FOOTBALL - Harry Beecher
RACING - Francis Trevelyan
YACHTING - -Duncan Curry.

SPORTING NEWS TOLD BY EXPERTS.

CYCLING - A. G. Batchelder
PUGILISM - "Right Cross"
BASEBALL - Charles Dryden

FIVE CYCLISTS CLAIM THE HONOR.

Each Thinks He Is the Bona-fide Champion of the Season of '98.

BALD'S TITLE CLEAREST.

But Gardiner Seems to Have Done a Lot of Good Work This Year.

Five claimants are possible for the 1898 cycle championship crown, and the friends of each candidate can adduce logical arguments in presenting his case. Bald's right to the title appears the most clean cut, for his victories were won in races wherein all the cracks participated. Not considering the championships contested after Washington—for at both St. Louis and Cape Girardeau the increased score battles lacked in talent, Gardiner and Taylor refusing to ride on Sunday at the first city and Bald and Taylor having quit the circuit after, when the line terminated Friday at Girardeau—the champion of three previous years had rolled up a total of 185 points, only two points in advance of the Major, Kimble coming third, with 172 as his total.

Gardiner's license to sign himself as champion is based on the fact that he won ten championships—none with the increased score—as against eight for Taylor and five for Bald. The latter secures many of his points by running in the other moneyed positions. It must not be forgotten, however, that the flaxen-haired Chicagoan obtained a good lead on the other top-notchers, as he started on the circuit before they did.

Taylor's adherents figure out that his percentage of starts and wins is in excess of that of the others, and with the exception of McFarland, he has beaten singly every one of them more times than he has been beaten. Certainly the colored boy had an exceedingly close call for the honor.

Kimble, by counting all championships, including those at St. Louis and Girardeau, can show a grand score of 236, or just one point more than can be scored up by Bald if he includes the Sunday event at the Mound City. The Kentuckian finished first in two big score races, while no other rider showed in front in more than one.

Tom Butler is the fifth disputant for the title, and he bases his contention on the L. A. W. calculations. By winning the three increased point races at Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Haven, after the big riders had seceded from the League control and several other minor positions, little Tom can produce 193 points. But in the eyes of the public no one has less justice to the championship than the Boston midget, who was scarcely a third rater this year when opposed to the leading talent.

LAST OF CYCLE RACING.

Professionals Indulge in a Sunday Meet at St. Louis and Then Scatter for Home.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 16.—Professional racing men again acted as officials to-day at the closing day's racing season for the circuit men. To-night they scatter for home. McFarland was clerk of the course to-day, Stevens announcer and Gardiner timer, while Dan Dougherty joined the insurgents and acted as timer also.

The closing event of the season, a two-mile multicycle handicap, proved the event of the meeting. Bowler, McCarthy and Fisher, the scratch triplet team, had a stern chase of a mile and three-quarters before it closed with Cooper and Jack Coburn, who had themselves made a long, hard ride to overhaul the leading teams. Into the stretch the Bowler triplet proved the stronger, but did not gain the mastery until the tape was neared, when it shoved to the front a foot, while Brown and Terrill lost second to Cooper and mate, also by a foot. The time was 3:53.

Tom Eck's ideas in flying start contests did not prove popular, the flying start being impractical, as men, like horses, will not break even. In the mile race Terrill was left at the post. Summaries:

One Mile, Flying Start, Tandem Paced—Tom Cooper, first; John Fisher, second; Johnnie Johnson, third. Time—1:58 3-5.

One-fifth Mile, Flying Start—John Fisher, first; Johnnie Johnson, second; Bennie Monroe, third. Time—22 2-5 seconds.

Two Mile Multiplet, handicap—Bowler, McCarthy and Fisher (scratch), first; Cooper and Jack Coburn (140 yards), second; Brown and Terrill (90 yards), third. Time—3:53.

RACED IN A "CENTURY."

Hottest Kind of a Contest Developed During the Run of the Long Island City Wheelmen.

The annual century run of the Long Island City Wheelmen was held yesterday over the Hoffman Boulevard and Merrick road. The starting and finishing points were at Woodside, L. I., and the turn was at Oakdale. There were ninety-two starters, including four women, three of them on tandems.

The run was a go-as-you-please, and resolved itself into a race of the hottest kind. W. McKenzie, of the Pierce Wheelmen, finished first, in five hours and fifteen minutes. E. W. Dietz, of Long Island City, was second, and Charles Marks, of New York, was third. Miss Nellie Benson, a noted New York century rider, finished fifth, in six hours and twenty-five minutes. Prizes were given to the first half dozen finishers on single machines and for the first three on tandems.

