

MOTORCYCLISTS TO STAGE FAST RACING

Crack Riders Will Pilot Heavy Machines at Country Club Track Today.

Horse racing in days gone by was considered the sport of kings. Later it came that auto racing held the same place in the estimation of the public, now it is aeroplanes, autos and motorcycles. These three sports are the real things in modern racing and while that of flying an aeroplane is the most spectacular, the auto race is the most costly and the motorcycle race calls for the greatest amount of skill and endurance. The races that will be held at the Country club track this afternoon at 2:30 are under the auspices of the Portland Motorcycle club and the Federation of American Motorcyclists, and every rider will be an amateur.

Vern Maskell was the fastest man at the last meet, June 2, but this time he will be heavily disputed. Some very strong men have been found that have the strength to hold a big machine down and they are going out for time. At the Seattle meet on July 4 Brant, of the local club, made the fastest half mile that the Seattle motorcyclists have ever seen on their course, doing a circle of the track in 32, the world's record being 30 flat. Brant is in perfect trim and at the meeting of the club Friday evening said that he would eat more miles in less time than he has ever done before. The contest between these two rivals will be well worth seeing.

Zwick, the Seattle crack, and his machine will augment Manager Ross's squad of X-celsior drivers, and with Peppell, Hall and Brush he is sure to make a very good showing. The Merkle drivers will be badly crippled if Roy Brown is unable to ride after his fall at Seattle the Fourth, but Russ is a very good man and L. T. Dean himself is no slouch, and it is understood that he has a couple of post entries up his sleeve that he will spring at the last minute.

Eddy Greishelmer will have the old standbys, Fred Nowatny and Vern Marckel, astride Indians once more, and they are sure to acquit themselves creditably. Cummings and Knudson, the Spokane team, has not announced their plans yet. Allen on a Popo, Brant on a Thor, Soles on a Merkle, and the little German "Going-kid," Zeb, on an American machine instead of his N. S. H., are some of the other of the early entries. The Harley-Davidson crew has not entered as yet, but Barni sure has them.

RUBE MARQUARD--By Ripley



WILL NAP DISCORD GET WORLD COIN?

Neal Ball May Cut in on Receipts of Championship Series.

Cleveland, Ohio, July 6.—Is history to repeat itself again and a Nap discolor to fall heir to a small fortune?

It was in 1910 that the Naps turned Bristol Lord, outfielder, over to the Philadelphia Athletics. They not only won the American league pennant and world's series that year, but also repeated the feat of coming in second, secured an equal share of the world's series money and as a result of the shift that took him to Philadelphia he is about \$6000 better off financially than he would have been had he remained with the Naps.

Lord rounded out the Athletics' team and it may come to pass that Neal Ball, the Naps' utility infielder, who was sold to the Boston Red Sox Tuesday, may bolster up Manager Jake Stah's team where it is weakest. Steve Yerkes has not yet acted with his work at second base, while the Nap discolor has been more of a bear playing second base than any other infield position.

The Red Sox have a lead of 89 points in the American league race and they look like a good bet for the pennant. If Ball supplants Yerkes, and the chances are that that is why he was purchased, he may follow in the footsteps of Lord and receive a fat share of the world's series receipts this year.

COLLEGE GIANT GOES TO PHILADELPHIANS

Eppa Rixey Jr., who is a member of the pitching staff of the Philadelphia Nationals, is the tallest player in the major leagues. Rixey is 6 feet 6 inches high in his stocking feet.

This title was formerly held by Fred Falkenberg, who is at present with the Toledo club in the American association. Falkenberg formerly pitched for the Cleveland Naps.

Rixey was graduated from the University of Virginia at the close of the spring term this year and immediately departed for Philadelphia and signed with Charles Doolin. Doolin has had his eyes on the youngster for two years.

When the Washington Americans were on their spring training trip Rixey held them to three hits and did not allow them a single tally. Rixey had averaged a little over four hits and 11 strikeouts in the 10 games he pitched for the college last season.

Thomas Fleming Day, who crossed the Atlantic ocean in his yacht, the Sea Bird, last year, accompanied by Fred B. Thurber and Theodore R. Goodwin of Providence, now has plans on foot for going across the Atlantic ocean again this summer in a 35 foot motorboat. His final destination will be St. Petersburg, after calls at England points along the English channel, Stockholm and other places.

Fans' Jibes Did Not Break This Player

By W. J. Macbeth.

