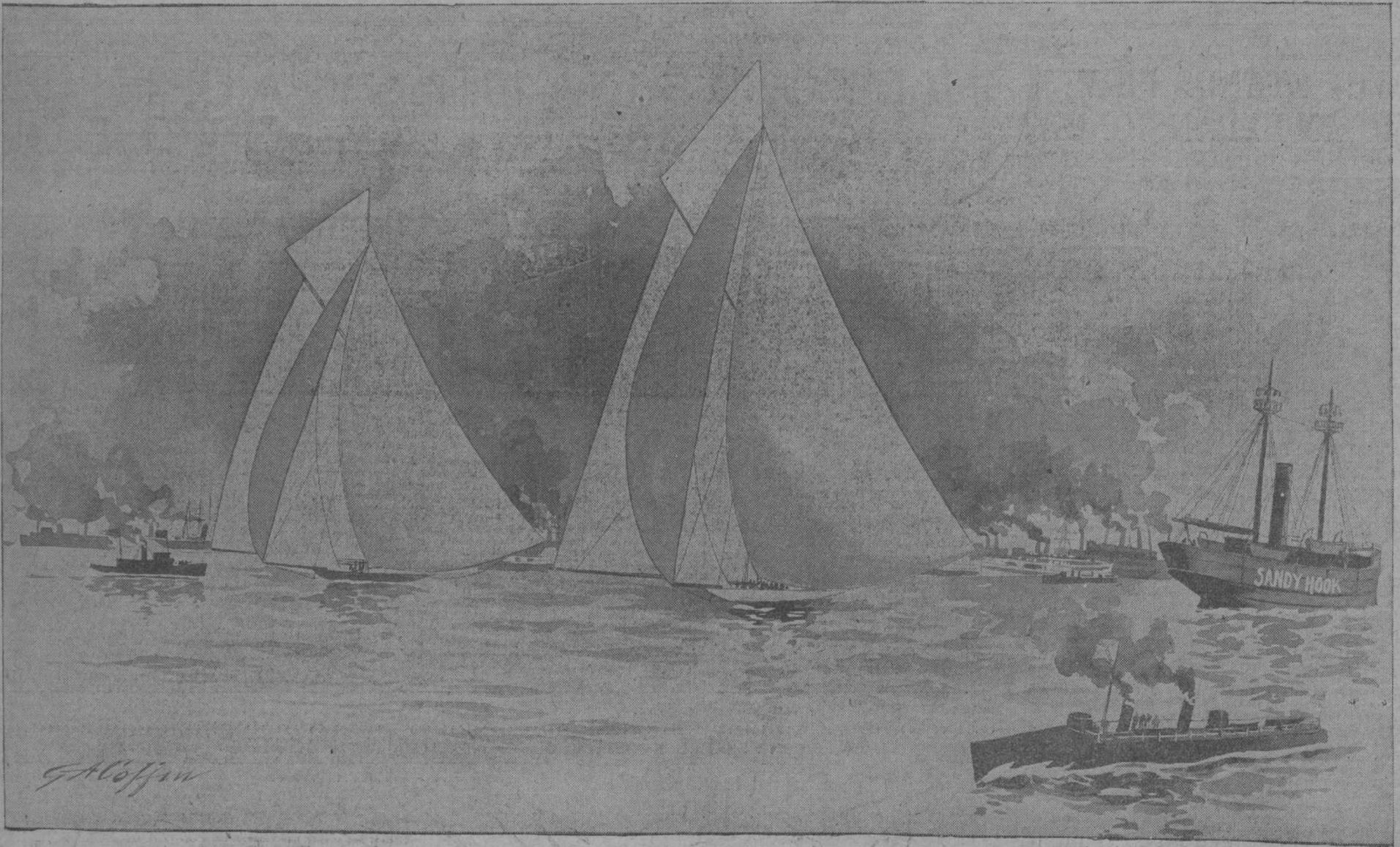


EDISON, ON THE ERIN, SUGGESTS AN IMPROVEMENT IN SAILS. CAPT. EVANS ALMOST SENDS AN OFFENDING BOAT TO THE BOTTOM.



START OF THE SECOND FRUITLESS CUP RACE—COLUMBIA CROSSES THE LINE FIRST.

THROUGH MIST AND HAZE THEY RIFT.

Listless Sails Flapping Idly O'er a Waveless Sea of Glass Make the Yachts Look Like Ghosts in the Gray Fog.

were doing all around her, and looked the cheerless, gloomy, and hopeless, and a growing dread in the heart of every American who looked on of the mysterious green boat with which Sir Thomas seems already to have done some "trifling."

