

CLERKS

Will Have Their Hands Full.

Newspaper Men and Police to Play Them.

First Game Will Take Place Tuesday Afternoon.

AMERICAN LEAGUE. YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

Table with 2 columns: City and R.H.E. Results for Philadelphia, Cleveland, Mitchell and Schreck, Joss and Wood, Washington, St. Louis, Orth and Clarke, Donohue and Maloney.

TODAY'S GAMES.

Table with 2 columns: City and R.H.E. Results for Philadelphia at Cleveland, Baltimore at Detroit, Boston at Chicago, Washington at St. Louis.

NATIONAL LEAGUE. YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.

Table with 2 columns: City and R.H.E. Results for St. Louis, Brooklyn, O'Neill and O'Neill, Donovan, Kitson and Ahearn, Cincinnati, New York, Hahn and Bergen, Matthews, Sparks and Bowerman, Philadelphia, Chicago, White and Doolin, Taylor and Chance, Boston-Pittsburg-wet grounds, Pittsburgh at Boston, Cincinnati at New York (two games), Chicago at Philadelphia, St. Louis at Brooklyn.

Some of the ball playing members of the Police force say that although they have not yet organized for any games this season, they see no reason why the challenge made by the clerks should not be accepted, and it is probable that this will be done shortly.

MISS HECKER DEFEATED. New York, June 14.—Mrs. Manice defeated Miss Hecker in the semi-finals for the metropolitan championship, and Miss Hernandez won from Mrs. Shippen. Mrs. Manice and Miss Hernandez will play the final match today.

ALLIANCE CITY OFFICIALS WON. Alliance, O., June 14.—An exciting game of baseball was played here Friday between the city officials and the faculty of Mount Union college. Five innings were played and the score resulted 26 to 12 in favor of the city.

CATCHER DONOHUE DEAD. Taunton, Mass., June 14.—Timothy Donohue, a baseball catcher, who was under contract with the Washington American League club, died at his home in this city, today. He played last year with the Chicago National League team.

THE DATE IS SET. The date has been set for the game of base ball between the team composed of newspaper men and the retail clerks. The date will be next Tuesday and the place Buchtel field. The clerks are confident that they will come out winners, but pride ever went before a fall, and the clerks will be sadder and wiser young men when the game has been played.

THIRD GAME POSTPONED. London, June 14.—The continued wet weather has necessitated the postponement of the third and final series for the American polo cup from Saturday, June 14, until Monday, June 16.

LIPTON CUP ARRIVES. Chicago, June 14.—The Sir Thomas Lipton cup has arrived in this city

PIN YOUR FEET TO ENK'S TUBERCULOSIS CONSUMPTION Dr. JOSEPH ENK'S Genuine Dynamized Number Homeopathic Preparation 26

Sold in Akron, O., by John Lamarter & Co., Druggists, 183 S. Howard St.

and been turned over by the custom house authorities to the officers of the Columbia Yacht club. The trophy, which is to remain in the possession of the club for contests on July 4, 5 and 7, is a beautiful specimen of work and is valued at \$750.

ROOT-CARTER FIGHT OFF. Philadelphia, June 14.—The six round boxing contest between "Jack" Root, of Chicago, and "Kid" Carter, of Brooklyn, scheduled for the Penn Athletic club Friday night, did not take place. After the preliminaries had been disposed of the management announced that the box office receipts had been attached for the payment of an old account, the sum of \$1,100 being appropriated by the Sheriff's officers.

Wrestler Frank Davey, who is again open for matches, with a new manager, will do but little wrestling while the hot weather continues, but he believes that there will be much business for him when the "wrestling season" returns. Davey states that he could not stay away, at the time he retired, and he will now take all the matches he can get. Davey's record has been a good one while he has wrestled in this section, and he has many friends among followers and admirers of the game. It is probable that he will also do a great deal of work, later, in instructing the members of the West End athletic club in wrestling.

Larger and Better Than Ever.

The above term exactly fits the improved and augmented condition of Gentry Bros. Famous Shows this season. The permanent consolidation of these exhibitions which have heretofore traveled singly has made the largest exhibition of the kind in the world. Gentry Bros. Shows are so well known in this community that the simple announcement of their coming insures a crowd that will tax the capacity of their enormous tents to accommodate. The combined street parades this season are twice larger than before and the entire Show will be reviewed in processional display on the day of exhibition.

