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

SPORTING NEWS TOLD BY EXPERTS.

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

CORBETT TALKS ABOUT SHARKEY.

Says the Sailor Will Get Well Punched When They Meet in the Ring.

HE IS IN FINE FETTLE.

Laughs at Coming Opponent's Remarks on His Change in Fighting Style.

James J. Corbett returned to town yesterday after his two weeks' stay at West Baden Springs, Ind. His eyes were bright and his skin was clear. When Corbett left here he looked careworn and his skin had a sort of saffron color. Corbett said he thought his visit to the springs had improved his condition 50 per cent.

While at West Baden he did considerable road work, covering at least fifteen miles a day. In his spins on the road Corbett was accompanied by his trainer and sparring partner, Jim McVey. McVey, who has assisted Corbett in his training for all his big contests, said that the former champion was never in finer trim and that he will enter the ring for his contest with Sharkey in perfect physical shape. Corbett now weighs 196 pounds, which is ten pounds heavier than he has ever weighed before.

The ex-champion has decided to use the Lenox Athletic Club house for his gymnasium work and his outdoor exercise will be taken in Central Park. His sprinting and running will be confined to the belt of territory circling the reservoir. Jim will start in this morning for his final work and will have Tom Carey as a sparring partner and Charley White as chief trainer. Every evening next week the ex-champion will punch the bag and go through a mild course of training on the stage of the Harlem Music Hall, and spar with his partner, McVey.

Corbett, when asked what he thought of Sharkey's style of fighting, which the sailor says he proposes to employ in his coming fight, said:

"So I am going to fight a new Sharkey, am I? Well, you can say for me that Mr. Sharkey will meet the same old Corbett. I hear Sharkey has become wonderfully clever since he joined forces with Tom O'Rourke and that he has decided to enter the scientific class of the new school of fighting, as he calls it. He must have made his improvement in the contest with Ruhlin, which lasted forty seconds, and gave him plenty of opportunity to show his cleverness. I never heard that Tom O'Rourke received any medals for teaching boxing. If Sharkey has really become clever and has forgotten his rough tactics, I say the public will see the greatest contest in the history of the ring.

"But why has Mr. Sharkey changed his aggressive tactics if they were not fouls? He claims that it was the Sullivan style of fighting. This is not the truth, and when I so make this statement I speak from experience. I am one of the many men who have fought Sullivan and I do not remember the former champion ever trying to throw me through the ropes. Sullivan's style was never criticised, but was recognized as the fairest in the world. It would be even popular today if used the same as Sullivan used it, but would not be effective with clever men of the present time and therefore may be looked upon as a thing of the past.

"If Sharkey, in his contest with me, will do no more than punch me or try to hit me, I will be perfectly satisfied. But the trouble with him is whenever he fails in his attempts to land, unlike Sullivan, he starts in to throw his opponent over the ropes, which he knows will end the battle unsatisfactorily.

"Regarding Sharkey's claim for high honors, I am of the opinion that he will change his mind about any championships after our contest. I don't think there is a man in the world who can beat me. I honestly believe that Sharkey is a good, strong proposition and may be capable of taking a good punching. Be this as it may, he had better come to the Lenox A. C. on November 22 prepared to take a good thumping, for if ever a man is going to get it, and get it good, that man is Thomas J. Sharkey, Esq."

SHARKEY SWUNG HIS GOOD RIGHT.

Aimed at Matchmaker J. J. Dowdell After a Legal Bout in Court.

Tom Sharkey, Gus Ruhlin, Lawyer Friend, Jack Dowdell, matchmaker of the Greater New York Athletic Club, and a host of legal talent and pugilistic small fry sparred for pointers, legal and otherwise, in the City Court, yesterday afternoon. The affair started as a plain, every day civil suit and came within an ace of ending as a free fight. The heavy weight boxers were suing the Greater New York Athletic Club for certain money due them from a purse for which they battled at Coney Island on July 29. The Court directed a verdict of $1,800 for Sharkey and $620 for Ruhlin, together with accrued interest at the rate of 5 per cent.

"Manny" Friend, counsel for the pugilists, had incurred the ire of Dowdell, and when the verdict was rendered the matchmaker leaned over and threatened to damage the little attorney's countenance. "I dare you to come outside," exclaimed Dowdell.

