

MAKING A BASE BALL RECORD

Old "Cy" Young Tells Charles Somerville How He Did It

BOSTON, Mass., July 4.—Introducing ladies and gentlemen, Denton T. Young, better known as "Cy," tenderly known as "Old Cy," said Chas. Somerville, the well known writer recently.

Mr. Young, ladies and gentlemen, wears a crown. He is a king. The capital of his kingdom is a square-shaped patch of turf in the center of a chalk-like quadrangle. His scepter is shaped like the earth. It is a baseball.

There are other kings in the land of fan, but the crown of Cy Young is bigger than the crown of any of the others. Even Mathewson, the debonair and handsome Matty, idol of so many, wears no such splendid royal bonnet as does this venerable monarch of the diamond, "Old Cy" Young.

For twenty years "Old Cy" Young has slammed the white, grass-stained bulb over the rubber plate. No phase of the curve but he knows, no strategy of the slow ball of which the cells of his brain have not stored knowledge, no trick of the speed throw but what he is master of.

Strong of arm, cool in the conk, alert in the game, adept in his art, ladies and gentlemen, is "Old Cy" Young. Nor is he weak with the swastick. Nor has old Mr. Time diminished his leg action when hurdling the bags to score for the Beantown champions, of which he is the member upon whom the public has pinned the glittering, glorious star of affectionate popularity.

Why, in a side street of Boston one may read this sign:

"Old Smoke," champion baseball dodger. Try your luck at hitting "Old Smoke."

Cy Young learned to pitch here. That's popularity for you. Cigars have been named after "Cy," so have baseball bats; so have children.

Boston is as fond of its "Cy" as it is of its beans. Ever since 1890, through ups and downs, through weal and woe, "Cy" Young has stood in the box handing out the magic twists—field marshal in a thousand games.

He has given time the setback. Age has not made a muscle soft or a tendon flaccid in his good right arm.

And the proof?

It came the other day when "Cy" Young set the youngsters of the season a standard to attain that made them lay back and gasp. It came on this

day when "Old Cy" Young performed a feat, the like of which the diamond has not known in twenty-four years. It came this day when "Old Cy" Young climbed upon a pedestal upon which only two ball twirlers of the past ever climbed.

The feat that he performed was by the wonder of his ball twirling to cut entirely out of all chance in the game one of the best ball teams in America, the Athletics of Philadelphia.

From this veteran of the diamond not one of the swastick artists, not the finest of them, even so much as saw first base. He struck them out like a bowling ball topples ninepins. And those that he did not strike out, those bats that met the balls he pitched, could only send those balls out wearily, forcefully, twisting and gangling in the grass to be easily picked up by the bagmen, sealing the fate of the player before he reached first base. Not one of the players opposing the champion Boston and opposing "Cy" Young that day even planted his foot in safety on the first white bag.

It was the pitching of a wonder worker. Only twice before has the feat been known, and these occasions were very long ago. Authentic baseball dope declares that the first to achieve the phenomenal thing was Lee Richmond, hot cake handler of the Providence baseball team, as "Cy" Young shut out the Athletics. And "Johnny" Ward, now John M. Ward, attorney and counselor-at-law, did the magic trick in this very same year, and just six days later. He presented the swift series of disheartening blanks to the Buffalo baseball nine.

So I sought "Cy" Young with the "How-did-you-do-it" bug strong in my conk.

Getting \$1,000,000 from Russell Sage seems to me would be easier than getting a talk out of "Old Cy" Young. He gives answers as sparingly as he gives bases on balls. He's about the most modest violet that the high sun of popularity ever shone on. In time he'll look like Joe Jefferson. His kindly, shrewd, keen, gray eyes are in circles of wrinkles; his nose curves out in a chastened hook, not too aggressively; his lips fight tight and now and then the left corner curls up, but it would take Sherlock Holmes to tell whether, when he does that, he's smiling. When I first approached him he honestly looked scared.

"Say," he said, "cut it out; I can't talk."

"How did you do it?"

"Knew 'em."

"Who?"

"The batters; mostly all."

"Well?"

"Knew their style."

"Well?"

"Knew what'd fool 'em."

"Well?"

"Fooled 'em."

"Anything else that helped?"

"Yep, fine day—warm."

"Anything else?"

"Not much wind."

"Well?"

"Felt good."

"Like baseball?"

"Best sport in the world."

"Ever get tired of it?"

"Only one part."

"What part?"

"Posin' for my picture."

And the monosyllabic "Cy" got up from the bench and walked to the coach's box. A great yell of greeting rose from grandstand and bleachers.

On the players' bench here on the Boston grounds a broad-shouldered, stalwart, white haired man, his eyes hidden by dark-blue glasses, joined strongly in the hand clapping. With an odd, groping gesture of his head, he turned his blue-goggled eyes in the direction of where "Cy" stood. Under the big white mustache the man's lips moved a little nervously and tremulously. There were days when big crowds had cheered him like that, for the huge old man with the blue spectacles and the odd, groping gestures of his head was John L. Sullivan. He and "Old Cy" are very good friends.

SATURDAY'S RESULTS

P. N. L.

SPOKANE, July 2.—Boise, 1; Spokane, 4.

BUTE, July 2.—Salt Lake, 3; Butte, 4.

Pacific Coast League

SEATTLE, July 2.—Oakland, 2; Seattle, 3.

PORTLAND, July 2.—San Francisco, 6; Portland, 11.

TACOMA, July 2.—Los Angeles, 1; Tacoma, 2.