All Over; No Race.

Columbia's men must have seen the flash. Before the note of the gun had ceased to echo down the guard lines, her ensign had dropped her fibropal halyards were let go, and the sail began to flutter down the stay. Faster than it can be told or written, Shamrock followed suit, and both yachts swung off the wind. The sunlight, falling full on their sails, cut them out clear of the mist like applique patterns. Then with one accord they snatched the sheets off and slipped away toward home. As if by hypnotic mandate every sail in the great fleet about-faced and forged back over the fruitless miles it had journeyed.

And thus ended the second day—in nothing save another nip-and-tuck struggle against conditions that were hopeless, and a growing dread in the heart of every American who looked on of the mysterious green boat with which Sir Thomas seems already to have done some "trifling."

The steady qualities which she showed pointing and fore-reaching, plying always a mile of distance to windward from Columbia; the alacrity of her masters in devising their shifts of sail, and the deftness with which her crews carried out the work, all told the same story and it was with just a shade of self-congratulation on the whole, that the partisans of Columbia started homeward at the gun fire, with the turning buoy, unpassed, four good miles away.

A Breeze; Too Late.

Scarcely had the fleet started up for the city, when the breeze, which all day long had been lurking in the south, began to blow merrily, and when the Lawrence and Flint got under way with the yachts in tow, there was a rumpled sea that cast up a spray where the returning steamers hurried through it.

The day, from a weather standpoint, never fulfilled the promise of its morning. When, at a quarter to nine, the yachts, with mainsail at full hoist, passed out beyond the sandy head of the Hook and crept under tow for the lights, the mist hid the yachts left at anchor in the Horsehoe, and the steam craft already idling about the starting point were a faint blue in the broad ground of pink.

Vigilant, as on the former day, was heading down the course as a wind mark for the crews, Columbia was first to cast off the row line, and stood down to the start with mainsail, club topsail, jib and foresail set. A few minutes later Shamrock, under like sail, followed close hauled on the starboard tack. After a few minutes she being sent aloft by its studd.

Mrs. Iselin Watches Shamrock.

Now and then she studied the Shamrock, which was hacking and flitting about the north-west. In white dannel, with blue cuffs and collar and a blue band about her jaunty sailor hat, she harmonized well with the nautical folk and the nautical work they

BEN PARKER SAILS THE CHALLENGER.

Shamrock's Sailors Joyful Over the Boat's Showing.

Captain Ben Parker, sailing master of Kaiser Wilhelm's Meteor, stood at the tiller of the Shamrock during yesterday's race. His was the master's mind that watched Barr in all the labored tactics of the day. All aboard admit this, after the Journal's exclusive story of his presence on the yacht.

A tender from the Journal steamer Long Island ran alongside the Plymouth after the Shamrock's crew had come aboard. Every man was in a jubilant frame of mind, for all that the second race had turned out only a second drifting match. "Light weather, are, or foul," one of the men laughed. "We'll show the Columbia that we know something ourselves. It was a drift, to be sure, mon, but we're good as they follows when light airs is all that's blowing."

Captain H. Rosarth, under orders from Sir Thomas Lipton, would not talk. But one of the other officers aboard, one associated with the yacht's management, freely discussed the day's events.

"I think these two dukes," said he, "have surprised people. We're as good as the Columbia, every bit. A bit better, in fact."

"How do you account for the Columbia pulling up in the lead, then?"

"Oh, she had a better wind; she caught a puff we didn't feel. When we quit we were three or four lengths ahead, and still at it, when Iselin hauled us. He said 'Will you call it off?' We agreed, so we turned home then."

"The people giving us odds will wake up a bit when they see what we've done today. Our boat's the best ever brought to this side of the Atlantic."

"I have," yelled a voice beyond, some where out of the darkness. There was a long laugh in answer to the challenger's words, and an answering cry with it: "Your money's good, then, me lad!"

HOWARD GOULD WINS CHEERS.

Howard Gould's steam yacht Niagara received a warm ovation from the excursion steamers as she sped down the bay yesterday morning.

On the forward deck was a band of Hungarian musicians and singers, costumed in green and scarlet. To the accompaniment of mandolins they sang ballads, sea songs and classical compositions.

As the yacht passed the big side-wheeler Columbia, the musicians, at a suggestion from Mr. Gould, turned their faces toward the excursion boat and sang for the benefit of its passengers.