"Willingly," retorted Mr. Friend, who is not six feet tall. Sharkey sat beside his lawyer and overheard Dowdell's threat. Suddenly he started a right-hand swing, which Dowdell ducked. Tom O'Rourke, his manager; Charley White and several others of his party, were upon Sharkey in an instant. They pinioned his hands and prevented further trouble.

Tom O'Rourke led the thoroughly aroused Sharkey from the court room, followed by Ruhlin and Friend. Dowdell and his contingent of Coney Island fighters adjourned to the corridor first, however. It looked as if a free fight would take place in the hall. When Sharkey and his aids reached the door Dowdell was nowhere to be found.

The suit arose over the financial results of a bout between Sharkey and Ruhlin before the Greater New York A. C. last July. In stalling the club was over $2,000 shy. Dowdell refused to make good, alleging that Warren Lewis, then the club's match maker, overstepped his authority in dealing with the fighters. Furthermore, Dowdell contended that it was a "fake" fight, and that Sharkey and Ruhlin agreed to compromise on their share of the receipts.

Justice Conlan swept these arguments aside and decided that the club must live up to the contract made by Lewis.

KELLY KNOCKED OUT IN THE 14TH.

He Makes a Game Fight, as Gardner Breaks Sam's Rib in the Third.

BETTING IS VERY LIVELY.

A Big Crowd Sees the Sport in the Lenox Athletic Club's Arena.

By Right Cross.

A betting, roaring crowd quite made the Lenox Athletic Club look prosperous last night. The show was a fight between Oscar Gardner and Sammy Kelly at 116 pounds. It was scheduled for twenty-five rounds, but ended during the fourteenth.

Gardner proved himself a fighter of the championship calibre beyond a doubt. He had the fight won from the third round, but the crowd was not in a position to understand. Kelly says Gardner broke one of his ribs with a right hand jolt in that round. Under the circumstances he made a wonderfully game fight. A world of money changed hands, and it was all out at evens.

The preliminary introduced "Chip" Morrison, of Cincinnati, a pale, tall, tow-haired aspirant for fame, and Bob Dweyer, of New York, for ten rounds at one hundred and thirty pounds. Bob proved a tough customer, as he fought like a wild man all the way. Morrison beat his face till it looked a fright and jolted the body unmercifully, but Dwyer came on as cheerful as a Democrat on his way to the polls. He developed a low gurgling chuckle in the ninth, and, after taking his jabbing, began a laughing, swinging performance, in which he induced Morrison to join. For a second it looked as if he might cut his man down. The last round worked out about the same, Morrison tiring at the close. Dwyer did a world of trying, and kept coming, for which he received a draw.

The stars of the night were in the ring early after the preliminaries, looking things over and getting their corners comfortable. Oscar Gardner was seconded by Louis Green, Julius Mack, Harry Fischer and Hugh Arnold; Sammy Kelly by Larry Burns, Paddy Moran, Frank Peabody and J. McCauliy. The men agreed to fight until the order to break.

They began without a feint, both trying easy lefts and blocking. Then Gardner walked in and after an odd feint turned loose both hands. He had Kelly in a corner and sent them in so thick that, as the chance for footwork was limited, Kelly could not block them all and got a sound cuffing about the ears. On the break from the clinch, which came with a hug, Oscar turned his man around and again put him in the corner. They both sat down on the next try and the round finished without damage.

In the second Kelly began to try a bit and did a clever bit of jabbing, besides getting many a nice short jab inside of Gardner's left and right swings. Gardner's humorous deliberation kept the crowd in a wondering titter after every break.

In the third Kelly got in a series of stiff left and right jabs that set the crowd wild, but Gardner with the same matter of fact, lazy walk followed him about and turned everything loose on every lead. He had the better of it on a couple of occasions, shaking Kelly to his heels with lefts on the neck and rights to the body. Never for an instant did Kelly force things. Gardner followed him to a corner or until he stopped, then turned loose.

The fourth and fifth were the same. Gardner walking about with his hands at his sides until his man stopped, then either drawing a lead and sending in all kids of blows or giving the signal for the bombardment with a short left.

In the sixth Kelly began to lead more often, and did considerable work with the left. On several occasions he straightened Gardner up, and twice made him break when it came to close range. But Gardner was busy fighting all the time, and kept Kelly's face the color of a danger flag.

In the seventh Kelly grew still more confident, and began to show his form. He straightened Gardner's back like a ramrod with his straight left, and had the crowd yelling "That's the trick!" Gardner, who had been cautioned about striking low, again offended, and the referee glared at him, while the crowd howled. If there was an advantage it was Kelly's, who had steadied, and, having got Gardner's style figured out, was doing the more business.