Of the tandem riders, Miss Harnoch and Geo. Eastman were first in five hours and fifty-five minutes, Miss Carson and Mr. R. Eastman second, and Mrs. E. R. Bayne and escort third. Miss Harnoch led the entire field for most of the way out, but had a collision at Valley Stream and stopped for repairs. The Vigilant Bicycle Club won first prize for biggest club representation, with sixteen members in line. The run took place in a gale of wind, but the roads were generally fair. The promoters denied that it was a race.

News of the Boxers.

The twenty-round bout between Tommy West and Harry Fischer, which was scheduled for the Pelican A. C. show of next Saturday night, has been postponed. Jack O'Brien, of New York, and Marty McCue will furnish the star bout on that evening, and the West-Fischer bout will take place on October 29.

Matty Matthews, now of Brooklyn, and Tommy Ryan, of Philadelphia, have posted their forfeits for a twenty-five round bout at the Lenox A. C. next Friday night.

George Riley, the feather-weight boxer, of Cincinnati, is in town looking for a match at 120 pounds.

Considerable depends on the outcome of the meeting between Johnny Gorman, of this city, and Dick O'Brien, of Lewiston, Me. The latter's stock will go away up if he solves the local problem presented to him, while if Johnny Gorman wins he will probably meet the winner of the Tommy Ryan-Jack Bonner contest. Gorman and O'Brien meet for twenty-five rounds 20-night at the Greater New York Athletic Club, Coney Island, and as what the appetite for the big contest, an excellent twelve-round preliminary is scheduled. Eddie Sweeney, of Brooklyn, and Jimmy Chase, of Long Island City, are the stars.

Don't Put Up with It.

If your furnished room is not as neat and comfortable as it should be get another. A select list in the Journal's "Want" pages this morning.

LAST WEEK OF "BIG" RACING.

Then Come Aqueduct and the Absolute Wind Up at Washington.

NEW BETTING PROBLEM.

It Remains for the Layers' Association to Draw Up a Practical Code.

By Francis Trevelyan.

This week sees the close of the last "big meeting" of the season in the East. Then comes Aqueduct and the absolute wind-up at Washington. Aqueduct with anything like fair luck in the all important matter of weather will "play to big business" and enable the Queens County Jockey Club to devote a considerable fund to the completion of the further alterations and improvements that President Reilly has in mind. It may not be beyond the mark to say that whatever the income received from the forthcoming meeting shall be, it will, in the vernacular, be "velvet"—i. e., the past meetings of the year will suffice to cover all the outlays and the receipts will all be profit.

How the Bennings meeting will fare is very problematical. Beyond doubt, the action of the Jockey Club in shutting out the Pimlico Driving Club has alienated a considerable number of men connected with the turf. These are for the most part members of the ring, and, while this fact may somewhat diminish the revenue from that source, it will scarcely play a part as affecting the general success or failure of the meeting. The results attained last Spring were far the most satisfactory since the Washington Jockey Club came into existence, but then, as always, it was evident that the meeting is almost entirely dependent on the New York division. Some of these men may be diverted to the outlaw meeting which, it seems certain, is to be held at Pimlico.

Those who quarrel with the Jockey Club's allotment of dates argue that inasmuch as some two or three week days are wasted at either end of the Washington meeting, the Washington Jockey Club would have only had to give up about two more days to have afforded the Pimlico people a chance to pull off a short meeting. It is reasoned—and certainly with no small amount of good sense—that what looks like a "dog-in-the-manger" policy, and is therefore bound to aggravate men who have previously been strong supporters of the Jockey Club and its works, is a mistake.

This is only a very small part of a very big question of which much is sure to be heard before next Spring. The general system of allotting dates has become notoriously selfish, not to say "hoggish," since the present administrators of turf affairs in the East found themselves firmly seated in the saddle. It is intimated by persons more than likely to know that an issue may be made next Spring over the Saratoga dates.

Of course the law as it stands confers such power on the Jockey Club through its own legal recognition and the backing of the State Racing Commission, as at present constituted, that there would seem to be no further resort on the face of it. But there are rumors and theatening of hostile political action if more concessions are not made to persons not actively identified with the Jockey Club. We hear something of this sort about this time every year, but many things go to render it probable that there may now be more in the rumblings than usual.

* * *

Morris Park's Last Day.

Morris Park's last day will offer a programme that should be nothing short of brilliant. The interest that has been aroused in long distance racing this Fall, especially by Ben Holladay's two grand victories at the current meeting, is very genuine and deep. Coming as they do at a time when the desire for reaction from sprints and two-year-old racing is stronger than ever before, they may serve to make Ben Holladay's name memorable in turf history as a practical equine reformer. Example is better than precept and Ben Holladay has aroused more sentiment about distance racing than the pens of all the turf writers.

