

GREAT BALL PLAYERS

Fan Talk About Well-Known Diamond Veterans.

"ORATOR" O'ROURKE'S HISTORY

Life of the Knight of the Padded Glove Lasts About 12 Years—What Some of the Old-Timers Are Doing Now.

With the return of the baseball season and the revival of popular interest in the National sport, not a few of the fans recall the old-timers who used to be star players and who have disappeared from the public eye. They also wonder where these veterans are, if they still live, and what occupations they are engaged in.

The average professional baseball player does not last many years, especially if he is a pitcher or a catcher. If he helps form a battery ten or 12 years is a comparatively long time for him to remain in the line, although many pitchers and catchers make excellent fielders after they have outlived their usefulness in the box or behind the bat. Fielders last much longer, because they are not under such a physical strain, but if a fielder plays ball continuously for a score of years he is regarded as a veteran.

George Van Halten, or "Old Man Van," as he is called, is generally considered a veteran, as he has been playing in the big league only about 12 years, and when he made his first appearance in the East in the latter '80s he was considered a "veteran."

The most remarkable veteran of them all viewed from the standpoint of physical preservation, is "Jim" O'Rourke, who caught for the New Yorks in the '80s. He is still playing ball and catching behind the bat.

In 1875 he joined the Boston of the National League, and he continued to play with various clubs of the big league till 1898, when he sided with the Boston of the American League, and at the same time organized the Bridgeport club, which played in the new league till it was merged into the Connecticut State League. O'Rourke has owned, managed and captained the Bridgeport club, in addition to doing practically all the catching, since he first organized it. He not only owns the club, but he also owns the grounds on which the games are played.

In addition to being a ballplayer O'Rourke is a practicing lawyer, having received the degree from Yale College of L.L.B. He is a member of many secret orders and at present he holds the office of Fire Commissioner at Bridgeport. He is married and has a large family. One of his sons, James S. O'Rourke, is a student at Yale and a famous athlete. Recently when the Bridgeport club played the Yale club the spectators witnessed the novel sight of seeing James O'Rourke, a catcher for Bridgeport, while James O'Rourke, Jr., played shortstop for Yale.

O'Rourke's career is exceptional when it is considered that most of his work has been as a catcher. He has not even occasionally catches two games in one afternoon. He has never used liquor or tobacco. He is not a prohibitionist, but he has never used liquor or tobacco. He is a member of many secret orders and at present he holds the office of Fire Commissioner at Bridgeport. He is married and has a large family. One of his sons, James S. O'Rourke, is a student at Yale and a famous athlete. Recently when the Bridgeport club played the Yale club the spectators witnessed the novel sight of seeing James O'Rourke, a catcher for Bridgeport, while James O'Rourke, Jr., played shortstop for Yale.

From 1885 to 1893 Jim O'Rourke was with the New Yorks, and he caught many an exciting game for the "Giants." With him in the team were such famous players as Roger Connor, Mickey Welch, Joe Garbert, John M. Ward, Tim Lincecum, "Buck" Ewing and others.

O'Rourke does not appear to be more than 40 years old. He is not gray, his eyes are clear and his actions quick, and although he is not tall and has no superfluous flesh, he weighs 185 pounds. His Bridgeport club has made money and has stood near the top of the list at the close of the championship season. Although he is old enough to be the father of nearly all his players, last season was the first season he did not lead his club in batting, and then he stood second. When he was asked to what he considered he owed his wonderful physical preservation and his present condition he replied:

"I think I inherited an unusually strong constitution and I have retained it and kept myself well and strong by abstemiousness from liquor and by sufficient exercise. I am not a temperance lecturer, but I think the less liquor a man, and especially a ballplayer, drinks the better off he is. Tobacco may not be especially harmful, but I know it is harmful by its effects on an athlete's mind and his staying powers."

"The best exercise I think is outdoor exercise. I am not favorably impressed with gymnasium work and rarely if ever adopt it. Exercise in the fresh open air has such beneficial results on the lungs that I consider it practically the only kind to take."

John M. Ward, New York's old shortstop and captain, is practicing law in Brooklyn.

Arthur Whitney, who used to play third base for the New Yorks, is running a men's furnishing goods store in Lowell, Mass.

Roger Connor is managing the Springfield (Mass.) baseball club.

Buck Ewing is in Cincinnati, where he owns much real estate.