The eighth was Kelly's, so far as landing was concerned, and the ninth also. He got to Gardner's face with straight lefts, and on two occasions in each round got the right fair on the jaw, as Gardner tried with his heavy hand at the body. But the jabbing seemed to have little effect, as Gardner fought on the same without showing a mark.

In the tenth Gardner again had a shade the better of it up to the last punch of the round. He got left and right fair on the body, and shot the left a few times with a smash to the face. He made Kelly break from every mix up, and wore a comfortable smile after every break. In the last rally Kelly got his right to the nose, and as they broke Gardner stood in Kelly's corner rosining his shoes with the little jig steps and smiling. His nose showed a bit red, however, and it is quite likely the smile and vaudeville performance was a blind. Kelly stood looking at him and wondered if he would go to him when the bell rang.

In the eleventh Oscar did a world of business. After getting both hands to the body and head time after time, he drew Kelly into a right swing which broke his nose and dazed him. He kept at him like a fury, and the Kelly money looked lost on the bell.

In the next he kept the same pace, bleeding Kelly afresh and all but closing his right eye. In the middle of the round Kelly fell on a left swing, which caught his neck. He stumbled over Gardner's foot, and the referee told Gardner he must be more careful not to trip. While this was going on Kelly walked to his corner, and on the order to box shook his head.

White waved him in, his seconds urged him, and he went. The crowd howled and said that Kelly lacked the heart to take a beating. He got the bell just then, and after the rest came to his Waterloo with as good a grace as ever man showed. Gardner gave him no rest and the end looked in sight.

It came after a couple of minutes' fighting in the fourteenth. Gardner swung a left hook to the jaw, then right, then left. Kelly wabbled and a short right dropped him. He arose at nine and went on dazed and bleeding. Gardner took his time, and Kelly, getting a left swing on the neck, staggering over against the right. Then the left fair on the point and Kelly's knees wabbled, his arms dropped limply forward, and he fell and rolled to his back. The fatal ten found him fighting to regain his feet.

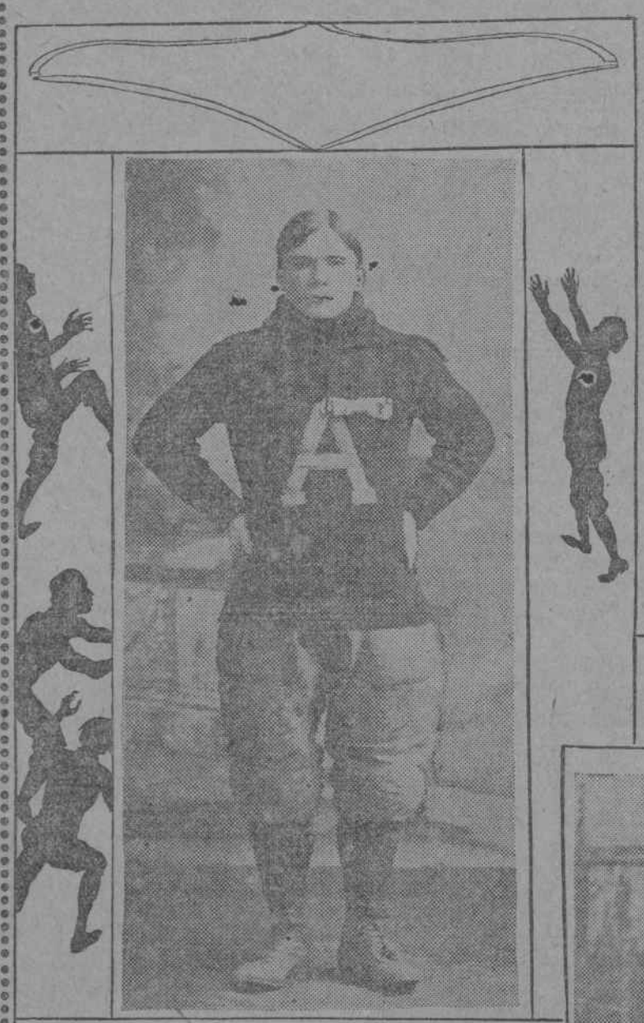
YALE VS. WEST POINT.

