after you.
Mead—Well, I'll be—
About this time the wagon drove up alongside of the perspiring Billy. He tried to escape. Judge Hennessy interrupted his heading career. "What's eatin' you?" exclaimed Billy, sotto voce. "I propose to have you arrested, in the name of the law, for making an indecent public display of yourself."
"Why, ————!" said Mead.
Then Judge Hennessy ordered the officers to seize upon the offender, who was soon placed hors de combat, and tossed into the wagon. After the wagon had been driven around the cinder path, it was finally stopped in front of the grandstand. Here Mead was allowed to go, upon his promise to reform in dress.

The original intention was to cart Billy

EUGENE'S THREE CRACK SPRINTERS.



CHAS. A. REDMOND, '02. CLARENCE BISHOP, '02. FRED V. LEWIS, '03.
Charles A. Redmond, who has been elected captain of the University of Oregon track team for 1901, is perhaps the best quarter-mile runner in the Northwest. He now holds the state intercollegiate record of 9:51, which he made on the Salem track in 1898. Redmond has covered the distance on a curved track in exactly the same time. His best work this season was at Seattle, in the Oregon-Washington meet, when he ran his lap of the mile relay race in 0:22 4/5. The time, considering all the circumstances, was fast.

Clarence Bishop needs no introduction to the admirers of athletics of the Northwest. He has been the State University's crack half-back for four years, and has won many points for the "varsity" track team. This is his first year in the sprint. His records are: One-hundred-yard dash, 0:10 2/5; 200-yard dash, 0:22 4/5; 440-yards (in the mile relay), 0:22.

Fred V. Lewis is one of the most promising of Oregon's freshman athletes. He was a point winner in the sprints, both at Seattle and Salem, and won a place in the broad-jump contest at each meet. He has done 100 yards in practice in 9:10 3/5. He jumped 21 feet 3 1/2 inches at Seattle, but, owing to a technicality, the jump was not measured.

Trainer Trine is confident that these three men will make a fine showing when the Oregon track team goes south next Spring.

around town, but the "powers that be" thought better of it. This was only a matter of many ludicrous things that happened. It is not at all unlikely equally funny things will occur this year.

COAST SPORTING NOTES.

Matters of Interest to Athletes of the Northwest.
The new Westminster, B. C., lacrosse team is talking of making a tour of Eastern Canada, to make a bid for the Canadian and world's championships. They



few miles out of Minneapolis, who came originally from New England. He engaged as his "hired man" a Swede, Lars Larsen, while the farmer himself may as well be called Jones, as by any other name. If there is one thing more than another Jones really enjoys, it is a professional game of baseball, and although living half a dozen miles from Minneapolis, he determined, unless circumstances forbade, to be present at a great game scheduled for a certain date.

Now Jones, it so happens, is a sort of David Harum, when it comes to the matter of a "hoss trade." He had a balky chestnut mare, that he wanted to "swap" for one that would go. A stranger sent him word that he would call, and, if they could agree on terms, that he would trade horses with him.

Jones' hope of seeing the baseball game went aglimmering, for the horse-trading stranger paid him a visit the very day the game took place. Much as he wished to see the famous nines, he couldn't afford to let the chance pass to get rid of his balky animal, but he determined to "Now Jones" best thing—see the game by proxy. He therefore called Lars to him, gave him \$5, and sent him to the game, with instructions to bring back an accurate report.

Lars Did Not Object.
Lars was perfectly willing to go, for he had never witnessed a contest on the diamond; had some little curiosity, and, besides, he did not object to a holiday. He put on his best and departed.

Mr. Jones did not expect that it would be possible for Lars to return home much before midnight, and was amazed to see him driving up to the gate at 8 P. M. No horse and was such kind of seats in the dem gone circus tent. Fallar say dem bane die bleachers, en fallars settin on hot sun dar bane de rooters. Ay tank hay mean hoga, but hay say dem fallars bane rooters, cause ham hotter van de ball game get planty hot. Yaw noder place bane high oop, en roof on so sun no ken cook fallars' nake. Ay tank ay got har en got good place to see game. Noder fallar hay say et van de grandstand.

Lars Gets a Seat.
"Hay got femty sant more of me for another teckett, en ay fanally git seat. Ay notice vaw some of deese musketeer vire nettin' vary beeg en coarse vas got nash on front of grandstand. Vas fellar by me settin'. Hay says dat bane to pruvant ball heet de peeples on hem faces. Ay say: 'Vas dem rooters fallars do to pruvant ball heet hem?' Fallar kind a' laugh en say notten. Dan ay tank hem got to take hees chances.

"Bimeby some fallars come out. Hay all got short breeches on er red caps. Dees har fallar vot set by me hay tal me all about set. Hay say: 'To see dem bags? Dem bane de bases.' Hay tal me 'noder tang etn de grund by de grand-

LARS AT THE BALL GAME

HIS QUEER ACCOUNT OF WHAT HE SAW ON THE DIAMOND.

