

CURRENT GOSSIP

RACING AT MEADOWS

Seattle Keeps Up Attendance at Tracks.

HORATIUS PROVES WINNER

Interesting Events at the Celebration Handicap and Late Gossip at the Turf on the North-Track.

By Charles L. McCarthy.

SEATTLE, July 8.—(Special.)—In spite of the fact that Seattle had already had more than 30 days of racing, more than enough for a city of its size, over 8000 persons turned out Tuesday to witness the running of the celebration handicap and seven other races. The day was perfect and the racing of the best.

Horatius, the popular idol of 1902, was making his first appearance at the Meadows in two years. He had received a special preparation for the race, and Tobe Ramsey, his owner and trainer, made no secret of the fact that he thought the son of Odd Fellow was a certain winner. The public was, of course, loyal to Horatius, and he was backed for thousands of dollars at prices ranging even money to 7 to 5. Mindanao was a heavily supported second choice, while Circus was the medium of an intended coup.

It was the opinion of the public with only 92 pounds to carry he couldn't lose, and it backed him accordingly. Hugh McGowan and St. George, Jr., were the outsiders, and received considerable support. To a perfect start Jockey Wright took St. George to the front and passed the stand with a slight lead over Mindanao. Horatius called in the rear. Once straightened out in the back stretch, Wright gave St. George his head, and the big black bounded away from Mindanao and obtained a lead of two lengths. But his advantage was short lived, as Mindanao set sail for him on the upper turn and quickly overtook him.

Almost simultaneously with Mindanao's move, Jockey Powell started riding Horatius, and as they were in the stretch, Horatius and St. George were head and head, with the others plainly beaten off. Mindanao fought it out gamely, but he was up against a horse that was better than he, and Horatius won very cleverly by a length, with Powell sitting perfectly still. Hugh McGowan closed up some ground in the stretch and finished a fair third. St. George stopped to nothing in the stretch and finished just ahead of Circus, who was never a contender. The time, 2:08 1/2, broke in the track record, and had Horatius been forced out he would have run close to 2:05. The race was worth \$300 to the winner. The victory of Horatius was, of course, very popular, and he received tremendous applause as the floral horseshoe was placed around his neck. Few in the great crowd were aware that the son of Odd Fellow was almost totally blind, and in a race depended entirely upon his jockey.

The best field of sprinters seen at the Meadows was met in the five-furlong race, which was run after the big race. Tooooloo and Whiskey King were equal favorites, but the big 2-year-old, Laidlaw, cleverly beat them both. In the fastest five-furlong race ever run at the Meadows—0:59 1/2, Billy Mohan rushed into the lead at the start, but H. L. Frank quickly collared him and they ran head and head to the final eighth, where both collapsed. Laidlaw brought Laidlaw up at this stage, and he was just in time, as Tooooloo was 19 yards out of the outside, and would have beaten Laidlaw in another stride. Whiskey King was in a pocket all the way, and could never get through. He has been a little excited out of the ordinary connected with the racing the past week. The attendance has held up remarkably well, and will probably increase from now to the end of the meeting.

On Monday there was a little event run off which ended on a high note. There were 19 starters in the second race at four furlongs, and on the way to the post Agnes Mack trailed along far behind the others. When the horses reached the post Starter Duke failed to note the absence of Agnes, and, seeing a chance for a good break, the first time the horses turned around he put her in the barrier and sent them away. Jockey Williams immediately turned Agnes Mack around and galloped toward the stand about 20 lengths in front of the field. Judge Egbert at once sent the horses back to the post, and in the run-off Agnes Mack led to the final sixteenth and landed a big win. Stewart, the hard-riding colored boy brought, Can't Tell, a 20-to-1 shot, up on the rail and nosed out Agnes Mack in the last stride. Had Williams been about his business, instead of looking around, he could not have lost.

Jockey Leong now leads the jockey, with Jimmy Clark an easy second. Leong will probably win his third as Starter Duke has suspended Clark for a week.

Mrs. Coffey continues to lead the owners, although Gilt Summers is close second and may take the lead before the end of the meeting.

The pride lived matters up a little on Thursday by winning at 4 to 1. The old rogue has been very inconsistent this season and has either sulked or been left at the post in about two-thirds of his starts.

CHAMPIONS DRESS ODDLY.

Women, at Least, Do Not Come Up to Expectations.

The woman champion is not always as careful about dress as some of the women who see her think that she ought to be. One of the spectators at a recent golf tournament felt a sort of personal indignation that she had been deprived of seeing the crack player dressed as she ought by rule to have been.