Owing to the increased size of the famous Gentry Shows this season they are compelled to use the large circus grounds which are situated at the corner of South Main and South streets. The date of exhibition here is Friday, June 20. Two performances only, at 2 and 8 p. m.

THE "KID"

Is in Bad Shape in Western Hospital.

Stockton, Cal., June 14.—"Kid" Lavigne, the well-known pugilist, is at the Detention hospital, suffering from mental aberration. Physicians are doubtful of his recovery. In his recent fight with Britt, Lavigne injured his arm which a few months previously had been broken, and this, it is thought, may in part be responsible for his condition.

THE COLLEGE OF THE PAST AND PRESENT.

would have seemed strange indeed. Munificent endowments, massive buildings, libraries "rich with the spoil of time," large faculties, made up of acute and excellent men, appliances fitted to grapple with every condition and to solve all problems,—all these, and much more to the same purpose, are the splendid equipment of the university of the dawning century, bestowed in lavish profusion; and they enlarge and amplify and emphasize and make effectual that which the humbler college of our day to the measure of its ability professed and undertook in a smaller way to secure. The drowsy air of the cloister is now more profoundly stirred by the busy hum of the nearby lives of industry, and the odor of books has become reddent of the market. Now, as then, the student, by precept and example, is exhorted and encouraged to acquire knowledge, to become subject to mental and moral discipline, to take on culture, and to devote to life's best purposes the resultant, the culmination, the outgrowth and harvest-gathering of these, namely a robust and symmetrical character. We who come back—not indeed to

THE EXCEEDING GAIETY IS MAKING AMERICAN HEADS FAIRLY SWIM

Much Doing in Old London on the Eve of the Coronation—"Nawsty" Weather Is Universally Deplored.

London, June 14.—Seldom has London seen such profusion of American entertainments as took place this week. The greatest international and social event of the season was the dinner of Joseph H. Choate, the United States ambassador, and Mrs. Choate to King Edward and Queen Alexandra, on Wednesday, and since the arrival of the United States special ambassador to the coronation, Whitelaw Reid, all officialdom has been busy

ing the army of the United States, at the coronation, and his two daughters are now at Claridge, but they expect to pay a flying visit to Paris. Rear Admiral John C. Watson, representing the United States navy at the coronation, and his son, Lieut. E. H. Watson, U. S. N., have taken temporary rooms, where the British navy officials are flocking to pay their respects. Commander W. Sheffield Cowles, the former naval attaché of the United States here, with his wife and sister-in-law, are occupying a house in



MRS. JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

leaving cards at the residence of America's special envoy. Mrs. Corcker and her two stepdaughters, the Misses Rutherford, have been entertaining at Claridge, General John W. Closs has been hobnobbing with Lord Roberts and other English army dignitaries, and



"OUR" DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

will only cease and June become itself again, the gaiety which has taken hold of the nation will doubtless have a superb outlet at the fashionable race meeting, in which many Americans have planned to participate. The distinguished Americans who accompany Whitelaw Reid are at present scattered all over the west end, but June 23 they will go to the Buckingham palace as guests of the nation, with the exception of Mr. Reid, who, of course, will remain at Brook House. General James H. Wilson, represent-

the old walls and the ancient shade, but to the richer and larger abiding place of our literary mother,—not unkindly, I trust, of the ampler field for usefulness which this abounding prosperity suggests, and welcoming all the added congenialities of college life,—standing, as it were, in the midst of a scholastic posterity,—may, with no sense of impropriety, I am sure, inquire whether in all things the new life is better than the old; whether the character moulded in the opulent university is any more rugged, or makes more for humanity and the world, than that which in the old time was formed in the college whose not inconsiderable badge of greatness was its honorable but self-reliant poverty. I ask your earnest and thoughtful attention to an article in the May number of the Forum magazine, entitled "The Degradation of the Professional Office." Its author is a distinguished alumnus of the Western Reserve Col-