"Three cheers for the singers," shouted a man on the Columbia, and they were heartily given.

A CROWDER NEARLY RUN DOWN BY EVANS

Manning Misses the Old J. S. Warden by About Four Feet.

Captain W. H. Roberts, on the revenue cutter Manning, gave the pilot and crew and passengers of the excursion steamer J. S. Warden a fright yesterday that they will not soon forget.

Captain Evans whistled to the Warden that she was out of bounds and to get back into her proper place. The pilot paid no attention. Captain Roberts pointed the Manning straight for the offending vessel and bore down upon her at full speed.

Then only did the Warden's pilot change his position. He was trying to get his craft away, as on came the Manning. She was going like a streak and was so close that a collision appeared inevitable.

The officers could not make out what it all meant and must have feared that "Fighting Bob" and Captain Roberts were in wicked mood because of their offence and intended to run the Warden down as a terrible example.

Mates and deck hands ran aft, where it seemed the Manning would certainly strike. Passengers dashed forward for possible safety, for it was plain that if the Manning struck the ancient Warden it would be all up with every one on board.

At the critical moment, when all on both vessels held their breath in suspense, Captain Roberts backed his boat at full speed and ordered the wheel hard over.

His orders were not a second too soon. The nose of the Manning swung around and she shot by the stern of the Warden, mere feet less than four feet. Some declared that the wind from the Manning blew the paint off the Warden.

"Next time you get within that line," yelled Captain Evans through the megaphone, "I'll take the whole stern off your yawning crew."

The Warden behaved after that. The converted yacht Alceon, Lieutenant Ford, manned by a detail from the Second Battalion, Naval Militia, offered its services to Captain Evans. The Alceon's chief performance of the day was to convey Captain Evans's laconic order to Sir Thomas Lipton to "get out of there and quick."

The chief had hauled himself tired at the English yacht, just as if the Erin had been nothing more than a garbage scow, but was not understood. The Erin was doing its best to get across the bows of the competing yacht, but was moving slowly so as to give as little of her wash as possible. Sir Thomas accepted the reproof good naturedly and hurried.

Among the guests of Captains Roberts and Evans and Lieutenant Brown, executive officer, on the Manning, were Mayor William Maybury and Police Commissioner George W. Fowler, of Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Topping, Colonel Dickinson, U. S. A., retired; Captain Frank Newcomb, who commanded the Hudson when she saved the Winslow at Cardenas; and General George J. Schoeffel, who acted as host for the busy skippers.

Disappointment in London.

London, Oct. 5.—There was a repetition of the scenes of Tuesday night in Fleet street and along the Thames embankment this evening, and the interest was keenly maintained until the abortive result of the race was known, when great disappointment was expressed.

STEAM YACHTS RACE FOR HEAVY WAGERS

Col. O. H. Payne Wins \$3,000 by Beating His Nephew, H.P. Whitney.

Returning steam yachts from the race course yesterday engaged in several exciting contests. Perhaps the most spirited was that between Colonel Oliver H. Payne's Amphitrite and Mr. A. B. Widener's recently built Josephine. With Mr. Widener were about forty friends, including Harry Payne Whitney, Colonel Payne's nephew. The race was over a course thirty-four miles long. Colonel Payne arranged the contest from the bridge of the Amphitrite.

"I'll bet \$500 we beat you!" shouted Mr. Whitney.

"Make it a thousand," answered Colonel Payne. They "raised" each other until the bet was \$3,000 a side.

At the sixteenth mile the Amphitrite began to crawl ahead, and the Josephine was unable to catch her. Off Governor's Island the Amphitrite was a mile ahead. This ended the race.

When Captain Payne's yacht, the Corsair, and J. P. Donald's Kanawha met each other near the finish of the Columbia-Shamrock course, and a challenge was given and taken. Off Liberty Island the Kanawha crossed the Corsair's bows, winner by a few lengths.

When Captain Payne of the steamer Grand Republic landed at the Battery last evening he laughed at a rumor that his boat had been in a collision. The report probably started from the fact that the steam yacht Trophy, because of a defective whistle, confused the Grand Republic as to a signal, causing the craft to come dangerously near.

STEAMBOAT BLOCK ISLAND IN THE VAN.

Flying the proud flag of the New York Journal—foremost wherever great events are happening—the handsome three-deck steamboat Block Island led a long line of pleasure boats down the North River yesterday. She left her dock at the foot of Warr's street at 9 a. m., and darting through a maze of craft, sped on to Sandy Hook in time to take up the advantageous position permitted her as press boat, in time to see the white-winged rivals "jockeying for a start."

