

TOLD OF THE VETERANS

GOWNS OF THE MOMENT

SPORTING NEWS

The Old Home.
An old lane, an old gate, an old house
By a tree,
A wild wood, a wild brook—they will not
let me be;
In boyhood I knew them, and still they
call to me.

Down deep in my heart's core I hear
them, and my eyes
Through tear-mists behold them beneath
the old-time skies,
Mid bee-bloom and rose-bloom and orchard
land arise.

I hear them, and heartless with longing
in my soul
To walk there, to dream there, beneath
the sky's blue bow,
Around me, within me, the weary world
made whole.

To talk with the wild brook of all the
long-ago;
To whisper the wood-wind of things we
used to know
When we were old companions, before
my heart knew woe.

To walk with the morning and watch its
rose unfold;
To drowse with the noontide, lulled on its
heart of gold;
To lie with the night-time and dream the
dreams of old.

To tell to the old trees and to each listening
leaf
The longing, the yearning, as in my boy-
hood brief,
The old days, the old love, would ease my
heart of grief.

The old lane, the old gate, the old house
By the tree,
The wild wood, the wild brook—they will
not let me be;
In boyhood I knew them, and still they
call to me.
—Madison Kewen, in the Criticon.

COMES OF FIGHTING FAMILY.

Baby By Right Took Part in Last Memorial Day Parade.

Grandson of a veteran of the civil war, son of a veteran of the civil war, nephew of two veterans of the civil war and the youngest son of a veteran in the country who ever took part in a Memorial day parade is 2-year-old Charles Henry Potter, Jr., of Bridgeport, Me. And pride in these distinctions is shared by all members of the family. Charles Henry Potter, Jr., of Bridgeport Post 27, G. A. R., of that town.

With his 25 inches of height and his 26 pounds of weight the little fellow took part in the Memorial day parade. Seated in his mother's lap, in one of the carriages assigned to the Woman's Relief Corps, Charles Henry, Jr., waved his flag and crowded his approval of the marching comrades of his sire and grand sire.

Baby Potter is descended from a fighting family. His grandfather, Otis Potter, was the father of fourteen children, all boys and all alive to-day. At the breaking out of the rebellion Potter and one son, Frank, enlisted in the Twenty-first Massachusetts Infantry, another son, Fernando M., took service in the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, and Charles Henry, father of the little fellow, went to the front with company A, Thirty-second Maine. All four men came through the terrible struggle, but to-day Otis Potter is dead, and his grave is one of those which Charles Henry, Jr., helped to decorate.

Three times has Charles Henry Potter been married, and he has three sons. Lightly do his 58 years sit upon him. Hale and sturdy, he serves as mail carrier on one of the rural free delivery routes, and ever a day, rain or shine, does he fail to make his 25-mile circuit.

But Mr. Potter does not look his age, and when he sought admission to a Grand Army gathering in Portland, to which he was a delegate, the soldier on guard refused to admit him, saying: "Stand back, sir; stand right back. Don't flatter yourself that so young a chap as you can play the 'old vet' racket on us."

When the day's work is over Mr. Potter delights to take his baby on his knee and talk of the old days, of the forced marches, of the terrible slaughters, of the foraging expeditions, of the little kindnesses shown by the soldiers of both sides to one another, of the five long months he passed in the prison stockade at Saugsbury, N. C., and of his inspection by "Jeff" Davis.

And though Charles Henry, Jr., can understand little of what he hears, he listens intently to the stories and experiences.

In the late summer and early fall of 1864 the 25th Maine was one of the many regiments engaged about Petersburg. On the morning of Sept. 30 Potter and some 40 others of his regiment were sent out foraging. But the success of their raid was spoiled by the sudden appearance of the 4th North Carolinians, who surrounded the men from Maine and made them prisoners.

Immediately they were bundled aboard a cattle car, and with two more cattle cars filled with "Yanks" were started on their way to the great prison pen at Saugsbury, an enormous stockade, dreaded by the Union soldiers almost as much as the death hole at Andersonville.