If Eastin & Larabie's grand five-year-old can win next Saturday's Morris Park Handicap at two and a quarter miles, over the Withers course, he will have accomplished one of the greatest feats on record. The handicapper's task in allotting the weights for this race will be a poser. Mr. Vosburgh, as keen a lover of racing as ever drew breath, must, as a private individual want to see Ben Holladay win. As official handicapper he is in duty bound to do his utmost to give every horse eligible a chance to beat him. Ben Holladay on Saturday won the Municipal at a mile and six furlongs with convincing ease with 130 pounds up, giving a horse of equal age forty pounds. What then will his impost be in the Morris Park Handicap.

Under the scale the weights for four-year-olds and upward are four pounds higher—130 as against 126—in races at two miles or over than in races at a mile and a half or over. Of course, the handicapper will want Ben Holladay to start. The race without him would be "Hamlet" without the title role. But how is the handicapper to give the others—Jefferson, Thomas Cat, Twinkler and the rest—a chance? Neither Handball nor Sir Walter is eligible, and there will be little class to the race, with Ornament, Tillo, The Friar and Plaudit out of the way; but it should furnish a grand example of what a genuine stayer of high class can do in the matter of giving away weight.

That the race is over the Withers course instead of "over the hill" is probably against Ben Holladay. He is a horse of such courage that the way he breasts the hill, weight or no weight, is enough to take the starch out of anything running against him. Then, too, he comes down the hill with that grand, reaching stride of his as if he had never taken a lame step in his life. He has, though, and but for that he would have been in England this year, and in all human probability put the Cesarewitch and other long races to his credit. The stories of his lameness are no "fairy tales," but the trouble has not interfered with his racing ability, except in that one race at Sheepshead Bay this Fall, when he stopped to nothing when his leg began to burn.

The White Plains Handicap for three-year-olds, over the Eclipse course, and the Autumn Steeplechase Handicap, about three miles, will also be run on Saturday. To-morrow has two selling stakes, both for fillies—the Castleton, for two-year-olds, non-winners of $1,000, at five furlongs, and the McGrathiana, for three-year-olds, non-winners of $1,000 in 1898, at seven furlongs. Thursday has two handicaps, the Ramapo, for three-year-olds, at a mile, and the Fordham High Weight Handicap, for two-year olds and upward, at seven furlongs. Wednesday and Friday, the latter an extra day, have only over-night events.

* * *

New Problem in Betting.

The situation caused by the discovery at the eleventh hour that Hanwell was ineligible to start in the second race on Saturday raised a new problem in reference to betting. Mr. Keene was equal to the occasion, and gave what was undoubtedly the best decision to solve it.

There is, however, a great deal of the process commonly known as "whipping the devil around the stump" about these betting questions, and there seem to be two principal causes. One is the unpractical but supposedly necessary edict that "the Jockey Club takes no cognizance of betting." The other is that the Metropolitan Turf Association has not the backbone and cohesiveness necessary to get together and draw up a sensible and practical code of betting rules. In a community where so much betting goes on, by no means all on the races, it is infinitely absurd that no rules should be in existence. The old rules that governed race course betting were abolished by the Jockey Club, and nothing has ever been done to replace them.

If three reputable members of the M. T. A. would draw up a code, and before having it formally adopted by their association submit it to a committee of three representing the non-professional turf element, such men as John Hunter, James R. Keene, William Hendrie, August Belmont and the like, the occurrence of such "kicks" as that of Saturday would be avoided. Practical men can make rules for virtually every imaginable case, even to differentiate such a case as Saturday's from one when a horse falls lame after the numbers go up, as happened with La Penitente lately.

If in this matter, which is the most frequent, the rule is adhered to that, "After the numbers are displayed all bets stand," the clause could be added, "providing that all starters were eligible under the conditions; when a horse is scratched through ineligibility after the numbers are displayed, all bets are refunded and new betting made."

YALE LACKS COACHING.

And Something Must Be Don at Once to Bolster Up the Centre of the Eleven.

New Haven, Oct. 16.—Owing to the lack of coaching the Yale football team made but little improvement during last week's practice and the team is practically no more advanced than it was two weeks ago. The men are, perhaps, slightly more perfected in minor details of the work, but the team as a whole is lamentably deficient in its knowledge of scientific football.

The failure of the men to work together was without a doubt responsible for the small score against Newton on Saturday. The few times that they did pull together they simply tore Newton's line to pieces. It must be remembered, however, that De Saulles was not there to run the team, nor did Gordon Brown go into the game until the second half. Had these two men played all through the game the result would doubtless have been different.

The half backs, aside from fumbling, put up hard, fast football, and netted good gains whenever the centre men would hold long enough for them to get started. But a great deal of the time the Newton line men would come charging through and spoil the formation of the backs before they had gotten under way.

The question of a centre rush becomes more serious every day, and is causing Captain Chamberlain and the coaches the greatest anxiety. Richardson, the latest recruit for that position, put up a hopeless exhibition in the game on Saturday. Andrews was tried there for about a week, but was found wanting, and some one else was put in his place. Magee, Walton and Phillips were also found unsuitable.

