



Silence at the Tee.
"No player, caddie, or onlooker should move or talk during a stroke"—Etiquette of Golf.
"The ball is on the tee;
Let all things quiet be,
For now the golfer's ready,
The ball is on the tee;
Don't move while he's addressing,
And when his club is sweeping
No sound must stir the air,
Should ought distract attention,
It might distract his poise,
And causes the man to fumble,
So do not make a noise;
Let not a sigh escape you,
Don't speak, or laugh or sneeze,
And bush that murmuring breeze,
The cricket must stop chirping,
And insects buzz no more,
The broad and restless ocean
Must quell his mighty roar;
The deep voice of the thunder
Is still, and the birds are hushed,
There must not be a shadow,
From fleeting Summer cloud;
In fact, I think there's danger
Within a single winkle—
And, in so great a crisis,
Perhaps one should not think!
Hang silence like a pall,
And let it not be lifted
Till the golfer hits the ball."
—Frank J. Bonnelle, 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 here Friday for Astoria. The running track until 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 success of the regatta over the River. The Oregonian knew 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 Moxley, Frank Weller, Blumenthal, Dammanach and Hester 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-cornered 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 there is a little score to be settled between them. The two teams may come together yet, as the season is far from over, and others great preparations are being made in anticipation of their strength this year, in the person of Roy Hester, 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. Hester is an all-around athlete, and is a valuable man—one to be depended on.

It is very much regretted by the members of the Portland Rowing Club that they could not enter in the double sculls four-oared rowing races of the regatta, but owing to the size of boat used by the Californians, this was an impossibility. The California oarsmen 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-scull race was looked forward to with the most interest, as it was to decide the amateur championship of the Northwest. The race will be between Page of the Dolphin Club of San Francisco, California's champion single-sculler, and Fenton, of the Portland Rowing Club, champion of the Northwest.

The members of the Portland Rowing Club are looking forward with great gaiety to the Fall regatta of the club. This will be held September 15, 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 boating locally.

The annual cruise of the Oregon Yacht Club was held this week, the fleet sailing in a body to Astoria, where various of the craft took part in the yacht races, the Portlanders having 12 entries out of a total of 20.

Baseball.

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

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"You don't say!" exclaimed her husband.

"Yes, indeed; it says here, The Boston Club has just paid \$300 for a new pitcher!"—Philadelphia Press.

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

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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

around and found the canvas trousers and put them on and then came up on the roof, or whatever you call it, again. The other fellows had been fusing around, hauling the sails every which way, and pretty soon we were gliding through the water and out of the harbor.

I sat down to enjoy the cool breeze when the manager yelled at me to stand by the fore sheet. I didn't know the fore sheet from any other kind of a sheet, but stood up and tried to look intelligent and walked up the aisle along one side of the cabin and laid my hands on one of the sails, which I thought was what the manager wanted me to stand straight up and kept standing there until the manager commenced saying swear words and some of the other fellows came back and commenced hauling on one of the ropes. Then I sat down again to think things over, and I wondered how much there was about a yacht I didn't know.

Learned the Ropes.

"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 ropes until my hands were raw and my back sore. I wondered if they didn't do anything else when out yachting but just pull and stand there.

"I stood by the manager, holding the fore sheet and 15 other different kinds of sheets, and got hit on the head by a tackle block and fell down and stabbed myself on a pothook, and thought of all the fun I was having while the other fellows—I the store that didn't know anybody that owned a yacht would have to sit around nice and lazy-like in the sun 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. There was here in the boat some pulling and hauling of the ropes. I had a rope in each hand and one between my knees, and I think by the way the manager was yelling he was mad because I wouldn't take another rope between my teeth.

The yacht did some sort of a flank motion I didn't understand and went bumping the pole that reaches out at the stern of the boat. 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 Drinks Thirsty.

"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 to the deck and thought what the captain had forgotten to put 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 thirsty and thirsty.