New Haven, Oct. 28.—The Yale football eleven left for New York shortly after noon to-day. They will play the West Point cadets to-morrow at West Point. Thirty-seven players were taken in all, probably the largest squad ever taken to a minor game. This was necessitated by the poor condition of the men. Manager Brown stated this morning that the men were in poor condition, and while they would probably put up a good game, they are not in proper shape for hard playing.

SOME FIERCE FOOTBALL GAMES SCHEDULED ON TO-DAY'S CARDS.

Yale Will Have a Hard Struggle with the Boys of Uncle Sam at West Point.

Harvard Tackles the Carlisle Indians; Tigers Play Brown at Providence and Penn Meets Chicago.



CADET LEON B. KROMER
CAPTAIN
WEST POINT FOOT-BALL TEAM

To-day's Football Games.

Yale vs. Cadets, at West Point.
Princeton vs. Brown, at Providence.
Pennsylvania vs. Chicago, at Philadelphia.
Cornell vs. Oberlin, at Ithaca.
Harvard vs. Carlisle, at Cambridge.
Lafayette vs. Naval Cadets, at Annapolis.
Wesleyan vs. Dartmouth, at Hanover.
Trinity vs. Williams, at Williamstown.
Lehigh vs. Bucknell, at Bethlehem.

By Harry Beecher.

THE West Point warriors are to line up against Yale's crippled aggregation this afternoon on the banks of the picturesque Hudson. There can be no question that the struggle will be close and exciting. The cadets have a habit of putting extreme energy and warlike earnestness into their gridiron battles. Had they the time for practice which is vouchsafed their opponents the results of their games might be inverted.

Yale's team that will face the West Pointers will hardly be up to the standard that the Blue is capable of. DeSanldes, Chamberlain and probably Cutten will be absent. Their best half backs will also watch the game from the side lines. Under these conditions there is no reason why West Point could not force the issue and make the result in doubt up to the last minute of the game.

Last year's game between these two rivals resulted in a tie, and loud were the assertions that Eli's sons could not possibly figure in the championship series. The carpers were mistaken, as was afterward proved. This year, no matter what the score may be, it cannot represent a true measure of strength between the two teams. With Captain Kromer's ability to drop field goals there is always the possibility of the soldiers scoring. In addition to this scientific department, West Point has a fine bucker in Romayne, who has few equals on the striped field. Foy, at tackle, is also a hard proposition. The game, in my judgment, should be won by Yale, not because she will have the best team on the field, but because her experience will aid her to display the best generalship, and the men in blue will no doubt exert their utmost pluck to avoid defeat.

Fair Harvard will attempt to scalp the poor Indians on Soldiers' Field, and should come out of the contest, if form plays any part, with considerable hair in her possession. The Indians have about the same team as last year, but they are running up against a snag, from the fact that they will meet the crimson when they are well advanced in the science of the game and in the best condition. There can be no doubt that the red men will show their usual grit and fierceness, but it cannot possibly survive the well planned and regulated plays that Captain Dibblee will aim at them. They may make a bluff in the first half and hold the score for a moderate limit, but their fate is certain and sure. If Harvard is wise she will not attempt to run up a large score, but will be content simply to defeat her opponent. With her game against Pennsylvania only a week off, it would be bad judgment to take any chances merely to appease her pride.

At Franklin Field Woodruff's band of Pennsylvania will try to show the University of Chicago how football should be played. The coach of this Western team, Stagg, is an old college mate of Woodruff's at Yale and the game should result in a duel between these two coaches as to which of the two is the more capable of teaching Yale principles to other colleges. The Chicago boys have shown themselves in their games to be the leaders of the Western circuit and claim that they can prove in to-day's game that the West must be considered in reckoning football championships.

The styles of the game as played by these two teams are not distinctly different; both resort to close mass play, Pennsylvania using the guard's back formation and Chicago relying upon the famous turtle back. It will be a case of smash! bang! and the players who survive the contest will at least be able to show a few red badges of courage. Chicago is fortunate in having a wonderful drop kicker, and through his ability Stagg hopes to score the winning points. It is certain that Penney is up against a serious opponent and will need all the wiles and science which have made her famous. She should win, but will have to waltz to a lively tune.

The Tigers have taken themselves off to the quiet town of Providence where they intend to trample upon Brown University, whom they consider farmers. Brown is not a difficult team to defeat this year, but whether it is right to afflict them with the name of football farmers I very much doubt. They will play fast and hard on their own ground and perhaps Princeton will owe them an apology for such a rude epithet before the game is finished. The Yellow and Black should be able to score enough points to carry off the game.