All at Sea in the Matter of Terms Used in the Play and Finally Goes Home in Disgust.

There is, as most people know, a very large Scandinavian population in Minnesota, and of this perhaps the majority are Swedes. They are all a most frugal and industrious people, and have done much, by their habits of thrift, to develop the resources of the state. There is a certain well-to-do farmer, living a

stand bane the plate. Ay look: Now, Maister Yones, ay tank hay make fool of me. Dot plate bane square. All de plate ay see de bane rund.

"Ay see fallar hay got such a beeg bird-cage over hees face. Fallar by me hay say et van de catcher, en dat tang vas hees meek. Noder man hay got such rund steek een hees hand. Ay hear dem call set de base. Lecta vaw bank vaw garna fallar vot got de ball. Planty more fallars stand by de bags. Pooty soon a man come. Hay van de boss. Hem day call de emperor of de game. Van hee git planty ready, hay hotter, 'Play ball!'

Lars Rubber-Necks.
"Ay rubber-nake. Ay see dot peetcher—hay got de ball—kind o' t'row de ball laike a vooman. Dot make me seek. Ay vander vey hem don't t'row de ball good en strong laike a mans. Vot for hay peetch—kind o' toss—de ball such foolish vey? Vay, anvyay, fallar vid rund steek hay try to strake de ball. Hay heet notten. Dan de emperor of de game hay hotter, 'One strake.' Hay lie. Dat fallar, Maister Yones, hay don't heet de ball. De fallar vid de bird-cage on hees head en van boxin' glove on hees hand, hay call de ball, en hay t'row eet back to peetcher.

"De second time peetcher peetch the ball, en de batter don't heet eet some more. Den de fool emperor of de game hay hotter, 'Two strake.' Noder lie. Ay git planty mad.

"De next time de batter hay heet de ball, t'row down hees rund steek en hee try to run to de feerst bag. Oh, Maister Yones, dat vas beautiful! De ball she shoot straight oop en de sky. Ay tank she don't come down. Den de emperor hay hotter, 'foul.' Every man on de grandstand, en every fallar on de bleachers she all hotter, 'Oh! hall, en 'Rats!'

"Vat bane planty 'nough baseball for me, en ay come home."

CHARLES E. SAWYER.

UGLY DIAMOND JUBILEE.

This Year's Derby Winner Tamed by His Boy Jockey.

The story of how the Prince of Wales won the Derby with Diamond Jubilee is the story of how a small boy taught a wicked horse to love him. The wicked horse, writes the London correspondent of the New York World, is Diamond Jubilee. He is one of the wickedest ever seen on the turf. Last Winter he tried to kill Mornington Cannon, then his jockey, by throwing him down and deliberately kneeling on him. He was in such a rage that he rolled right over, and nothing else saved the jockey's life.

Diamond Jubilee disgraced himself in more than one race by throwing a jockey and by other obstreperous conduct, and the Prince of Wales, his owner, despairing of his future until it was noticed that the horse behaved better when ridden by little Herbert Jones.

Investigation showed that Jones had in some mysterious way won the affection of the worst-tempered colt in England. Diamond Jubilee showed his hatred of every other person near him, especially his trainer, but with young Jones in the saddle he was comparatively docile.

Sporting writers pointed out that it would be excellent policy for Jones to ride him in future races, and the Prince adopted this intelligent suggestion. The result was a triumph in the 2000 guineas. Jones sat still and Diamond Jubilee romped home in the most amiable fashion. Something occurred to upset him in the Newmarket stakes, and although Jones quieted him down, the colt did not show his real form.

After this exhibition it was generally thought that the notes and bustle of the town would thoroughly upset him, but, happily for all concerned, he was in his most amiable humor on Derby day, and no horse could possibly have behaved better. He did not even resent a certain amount of interference in the race, for first he was bumped by Diaguise II, and then Sloan, who was riding Mr. Keene's colt, took him right across the course, so that Jones had to steady the favorite and lost a length or two. This led to Sloan having to appear before the stewards of the Jockey Club on Friday, and, after full inquiries had been made, he was severely reprimanded for a breach of the rules of racing.

There was a great scene of enthusiasm when the Prince of Wales led Diamond Jubilee in, and some of his owner's future subjects, in the enthusiasm of the moment, somewhat forgot the respect conventionally due to their future King. One very ragged gentleman was observed to smack him on the back more than once, observing heartily:

"Good, old gov'nor, you've done it again!"

Lord George Bentinck has placed it on



record that "all men are equal on the turf, and beneath it"—an axiom that appears to apply to this case.

But only second to the Prince's reception was that accorded to Herbert Jones, the boy who had tamed the wickedest horse in England.