Mike Tiernan has a saloon uptown on Fifth avenue in New York.

John Clarkson, who used to pitch famous ball for the Chicago, owns a cigar store in Saginaw, Mich.

"Old" Farrar, who used to hold down the first base for the Philadelphia, is living in Melrose, Mass., and devoting much of his leisure to the musical career of his daughter, who has made a great hit in Europe as a singer.

Same Wise, who played second for the Boston 20 years ago and afterward joined the Buffalo, is in business in Buffalo.

when that city was in the National League, has a road house just outside the City of Providence.

Arthur Irwin is manager of the Rochester club of the Eastern League. Tom Brown is an umpire in the Eastern League.

John Morrill, whom middle-aged men can recall as the star outfielder of the Boston when they used to crawl under the fence, runs a sporting goods store in Boston in partnership with George Wright, a brother of Harry Wright.

COLLEGE COACH'S TROUBLES.

"Skell" Roach Takes a Parting Shot at Varsity Players of Michigan.

"Skell" Roach, Michigan's baseball coach, has left, giving the team over to the charge of Captain Utley and Trainer "Fitz" before "Skell" left he unbroke his mind of a few comments on the peculiarities of college baseball players.

"Then I came here," said Skell, "I found that men were taught to play baseball with their feet. Now, I always thought that a ball player—Skell dwelt with a respectful enunciation on the words 'ball player'—played ball with his hands. I never knew that he played with his feet. I found Captain Utley, when I came here, teaching the men to get their feet in front of grounders. Everybody yelled at a man when a grounder went toward him."

"Get your feet in front of it! Get your feet in front of it!"

Another trouble which Skell found was college independence. When Roach wanted to strengthen Michigan's infield by putting Redden, the football player, on third base, Redden's team mates raised a kick. They said that Redden had never played the position before and that some one else ought to have a shot. Roach was firm, and "Red" proved to be the best infielder on the team. Again, early in the year, a candidate for third base let Roach work with him for three weeks, under the delusion that the man was a ball player. An hour before the spring trip the boy announced that he could not go with the team on account of studies. Roach took a substitute, who played well in practice, but had stage fright in a game.

To the baseball enthusiast of the present day a description of the National game as played a generation ago will probably prove astounding. Even the old-timer who has seen the game played in the long ago will find it interesting to refresh his memory.

The description of baseball printed in the Encyclopedia Britannica stated that it is highly amusing to followers of the game as played today. The description includes a diagram of the old-time diamond and field. Two players, the pitcher and the batter, were the only players on the field. The pitcher then delivered the ball to the batter, who endeavored to hit it in such a direction as to elude the fielders and make his way around all the bases home without being put out.

One of the rules of the game was that "in delivering the ball the pitcher must move either foot outside the limits of the square, and the ball must not be raised higher than the hip. All balls delivered over the home base at the height requested by the batter are fair balls, and the pitcher is not to be called out, and if three or four in succession the pitcher is allowed to take the first base. The pitcher may call for a ball, and the ball must be delivered above his waist, but below his shoulder, or a low ball—below his waist, but not within one foot of the ground."

The rules also provided that the pitcher was out if a fair ball was pitched before touching the ground or "after touching the ground but once."

On the subject of the duty of players the rules provided that the catcher's duty was to catch all balls pitched to the strike. He stands close to the pitcher's position when the pitcher is slow and some fifty feet off when it is swift. The pitcher is the most respected person on the field. His great object is to deceive the batter as to where the ball is coming, and he must, therefore, have full control of the ball, and the pitcher is not to be called out, and if three or four in succession the pitcher is allowed to take the first base. The pitcher may call for a ball, and the ball must be delivered above his waist, but below his shoulder, or a low ball—below his waist, but not within one foot of the ground."

"Right shortstop is generally the captain of the side, and is available either in this position or the other, where extra hand is required. Having less to do than any other fielder, he has better opportunities of attending to his general duties, and he is the one who is called upon to throw the ball to the pitcher when the pitcher is slow and some fifty feet off when it is swift. The pitcher is the most respected person on the field. His great object is to deceive the batter as to where the ball is coming, and he must, therefore, have full control of the ball, and the pitcher is not to be called out, and if three or four in succession the pitcher is allowed to take the first base. The pitcher may call for a ball, and the ball must be delivered above his waist, but below his shoulder, or a low ball—below his waist, but not within one foot of the ground."