At present the only man who seems to come anywhere near filling the bill is Cutten. Cutten is by no means a good centre, but there is no doubt that he has more of the requisites for that position than any other man that has been tried this season. He is slow, and not at all aggressive, but at any rate his strength and weight enable him to prevent the opposing centre from breaking through.

The question of guard to match with Gordon Brown is also disturbing the coaches. Marshall, who has been playing regularly, is by no means satisfactory. He still clings to his old fault of playing high and does not make his weight count. When playing against the smaller college teams he seems to fill the place in pretty good shape. But at present he is no match for the men he will run up against on some of the big teams.

Andrews, who comes next on the list of guards, is far from being of a 'Varsity calibre. He is slow, is never aggressive and has not got the fight in him to make a good guard. All that can be said in his favor is that he is a hard, conscientious worker. Stillman, who has been tried at guard during the last two weeks, put up a fair game at times, but is by no means a 'Varsity player.

Charlie De Saulles has been a little overtrained during the last week and has not been used very much. Sullivan has been taking his place regularly, and will doubtless beat out Winter for substitute quarter. The two half backs are still very hard to pick out of the numerous candidates for that position. Dudley is still laid up with his wrenched knee. Benjamin, Corwin, Townsend and Marvin are having a great fight for the two places.

There will doubtless be some hard practice this week in preparation for the Brown game on Wednesday and the Carlisle Indian game on Saturday. Jim Rodgers came down with the team and will coach them for a couple of days.

HARVARD MEN TICKLED.

They Saw Yale Play at Newton and Think the Crimson Eleven Is the Better One.

Cambridge, Oct. 16.—There is no denying the fact that Harvard men to-day feel that they have something to be proud of. The last few minutes in the West Point game, when every Harvard man played for all he was worth, and the West Point men showed more of the effects of the game, is a compliment to Trainer Jack McMasters that justifies his selection. Last year the Harvard men were fugged out before the first half was over, and during the game they were laid out every minute, while Uncle Sam's cadets did not appear to mind the strain at all.

McMasters has stood out for hard work for the crimson eleven, and it seems to agree with them. There was absolutely no fault to be found with them. Of course, last Saturday most Harvard men journeyed out to Newton to see what Yale had to show in the line of football, and all were disappointed in the style of play put up. It was not much from the standpoint of team play and the ends did very good work, but theer were a few significant features that the Harvard men did not overlook and which will tell more as the season advances.

The first of these is the style of play that Yale uses. Never in recent years on Soldiers' Feld has there been that go and irresistible bucking of line as was shown by McBride on Saturday. There is not a Harvard back who can come against the line with anything like the effect that this man shows. The whole team has the same nervy spirit—the Yale spirit that has pulled many a Yale team together and has been the great bugbear of all Harvard coaches.

In one particular of team play the Yale team is farther advanced than Harvard. The Yale interference is of a different and seemingly more effective style than the crimson eleven has been taught. The men run closer together, and if the backs can follow it, which, by the way, they frequently did not, it is far more useful than the loose interference of Harvard men. Besides these differences, the Yale men play much lower when trying to stop a gain or hold their opponents for downs, and often the opposing backs hurdle this low formation with ease. The Yale ground gaining formations when using men from the line are also distinctly different.

The Harvard men noted all these differences, and though they hold many different opinions, and do not hesitate to express them, they are all agreed that if Yale can not at the present time play better football that she did against Newton, Harvard is the stronger. Then they think of the fierce Yale football spirit and wonder what development it will have before the great game of the season.

TIGERS ARE SATISFIED.

Princeton, Oct. 16.—There is a solid satisfaction abroad in Tigertown to-day, and with good reason, for the 'Varsity has shown by its game with the middles at Annapolis on Saturday that it is composed of as good a football team as has yet been hammered and fashioned into a championship eleven. The Tigers returned from Annapolis late Saturday night, and no one showed any particular effects of the game played in the South.

Up to the present writing no games have been arranged for next week. There is some talk of securing the Duquesne Athletic Club, composed of collegians, for that day, but it is not probable that a game will be played with the Pittsburgers, for while the Tigers would, of course, be able to defeat them, it would prove a hard contested game, and there would undoubtedly be crippling of some of the Tigers.

Every effort will be made this week to have the men fit for the great struggle with Cornell next Saturday. Princeton realizes that it will be a hard game, but does not expect the Ithacans to score.

EX-MAYOR HEWITT IN A SQUABBLE.

All Ringwood, N. J., Is Watching His Tift with the Village Postmaster.

Ringwood, an aristocratic village among the hills in the upper part of Passaic County, N. J., the home of former Mayor Abram S. Hewitt, Francis Lynde Stetson and other wealthy New Yorkers, is much exercised over a conflict now raging between Mr. Hewitt and the Post Office Department. Samuel M. George was formerly superintendent of the railway station, telegraph office, country store and mining company headquarters, which occupied building adjoining the tracks of a branch of the Greenwood Lake Railroad. When the mines were closed and the village became more than ever aristocratic the poor people migrated and business languished.

