

THE SPORTING WORLD



Silence at the Tee.
The plover, caddy, or onlooker should move back when a stroke is made by a golfer. This is the safest moment. Let all things quiet be. For now the golfer's ready. The ball is on the tee. Don't move while he's addressing. To whisper do not dare. And when his club he's waving No sound must stir the air. Should aught distract attention It might disturb his poise. And cause the man to fumble. So do not make a noise. Let not a high escape you. Don't speak, or laugh, or sneeze. Let all the birds cease singing. And hush, those moments hush. The cricket must stop chirping. And insects buzz no more. The breeze and rustle cease. Most quiet is the air. The deep voice of the thunder Shall not be heard aloud. There must not be a shadow. From frowning clouds above. In fact, I think there's danger Within a single wink. And in so great a crisis. Forgive me should I think. Over earth and all creation Hang silence like a pall. And let it not be lifted. Till the golfer hits the ball. —Frank J. Bonnell, in Golf.

REGATTA EVENT OF WEEK

Attention of Local Oarsmen, Yacht Owners and Athletes Chiefly Devoted to Astoria.

The interest of local athletes was almost entirely centered on the annual Astoria regatta and games during the past week. The event had been eagerly looked forward to by them, and rigid practice and training were in order daily for those intending to take part in the various competitions. The training quarters of the Multnomah Club presented a scene of bustling activity during the fore part of the week. The training ceased Thursday, the athletes leaving early Friday for Astoria. The running track used then was in continuous use by those who intended to compete in the sprints and distance runs. The jumpers, pole-vaulters and hurdlers also got in their share of work indulging in hard and unremitting practice. Taken altogether, it may be said that Multnomah put forth her best energies to help make a successful regatta. The Oregonian knows the results of the event which, in some respects, is the leading annual fixture in sporting circles in the Northwest.

The Multnomah athletes had some worthy opponents in the Olympics of San Francisco. The Californians had the advantage of being well-tried men, with years of experience in athletic competition, while the Multnomah contingent, with the exception of a few men like Bert Kerrigan, Frank Watkins, Blumenthal, Danmash and Heister are practically new men, a few of them being novices, and the Astoria event having been the only athletic meet in which they ever competed. But their good work at the games took them out of the novice class.

Absence of Seattle Athletes.
It was the subject of much regret that the Seattle Athletic Club, as an organization, did not participate in the sports. A three-oared contest would have been more acceptable. Still, the strength and personnel of the two competing teams—the Multnomahs and Olympics—left nothing to be desired. The Multnomahs, however, would have liked to meet the Seattle athletes as they would have been settled between them. The two teams may come together yet, as the season is far from over, and offers great prospects. Multnomah has an important addition to her strength this year, in the person of Roy Heister, the young athlete formerly of Pacific University, whose remarkable work in the high and broad jumps assures him a great future in the athletic world. Heister is an all-around athlete, and is a valuable man—none to be despised on.

It is very much regretted by the members of the Multnomah Rowing Club that they could not enter in the double and four-oared rowing races of the regatta, but owing to the style of boat used by the Californians, this was an impossibility. The Californians used racing barges, in the doubles and four-oared events, and such craft could not be procured here in time to familiarize the Portland Rowing Club oarsmen with their use. Shells are used exclusively by the Portland men, and as these are much speedier than racing barges, it would have been unfair to compete in them with opponents in barges.

Local Aquatics.
Gloss and Patton put in a great deal of time during the early part of the week in hard practice training for the singles. The single-oared race was looked forward to with the most interest, as it was to decide the amateur championship of the Pacific Coast, an honor which lay between Foss, of the Dolphin Club, of San Francisco, California's champion single-oared, and Patton, of the Portland Rowing Club, champion of the Northwest. The members of the Portland Rowing Club are looking forward with great eagerness to the Fall regatta of the club. This will be held September 11, and will be participated in by the club crews. Practice will be begun without delay, and good results are expected. There are several new men who will be sprung as a surprise on those interested in boat racing locally.

"The annual cruise of the Oregon Yacht Club was held this week, the first sailing in a body to Astoria, where various of the craft took part in the night races, the Portlanders having 13 entries out of a total of 20.