New York, July 6.—A strange world, indeed, this little sphere of ours and stranger still that portion of its inhabitants which romps and raves six months of the year over our national pastime. Say one cold cruel word against "Rube" Marquard to any citizen of Manhattan or environs and then get ready for a punch in the eye. Whisper a scandal against the fair name of Fred Merkle if you are contemplating suicide. Yet a brief spell back the enthusiasts who now worship at the shrine of this grand pair were denying them with oaths and curses.

We will deal just now with Merkle's case. Marquard has been exploited in these columns more than Merkle. His wonderful record with this spring is a praise record in itself. Marquard was a failure for two seasons simply because during that time he had lost confidence in his ability. It was never a question of class with him. He always packed the goods, he couldn't debase them; that was all. But with Merkle—ah, how different. Here is a tribute paid him recently by Tom Lynch, president of the National League.

"Merkle," said Lynch, "I consider one of the most wonderful men that ever broke into baseball. He is a man in every sense of the word. His heart is as big as that of an ox. Otherwise he wouldn't be in major league company today. How many professional baseball players, do you think, could have stood the pounding and the rousing and the abuse heaped upon the head of this young gentleman after he failed to touch second base in that memorable game of 1908? I'll tell you. Not one in 10, no not one in 50.

"You cannot find many better first basemen today than Merkle. Why? Simply because he realized his mistake and decided to live it down by deeds of worth. He didn't sulk. He didn't slouch. He held a high head and kept a stiff upper lip. And instead of worrying over that one mistake his fellows would have done, he profited by his experience and let it stand as a warning. His game improved. He was a far better first baseman in 1909 than in 1908; far better still in 1910. This year he is among the best in the game. I take my hat off to Merkle. He's the proper stuff. He'll be 50-ter still in 1912."

Tom Lynch comes pretty near to knowing what he's talking about before he ever expresses himself. It is very doubtful if there is a first baseman in the game more valuable than Fred Merkle. There are flashier players, Hal Chase and Jake Daubert, possessing more natural advantages in that they throw left handed, appear a bit more graceful, perhaps. Yet it is doubtful either has anything on the Giant as a fielder. Merkle is not shy. But he is wonderfully sure and as expert in making pickups off men's bounders as even the great Chase. He covers as much ground as Hal is as skillful base runner and a more dangerous hitter. He is a trifle less agile and cannot go so high for strong arm pegs, nor is he so dexterous with the mitt hand. Yet Merkle is the only right handed first baseman who can break up a sacrifice hit play almost as unerringly as either Chase or Daubert.

No one versed in baseball will deny

characteristic attitude so well known to the ball fans of the country.

Rube, it seemed, picked out Chillicothe, Ohio, about 23 years ago and placed it on the map as his birthplace. In doing so, he also picked out a little hard work for himself, as well. Rube was a rube in those days. Hence the name. Rube spent his earlier years on that Ohio farm of his following two mules and a plough, and that's nothing like hard work either. All of which is hard work and small pay for a ball player. Rube may be a hard working chap all right enough, but only on a ball field. He draws the line there, and will go on a hike at a moment's notice if you mention anything else.

So the Cleveland sandlots were soon

to be trod upon by his majestic feet. Here Rube paused and looked thoughtfully at his car. "Now take this car here, for instance," he said. "It's the best—" But we pulled the spark-plug on that line of talk. Of what interest are automobiles to me at the salary I am getting? The Cleveland sand lots, where, you see, from there, was requested. "Oh, yes, to," spoke up the Rube. "Why—er—to Annapolis. Yes, Annapolis in 1908. It was, of course. Must have played pretty good pitcher's position there too, for it was in the fall of 1908 that New York brought me up. And I might add, they had to bring up \$11,000 in cash to do it."

"Well, what followed in history. And every one knows how the \$11,000 lemon, as he was dubbed, failed miserably. He was panned, roasted, broiled and fried,

and so on down the menu of hard knocks. "It was hell," Rube commented, simply. It is also history how Rube woke up suddenly last fall, and since then the Marquis—we will call him the Marquis now—has won about 900 per cent. of his games.

"Now, for a fast car that can take the hills like soda water this car of mine here is the real gazabo." It was Rube talking. He had wandered back to the one big thought. "Why, only last week I took the old boat out and opened her up and say—"

"Help! I held up both hands. "What I would like to know about is the advice the best pitcher in the world would give to the young aspirant." "Oh, well," the Marquis drawled in a crestfallen manner, "if you mean me, you seem to be looking at me, why the thing that

strikes me the hardest is that the youngster is apt to work his pet curves to death. They try to put too much on the ball, I mean. He is apt to make curves the big idea, when as a matter of fact control is the thing. It is just as true of a pitcher as it is of a presidential candidate. If you haven't got control, you are a pauper, you haven't got a thing.