Mr. George engaged in business at Rockaway, Morris County, and a new station agent performed the duties of postmaster for him, as it seemed to him hardly worth while resigning.

The new man had the misfortune to offend a member of Mr. Hewitt's family, and is in disfavor. Mr. Hewitt owns the station building and has closed its doors against the deputy, insisting that his own man of affairs, one W. H. Wagonhenge, be appointed deputy. Mr. Hewitt presented his demand to Congressman Stewart, and as no objections were filed it went to the Post Office Department. Then it was discovered that Mr. Wagonhenge is not a citizen. Some mischief maker informed the department at Washington, and Mr. Hewitt's man did not get the appointment, but as the bulk of the mail is for the ex-Mayor and he has many trump cards, it is thought that he will finally gain his point. The outcome is awaited with interest by all Ringwood.

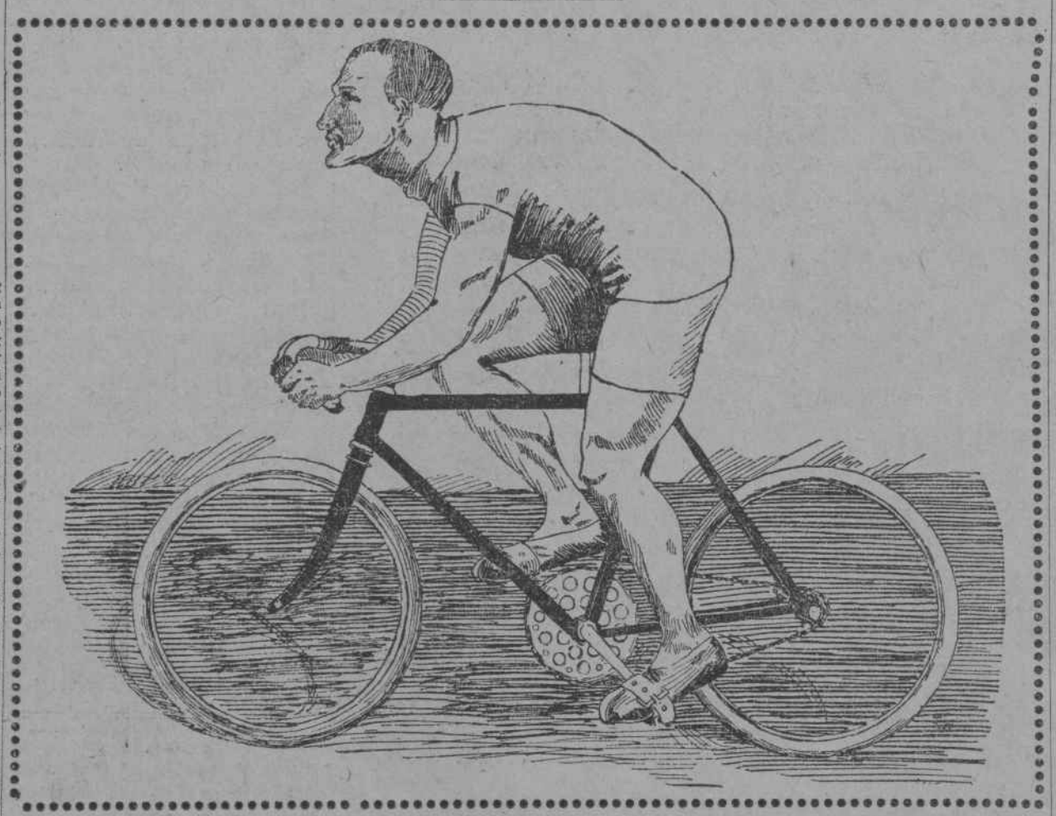
Gave Employer's $50 for Bad Check.

Frederick Hebel, twenty years old, of No. 56 Sussex street, Jersey City, was buncoed out of $50 Saturday. He drew $50 from the Second National Bank for his employer. A well-dressed, middle-aged man, who said he was a stranger in the city and could not get a check cashed, told Hebel he would give him 50 cents to get it cashed. The stranger produced a check for $270, and insisted that Hebel should leave some security. Hebel gave his employer's $50. The check was no good, and the stranger ran away with the $50.

HERE'S "PLUGGER BILL" MARTIN,

THE OLDEST CYCLE RACING MAN,

AND SOME OF HIS ODD WHIMS.



"Plugger Bill" Martin.

(Drawn by Howard B. Freeman, the Professional Cycle Rider.)

By Howard B. Freeman.