GRANT EXPECTS DEFEAT

Californian Believes Roosevelt Will Have Eastern Running Mate.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., June 20.—U. S. Grant, when asked whether it is to be considered that he is a candidate for the Vice Presidency on a ticket with Mr. Roosevelt said:

"I have not announced myself as a candidate for the Vice-Presidential nomination. I have known that some of my friends have mentioned the fact that I was in the position of coming to this country, and that I was probably as available a candidate for it as any other citizen of the United States."

West without the assistance of a Western name, and I think he will favor some Eastern man."

BOSTON IS SINKING.

With Surrounding Territory, It Is Slowly Approaching Sea Level.

BOSTON, June 20.—According to an examination of the Metropolitan Water Board, Boston and the surrounding territory are slowly sinking down to the sea level. The statement is made in a report on the Charles River dam. The evidence is estimated to be at the rate of about one foot in 100 years. The present sea level is a base by Boston engineers has sunk to 20 feet below the mean low water, and throws out all survey circulars for the state. Various landmarks along Massachusetts Bay have sunk one to two feet in 30 years.

Of the 3904 Congressional members in England and Wales 2775 are stated to be totalitarians.

FIRST HANGING IN SOUTHERN OREGON

Miners Organize a Court Which Tried and Convicted a Murderer in 1852

IN ORDER to get an intelligent understanding of the situation and the chaotic condition of society prior to and at the time of the execution, it must be explained that the mines of Rich Gulch, within the limits of Jacksonville were discovered by a party en route from the Willamette Valley to Yreka late in the fall of 1851. After crossing the Rogue River the party kept near the foothills to avoid the dangerous Indians on Bear Creek, and camped over night on the present site of Jacksonville. While some of the members were preparing supper, James Pool took a pick and pax and went down to the bed of the gulch to prospect, and was happily surprised to find that every pan yielded the most lustrating results. The party made a permanent camp, staked off claims and went to mining. The gulch proved to be very rich. Yreka was at that time a booming mining camp. The flats and gulches in and around the town literally swarmed with men, and the new discoveries from day to day kept the transient population at fever heat. When the news of the discovery of Rich Gulch reached there, exaggerated as discoveries always were in those days, an avalanche of men swept over the country, and by the spring of '52, 3000 or 4000 miners were delving in the hills and streams around Jacksonville.

It must be remembered that at this time there were no county organizations, no courts, no executive, judicial or peace officers, and that every man was a law unto himself. And when it is considered that this large influx of excited miners represented every nationality, that every type, color and condition could be found among the throng, that they had been trained and educated under dissimilar influences, entertained different beliefs on political, social, religious and governmental questions, that they were as widely divergent in tastes, inclinations and purposes as the countries from which they came were distant from each other, that there was no common bond of union, fraternity or national brotherhood between them, and no restraints of law or organized society, when the anomalous situation is fully understood, it is little wonder if crime should have run riot and murder and robbery stalked unpunished through the camp. But, though the situation would seem to invite and specially favor reckless and unrestrained lawlessness, yet little comparatively prevailed. A due sense of social decency and civility, and besting in to personal affairs combined with a wholesome fear of the swift and stern justice of miners, constrained each and all to an observance of those principles of peace and unity which characterize civilized peoples. And so there was little crime except of a rolicking, social and reckless nature which might be reasonably expected in a large, unorganized community of transient strangers. Such a notable case of crime under such conditions may be regarded as truly remarkable.

In April, 1852, a man who was called Brown by his comrades, but whose right name was Jackson Maynard, a gambler, killed Samuel Potts, a rancher, in front of the "Round Tent," a large canvas enclosure built and used for gambling purposes. Potts had been using the well-known Eagle Mill place, two miles below Astoria, and built a house over the hot spring that issues from the bluff on the south side of the road, and running short of provisions he had come to buy supplies. There was a foot race in town during the afternoon, and the gamblers appear to have been thrown down, at least for the time being, and the race created a great deal of excitement among the sportsmen of the camp. Maynard and Potts had been drinking and were up and quarreling, though they were not considered to be drunk. They met at the door of the Round Tent where the race was being discussed, and a quarrel ensued between them, during which Maynard drew his pistol and killed Potts. As far as known Potts made no attempt to assault Maynard, but was shot without provocation. There were no words in which Maynard was guilty as offensive as Potts.