Kelly's Three-Inch Hit.
The day was fast declining, and the hour was growing late. The scow on the near-by roof was chirping to his mate: The twilight air was teeming with a wealth of insect life. That scow itself tormentingly upon that field of strife. The multitude grew restless, and anxiety most keen. Upon such troubled countenance was plainly of insect life. Would that fog inspire call the game because the air waxed dark! Just when the score was 6 to 6? The throng breathed hard—but bark.

"Play ball!" The umpire's stern command smote each attentive ear. And from that waiting multitude there burst a thunderous cheer! It was the fourteenth inning, and the score was 6 to 6. When Casey, for the visitors, stepped up to bat—and died.

Against a wild, delighted howl broke forth, but soon grew dim. When Murphy took his base on balls, and Johnson followed him; Then Smithy lined 'er out for three, which brought the others home. But Dudley fanned, and mighty Jackson also hit the loam.

Ah, who can tell the agony that bound that breathless crowd. Or words depict the silence that hung o'er it like a shroud? The boys were up against it now, a hard and cruel fate. For they couldn't find the pitcher—and the score was 6 to 6!

Young Duffy, for the home team, went to bat and promptly fanned. And in a trace Jones followed him as if it had been planned. And then a frigid, icy chill shot down each aching spine. Whose owner had his ducks up to back the loved home side.

But Cuddy got a single, and again a faint hope gleamed. Cap Andrews took his base on ball—say, could the tide have turned? Burke fouled the sphere and got to first, which filled the bases quite. And when big Kelly seized his stick 'the crowd howled with delight.

It was an awful moment—darkness gathered in the West; "Strike one!" The umpire's cursed voice drove knife-blades to each breast; "Strike two!" A groan, scarce audible, came from that straining throng. For each felt that the agony could not last very long.

Yet ne'er a word spoke Kelly as upon his hands he sped. But took a new and firmer hold upon his favorite bat. The pitcher shot the ball—and then was heard the bases quite. And in the fading light they saw great Kelly make a dash.

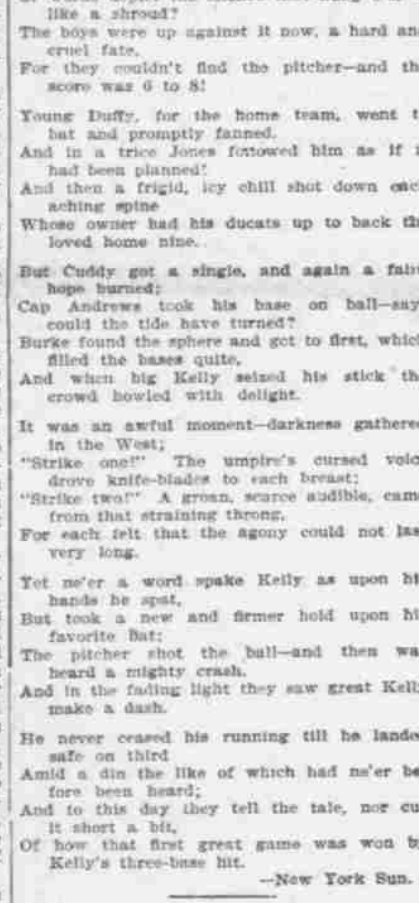
He never ceased his running till he landed safe on third. Amid a din the like of which had ne'er before been heard. And to this day they tell the tale, nor cut it short a bit. Oh how that first great game was won by Kelly's three-base hit.

—New York Sun.

In the Neck.