"When I heard she was going to play," this woman said with great disgust, "I went down from the clubhouse plaza especially to get a good view of her. I could hardly believe my eyes. There she was in a white duck skirt of the tight style of several summers ago and flared about the bottom. With that she wore a faded pink shirtwaist so far from the belt of her skirt that it had to be held to it by a safety-pin. But the worst of all was a pink tie bow tied around the neck of her shirtwaist and puffed in the back. That was too much for me. I started back to the piazza and stopped only to see that she had on a white jump."

"Did the clothes affect her playing?" asked one of the women with her. "Not a bit," answered the first woman. "She won everything."

The champion is often disappointing in other sports. One of the women who could do more than any of the others with a motor-car down on the Jersey coast last summer was most dishearteningly unportentantlike in dress.

"She was a wonder," said one of the same party of women, "and she was better than some of the chauffeurs in handling the racing machines. But how she used to rig herself up! The day she won her race at the automobile show she appeared in an old-fashioned blue velvet skirt, a peacock shirtwaist and a pink chiffon hat. The only thing she wore to suggest that she was in an automobile were her gloves and goggles."

"I shall never forget the tennis tournament she had on several years ago," one of the women said when her turn came. "The woman champion was English. She came out to the court, and the women who never saw her before could scarcely keep from gasping out their surprise. She had on a white linen dress very much embroidered, and was unmistakably rouged. Her face was so stiff that she looked as if she might have been on iron corsets. Over her face as far down as her mouth was drawn a white veil."

"In the case of the inappropiate get-up, she lived up to her reputation. Corsets, veil and even the pointed and high-heeled white canvas shoes she wore could not stop her. She beat everybody."

OLD TIMERS PASSING

Death Has Struck Many Players Off the List.

YOUNGSTERS TO THE FRONT

Pacific Coast Has Produced Many Famous Baseball Men and Has Also Seen the Best of Them Play.

By Harry O'Hager.

The death of Zettlin, the once famous pitcher, which occurred a few weeks ago, of Doug Allison, some two years past, the demise of Tom Foley, a few months previous and about the same time that of Harry Wright and Andy Leannord, have taken away some of the old landmarks which helped to make the National game famous in the decades of 20 or more years ago.

Zettlin was a young German, who became infatuated with baseball soon after he landed in this country and twirled the sphere in the palm days of the old "Excelsors," of Brooklyn, the "Haymakers" of Troy, the "Eckfords" and "Mutuals" of New York. This was in

the closing days of the sixties, and the pitchers of that time could be counted on your finger's ends.

The most noted were Zettlin, Bobby Matthews, Arthur Cummings and Alky McBride, later came Tommy Bond, one of the first to control the curve, and who afterward became famous by assisting the Boston "Reds" to hold the championship for four consecutive years. Previous to those I have mentioned were Creighton, an Englishman who came over to teach the Americans how to play ball, and the "Athletes" of Philadelphia, which also had Bobbie Matthews on its staff. Fergy Malone, now a lieutenant of police in Philadelphia, was McBride's and Matthews' old catcher. Matthews pitched splendid ball for 20 consecutive years, and the last time I saw him pitch was in Allentown, Pa., in 1899, and he was just as speedy and as tricky as in his prime days.

Alky McBride was one of the greatest pitchers of his day, and pitched for New York and Philadelphia. He was a Philadelphia native, which also had Bobbie Matthews on its staff. Fergy Malone, now a lieutenant of police in Philadelphia, was McBride's and Matthews' old catcher. Matthews pitched splendid ball for 20 consecutive years, and the last time I saw him pitch was in Allentown, Pa., in 1899, and he was just as speedy and as tricky as in his prime days.

Young Men Called Old.

It is very amusing for old ball players, who have been through the mill, to note the expressions of some of the younger players of today. They call such men as Charley Irvin of the Frisco team, Van Buren of the Portland, Spies of Los Angeles, Halton of Louisville, Pickering of Columbus, Rube Waddell and Kid Gleason, old-timers. Bid McPhee was covering second base when Charley Irvin left the Chicago team of Chicago to join the Frisco team of Frisco. They play third base for Cincinnati. He had then been playing ball for 20 years and was old enough to be Irvin's father.

Old-timers in the Pacific Coast League are Dad Lohman, Tim Flood and Spies of Los Angeles, Van Halton of Oakland, and Van Buren of Portland. The rest are youngsters compared with some who are playing ball today.

Jimmy McCreedy, catcher of the New York American League, commenced playing ball 20 years ago for a semi-professional team of Hastings, Mich. Kirtledge is the star catcher of the Washington, D. C., team, of the same league, started his professional career with the Quinley, Ill., team in 1885, and Kirtledge is claimed by the ball players of Philadelphia.