Baseball.
The Torpedoes baseball team, by defeating Multnomah a week ago, retain the championship which they had held for

some time. The game was the best played this season, according to baseball enthusiasts. It was close and vigorously contested. The Torpedoes also played the Stephens Addition team last Sunday afternoon and a good game was witnessed by those "fans" who have not lost all enthusiasm for baseball, as seems generally the case in Portland. The Torpedoes left Wednesday for Spokane to play series of games with the Spokane Athletic Club, for the amateur championship of the Pacific Northwest. The only other game played during the week was that between the Astoria team and the Multnomah team at Astoria during the regatta. Baseball is practically dead in Portland this season.

Among Tennis Players.
Local tennis players were greatly interested in the outcome of the tennis tournament at Seattle, which ended last Saturday. The championship of the Pacific Northwest in the singles was won by Lewis R. Freeman, of Pasadena, Cal., against J. P. Foukes, of Victoria, by scores of 6-1, 6-2, 2-6, 6-4.

Freeman was for a long time tennis singles champion of Southern California. When he went to Stanford, in the Spring of 1898, he became champion of that college, and he subsequently represented Stanford at the inter-collegiate tournament against Berkeley. No Portland players competed in the games at Seattle, although several were entered. Next year, however, a number will be entered in the championship games at Tacoma, when they hope to carry off the high honors.

The tennis courts at the Multnomah Club were a scene of activity during the week, the three courts being in use nearly all the time. Several interesting matches were played, foremost of which was an exciting challenge contest between Gass and Smith, which was won by Smith. Smith played his usual brilliant game, but the work of Gass was not so steady. This makes the second defeat Gass has suffered at the hands of Smith. The scores were 6-4, 6-2, 4-6, 6-4.

F. E. Forbes made quite a remarkable jump from the eighth to the sixth class. He beat J. E. Dukhart 6-3, 6-4, which advanced him to the seventh class, and George McMillan, of the sixth class, which advanced him to the sixth class. Forbes is a new player, and his progress has been rapid.

On the Turf.
The entries for the Fall meeting at Irvington closed Tuesday, August 21, with a fine showing of good horses entered. The Merchants' and Manufacturers', the Brewers' and the Hotel stakes are the leading events and furnish a new departure in the way of racing fixtures on the Portland turf. The Irvington track has been improved and will be in a fine condition by the time of the races, which will be held September 11-15.

A suggestion has been made by the Carnival committee that the meeting be postponed to the last week of the Carnival. Manager Willis states that he fixed the dates of the meeting before that of the Carnival had been announced, and he feels justified in holding them.

Sensible Proposition.
A petition, signed by several hundreds of the Multnomah Club members, has been presented to the board of directors of the club, asking it to provide the means for sending Mr. W. W. Dunaway to represent the club at the forthcoming billiard tournament, to be held at the Olympic Club, in San Francisco. Mr. Dunaway would stand a very good chance of coming out at the top of the list of players, as he is one of the very best billiardists on the Coast. The Multnomah directors have an opportunity to advance the interests of the club by sending Mr. Dunaway to San Francisco.

The Monday night bowling contest at the Multnomah Club brought forth a new lot of contestants to wear the medals. This was Snyder's team, which pulled off with a total score of 860. Craft, of the same team, made the high score for the evening 61, in his first game.

Local sporting men are already predicting the outcome of the Fitzsimmons-Sharkey fight, and probably quite a little money will change hands here over the result. Fitzsimmons' admirers are saying that he exposed the offer of \$100,000 made to him on the proviso that he would throw the fight. They declare that Fitz is not the man to take a bribe, and they are right.

HIS INITIAL EXPERIENCE

Chicago Young Man Goes Yachting on Lake Michigan and Strikes Against Hard Knocks.

A young man, clerk in a Chicago department store, relates his experiences on his first yachting trip, in an amusing manner, to a reporter of the Tribune of the Windy City. One of his friends who was the friend of a man who was the friend of another man who owned a yacht procured an invitation for him, and he accepted.

"I went aboard the yacht," says he, about 2:30 o'clock Sunday morning. The yacht has another name, but

TO HELP THE "BIG FELLOW."

Friends of John L. Sullivan to Raise a Fund for Him.

The friends of John L. Sullivan will tender him a "grand testimonial benefit" in Madison-Square Garden, New York, Wednesday evening next, August 29—the night prior to the Corbett-McCoy contest.