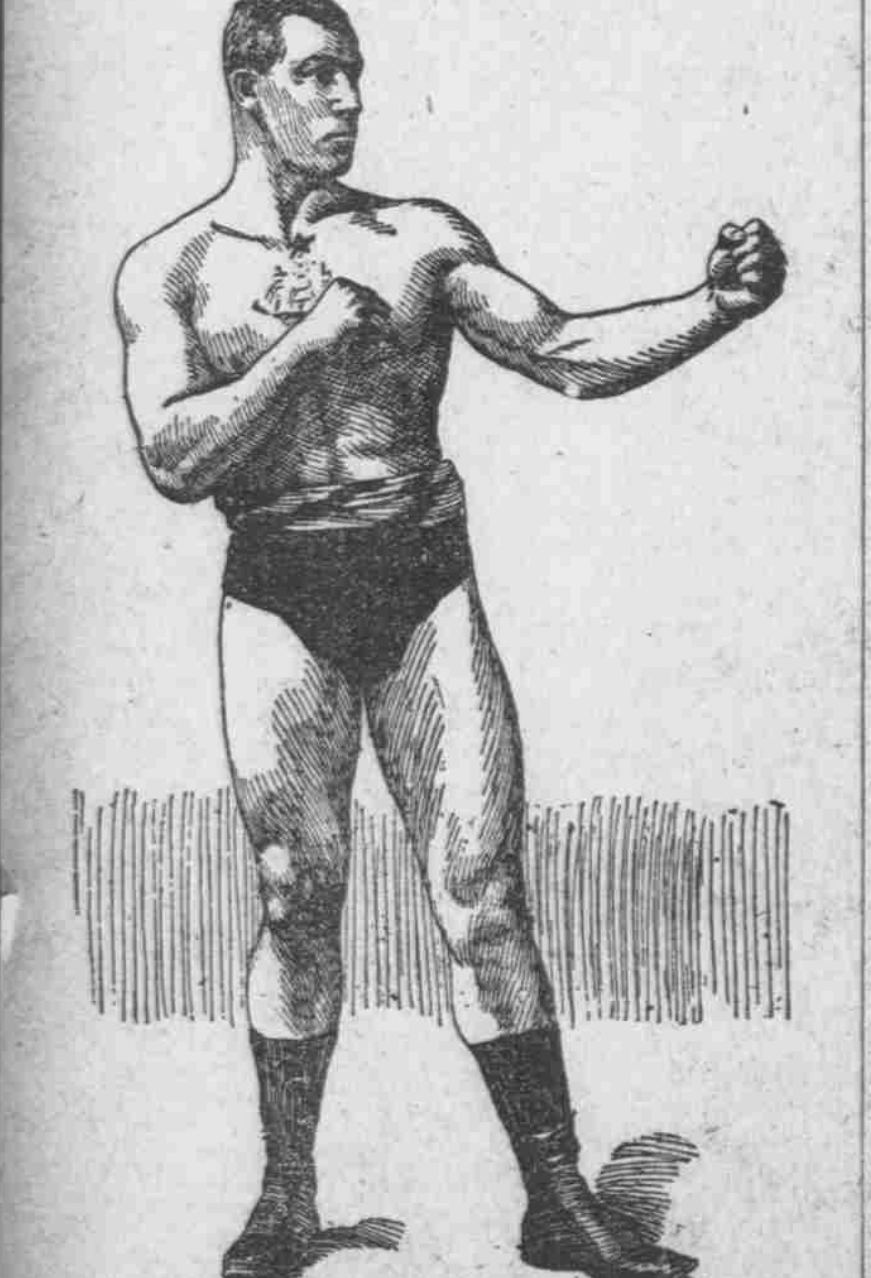
"Have you read Horus' latest book, 'Toiled Brains?'"
"Yes."
"I thought you didn't like Horus' style."
"I don't."
"What did you read his book for?"
"Because I knew some blamed fool would be sure to ask me if I had read it!"—Chicago Tribune.

Knocked Out Sharkey



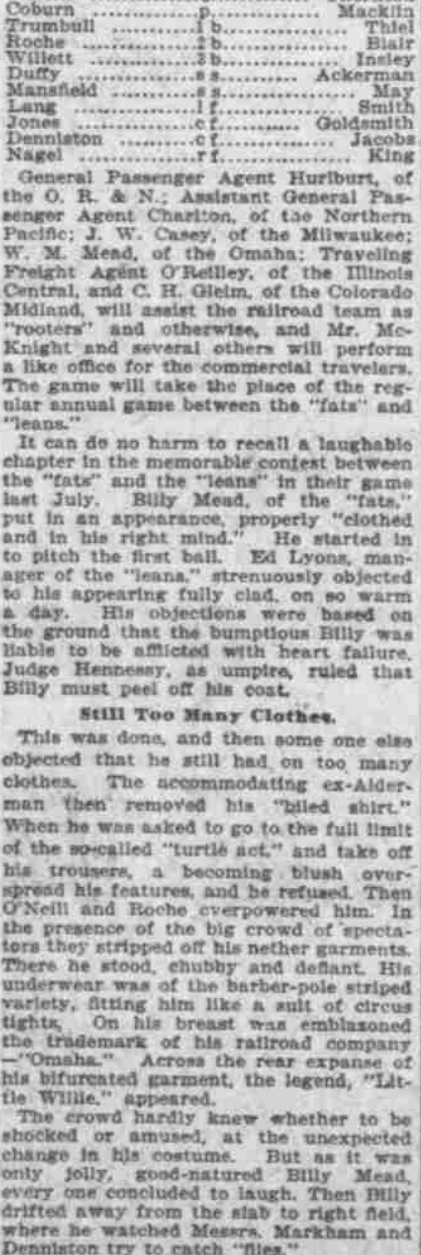
GUS RUHLIN, HEAVY-WEIGHT PUGILIST.

KNOCKED OUT BY RUHLIN



THOMAS SHARKEY, HEAVY-WEIGHT PUGILIST.

Knocked Out Sharkey



GUS RUHLIN, HEAVY-WEIGHT PUGILIST.