Fortunately for Potter and his fellows their car was guarded by a detail from the men who had captured them. Constant intercourse for several weeks, even though conducted by bullets from behind trenches and barricades, had given these foes a wholesome respect for one another, which ripened into good feeling when they were brought into such close contact. And before the train had covered much of the distance between Petersburg and Saugsbury the "rebs" were hobnobbing, so far as their military duty would allow, and were exchanging tobacco and experiences with their prisoners.

Indeed, the southerners seemed to have little relish for their task of guarding captives en route to Saugsbury, and even the color bearer declared that he was serving in the Confederate army against his wish.

As the train rolled up to the station at Goldsboro and stopped the prisoners noticed a great crowd and many officers of high rank. Having made stops at all the towns through which they had passed, the Union soldiers thought nothing of the stop at Goldsboro till one of them called attention to the length of time they were held. And they wondered at the cause.

But of a sudden word was sent down the line that "Jeff" Davis was coming to look them over. The news caused a commotion, for the men were all eager to see the president of the Confederacy. It chanced that Mr.

Davis had delivered a political address in Goldsboro and had arrived at the station with several members of his cabinet and escort just as the prison train had pulled in. And the obliging railroad officials had held the train that their president might see, without danger, some of the "Yankee hirelings."

With his escort at his heels the southerner, clad in his gray, an old-fashioned sack coat, a high collar and a black stock cravat affected by the gentlemen of that time, and a gray felt hat, went from car to car. As the side door of the car in which were Potter and his companions was slid back the men crowded forward, craning their necks to catch sight of the terrible "Jeff." And before they realized it they were gazing into his eyes.

From one man to another the southerner shifted his sharp eyes, taking each one in from head to foot. In the moment they looked the prisoners saw the dignity, the kindly expression of face of the man who had torn the nation asunder, and marvelled at the well built, firmly knit, lithe figure and the thin face, with its sharp, piercing eyes. And the Confederate leader saw the determination, the strength, the grit in the eyes of his northern foemen. Both were impressed.

"Suddenly an arrogant southerner cried: 'Here, Yanks,' give three cheers for President Davis."

The Union soldiers drew back as though struck in the face. Then one of them shouted: "If you'll give three cheers for Gen. Grant, we'll give three cheers for Mr. Davis." And there was no mistaking the significance of the accent placed on the mister.

But the dignity of the famous "reb" stood him in good stead, and, taking no notice of the incident, he walked along to the other cars, a smile on his face.

The inspection finished, Mr. Davis and his party walked briskly back to the station, and the prison train was sent on its way. But as the train pulled out several "Yanks," still smarting under the memory of the cheers asked for President Davis, gave voice to their feelings by shouting, "We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree."

Arrived at the stockade at Saugsbury the prisoners were turned in with the 10,000 others already there. Horrible were the sufferings and privations of the men confined in that pen. On some days they were given a few ounces of bread, on others a little meal mixed with cold water, but without salt, and on still others they received nothing at all. When at the end of the five long, weary months, Mr. Potter was released, his weight had dropped from 140 to 80 pounds.

To-day it is his fondest hope that little Charles will grow up, serve his country, if need there be, and be the father of sons who will uphold the record of the family.

Col. Corcoran's Career.

Near Fairfax Court House, Va., Dec. 22, 1863, Col. Michael Corcoran met his death by the fall of his horse upon him while riding with Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher. He was born in Carrowkeel, County Sligo, Sept. 21, 1827, the son of a captain in the British army. Appointed to the Irish consular when 18, he resigned in 1849 from motives of patriotism and came to New York, where he became a clerk in the postoffice and later held a clerkship under the city register. Entering the Sixty-ninth regiment as a private he rose from grade to grade and became its colonel in August, 1859. For refusal to parade his regiment in 1860 in honor of the Prince of Wales he was brought before a court martial, which was still trying him when the outbreak of the civil war convinced the military authorities that the nation had better uses for a fighting Irishman than to try him. On the first call for troops the Sixty-ninth went to the front, possibly a little in front of that, and at Bull Run Col. Corcoran was captured and kept in close confinement for more than a year, and to add to the discomforts of prison life he was one of the officers reserved for execution in case the Federal government should carry out its announced purpose of executing the crews of privateers. Released on exchange Aug. 15, 1865, he was commissioned Brigadier General of Volunteers and organized the Corcoran Legion. After checking the advance of the enemy upon Norfolk in the spring of 1863, the Legion was assigned to the Army of the Potomac in August of the same year, and was a portion thereof at the time Gen. Corcoran met his death.