Gleason commenced playing ball as pitcher of the Williamsport team of Williamsport, Pa., in 1885, and Stahl, of Boston, about 1884, at Fort Wayne, Ind. Bid McPhee stopped playing ball only a short time ago. Van Halton, who is still playing ball, came East from San Francisco to New York about 15 years ago, and there are many now in the diamond who have been playing ball for over 15 years.

Among the first Coast players who came East and made a reputation were Morris and Carroll, the famous battery from Frisco, who had done such wonderful work on the Coast, and Morris was named as John's successor. This was about 1884, when the old American Association was in the height of its glory. Morris and Carroll signed with Columbus and they proved to be all that was claimed for them. Morris was a little blonde, a south paw twirler, and was about the first to pitch the slow-draw ball. He would tie himself up in a knot, and was for a long time a terror to the heavy hitters of the American Association and National League. A year later they were purchased by Pittsburgh of the National League, and they were the star battery of that club for some time.

Morris was a puzzle to the basemen of those days; he could get the ball over to first in the attitude of delivering it, so quick that many of the best basemen were caught time and time again, before they discovered his trick. He had such men as Curt Welch, Joe Worning and Tom Brown at his mercy, also such terrific sluggers as Big Dave Orr, Dan Brouthers, Pete Browning, Tip O'Neil and Mike Kelly, and such scientific batsmen as Fred Dunlap, Joe Horning, Ned Hanlon, Arthur Whitney, Tom Mansell, Curt Welch, Milt West, John O'Rourke and Pete Hotelling, guessing. Fred Carroll, his catcher, played brilliant ball up to a few years ago and was a star in his time. A year later there came from Frisco another player who became famous in the baseball arena, one of the hardest hitters and greatest third basemen that was ever on the diamond. This player was Jerry Denny. Denny was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood; he was over six feet tall and topped the beam at about 180 pounds. Denny was one of the most terrific hitters in the American Association and National League and was one of the prettiest and speediest throwers to bases I have ever seen. He was a marvel in his time and I doubt if there ever has been his superior. Denny covered third for the famous Indianapolis team in 1893, and the Hoosier team of that season was one of the hardest hitting aggregations ever gotten together.

There was Denny, third; Gleason, short; Bassett, second; and a big Lou Schendel on first. Henney Boyle was one of the twirlers, and Bib Jack Kemmerer, who afterwards caught for the St. Louis Browns, was the principal backstop of the Hoosier team.

Old-Timers Who Have Gone.

Speaking about old-timers who have passed away in the last decade and who were stars of the American, International and National Leagues in the seventies and eighties were Silver Flint, Mike Kelly, Kid Baldwin and Dick Hughes. Highman was star catcher for the old Syracuse and Buffalo teams in the seventies and early eighties. He died in Chicago about a year ago. Silver Flint was the grand old man in his time, and he, with Mike Kelly, were two of the brainiest, trickiest and speediest throwers that ever played ball. Both were giants and terrific hitters. Kelly, who was known among the

COSSIP OF DIAMOND

Portland Should Take Most of Oakland Games.

TO STRENGTHEN THE TEAM

Passing of Lohman From the Great American Game Marks One of the Distinctive Epochs in Baseball.

The Portland team has still another week on the road before coming home to close the first half of the season. The showing made on the road has been up to expectations, for with Garvin out of the game the team is crippled in its pitching department, for the lanky Texan takes the buntery when compared with the other slab artists. With Garvin back in the game the locals will get a hot pace at the commencement of the second half. Portland opens the final sprint at Oakland, and Van Halton's bunch proved such easy picking on the last Northern trip, Portland should annex about four out of the opening series of seven. By that time, how-

decided he can well get along without playing baseball.

There are also many rumors of trouble between Clarke and Dreyfus. Some time ago, during the series with New York, when Leach, by a bad play, allowed the Giants to score a victory, President Dreyfus entered the Pittsburg clubhouse and started to scold Leach. The owner of the club is said to have received a hard call from Clarke, who said he was managing the team and would stand for no interference. The case of Clymer, too, made a little friction since it was published and otherwise announced that Dreyfus had paid Clymer's fine out of his own pocket, but Clymer found this was not the case, and threatened to leave the team at once unless the money which had been taken from his pay was returned. This was done, Clymer receiving \$100.

Umpire Took Whole Five.

When Schmidt, the Oakland pitcher, was pitching in a game several years ago, in which Rube Levy was the umpire, Pretzel talked back to Rube about one of his rank decisions on balls and strikes, and Rube promptly fined him \$2.50. Schmidt had never heard of a ballplayer being fined anything less than the regulation \$5, and he was naturally surprised. "Why, you fool," he said to Rube over his shoulder, "what's the matter with you? Do you want me to break a five-case note for a little thing like that?" "No, you needn't mind," replied Rube. "I'll just fine you the change for swearing at me." And thus it was that Schmidt got out of cutting a five-case note into two pieces, for he had to give all of it up.