THE most remarkable man in American cycle racing is William Martin, of Lowell, Mass., familiarly known as "Plugger Bill." At the age of twenty-eight the majority of the racing men have found their speed on the decline and are compelled to retire, but the "grand old man" of cycling, "Plugger Bill," finds that his sprint, instead of degenerating with age, has gradually improved.

He is the oldest racing man in the business, being now in his forties. He has been very successful ever since his debut in cycling, which was, like Major Taylor's, in a six-day race, at Detroit, ten years ago. Since that time he has raced in all the prominent cities of America, Europe and Australia, with great success.

Shortly after winning the six-day race in Detroit and while competing in a race on the same track, he ran off the top of one of the highly banked turns and broke one of his legs, which was, when entirely healed, found to be considerably shorter than the other one. This in no way discouraged Bill and he immediately resumed training. He soon found that his deformity in no way interfered with his sprinting ability.

How Martin Straps His Feet.

(Drawn by Howard B. Freeman.)

The average gear used by the leading American sprinters, including Bald and Taylor, is 84 on dirt tracks and 88 gear on board or cement tracks, but the "Plugger" pushes a 100 gear through the dust on the horse tracks and uses 106 on the boards. By using these big gears it, of course, gives him a slower pedal action, and with the aid of heavy toe clips and straps on his feet he is enabled to pull himself up on one pedal while pushing down on the other. With huge straps "Plugger" Bill fastens his number elevens to the pedals as though they were to remain there for life, and he they makes himself a very secure part of the machine for the time being. In a fall he and the wheel remain together until separated. He has had several disastrous falls this season, and is generally a fit candidate for a hospital. But without the straps Plugger declares he has no chance to win.

He is very popular on the tracks here in the East, and also in Europe. He is now on his second trip around the world, and will leave for Europe shortly. Although he was winning repeated victories in Australia, the American racing men did not think much of his ability, and they were very much surprised when he came here this season and administered to them several decisive defeats. Now that he is starting on another tour, the "cracks" wonder if he will appear among them again in another five years and repeat the dose.

AN OPEN LETTER TO A. FREEDMAN.

C. Dryden Takes His Pen in Hand to Write a Parting Note to Andy.

FORGIVES HIM FOR ALL.

In Spite of the Fact That the Magnate Tried to Get the Writer "Fired."

New York, Oct. 16, 1898.

Dear Andy—I seat myself pen in hand to let you know that I am well, and hope you are enjoying the same great blessing. This has been a tough season for us both. You escaped to Europe, however, for relief, while I remained behind and suffered, though I didn't see the Giants play.

Do you recall the day, Andy, when you threw out your chest at Lakewood and banished me from the society of the esteemed Giants? Oh, why did Bill Clark ever spurn you? Had he not done so I might still inhabit a plane of equality with the champions of the second division. But the stupid, blundering Bill—a good fellow in his way—was ungrateful, Andy, and the knot hole came between us. I was barred, as you know, and I saw not a game at the Polo Grounds this season. Still, I wrote about them all, as you are doubtless aware, and I didn't miss much, either, by staying away—by request. For a finish, seventh place may be classed as fierce.

Andy, old man, I'll never forget the night you barred me, but I cherish no hard feeling. You first broke the news to me, and then one by one the Giants, who had long been my friends, came forth to my hiding place in the fragrant Lakewood pines and confirmed the awful truth. You never knew of those midnight visits of condolence, and I held my peace and my pencil to avert a wholesale slump in jobs. The Giants said you called a secret meeting because I wrote that Bill Clark had spurned you, which fact you imparted to me. At this meeting, so I heard, you made a clever little speech denouncing me as a knocker and a would-be comedian, and warned your players not to speak to me under penalty.

I forgive you, Andy, for this cruel injustice. I am not a knocker. My mission at Lakewood was to boom your game and tout the Giants as pennant winners. Feeble words can never describe the agony I suffered during those weeks of exile in the pines. Often and often I saw you drive by in your cake walk shirt and pie colored top coat, and I longed to venture out and ask you about winning the pennant and making the other teams look like monkeys. Again and again I beheld the Giants, from my place of concealment, devastating verdure for yards around with copious tobacco juice and swearing genially among themselves. But, alas! I could not join the merry company and seek those spicy little Charley horse interviews so popular in the preliminary season. What would I not have given then to converse with Cousin Parke Wilson, the only relative I have in the business. Still I forgive you, Andy. I found other things to write about.

And when we all returned to New York and the playing season opened you treated me harshly. My money was spurned at the Polo Grounds, where coin was sadly, oh, so sadly! needed later on, and I had to stay away. But on my word, which is said to be good, I never entered your grounds in disguise. I tell you this now, Andy, to relieve any distress you may have felt at the time, for I heard that you offered to lay wagers that I did not gain admittance with the aid of whiskers. Oh, Andy, what a dreadful season it has been! I'm glad it's ended.