Captured Gen. Lee's Son.

It was considerable of a surprise to his neighbors when David D. White, of the little village of Charlemon, a few miles from North Adams, Mass., just over the mountains, where he has lived for thirty years, said he was going to make a trip to North Adams to attend the circus. He had always remained close at home. He made the trip, and it did the old man lots of good.

White served with the Thirty-seventh Massachusetts all through the civil war, and he recalls with delight an experience he had after the battle of Sailor's Creek, near Appomattox April 6, 1865. He got out beyond the lines, when he noticed a Confederate who was also alone and who was making for the woods. White called upon the Confederate to halt, but the latter refused until White threatened to shoot.

White marched his prisoner to camp, where he was found to be no other than Gen. Custis E. Lee, son of the commander-in-chief, Robert E. Lee. The prisoner was paroled, and three days later his father surrendered to Gen. Grant, and the war was over.

We are not here to have facilities found us for doing the work we like, but to make them.—Matthew Arnold.

Mock Turtle Soup.
Take a scalded calf's head, boil it in hot water for twenty minutes, drain and put in cold water, then place it in a saucepan with three quarts of water, a carrot, an onion, four cloves, a few branches of parsley, a tablespoonful of flour in a little water, which add to the other ingredients and boil gently for an hour and a half. Drain, and when cold cut the calf's head into small pieces, then add three pints of Spanish sauce, boil gently twenty minutes, and just before serving also add one good glass of sherry, a little red pepper and two hard boiled eggs, chopped up, the yolks and whites separately, and the peel of a lemon cut in small pieces.

Advice for Mothers.
When making baby's short clothes, mothers will find it a great saving if they will do the following two simple things: Make the neckbands of the little dresses a trifle larger than necessary, then draw very narrow tapes through, and when making the sleeves cut them a little longer than required, and sew two horizontal tucks below the elbow. If this is done, as baby grows and his little arms lengthen, the tucks can be let out, and the string round his neck need not be tied so tightly. In this way the little dresses will last much longer without being outgrown.

For the Traveler.



Traveling costume of mixed cloth trimmed with dark red braid.

How to Fix Silk Stockings.

Who dances must pay the piper, and who wears fine clothes must go to trouble. And the purport of this is that if you will wear silk stockings and can't afford a maid to wash them for you, you'd better do it yourself, rather than send them out with the ordinary wash.

Some experts say that delicate silk and lace stockings should always be cleaned with benzine, but benzine is so odorous that it should be used only when absolutely necessary, and here it is not. The most cobwebby quality will come out whole and unstrained if they are washed in bran water.

Buy the bran at a drug store, and, if one is going away for the summer, take a quantity of it. Put a handful of it into a basin of tepid water, souse and squeeze the stockings in it and rinse in the same way. Do not wring, and if the stockings are colored, be sure to dry in the shade and, what is better still, in the dark, that they may not fade. If washed in the afternoon and hung near a window, they will dry overnight.

In Laundered Materials.

Freshly cleaned or laundered mulls, laces and linens appeal to every woman of refinement far more than richer materials and accessories that can not be cleaned, and so it is more probable that the present reign of lingerie accessories for run-about shopping, traveling and gowns for other than ceremonies or evening wear will continue.

Short skirts—and they seem to grow shorter every week—with short Etons having elbow sleeves and cut away around the neck to a V-shaped section of the white underbust, or else bodices gathered into a belt and with elbow sleeves and deep V's designed to meet the new gumples and under-sleeves fad, are seen on many fashionable women. Sometimes these gumples and sleeves are of rich crochet over some thin material. In this case the undersleeves are tight cuffs from the elbows to the wrists and the stock attached to the gumples is high and is feather-boned.

Suspender Frock.