With all his fallings the old king of pugilists retains the affections of his admirers, and it is believed that a fund sufficiently large to maintain him in comfort, in his old age, will be raised from

MR. J. N. TEAL'S PRESENT TO THE MULTNOMAH CLUB.

The marble bust is by Niehi, one of the first sculptors of Florence, and is copied from the bronze in the Library of the Vatican, one of the finest ancient portrait busts of the Emperor Augustus. Mr. Folios has made the drawing from Mr. Teal's photograph of the original bronze, which shows the fractures and restoration.



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LEARNERS THE ROPE.

"They kept telling me to do things that I didn't do because I didn't speak their language. Finally they discovered that the only way to get anything out of me was to grab me by the collar and lead me up to it, whatever it was, and say, 'Here, now, pull on that.' I pulled on my hand, and my hand was very raw and my back sore. I wondered if they didn't do anything else when out yachting but just pull old ropes back and forth.

"I stood by the main sheet and the fore sheet and it is other different kinds of sheets, and got hit on the head by a tackle block, and fell down and stabbed myself on a posthook, and thought of the fun I was having while the other fellows in the stove that didn't know anybody that owned a yacht would have to sit around nice and lazy-like in the shade in the park and listen to the band play.

"Finally we seemed to have hung up every sail there was on the boat and to have pulled the ropes until they were almost worn through, and then they told me to go down and turn in. I went down the stairs into the basement again and went to sleep in one of the cots against the wall. When I awoke we were off Michigan City, and were going into the harbor. Then the manager, who by this time I discovered to be the captain, made a great many remarks that would have been considered sufficient cause for dismissal even in the case of one of our drivers given an order at 10 o'clock on Saturday night, when it was raining, to deliver in Woodlawn on his way home in Rogers Park. Finally the yacht stopped and we dropped the anchor. The cook got breakfast, and we went swimming and had a real nice time.

He Gets Thrifty.
"At noon we put up the sails again and did a few more stunts with the ropes and sailed for home. I forgot to say that before we sailed we pulled the anchor up. We sailed along nicely. The sky overhead was a bright blue and the breeze was cool and sweet. I lay in the shade of one of the sails and thought what a nice thing yachting was. I went down in the basement again and hunted around for the water casks that I have always read had to be carried by every ship. I couldn't find any water casks and came up with my throat parching. I concluded the captain had forgotten to put any water casks on the yacht, and I didn't like to mention it for fear of hurting his feelings. But when I found there was no water on board I got thirstier and thirstier.

"Finally I began to feel like a cast-away on a desert island, and when I couldn't stand it any longer I went up to the Captain and said, 'Look here, I'm dying for a drink.' He picked up a long-handled tin dipper and reached down over one side of the boat and scooped it full of water. But I wasn't going to drink that. I thought he was playing a trick on me, but I had read too many stories about shipwrecked sailors drinking the sea water and then going mad to be taken in like that.

"'No,' I said, 'not by me.'

"'What's the matter?' asked the captain.

"'No sea water in mine,' I said. 'No count's insane asylum for me,' I told him.

"'Why, you fool,' said the captain

GO A-FISHING!

When there's trouble on your mind, Why—go a-fishing! No matter what its kind, If it is itching, Take rod and reel and line, If an ash, why, don't you see, You'll cast away your worry, While you're fishing.

If hills are overdue, Why—go a-fishing! A fact of black and white, For your catching, If denied by all you ask, Have patience in your task, It's what you really need, When you're fishing.

Reporters for the press All go a-fishing! With calm and cool address, The news is fishing. A fact of black and white, They gain in color bright; The low is badly stretched, When you're fishing.

Now often on the stage We go a-fishing! When the prompter's lost the page, We fly from verse to prose, And say—(Heaven only knows!) Sometimes the words are used, Who has been fishing.

—Charles Kent, in Dramatic Mirror.



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PLAYS MULTNOMAH TWICE

Eugene's Football Team Will Tackle Everything Within Its Reach This Year—Its Plans.

EUGENE, Or., Aug. 25.—Football Manager Goodrich, of the University of Oregon eleven, has completed arrangements with the Multnomah Amateur Athletic Club for two games during the coming season. The first will be played on Multnomah Field in Portland, on November 2, and the second on Thanksgiving Day. Immediately after the first Multnomah game the U. O. eleven will start for Palo Alto, Cal., where it will meet the Stanford team on November 10. The team will spend 10 days in California, and will play Berkeley and the University of Nevada, in addition to Stanford. The men will stop at Ashland, where they will play the Southern Oregon Normal School, about November 30.