One thing I regret, and that was the arrival of a peace commission at the Journal office early in the season with the request from you that I be fired. Oh, Andy, Andy! little did I think you would endeavor to divorce me from my job—from my beef ands and draw ones—though they tell me you have tried it with others on Park row. I am amazed that you did not succeed, because our stations in life are so different. You had prestige, power and pull, while I had nothing but a pencil, which I still retain. This is it, or what is left—about an inch and a half or two inches of the butt.

Say, Andy, now that I recall the circumstance, why did you not look at me on the occasion of our only meeting since we separated at Lakewood in March? Your conduct pained me deeply. Don't you mind the time? Late in April, it was. I sat in the forward end of a downtown "L" train. You got on at Forty-second street and took the seat directly opposite before you saw me. That is, you saw me, but you didn't see me. In other words, the glassy eye. Before I had time to note if you had changed much you plucked a newspaper from your pocket, opened it wide and held the sheets before your face, wrong side up, all the way from Forty-second street to Park place, where I left the train.

Why in the name of seventh place, Andy, did you act that way? You were not compelled to look at me, nor was there any need of bringing on an attack of arunche like that, for your arms must have pained dreadfully. Had you made the request, old man, I would have jumped from the train between stations rather than cause you needless suffering. Could you not have passed into another car or turned your picture to the wall, or something? I'm afraid you are entirely too timid and diffident, Andy. How you have changed since that time at Lakewood!

Before closing I intended to say something about the Giants—but what's the use? Poor devils! They have had troubles of their own. I will say, however, that I'm pleased to know that Cousin Parke is coming back. They tell me you chased him to Kansas City because of this relationship, but I never believed it. Neither do I take much stock in the alleged relationship. That is a pipe dream that came out of the West.

Well, so long, Andy, old boy. We are both out of it for the next six months. Go ahead with your genteel little political business and I'll worry through the snowball season somehow, never fear. With kindest regards to you and all inquiring friends, I remain your o'b'd'd s'v't,

C. DRYDEN.

Richard Claims a Record.

Richard Palmer, of the Paramount Wheelmen, of Brooklyn, says he has broken the road record between Cincinnati and New York by thirteen hours. He says he reached this city from the Ohio metropolis last night after an exciting bike ride of eighty-eight hours. The former record, according to Richard, was 101 hours. The record smasher made the trip by way of Staten Island, with Hugh Wood, of the Riverside Wheelmen, setting pace from Tottenville. On the strength of this achievement Mr. Palmer hopes to break into the racing class.

Admiral Sampson's Daughter's Wedding.

Rear-Admiral Sampson's home at Glen Ridge, N. J., has for the past ten days been in the hands of decorators putting it in readiness for the return of the Admiral and wife from Havana, and at the same time for the wedding of Miss Olive Sampson and Henry Harrison Scott, of San Francisco, Cal., which is to take place the latter part of next month or early in December.

One of Corrigan's Horses Stolen.

Chicago, Oct. 16.—Populist, a steeplechaser, of national reputation, was stolen from the Corrigan stables at the Hawthorne track yesterday. The horse, which was brought here from Kentucky a month ago, was valued at $10,000.

CHAMPIONS DRAW AT WEEHAWKEN.

New York Cranks Turn Out to See Real Baseball.

BEAT BIRDS BY ONE RUN.

The Game Was for a "Gitaway" Stake and the Players All Got Money.

That the eager fanatics of this section esteem the national game when it is played right was shown by the pilgrimage to Weehawken yesterday. Something like 2,000 robust citizens in overcoats and ear muffs braved the fierce north wind to see Boston and Baltimore play an exhibition game for a "gitaway" stake. The season is over, yet the cranks are hungry for real baseball—the kind they didn't get while the Giants were on the warpath. Less than 300 people saw the last championship game at the Polo Grounds.

For an exhibit the affair at Weehawken fairly sizzled in spite of the intense cold. With one or two exceptions the teams presented their original cast, and reeled off the game in true championship style. Eight and one-half rounds were played in a little more than an hour. The temperature may have had something to do with this rapid action. Most of the players wore sweaters and coats, and Hugh Jennings appeared in a brilliant red jacket with a shoe advertisement on the back. He borrowed the garment from a peanut boy.