CAPTAIN CHAMBERLAIN
YALE TEAM.

Aqueduct Entries.

First Race—Selling; five furlongs.

Effervescent	109	Grievance	91
Clarobra	103	Lamity	99
Miss Order	95	Pot Pet	85
Annidale	94	St. Sophia	83
Morning	93	Fallela	84

Second Race—Selling; one mile and forty yards.

Blarneystone	99	Tyrian	102
Brentwood	104	Merlin	102
Nearest	103	Flax Spinner	97
Black Dude	103		

Third Race—Handicap; one mile and a sixteenth.

Warrenton	126	Handsey	102
Ben Eder	120	Brighton	94
Gala Day	116	Charlie Rose	92
Nosey	113		

Fourth Race—Five furlongs.

Captain Sigsbee	112	Lest Time	105
Saxony	112	Tyhan	102
Lady Lindsey	109	Lenola	102
Ninety Cents	109	Fool Hardy	100
The Gardener	105	Sir Christopher	97
Overboard	105	Cavalleria	97

Fifth Race—One mile and forty yards.

Free Lance	110	Marsion	103
Regulator	106	Filaremus	103
Cross Day	105	Blueglass	103
Tants	104	Danforth	102
Doggett	104	Hurns	99
Myth	104	Frobman	90

Sixth Race—Selling; seven furlongs.

Regie May	105	Hilldale	103
Tabouret	105	Sagacity	103
Cross Quick	105	L'Alouette	103
Fleeting Gold	103	Queen of Beauty	98
Lady Disdain	103		

A steadfast growth of half a century tells what COOK'S IMPERIAL CHAMPAGNE, extra dry, has—Gold Medal, World's Fair. *

WON FOR THE PRINCE.

Tod Sloane Has a Fairly Good Day in the Saddle at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting.

London, Oct. 28.—Tod Sloane had a fairly good day in the saddle at the last day's racing of the Newmarket Houghton Meeting to-day. On Mr. J. H. Musker's two-year-old bay filly School Girl he won a free handicap. Noble Duchess was second and Mr. Douglas Baird's bay filly Musa, by Martagan, out of Palmflower, finished third. There were nine starters and the betting was 9 to 2 against School Girl.

Golden Bridge won the (second) Limekiln Stakes. Prince Soltykoff's three-year-old bay colt Leisure Hour, ridden by Sloane, was second, and Mr. James R. Keene's four-year-old chestnut colt Voter was third. Six horses ran over the Rowley mile, and the betting was 7 to 2 against Leisure Hour.

The Old Cambridgeshire Handicap of 500 sovereigns was won by the Prince of Wales's bay filly Nunsuch, ridden by Tod Sloane. Seven horses ran over the Old Cambridgeshire course (one mile and 240 yards), and the betting was 6 to 1 against Nunsuch.

The Houghton Stakes, for two-year-olds, was won by Mr. R. A. Oswald's bay colt Scintillant. Sir R. Waldie Griffiths's Landrail, ridden by Sloane, was third. Seven horses ran over the Rowley mile, and the betting was 3 to 1 against Landrail.

The Criterion Nursery Handicap was won by Mr. F. Alexander's chestnut filly Selenus, by Lourdes, out of sister to Peace. Mr. J. H. Musker's bay filly School Girl, ridden by Sloane, was second. Fifteen horses ran, and the betting was 2 to 1 against School Girl.

A Selling Welter and Aged Stakes was won by McNeil, Cranesbill, the property of Lord Harewood, and ridden by Sloane, was second. There were ten starters in this event, and the betting was 5 to 1 against Cranesbill.

MANY NEW EXHIBITORS.

The entries to the forthcoming National Horse Show were made public yesterday. The most noteworthy point is the great number of new exhibitors represented. Among these are many well-known persons, such as L. V. Harkness, W. P. Thompson, Albert C. Bostwick, the Elkridge Hunt Club, J. S. Frelinghuysen, F. O. Beach, William Price Collier, C. H. Harkamp, Colonel Robert P. Baker, Miss Madeline Knowlton, Willard Parker, Jr., J. F. Bradley, Dr. C. C. McLean, J. Howard Ford, Major W. M. Grinnell, Mrs. W. G. Loew, Miss Helen D. Gallatin, Clarence H. Mackay and J. L. Conaway.