lege, of repute for learning and for usefulness, and his plea ought to be heard. His protest against the invasion of college ideals by the life spirit of commercialism, is the more pathetic for its patent truthfulness. To those of us who are properly mindful of the moral heights trod by the college of the former time, and the part played in our country's history by the alumni of such, the appeal strikes home with profound force. It is indeed but a new argument of the old battle: "The scholar and the world! The endless strife. The discord in the harmonies of life! The love of learning, the sequestered books. And all the sweet serenity of books. The market-place, the eager love of gain. Whose aim is vanity and whose end is pain!" In the past, when the spirit of scholarship has surrendered to the love of

teaching were challenged. Again; the collegiate mercantilism of the present time comes to the surface when we see institutions of learning, of glorious lineage and Godlike history, getting clear down on their literary bellies and passing up to some political mountebank or industrial highwayman of the province, who has piled his vocation with success, a degree which should be a passport of honor and an evidence of learning,—in the hope that he may become the patron and the college his cringing client. He may indeed be so ignorant that if the mystic letters signifying the glory thus thrust upon him were expanded to their full form, he would not know them if he met them in the road. He may have come to his wealth or his position dishonorably. Material success is made the test of merit, while unobtrusive but impetuous scholarship remains in dish eclipse. And so this invitation of the modern college is to dare the doom of Longfellow's legend, and to run down the fate which befell

"The clerk, the scholar whom the love of self Tempts from his books and from his nobler self." It is but simple truth to say that manhood and not mammon was the quest of the college of my time. It will be said, "aid ergo?" It will be said, "what relevancy has all this to the feeble band of survivors of the 18 men, who thirty years ago went forth from the portals of the Western Reserve College, clothed in the mailed garb of his discipline, and with her choicest benediction resting upon us, to do, to dare and to bear upon the then opening field of manly adventure. We have returned, not indeed on our chiseled shields, and, I fear, not with them to any great extent. But my talk has, I hope, this significance—no more: If the class of 1872 has not won greatness, or even notoriety, it may still claim some of the humbler and negative virtues. It has stood, and its remnants yet stand, as in some sort the offspring and exponent of the small college, owing whatever it may have done in the world to the self-respecting loyalty of its members, and to the inestimable advantage of having a scholarship moulded and chastened and quickened by daily contact with those men who in our time kept alive its sacred fires, each of whom—without disparagement to any—was the "Integer vitae" of the ancient verse, in a sense infinitely higher and grander than it ever entered into the heart of Horace to conceive. We come back tonight,—as near as we can to the old time and the old place, bringing with us no wealth of fame or fortune, with no great or notorious names, answering to no resounding titles, bearing with us no sheaves of noisy glory. We are not even possessed of what John Randolph called "the talent for turbulence."

We point, instead, to a quiet record of the nearest duty each day done, of labor honestly performed in the several fields wherein we have been called to strive. We have tried to be loyal to the perpetual injunction of our cherishing mother to be MEN, and for which we are here tonight to bear witness to our abiding reverence, and gratitude to her. Loyal to her example; testifying in unobscured allegiance to her teaching; counting them even above the present material and scholastic prosperity in which we also rejoice—we bring to her in her new and larger home the laureled wreath of our filial affection, trusting that, renewed by succeeding generations of scholars and men, as they shall attain their literary maturity and take their places on the path of human endeavor, it may like the shield Amaranth, be blessed in the fadeless green of immortality. Nelson's battle signal at Trafalgar was written on the standard which in our academic days, the Western Reserve College kept steadily before us. This followed, and consequences were to be to us as our abidings of the wall. This obeyed, and fame and fortune, "the applause of listening senates," deeds called heroic and rewarded by shaft or labored dome of statues wrought by the cunning chisel of the sculptor into the ornament of breathing life,—all were to be to us matters of a wise indifference. It became not me to strive, nor was this precept has been observed, those of us who have gone down on the arena of life's battle, have fallen in the fulness of duty. The scarred and worn are, I trust, mindful of their mortal end, wide oceans range will go faithfully to it until the record shall have been closed forever.

THE OFFICIAL REPRESENTATIVES.



CAPT. CLARK, OF THE OREGON.



WHITELAW REID.



GEN. JAMES H. WILSON.