The suspender frock is pretty and practical enough to hold its own throughout the season. One costume of this sort is a trifle less infantile than the regulation suspender models. It is made of soft-finish taffeta in "Alice" blue and has a skirt with small box plaits all around flaring from knee depth. A short, jaunty bolero with wide collar and straps gives an exceedingly chic effect; these are embroidered in self-tone silk. The tops of sleeves are silk and the deep cuff matches the lingerie blouse worn under the jacket.

Meddling With the Posies.

A new and popular fad is to have flowers of peculiar colors, different from that which nature gives them. To effect a change in the color of a flower, pour a little ether into a small glass, and to it add one-tenth of its quantity of strong ammonia water. With this simple and easily made mixture you may change to a bright green

any flower that is red or violet. All you have to do is to dip the flower into the mixture, and the change will at once take place.

Yellow flowers are not changed by this process, but white ones usually turn to a yellow or a deep orange tone.

The action of the fluid is almost instantaneous, and you may vary the experiment by sprinkling some flowers, instead of dipping them, which will give a spotted effect.

Somewhat similar results may be produced by using ammonia only, but the process is a longer one.



Don't dry the face with a rough towel if you want to keep the skin smooth; instead use a fine damask one, and "dab" the face with it. This preserves the delicate appearance of the skin.

One dry hair an effective wash is for part glycerine to three parts rose-water, with five grains of salt of tartar to about one-half pint of the lotion. All lotions must be well shaken before using.

Clean windows in damp weather with a little methylated spirit, and you will have no difficulty in polishing them.

Stains on the hands can be removed by rubbing with salt moistened with lemon juice.

A grease spot can be removed from leather by applying a little benzine. It may make the surface dull, but you can restore the polish with the white of an egg.

Preparing for September.

If a woman is choosing a serviceable fabric for an early September gown, she could do no better than to pick up some bargains of fine French voile. We have gotten somewhat tired of these in America, for few are worn here, yet the women who are coming back from Paris are bringing one or two in their trunks.

Of all these, the prettiest are the Rob Roy plaids in Alice blue and cream and magenta and white. These are made with box-plaited skirts and surplised blouses with round chemise and long light sleevelets of fine white batiste and Valenciennes and Mechlin insertions, all done by hand.

With them are worn high soft belts of crushed leather in ivory white.

Pickled Cherries.

Pickled cherries are the most delicious of relishes, and one that cannot be purchased for love or money. For this purpose select large, rather tart, cherries with the stems on, wash and pack into fruit jars, making them about three-quarters full. Bring to a scald one quart of cider vinegar, one cupful of white sugar, two dozen whole cloves and twelve blades of mace, with a few pieces of stick cinnamon. Cool and pour over the cherries, screw the tops on tightly and keep in a cool, dark place.

Boudoir Confidences
Sleeves keep up an interesting variety.

Get ready to wear a polonaise. Somebody says they're coming.

Particularly is velvet ribbon for trimming in high esteem.

Blue, dark or light, is perhaps the favorite of all colors for bathing suits. In a light flowered material the three-flounce skirt is most attractive. A stick pin has a French poodle for the head, the eyes being of diamonds.

Many of the shops will make silk girdles to order for a not exorbitant price.

The funny, little old-fashioned tight basque is threatened again, for our sins.

One needs a whole assortment of colored handbags to be always properly equipped.

Shirring is used even on the wash

fabrics, with a fine scorn of the necessary laundering.

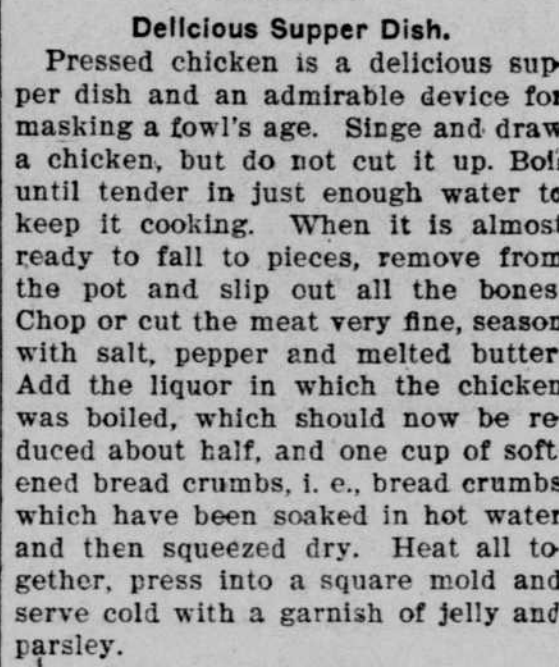
Tailored Linen Suit.