Manager Goodrich is also endeavoring to bring about games with the state universities of Idaho and Washington, and will also probably arrange to play several of the local teams of the state. He expects to complete his schedule of games during the next few weeks.

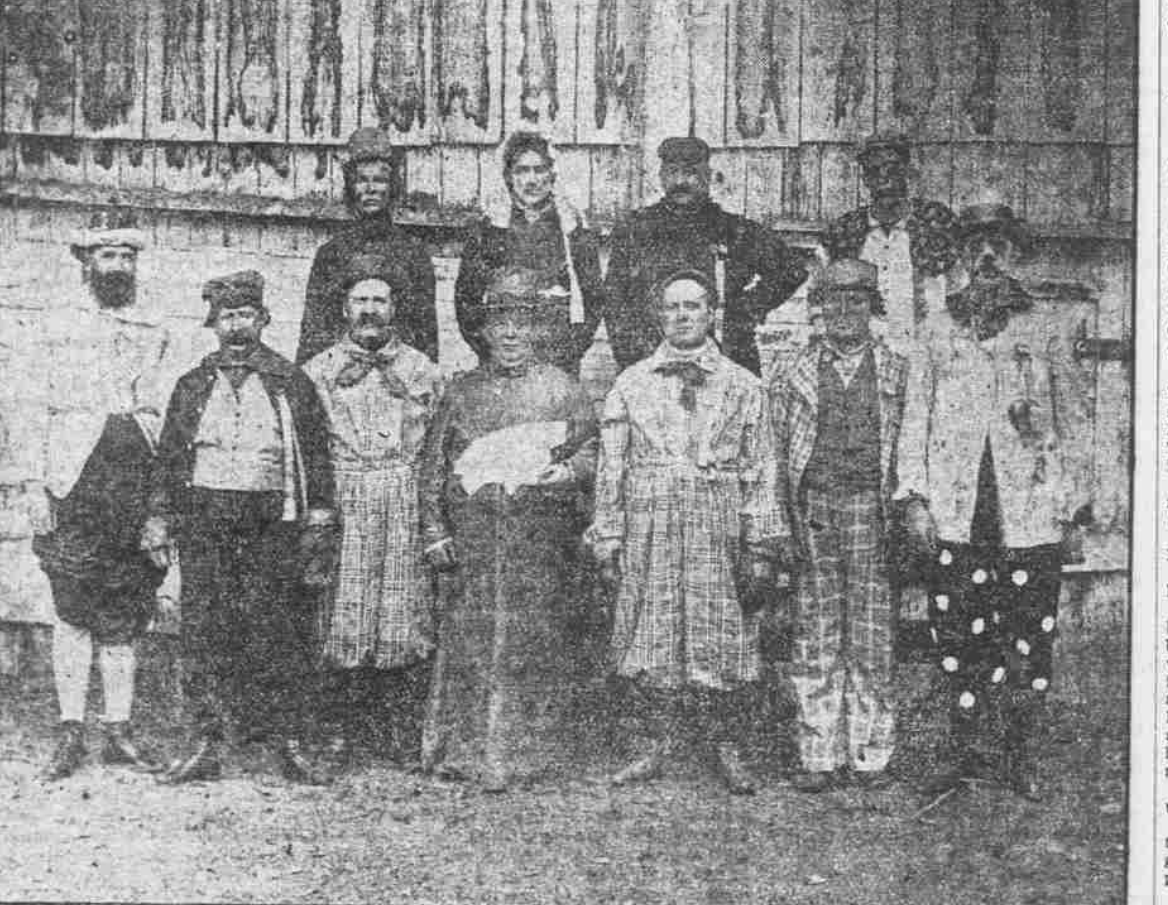
The university will open on September 19, and Coach Kaasberg will be on hand about October 1. Trainer W. O. Trine, who has been a potent factor in U. O. track athletics for years, will be put in charge of the football men this year, and will look out for their physical condition. From present indications, the U. O. eleven will not return to college, there are several promising freshmen in view, and the University eleven will probably be stronger than ever.