ATHLETES FROM SOUTH

LOS ANGELES Y. M. C. A. SENDS TEAM TO PORTLAND.

Track Men Are Confident of Victory in the Big Exposition Meet.

LOS ANGELES, July 8.—(Special.)—Members of the Los Angeles Y. M. C. A. track team left today for Portland and the Fair, arriving in the Northern city Monday, with ample time to recuperate for the big meet to be concluded under the auspices of the international association for members from all parts of the world.

Expert trackmen are of the opinion that this city has never before been represented by such a speedy bunch of youngsters as the quintet who will battle for local honors.

Cochran Hamilton has been working the men out every afternoon on the Harvard track, and the performances of the athletes give the assurance that the team will capture a respectable place.

Last year the boys won second place at St. Louis, and the team is much stronger this time and in far better condition.

Parsons has ripped off the 130-yard dash as a daily stunt in 10 seconds flat, and young Stanton, who should be an easy winner in the half mile, has twice secured the week turned the distance in 2m. 4 1/2, and was ready for the mile if necessary. Harry Dane will take care of the 440-yard dash, and while not as speedy as Parsons, is a stayer who has some experience in the East.

Does Not Sell Racing Results.

NEW YORK, July 8.—William J. Dealy, superintendent of the commercial news department of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and David H. Mitchell, manager of the special wire bureau of the same company, have made affidavits sworn to before a notary public, denying a published statement charging the Western Union Telegraph Company with selling racing information to poolrooms. Mr. Mitchell denies that the Western Union Telegraph Company furnishes racing information directly or indirectly to any house of commerce or poolroom within the city of New York.

Varicocele and Hydrocele Cured Without the Use of the Knife or Caustics by Our Simple Combined Treatment, Internal Medicines and External Applications

PLAIN TALK TO MEN

There are thousands of men in the Northwest who would come in and see us if they were sure that they could get a cure. They, however, have tried so many different remedies without effect that they have become skeptical. We have been telling you for the past 15 years in the Portland papers that if you are doubtful of our ability, you can deposit the price of a cure in the hands of the company for a cure. E. R. VAN LEUVEN.

Understand, However, That This Is Only Done by Your Own Permission

Although we have cured men in every town and village in Washington, Idaho, Montana, Oregon and British Columbia, still we are unable to use their recommendations, as that would betray confidence.

Grand Forks, B. C., June 24, '05

Dear Sir—I should have written to you before, but as I don't need any more medicine I thought it did not matter. I am just as well as ever. I was and I wish to thank you for the way you attended my case. My varicocele and other troubles are cured and I am well satisfied for the money. I remain yours truly, ANGUS McPHERSON.

Delay Is Dangerous Where Your Health Is Concerned

A personal interview is desired, but if you can not call, write us, giving your symptoms in full.

Our home treatment is successful, even in complicated cases. Strictest confidence observed. Plain envelopes used in all correspondence. Valuable book for men sent free, sealed.

We Guarantee a Cure in Every Case We Undertake or Charge No Fee

The leading specialists in the Northwest. Established in Portland in 1889.

WE GUARANTEE A CURE IN EVERY CASE WE UNDERTAKE OR CHARGE NO FEE.

CONSULTATION FREE

Office hours—9 A. M. to 5 P. M. and 7 to 8, Sundays and holidays, 10 to 12 A. M.

DR. W. NORTON DAVIS & CO.

Offices in Van-Noy Hotel, 52 1/2 Third street, corner Pine, Portland, Or.

Ball Manager to Be Rancher.

That Fred Clarke, manager of the Pittsburg baseball team, has decided to quit baseball and the game at the end of this season, instead of staying on for another year, as called for in his contract, is the story printed in Pittsburg, and apparently has the best of foundation. Clarke has injured himself several times lately while playing, and his Western ranch interests are getting so large that he is said to have

decided he can well get along without playing baseball.

There are also many rumors of trouble between Clarke and Dreyfus. Some time ago, during the series with New York, when Leach, by a bad play, allowed the Giants to score a victory, President Dreyfus entered the Pittsburg clubhouse and started to scold Leach. The owner of the club is said to have received a hard call from Clarke, who said he was managing the team and would stand for no interference. The case of Clymer, too, made a little friction since it was published and otherwise announced that Dreyfus had paid Clymer's fine out of his own pocket, but Clymer found this was not the case, and threatened to leave the team at once unless the money which had been taken from his pay was returned. This was done, Clymer receiving \$100.