A great crowd assembled immediately after the shooting, and the uniform sentience of the miners was manifested. This was the first execution in Southern Oregon, and though there were no legally authorized courts, and no executive or peace officers, the whole procedure from the arrest to the execution was carried out strictly in accordance with the criminal practice of the territory save in the matter of indictment, and perhaps also as to the jury selection. The jury were tried before United States Judge O. B. McFadden, at Jacksonville, February 7, 1854, for the murder of citizens, they were convicted and the Judge only gave them three days' grace, from February 7 to February 10, when they were hanged.

Brown's gallows was constructed by planting four poles in the ground, two long and two short. The platform was swung between them on two ropes, so adjusted as to make the platform secure. The ropes were then brought together at a convenient point, and with a single blow of a hatchet, the platform could be instantly freed. The gallows was erected on the flat in front of the present public school building, and the posts stood there for many years as grim reminders of the penalty meted out by miners to evildoers.

Brown's body was buried on the banks of Daley Creek, a small stream that issues from Rich Gulch, on a lot after owned and occupied by Hon. C. C. Beckman as residence property. Brown's remains have since been buried in the old Jacksonville cemetery.

This recital will be news to nine-tenths of the people of Jacksonville, who never heard of Brown or the execution. It would be interesting to show the alarming increase of crime after the organization of the county, March 7, 1853, but it would make this article too long. While the case of Maynard is not the regularly constituted authorities, they had a wholesome dread of the swift and unerring justice of the miners.

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as naturally as a duck does to water—"It is their nature to," and they are much to be pitied therefore. But the keeper of the most successful duck farm in the world bears testimony that ducks thrive best when their supply of water is limited, and the women who are inclined to worry will do well not to indulge the tendency. One may not be able to help one's thoughts and fears; one can always restrain the expression of them unless one is a fool! It may require an effort to keep one's worries securely bottled down instead of unloading them to torment other people—to bite, and snarl, and nag until the music of home is lost in discord—but the effort is a Christian and widely duty, the neglect of which is inexcusable, and strength, mental and physical, grows always by virtue of exercise.

THE PIONEERS.

(Respectfully dedicated to Hon. T. A. Wood, Grand Commander Indian War Veterans, N. C.)

By T. Shelby Sutton.

The minstrel's tongue its song hath sung
Of valiant chieftain's deed—
Of armored knight, with plumes of white,
Whose wounds of battle bleed—

Of warriors brave who found their grave
In trenches darkly red—
Of soldiers blue and soldiers true
And soldiers past and dead.

But I would look upon that Book
Whose pages few may read—
The Tome unknown, where God, alone,
Records the valiant deed—

Where glides the pen unseen by men
Which tells the tale of years—
A story told in words of gold
Where Heaven's light appears—

That secret page where writes the Sage
"Who knoweth all things well"—
Recording them in language fair,
The names of those who fell—

The names of men who ne'er again
May meet the foreman, Fate,
But who in life, took up the strife
Where laurels did not wait—

Who dared to fight for good and right,
New saints the crown of Fame—
Who battled hard without reward,
And died without a name—

Who dared to tread where Danger led,
Though hope no pinions bore—
Who dared to bleed, in lonely days,
The pathways to our shore—

Who bravely crept, while others slept,
Through danger dark and deep—
Dying death with victim breath,
Though none be left to weep—

The Poet long hath sung his song,
Of warriors great and grand,
When war's alarms have called to arms
The brave of every land—

Perchance to fight against the right—
The brave and the weak—
To bear the sword by victim gore,
This nations write and seek—

To win at length by brutal strength
The better glad renown—
A warrior-slave, misnamed "brave"—
A dead man, with a crown!

A hollow tomb where laurels bloom—
Where hangs the wreath of fame,
While God records in burning words
The story of his shame!

On history's leaf, in words of grief,
We read a barren tale,
Who look to learn men's deeds discern
What falsehood cannot veil—

The bloody kings and other things
Which stain the stream of time,
Of life and time, are made sublime
In glorified but seem—

And who cried out to be died
"For other worlds to win,"
Bears even now upon his brow
The stigma of his sin.

But still the Muse, in war's reviews,
Attunes her lyre to praise,
And men-throngs upheave their songs
While homes and cities blaze.