"I would advise the ambitious ones to strive for control first, and then look after the hooks and bends. Then, too, they are apt to overdo it. Throw all day, and all that sort of thing. It's had for the arm. Why, do you know that I don't move my arm for two whole days after pitching a game. Another thing that I have learned—and it might be well for them to learn it also—is never to attempt to strike out the entire

opposing side. Now, I always leave it to my fielders, except in a case of a pinch. Then and then only, I try to strike them out!"

Again the Marquis was shedding glances at that pesky car. Noticing this, I hastened to query, "Just what part does a pitcher play in a team's success and position in the race?" "Race?" exclaimed the Marquis, looking up. "Race, did you say? Why, this car of mine can eat more space a minute than anything that ever had motion. Just watch me," and the immaculate Marquis broke away and leaped in the car. He opened her up, and woe unto any speed cop that got in his path. "Will he come back?" I asked. "You can never tell," the boy replied, and I can't either, for I didn't wait to see.

HOMING PIGEON IS A RECORD BREAKER

Oregon Queen Covers 1411 Yards Per Minute; Homing Club Active.

The Oregon Homing club has just completed the most successful series of old bird races ever held in this state, the 300 mile record being broken by Oregon Queen, a bird owned by the Bauer & Warren loft. The club members feel jubilant over the results shown this year, as they have been making intelligent and consistent efforts to build up a rugged type of homer. The birds they have imported from the east and Europe have very seldom been able to come over the mountains.

Ralph Warren, an authority who has spent years in the east breeding and flying these interesting birds, states that he knows of no course in the United States as difficult as the one the local club has to contend with.

Of the 150 birds entered in the 100 mile race, Portland Belle made an average speed of 1008 yards per minute, winning first for Bauer & Warren. C. C. Steinel coming in second, E. Lillie third and J. Compton fourth.

Against 100 birds in the 200 mile race, Portland Belle again demonstrated her ability as a racer, winning first, with a speed of 1355 yards per minute. C. C. Steinel coming in second, E. Lillie third and J. Compton fourth.

The 300 mile race from Sissons, Cal., was won by one of the B. & W. entries, Oregon Queen, who made the phenomenal speed of 1411 yards, breaking the 300 mile record for this state and winning the average speed cup for all races up to 300 miles. Oregon Queen was withdrawn from further races to allow her to attend to her household duties, but her nestmate, Willamette Chief, to show she wasn't the only good one in the family, won the 400 mile race, coming in at daybreak the second day. A week later the Chief won the race from Gait, Cal., 500 miles, arriving home early on the third day, hungry, thirsty, but ready to pick a fight with any of his rivals.

In coming home in the time he did, Willamette Chief won for his owners the coveted honor of a National association diploma, the first one that has been won on Oregon. He also won a handsome silver cup for the homer making the longest and best fly.

The young birds are now being conditioned for their races, which take place shortly and the club also intends to hold their annual series of races from the state fair.

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Munsing Underwear

25c Silk Lisle Munsing Union Suits in blue, flesh and white, long sleeves, short sleeves, ankle length, three-quarter length; this sale \$1.65

\$2.00 Munsing Lisle Union Suits in white and ecru, long and short sleeves, ankle, three-quarter and knee lengths, at \$1.30

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20 per cent discount on all blue, black, full dress and tuxedo Suits and English Slip-On Raincoats.

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 \$5.50 SUITS NOW...\$3.65
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Sizes 30 to 35.

\$10.00 SUITS NOW.....\$ 6.65
 \$12.50 SUITS NOW.....\$ 8.35
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Underwear

Negligee Shirts, silk, soisette, tan, blue, cream and white, attached lay-down collars, regular \$2. \$1.35

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Just the Shirt for warm weather or outings.

Imported German Hose, in all colors, full fashioned, regular 50c; this sale 25c

25c washable Four-in-Hands, in tan, blue, white and patterns, this sale 20c

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Cooper's Silk Lisle Underwear, in pink, white and blue; regular \$1.50; per garment \$1.05

\$1.00 Silk Lisle Underwear, in pink, white and blue, long and short sleeves; per garment 75c

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 \$6.50 SUITS NOW...\$4.35
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BOYS' AND GIRLS' FAY HOSE IN ALL SIZES...25c and 30c

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THIRD AND MORRISON STREETS

MOTORCYCLE RACES!

Sunday, July 7, 2:30 P. M.

Twelve Events. Music by Campbell's American Band. ADMISSION 50c. Take Rose City Car.