National League

ST. LOUIS, July 2.—Chicago, 2; St. Louis, 3.

PITTSBURG, July 2.—Cincinnati, 2; Pittsburg, 14.

PHILADELPHIA, July 2.—Morning game: Brooklyn, 0; Philadelphia, 2; afternoon game: Brooklyn, 13; Philadelphia, 2.

NEW YORK, July 2.—Boston, 1; New York, 14.

American League

NEW YORK, July 2.—Morning game: Washington, 3; New York, 6; afternoon game: Washington, 6; New York, 11.

DETROIT, July 2.—Morning game: Cleveland, 3; Detroit, 2; afternoon game: Cleveland, 2N Detroit, 5.

BOSTON, July 2.—Philadelphia, 1; Boston, 2.

CHICAGO, July 2.—St. Louis, 2; Chicago, 4.

The Teller for the news.

FINE SHOOT YESTERDAY

W. N. Butler Won the Hunter Arms Medal in a Close Contest

The gun club held a shoot yesterday at the grounds south of the city. The season had been closed until this fall but owing to the fact that Cash Day of Koskia and Jack Turner of Grangeville, members of the club, were in the city the shoot yesterday was arranged for their especial benefit. The Hunter Arms Medal was won by W. N. Butler who will hold the medal until the next shoot. The club announces that there will be no further contests until fall. The results of the shoot yesterday were as follows:

First event, 10 birds—W. N. Butler, first; Pennel and Day, second; Turner, third.

Second event, 15 birds—Pennel, first; Day, second; W. N. Butler, third.

Third event, 25 birds—Hunter Arms Medal—W. N. Butler, first; Dent and Day, second; Pennel, third.

Fourth event, 10 birds—Day, Butler Pennel and Day, first; Dent, second.

Fifth event, 10 birds, snipe shooting—Dent, first; Turner, second; Pennel, third.

AMERICANS WERE DEFEATED

Duffy World's Champion Beaten in the Hundred Yards

(Special Telegram to Evening Teller.)

ROCHEDALE, July 2.—The amateur championship field track meet all the famous athletes of England participating was held today. The hundred yards was won by Norton of South London. Duffy the world's champion, second. Time 10 seconds. Jupp, English, won the 220 yards. Time 34.5. Walsh of New York unplaced. In the hammer throw, Sheldon of Yale was defeated by Nicholson. Distance 157 feet 5 inches.

Jig Stone to Fight Daly

(Special Telegram to Evening Teller.)

BALTIMORE, Md., July 4.—Baltimore followers of pugilism expect to see an interesting contest at the Eureka A. C. tonight when Jig Stone, the hard-hitting Boston lightweight, and Tommy Daly, of Brooklyn, come together for a fifteen-round bout. This will be their third meeting, with neither man able to get the decision.

The Raymond
STEAM HEAT, ELECTRIC LIGHTS
FREE BUS AND BATHS, GOOD
SAMPLE ROOMS.
Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day.
C. W. BURDICK, Proprietor.

The Palace Saloon
F. ROOS, PROPRIETOR
Cedar E. Oak McBrayer Whiskey
Best on Earth.
Main Street, head of Third.

IF YOU WANT TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH THE GREAT SOUTHWEST YOU MUST READ

THE LOS ANGELES EXAMINER
William Randolph Hearst
ALL THE NEWS OF THE GREAT ROUND WORLD
BY MAIL, POSTAGE PREPAID
75 CENTS A MONTH

The Pacific Bar
415 Main Street
FRANK WALDRIP, Prop.
Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Gem Saloon
SMITH & WALKER, Proprietors
Main Street, head of Third.
Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
LEWISTON, IDAHO.

The Mint
BAKER & SMITH, Proprietors
Choice liquors, wines, brandies and cigars. A club room in connection Clark Building, Main Street.

Castle Saloon
CHARLES PARKER, Proprietor
Corner of Main and Third Streets
Our Specialties: Hines and New York Beer and Gentle Whiskey

THE SMART SET

A Magazine of Cleverness

Magazines should have a well-defined purpose. Genuine entertainment, amusement and mental recreation are the motives of the SMART SET, the MOST SUCCESSFUL OF MAGAZINES.

Its novels (a complete one in each number) are by the most brilliant authors of both hemispheres.

Its short stories are matchless—clean and full of human interest.

Its poetry covering the entire field of verse—pathos, love, humor, tenderness—is by the most popular poets, men and women; of the day.

Its jokes, witticism sketches, etc., are admittedly the most mirth-provoking.

180 PAGES DELIGHTFUL READING

No pages are wasted on cheap illustrations, editorial vapors or wearying essays and idle discussions. Every page will interest, charm and refresh you. Subscribe now—\$2.50 per year. Remit in cheque, P. O. or Express order or registered letter to THE SMART SET, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York.

N. B. SAMPLE COPIES SENT FREE ON APPLICATION

YOU DON'T KNOW UNTIL YOU TRY

In Vacation Time

WHY DON'T YOU KNOW BY TRYING

The camp in the mountains, the sojourn at the seaport or wherever you may be, brings after a short time a longing for home. This is materially aggravated by ignorance of what your friends and city are doing

This may be remedied and your outing made enjoyable by having your Teller forwarded



It costs you nothing more than a notification to the office. Phone number is 261

If you are not already a subscriber you should be, as the TELLER covers your local field more thoroughly than any other paper. You will find it doubly interesting while away from home

TELLER PUBLISHING CO