Bush, captain of the Astoria High School team, is coming to Eugene, and it is thought that he will fill the end position vacated by Young '00, although Garrell, the crack end of '97, may play a few games. Eugene and there are a couple of good players from Eastern Oregon who will probably be on the team.

Fred D. Herbold, formerly a student of the University of Oregon, and a graduate of Purdue University, will coach the University of Idaho eleven during the coming year. Herbold played tackle on the U. O. eleven in '94, '95 and '96, and played on the Butte team last year. U. of I. and U. of W. will be coached by an Indiana man.

A number of inquiries have been made concerning the probable effect on state athletics of the action of the regents of the Oregon Agricultural College. U. O. is putting forth more athletic activity than ever before, and the football and track teams will contest with the leading institutions of the Coast during the coming year. The other colleges of the state will also be very much engaged, and it is not thought that U. O. will be greatly missed. Some of the Corvallis athletes are coming to Eugene, and some will go to other institutions.

STAR BASEBALL AGGREGATION OF THE PORTLAND LODGE, B. P. O. E.



AS NINE AND UMPIRE APPEARED, WHEN ROBED FOR THE RECENT FRAY WITH THE REDOUTABLE BALL-TOSSING EAGLE COMBINATION ON MULTNOMAH'S CLASSIC FIELD.

FUN IN SPORTS.

Humorous Side of the Situation, Seen by Paragraphers.
"You don't mean to tell me that you spend on an average an hour a day playing whist?" said the man who takes life very seriously indeed.
"Yes," answered the friend.
"That is six hours a week. Why, my dear sir, do you realize that with the time thus consumed you could learn Sanskrit in six months or so?"
"Maybe. But what's the use? I could not get any fun out of Sanskrit."—Washington Star.

"You have repainted your Man With a Hoe."
"Yes; I've put a cleek in his hand, and he looks all right."—Chicago Record.

The Pessimist—Man, you must admit that the Nation even now is showing signs of decay.
The Optimist—I have noticed none, except in the case, perhaps, of the baseball umpires."—Indianapolis Press.

Ella—I'm afraid that Bella didn't enjoy the game.
Stella—What makes you think so?
Ella—She didn't open her mouth when I asked her what she thought of the game.
"Did Dick lose much over the big race?"
"Yes," his head.
"Ah, that explains it!"
"What?"
"Oh, he said he lost a lot."—Judy.

"Can I take my wheel inside?"
"I should think you could with that mouth," replied the surly janitor.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

St. Peter shook his head doubtfully.
"This record," he said, "shows that you have been in the habit of using profane language."
"Only on the golf links," urged the applicant for admission.—Chicago Evening Post.

"It's gettin' fashionable now, it seems, among the high-tone clubs to buy the most expensive chinaware they kin find,"

ONE ON THE MAJOR.

Experiments on Jeffries' Plaster of Paris Arm.
Major Hughes' admiration for the once mighty John L. Sullivan is so well known in sporting circles that it no longer excites curiosity or comment. The Major does not regard the present-day champions as being in the same class as the once great fighter, and his contempt sometimes leads him astray. He and Jeffries recently met in the same city, and, of course, the conversation drifted around to the prize ring and the pugilists.

"Why," exclaimed the Major, "you fellows were not in it with Sullivan. You should have seen him in his prime. He had the toughest arm that I ever saw. The muscles were like iron, and it was impossible to indent the flesh."

"Why, Sullivan in his prime days never had an arm such as mine," replied the champion.

"Why, that's ridiculous," retorted the Major.

"Well, feel this arm, then," and Jeffries held out his left.

The Major felt the arm and found it as hard as steel. Then he thumped on it, but with no better result. He might as well have struck a brick wall for all the impression that he made. He tried hard and long; then turning to the champion he said: "Well, I never expected to see an arm like that. I must admit that you have Sullivan beat a block, and I take off my hat to you."

The crowd laughed, and the Major felt uncomfortable.

"Well, it's on you, Major," said one of the sports. "You were feeling Jeffries' game arm. It is done up in a plaster of Paris cast."

The Major treated.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

When Phyllis Plays.
The timid Clock backward shrieks. The Red-Top plays at hide-and-seek. Lies will be catty on the Lonsa. When pretty Phyllis swings her Cleek.