CRACK JOCKEYS SQUANDER RACES.

Backers Have an Unpleasant Afternoon at the Aqueduct Race Track.

SISTER FOX'S GOOD RACE.

Gets Away in Bad Shape, but Runs Through Her Field and Lands First.

By Francis Trevelyan.

It was a weary day for the unwary backer at Aqueduct yesterday, and the layer's homeward journey was cheered by thoughts of good American dollars stored up to keep the wolf from the door during Winter's stormy weeks. Two favorites won, but they were both at short prices—4 to 5 and 11 to 10 respectively—and so, little to the taste of the average bettor. The other winners all had some backing, but each of them upset one or more "good things" to which the public had intrusted its money.

Worst of all was the fate of those who pinned their faith to Danny Maher. Danny had six mounts, and the best he could do was to land second money in a three-horse race, with only a 60 to 1 shot behind him. Winning mounts were impartially divided, no jockey scoring more than once. Many of the supposed stars are riding badly at Aqueduct. Maher has never liked the track, and acts as if he was afraid to take any chances on it. Thus in the first race yesterday he got off badly with Prince of Wales, and being afraid to go up and through the bunch finished far back. Moody, on the other hand, was even worse away on Sister Fox, yet went through the field and was eventually able to win.

The track was not yet really dry, though far from being bad. In the best event of the afternoon, the one mile and forty yards for three-year-olds, the full distance was run in 1:44 1-5, and the first mile in 1:41¼. The going, at any rate, was not bad enough to offer any substantial excuse for horses failing to run up to form, and several needed such an excuse.

Sister Fox's performance in the first race was startling. She was well fancied by her stable, but a big plunge on Handcuff and a steady play on Rare Perfume and Prince of Wales, the last being the favorite, boosted her price and it went from fives to eights. The start would have been a splendid one if Mr. Pettingill had seized an opportunity, but after missing it he let the field go in shocking style.

Prince of Wales, determined to follow the example of his illustrious namesake, got left, but Sister Fox, Anitra and Somers were all nearly as badly off. Claptrap set the pace and was going so fast on the turn for home that he bolted clear to and nearly through the outer fence. Then Meddlesome showed in front, but Sister Fox, having made up her ground with rare resolution, won in the capital time of 1:02, while Handcuff also beat Meddlesome for the place.

Warrenton, at a difference of seven pounds from his last meeting with Swiftmas, was well backed and closed at 4 to 5, with 6 to 5 against Swiftmas. The outsider, Dan Rice, made the pace for six furlongs, when Swiftmas came on. Had Maher made more use of him he would probably have done better, for Warrenton came at him resolutely, though Clawson had all he could do to keep Warrenton straight. Maher, when he had to go to the whip, rode a bad finish, letting go of Swiftmas's head, so that the horse swerved badly. This let Warrenton win easily by half a length.

Klunikinic won the seven furlong handicap despite his 124 pounds. Hilee set a good pace, but Sensational took the lead in the stretch. If O'Connor had gone on about his business, the outsider would have won, but O'Connor preferred to keep looking back, and Spencer was thus able to get up with the favorite and win by a neck.

It was Clawson's turn to ride badly in the mile and forty yards selling race. Ruby Lips was a good mare yesterday, but at the head of the stretch Clawson let her swerve from her leading position on the rail to the outer fence. It was said that Continental was responsible, but how this could have been did not appear. Ruby Lips raced fast to the finish, but Estaca had reached the front and she could never again head him.

Tyrshena won the two-year-old six furlong selling race, though his stable did not fancy him much, and he went to the post at 6 to 1. The even money favorite, Kirkwood, led into the stretch, but Tyrshena got to him and won easily.

Wordsworth, at 6 to 1, won easily from a very bad lot in the last race, after cutting out the running. Dalgretti was second, but in swerving twice in the stretch fouled several horses, especially Sister Stella, and on complaint of Clawson and Jones was disqualified. Summaries:

First Race—For two-year-olds which had not won more than two races; selling allowances; $400 added; five furlongs.—F. Regan's Sister Fox, by Silver Fox—Astoria, 88 (Moody), 8 to 1 and 3 to 1, won; Handcuff, 96 (Clawson), 3 to 1 and 6 to 5, second; Meddlesome, 93 (Michaels), 20 to 1 and 8 to 1, third. Time, 1:02. Rare Perfume, Prince of Wales, Somers, Camotun, Bessie Taylor, Don Trap, Vermouth and Anitra also ran. Start bad. Won driving by a neck; a head between second and third.