But I would tell of those who fell
Unheard, unknown, unseen—
Who sought no name, nor martyr's fame,
But fought the battles keen—

Perchance of some whose lips were dumb,
Nor knew the cry of fear—
Who spoke no word, but fought unheard,
And dying, claimed no tear—

A kindly hand which dared to stand
Before the wild unknown—
Who bravely dared, and fell, and died,
Nor won the sculptor's stone—

A princely crew of warriors true,
Who reared an Empire grand,
From wild and waste where once we traced
Their bones upon the sand!

The arrow-head and flattened lead
Reveal the martyr's tomb—
Where lies at rest that "Sire of West"
In dream and arid gloom.

The wolves that prowled and o'er him bowed
Gave forth the dirge of woe—
The bell and bier and mourner's tear
It was not his to know;

The golden crown of man's renown
No hand of honor gave;
He fought and fell—with none to tell
The glory of his grave—

A warrior true who dared to do,
And daring—did it well—
A plumeless knight who fought the fight
That history scarce can tell.

When the treatment is right, failure is impossible. When the treatment is right, failure is impossible. When the treatment is right, failure is impossible.

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TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING

TOO MANY FINE WOOLENS

for this time of year. Must be closed out before stock-taking.

Our reduced prices must appeal to you greatly if you're at all in need of clothes.

Suit and extra pants of same or striped material for . . . \$25

Ends of bolts that have been among the best sellers, just enough left for suit or coat and vest, at cost of material and making.

Full Dress and Tuxedo Suits a specialty. Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. Garments to order in a day if required. Samples mailed, garments expressed. Cloth sold by the yard. Remnants for small boys' pants, 25c up.

108 THIRD STREET

Who trod the plain and rent in twain
The mist of fact and fiction there,
Who led the way to golden days
And spread the portals fair,
Who crossed the plain of Night's domain
And bid the nations come to light,
Nor knew, through all the bugle's call,
Nor heard the rolling drum—
A silent fight by day and night
With silent, hidden foes—
Compelled to choke the very smoke
Which from the camp-fire rose!
Aye, evermore, from shore to shore
The names of such should ring.
To such as them our diadem
Of glory let us bring—
Columbus who, with fearless crew,
Set sail o'er mystic main;
The pioneer of later year
Who trudged the savage plain;
In such as these our Nation sees
The bravest of the brave,
And so I say, through every day,
Give glory to their grave!

TEXAS FUGITIVE UNDER ARREST.

WHATCOMB, Wash., June 20.—(Special.)—P. R. Steagall was arrested at Northridge, this county, this afternoon. He is wanted in Sherman, Grayson County, Tex., for assault with intent to commit murder. A telegram was received here this afternoon announcing that Sheriff Russell was in the city with extradition papers. Steagall is a man who is the man wanted and that he will return.

CARD OF THANKS.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Allen hereby express their hearty thanks to their neighbors, friends and the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, for their kindness and sympathy given them in their late sorrow and bereavement.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Has for Thirty Years Been Recognized by the Medical Profession as an Invaluable Remedy in Bright's Disease, Albuminuria of Pregnancy, Renal Calculi, Gout, Rheumatism and All Diseases Dependent upon a Uric Acid Diathesis. Time Adds to the Voluminous Testimony of Leading Clinical Observers.

Robert C. Kenner, A. M., M. D., Ex-President Louisville Clinical Association, and Editor of Notes on "Garrod's Materia Medica and Therapeutics," Louisville, Ky. (See "Garrod's Materia Medica and Therapeutics," fourth edition, revised by Kenner.)

"In the treatment of Gout and all the manifestations of Uric Acid Poisoning, as is indicated and will be found very efficient. In Rheumatism, especially the chronic expression, we shall find the water very valuable. The waters of both springs have been found by extensive trial to possess remarkable solvent powers over Renal Calculi and Stone in the Bladder. We have the authority of that great clinician, Prof. BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is of great value in Bright's Disease, and Hammond and other great observers find it greatly beneficial in this condition. In dyspepsia and gastro-intestinal disorders the water has been found very efficacious. In vomiting and nausea of pregnancy there is no remedy more efficacious than BUFFALO LITHIA WATER itself to be."

Medical testimony mailed to any address. For sale by druggists and grocers generally.

Hotel at Springs opens June 15th.

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First and Montgomery

Cures Liquor, Opium and Tobacco Habits

The only authorized Keeley Institute in Oregon. Elegant quarters and every convenience. Correspondence strictly confidential.