"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 dipper and reached down over the side of the boat and filled 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 got hold of that tiller and pretty nearly yanked it loose. The captain was yelling: 'Put her down hard-a-leet! Put her down hard-a-leet!' Well, I didn't know what he do, so just to see him, his intentions were honorable. I gave the captain a vicious shove to one side. All the sailors acted as though they had been hit by the roof of a house, and the boat stood right up on its head, and I thought, 'Here is where we sail right straight down and go out of business.'

Catches the Idea Finally.

"Put her hard a-leet; put her hard a-leet," the captain was yelling. He tried to come toward me, but he and the other fellows were hanging like bulldogs on the ropes and trying to pull the sail in. I realized that if what I had done with the tiller was hard a-leeting it, then I had better do something else and see what that was. So I fetched the tiller clear around in the other direction to the other side of the boat. That seemed to be it for the captain turned his attention from me and began to swear at the other fellows.

"There are people who like the bronco-bucking deck of a yacht. Not by me. I just want dirt—no, not dirt—no, not dirt, the crack end of T. will play this year. Some other valuable men will come from Ashland, 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 Pendleton University, will coach the University of Idaho eleven during the coming year. Herbold played tennis on the U. O. eleven in '94, '95, '96, and '97, and was the best man in '97 and '98. He played on the Butte team last year. U. of I. and U. of W. play in Spokane October 20. U. of W. will be coached by an Indian 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 students in track and field will compete with the leading institutions of the Coast during the coming year. The other colleges of the state will also be actively engaged, and it is not thought that O. A. C. will be greatly missed. Some of the Corvallis athletes are coming to Eugene, and some will go to other institutions.

"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?" replied the Major. "That's ridiculous."

"Well, feel this arm, then," said Jeffries, holding out his left arm.

The Major took 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 black, and I take off my hat to you."

The crowd laughed, and the Major felt uncomplimentary.

"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 Clover backward shrinks. The Red-Top plays at hide-and-seek. Lies will be copied on the Links. When pretty Phyllis swings her Cleek—Golf.

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



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

the proposed testimonial, and by general subscription, an appeal for which has been sent to sporting men throughout the country. It is intended to place such funds as may be raised in the hands of a committee of business men for investment, and to devote the interest arising therefrom to Sullivan's future maintenance, if needed. The "big fellow" has spent and given away nearly all that he ever earned, and that is close to a million dollars.

Among theistic stars who will take part in the Sullivan testimonial are: Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Rublin, Sharkey, Channing, Maher and others. In the wind-up, Sullivan, the old champion, will appear against the new champion, James J. Jeffries.

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



"Jimmie" Barger, 3d., George Robinson, 1b., A. D. Simon, c. t. "Harry" Jones, c. "Harry" Lockhardt, r. t. Dr. J. J. Fenton, s. s. Henry Griffin, 2b. "Billy" Mead, umpire. J. E. Kelly, l. t. Judge F. D. Henneberry, p.

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

frankly, I thought, 'this ain't salt water. It's lake water. It's what you drink every day of your life.'

"So it was. But I had never thought of it that way. The idea of reaching right out and dipping up a tin full of water out of the lake and drinking it was something I had never happened to think of.

Didnt Like the Idea.

Still, I didn't exactly like to drink that water. When we had passed over about that same place in the lake in the morning I had stuck my feet overboard and dabbled my toes in the water. I didn't like to drink out of the same water I had washed my feet in. This is not pretty to say, but it was the way I felt about it. Still, everybody else drank out of the dipper, and I thought if they could stand it I could, so I shut my eyes and drank.

"Then I went down in the basement again and went to sleep. When I awoke we were on a sidewalk overhanging the water. No matter what it was, it was some time before I realized that I was on a yacht and that it wasn't a sidewalk, overhead, but the deck. The boat seemed to be rolling over. I clutched at something to hold on to, but before I could get fixed I was shot out of the cot clear across the room. The boy who was standing by the fore sheet, I didn't know the fore sheet from any other kind of a sheet, and got hit on the head by a tackle block and fell down and stabbed myself on a pothook, and thought of all the fun I was having while the other fellows—I the store that didn't know anybody that owned a yacht would have to sit around nice and lazy-like in the sun in the park and listen to the band play.

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