Second Race—For three-year-olds; allowances; $400 added; one mile and forty yards.—W. L. Oliver's Warrenton, by Florist—Addie Warren, 118 (Clawson), 4 to 5 and out, won; Swiftmas, 118 (Maher), 6 to 5 and out, second; Dan Rice, 104 (H. Martin), 60 to 1 and 6 to 1, third. Time, 1:44 1-5. Start poor. Won easily by half a length; three lengths between second and third.

Third Race—Handicap, for all ages; $500 added; about seven furlongs.—Milltown Stable's Klunikinic, 4, by Candelmas—Flibbertigibbet (Spencer), 11 to 10 and 2 to 5, won; Sensational, 116 (O'Connor), 40 to 1 and 10 to 1, second; Swamp Angel, 110 (Maher), 4 to 1 and 7 to 5, third. Time, 1:27. Tinge, Manassas, Hilee and Nana H. also ran. Start bad. Won driving by a neck; three lengths between second and third.

Fourth Race—For three-year-olds and upward; selling allowances; $400 added; one mile and forty yards.—J. C. Quinn's Estaca, 4, by Emperor of Norfolk—La Cigoga, 106 (H. Martin), 4 to 1 and 7 to 5, won; Ruby Lips, 96 (Clawson), 7 to 2 and 7 to 5, second; Continental, 104 (Maher), 3 to 1 and even, third. Time, 1:45 2-5. Glonoine, Campania, Filament, Mazarine and General Macco also ran. Start bad. Won driving by a head; a length between second and third.

Fifth Race—For two-year-olds; selling allowances; $400 added; six furlongs.—G. B. Morris's Tyrshena, by Tyrant—Shena Yan, 102 (O'Connor), 6 to 1 and 2 to 1, won; Kirkwood, 106 (H. Martin), even and 2 to 5, second; Leando, 98 (Clawson), 4 to 1 and 7 to 5, third. Time, 1:16 1-5. Holden, Belgrave, Imitation, King's Pride, Sir Florian and Tenderse also ran. Start good. Won easily by two lengths; a head between second and third.

Sixth Race—For three-year-olds and upward, which had not won $500 in 1898; selling allowances; one mile and forty yards.—Adam Beck's Wordsworth, 4, by The Bard—Loyalty, 99 (Songer), 6 to 1 and 2 to 1, won; Sister Stella, 101 (Jones), 40 to 1 and 10 to 1, second; Brighton, 102 (Maher), 4 to 1 and 7 to 5, third. Time, 1:45 3-5. Myth, Her Own, Phillip, Pennetta, Saratoga, Talisman, Tants, and Ally also ran. Dalgretti finished second, but was disqualified for fouling. Start fair. Won easily.

To-day's Probable Winners.

At Aqueduct.

FIRST RACE—CLAROBA, EFFERVESCENT.
SECOND RACE—FLAX SPINNER, NEAREST.
THIRD RACE—WARRENTON, NOSEY.
FOURTH RACE—LADY LINDSEY, CAPTAIN SIGSBEE.
FIFTH RACE—GALA DAY, BLUEAWAY.
SIXTH RACE—L'ALOUETTE, TABOURET.

Anything to Advertise?

Use Sunday Journal "Wants." Largest circulation. Results Monday morning. *

YALE'S GOLFERS WIN EVERYTHING.

Harvard, Princeton and Columbia Men All Beaten by Sons of Eli.

SMITH AND REID TO-DAY.

They Meet in the Final Round at Ardsley for Individual Honors.

By Duncan Curry.

Yale obtained ample revenge at Ardsley yesterday, and is now sure of winning the individual intercollegiate golf championship, as only Yale men are in the final round, which will be played to-day. As a result of yesterday's play all of the Harvard, Columbia and Princeton players were beaten, and the championship lies between John Reid, Jr., and Walter B. Smith, who both hail from the Elm City.

On form Reid should have the best chance of winning, but unfortunately he does not always play up to his best form, so the experts think that Smith, who is a steady and nervy player, will pull off the championship.

The weather was nearly perfect for good golf yesterday, as there was no wind, and the warm sunshine tempered the chill Autumnal air. Play started at 10 o'clock, when the eight players who qualified on Thursday met in the first round at match play.