In five innings the Orioles got three hits and one tally from the repertory of Mr. Nichols who then retired in favor of Willis. The long man fared well enough until the eighth, when four hard smashes in a row netted two runs, and came within one of evening up the score. Hughes pitched six rounds for Baltimore, after which he yielded the slab to J. Nops. Four errors and a couple of swats in the sixth resulted in two runs. The champions executed four lightning double plays that warmed the shivering multitude. Selee introduced a phenom named Smith, at short, who gives promise of becoming great in his specialty. Score:

BALTIMORE.	r	1b	po	a	e	BOSTON.	r	1b	po	a	e
M'Graw, 3b.	1	1	1	1	1	Stahl, rf.	0	1	2	0	0
Keeler, rf.	0	1	1	0	0	Duffy, lf.	1	0	3	1	1
Jennings, ss.	0	1	2	1	0	Long, 2b.	1	1	3	3	0
Kelley, cf.	0	0	4	0	0	Collins, 3b.	1	2	1	2	1
M'Gann, 1b.	0	0	8	0	0	Stafford, cf.	1	1	1	0	0
Demont, 2b.	1	2	2	5	0	Bergen, c.	0	0	2	0	0
Kitson, lf.	0	0	3	0	1	Casey, c.	0	1	0	1	0
Clarke, c.	1	2	0	0	1	Smith, ss.	0	0	3	7	0
Hughes, p.	0	0	1	2	1	K'lred'e, 1b.	0	0	12	1	1
Nops, p.	0	0	0	0	0	Nichols, p.	0	1	0	2	0
						Willis, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Totals.	3	7	24	10	4	Totals	4	7	27	18	3

Baltimore .....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2—2
Boston .....0 0 0 2 0 2 0 0 x—4

First base by errors—Baltimore, 3; Boston, 1. Left on bases—Baltimore, 5; Boston, 3. First base on balls—Off Willis, 1; off Nops, 1. Struck out—By Hughes, 2. Three base hits—Clarke, Collins. Two-base hit—Clarke. Double plays—Jennings, Demont and McGann; Nichols, Smith and Kleinedanz; Duffy and Bergen, Long and Collins; Willis, Smith and Kleinedanz. Hit by pitcher—Meek, 2 (2). Umpire—Hopkins. Time of game—One hour and ten minutes. Attendance, 2,000.

BODY BLOW FOR LOAN SHARKS.

Vice-Chancellor Emery's Decision Against New Jersey Usurers.

Vice-Chancellor Emery will file in the Chancery Court at Trenton to-day a decision that will practically knock out the horde of usurious money-lenders who infest New Jersey under the guise of mortgage loan companies. For years these sharks have preyed upon poor people who have been forced to go to them for loans, and in many cases the borrower, when unable to pay, has been obliged to see his household effects sold under the hammer to satisfy the illegal claim of the lender.

If the loan asked for amounted to $150, the borrower would receive $147.50, while the amount of the note given would be $158.25. The $2.50 deducted from the amount was for the expense of drawing up and recording the mortgage, while the $8.25 was the interest charged for one month, and that amount had to be paid each month that the note was renewed.

Mrs. Louise Hughson, of Newark, took her case into the Chancery Court. She had borrowed $150 from the Newark Mortgage and Loan Company, although she received only $147.50. She paid back $165, and still the company claimed that a large amount was due and threatened to foreclose.

Vice-Chancellor Emery heard the case, and in his decision to be filed to-day he will declare the obligation fully satisfied, and order the deliverance to Mrs. Hughson of the note and mortgage for cancellation.

SLAYER HOFFMAN GETS HIS WAGES.

Employer Sent Them to the Imprisoned Marble Worker in the Tombs.

A funeral gathering on the West Side; a frightened family huddled in a room on the far East Side of town and a father in a cell of the Tombs, was the position yesterday of the several factions in the Hoffman-Rocke shooting affray of Friday night.

The employer of the imprisoned marble-worker sent down his wages due and the messenger brought the further cheering information that a good lawyer had been engaged for him.

Hoffman now awaits the action of the Coroner and an early inquest will be held. He is more than anxious to tell his story, which he feels confident will exonerate him from all blame.

To a visitor yesterday he said that the workmen who had followed him across town on his way home carried some tools used in marble cutting and that he feared a death blow would be dealt him in the melee which had been provoked.

An Infant Boiled to Death.

Henry Jens, two years old, of No. 527 Liberty street, Union Hill, N. J., was literally boiled to death Saturday night. Mrs. Jens, his mother, filled a large boiler with hot water with the intention of giving the boy a bath. She turned her back on the child an instant and the boy fell into the boiling water. He died an hour later.

Bicycles.

BICYCLES, $9 to $25.

3,500 ass't'd makes. Highest grades, best tires; equipment A1; also 100 tandems, $28 to $40; tires, Hartford, Vim, Indiana, Peerless, Empire, etc., $1 to $2; lamps, 35c., $1.25; bdle bars, 25c.

JANDORF & CO., 321 Broadway.

Turf.

MORRIS PARK RACES

WESTCHESTER, N. Y.

10th Day, Tue day, Oct. 18th.

The Castleton, The McGrathiana and Four Other Races.

First Race at 2 p. m. Music by Conterno's Band. Take 2d ave. "L" to Willis ave., thence by Special Trains to Morris Park at 12:30, 12:45, 1:05, 1:25, 1:40, 2:00 and 2:15 p. m. FIELD 50 CENTS.