The Block Island slackened her pace when just behind the centre of the starting line, and when the last signal had been given and the yachts started away the Block Island followed along, foremost of the wrangling boats. The slightest gain or loss of either yacht, every change of position, every manoeuvre was first noted on the Journal's deck.

Although with a capacity of 1,500 passengers, the Block Island set a limit of 600 sightseers, and all overcrowding or listing of the boat was avoided.

As the yachts lazily drifted along and the spirits of the sport-lovers were about to droop, Panclaus's seventy-first Regiment Band started up a medley of popular airs, and other boats crowded around to listen to the inspiring melodies.

Never for a second were the yachts hidden from the view of the Block Island's delighted passengers.

Evans' Ale is Noted for the rest and completeness with which it rounds off a meal or busy life.

EDISON SUGGESTS YACHT AEROPLANE.

Famous Inventor Interests the Other Guests on the Erin by an Entirely New Idea—Richard Croker and Foreign Noblemen on Board.

"Whether we lift the cup or not," said Sir Thomas Lipton on the Erin yesterday just after the Shamrock and the Columbia had crossed the line and started on their drifting match, "I shall have been equal for my effort, for we have on board the Erin the greatest man of the century. I count Thomas A. Edison's visit as the greatest honor ever paid to me. Mrs. Edison tells me this is the first day's real recreation she has taken for twenty years."

Of course, Mr. Edison could not see anything without seeing how it could be improved. His mind works that way.

"I do not know much about yachts," he said after critically watching the racers for some time, "but I cannot see why it would not be a good plan to rig an aeroplane above the mast to help hoist the boat along."

The yachts were running before the wind at the time, and the spinnaker and balloon jib were having a hard time dragging the heavy bodies over the sluggish sea. The aptness of the suggestion was forced upon those who stood about the wizard. If the yachts could be made lighter even the faint breeze that blew yesterday would skin them along.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Edison, getting into the subject, "the aeroplane could be flown good and big, a hundred feet long possibly, and that would lift five or ten tons, and that ought to make an appreciable difference. Of course, it would have to be rigged up high enough so as not to interfere with the one sail, the former Mayor of Belfast? They tax you for it in measuring?" asked a yachtman.

"I don't know anything about it," said Edison, "but I believe it could be done."

So the first really novel suggestion for the improvement of the sailing plan of yachts comes from a man who admitted that he had never been aboard one before in his life.

There was a distinguished party on the Erin yesterday. Besides the great Edison there were Lord Charles Bessborough, Rear Admiral of the British Navy, Member of Parliament and Commander of the Temple Yacht Club; the Right Hon. Arnold Morley, former Postmaster of Great Britain; the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, former Mayor of Belfast; two Belgian princes, Leopold and Reginald de Croÿ; Baron Ambrozy de Sedwitz, an Austro-Hungarian Lieutenant; Lord Chief Baron Palfrey of Ireland; Senator Beveridge, of Indiana; Richard Croker, Michael Cudahy, the Chicago beef magnate; William Gibson, noted in the London Guilds; Sir Henry Burdette and about fifty others, including many ladies.

Mr. Croker and Lord Charles Bessborough and Senator Beveridge formed a group and talked of many things while the racing yachts wobbled and drifted through the afternoon.

Mr. Croker was very much interested in the yachts.

"I should like to see them in a real wind," said he. "We can't tell anything about them from this. I do not know a great deal about yachts when we started, and now I know less."

One of the visiting Englishmen sought out Mr. Croker and introduced himself. "I feel as if I knew you, Mr. Croker," said the Englishman, "as I had a great deal to do with a great friend of yours in England. He talked much of you, and has a very high opinion of you. He must be a very intimate friend of yours."

"What was the name?" asked Mr. Croker. "Mr. Sheehan."

"Oh!" said Mr. Croker. "A friend rescued the puzzled Englishman and gave him a brief sketch of events in the history of Tammany Hall for the last few years. He knows more about it now."

"If Shamrock does not win," said Sir Thomas Lipton when the day's cruise was over, "it will not be for lack of luck tokens and good wishes. I received yesterday a cablegram from Glen Arnaugh reading: 'Tommy, don't make room for your uncle. I have also received twenty-five rabbits' feet, 400 or 500 four leaf shamrocks, as many roses and thistles, curtain ends—sure good luck omens—some of her-so-here and I don't know how many lucky coins and lucky-stones.'"

Continued on Fourth Page.

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