Cutting, of Harvard, and Murphey, of Princeton, were the first pair to start out, and the Harvard man led off by winning the first three holes. Murphey then settled down, but was finally beaten by 3 up and 1 to play. Reid, of Yale, and Stuart, of Princeton, had a very close match. They were even up at the ninth hole, but Reid, playing the steadier game, managed to finish ahead by 2 up and 1 to play.

In the match between W. B. Smith, of Yale, and C. Fellows, of Columbia, the Yale man had an easy time of it, winning by 5 up and 3 to play. Then Choate, of Harvard, wound up the morning's play by beating W. H. Dixon, of Columbia, by 6 up and 5 to play. This left Smith and Cutting and Reid and Choate to fight it out in the semi-final round in the afternoon, or Yale against Harvard.

In the Smith-Cutting match both players were very nervous at the start and the result was rather indifferent golf for the first half of the match. At the ninth hole they were even; also at the fourteenth hole, but Smith's game improved as he went along, and he drew away at the finish and won by 3 up.

The match between Reid and Choate was chiefly remarkable for the Yale man's sensational play, and Reid would have undoubtedly broken the record for the links if he had played out the bye holes. As it was Reid won by 6 up and 4 to play. Reid and Smith will meet in the final round at 36 holes to-day. Scores:

FIRST ROUND.

W. Bayard Cutting, Harvard—
Out..... 4 4 4 4 5 4 5 7 6—43
In..... 4 5 4 5 4 10 5 5 5—47—90

C. H. Murphey, Princeton—
Out..... 5 4 5 3 5 5 4 8 5—45
In..... 5 4 3 5 5 6 6 6 5—45—90

Cutting won by 3 up, 1 to play.

J. Reid, Jr., Yale—
Out..... 5 5 4 4 5 5 5 5 4—42
In..... 5 4 3 5 5 4 5 5 5—41—83

J. Stuart, Princeton—
Out..... 4 5 6 3 6 8 5 5 4—45
In..... 6 4 4 5 4 5 5 5 7—45—90

Reid won by 2 up and 1 to play.

W. B. Smith, Yale—
Out..... 4 4 4 3 6 5 4 7 5—42
In..... 6 4 4 4 5 4 4 5 5—41—83

C. Fellows, Jr., Columbia—
Out..... 4 4 6 3 7 6 5 7 5—47
In..... 4 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 5—41—88

Smith won by 5 up and 3 to play.

J. H. Choate, Jr., Harvard—
Out..... 4 4 5 4 5 5 4 5 5—41
In..... 5 4 4 5 5 —18—59

W. H. Dixon, Columbia—
Out..... 5 5 4 5 6 6 5 5 5—46
In..... 5 4 5 5 —19—65

Choate won, 6 up and 5 to play.

SEMI-FINAL ROUND.

W. B. Smith, Yale—
Out..... 6 4 5 4 5 5 4 7 5—45
In..... 5 5 3 4 4 4 4 6—39—84

W. Bayard Cutting, Harvard—
Out..... 5 7 6 3 5 6 4 5 5—46
In..... 6 4 5 5 3 8 5 5 6—47—93

Smith won by 3 up, 1 to play.

John Reid, Jr., Yale—
Out..... 3 5 5 4 5 4 4 5 5—38
In..... 4 5 4 5 4 —23—61

Joseph H. Choate, Jr., Harvard—
Out..... 4 5 5 3 6 8 4 5 6—46
In..... 6 5 4 5 5 —25—71

Reid won by 6 up and 4 to play.

PRINCETON VS. BROWN

Princeton, Oct. 28.—The [illegible] 1:20 o'clock this afternoon for Providence, where they play Brown to-morrow. No large score is anticipated by Tigertown, and it is believed that the Browns will score against the sons of Nassau. Princeton went through no practice to-day, for the men were given a rest after yesterday's hard practice against the scrubs.

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Racing Every Day at 2 P. M.
Admission to grand stand, $1.50. Ladies, $1.00. Race trains leave E. 34th st., 10:50 A. M., 12:20, 12:50, 1:15, 1:50 P. M. Flatbush ave., 12:25, 1:15, 1:54 P. M. Stages connect Kings Co. L.

MEN'S DISEASES.
All secret and private ailments of men cured in a few days; skin troubles, blood poisoning, nervous debility and general weakness restored. Go to the Hallett New York Medical Institute and consult the great blood and nerve specialist, 216 East 16th st., near 3d ave.; no charge unless cured; hours, 9 to 9. Sundays included.