A tailored coat and skirt of linen is a practical thing if thoroughly shrunk before making and well tailored, though the cheap cotton and skirt suits of linen are likely to be distressing objects after their first tubbing. Tailors who cater to exclusive trade are making up severely tailored suits of linen with rather short reeferlike coats, semi-fitting in the back, straight in front and finished with plain collar and coat sleeves. These coats usually button in double-breasted fashion, with large pearl buttons, and are strapped and heavily stitched. The skirt is gored and strapped or plaited in some severe way, but any plaited skirt drives the ordinary laundress to despair and failure, and the plain gored skirts look better in the long run.

Delicious Supper Dish.

Pressed chicken is a delicious supper dish and an admirable device for masking a fowl's age. Singe and draw a chicken, but do not cut it up. Boil until tender in just enough water to keep it cooking. When it is almost ready to fall to pieces, remove from the pot and slip out all the bones Chop or cut the meat very fine, season with salt, pepper and melted butter Add the liquor in which the chicken was boiled, which should now be reduced about half, and one cup of soft ened bread crumbs, i. e., bread crumbs which have been soaked in hot water and then squeezed dry. Heat all together, press into a square mold and serve cold with a garnish of jelly and parsley.

White Pique Waist.



Blouse of white pique plaited at the top to a yoke which is cut in one piece with the bands on each side of the center box plait. The latter and the yoke are ornamented with buttons, as are also the sleeves where they are slashed open over undercuffs of the pique.

With the Walking Suit.

While the small tilted hat is the height of fashion, many women realize they cannot wear them and the milliners have been compelled to modify some of the models. A face hat of medium size and one in high favor for walking suits is black chip with white crown trimmed with a wreath of pink roses and a bunch of same under brim at back.

Pretty Vogue in Chains.

Neck chains of the finest gold links, connecting tiny stones, are displayed everywhere now, and are really marvels of daintiness. Then there are chains which come under the class of barbaric jewelry, from which depend large turquoise matrices, amethysts or pearls.

Transparent Waists.

The one dominant thing about shirt-waists, whether for wear at 9 o'clock in the morning or 4 o'clock in the afternoon, is their transparency. From 12½-cent lawn to \$1 Korean silk, the fabric must be transparent.

Old Fabric Is Revived.

White serge is restored to the highest favor and some of the most attractive suits are made of it. The short coat, elaborately trimmed with braid, is preferred.



Plain white linen tucked skirt with pale blue cord. Pale blue linen gown trimmed with pale blue cord. White linen coat in eyelet hole embroidery. Plain white vest.

Eight relays of carrier pigeons carried a message from St. Louis to Boston, a distance of 1,200 miles, in an air line in exactly eight days.

In the tennis doubles championship at London, England, the Doherty brothers beat S. H. Smith and Frank L. Riskey, 6-2, 6-2, 6-8, 6-3.

Word has been received at Milwaukee of the death of Pete Dowling, the one time noted left hand pitcher, at La Granada, Ore., who was killed by being run over by a train.

Fred Ross, who was knocked out by Jack Donnelly in the sixteenth round of a prize fight at Aberdeen, Wash., is dead. His neck was dislocated and a blood clot gathered on the brain.

Frank Gotch, after defeating Samuelson, the Swedish champion, in a wrestling match, challenged Marvin Hart for a finish fight for \$5,000 side bet. Gotch will give up wrestling for fighting.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and Jack (Twin) Sullivan have been matched to engage in another twenty round bout at Sitka, Alaska, on August 8. They fought at Dawson City on the night of July 4.

According to the present arrangements the Queen's Westminster rifle team will visit the United States during next summer to compete for the Vincent shield. Afterwards the winner will hold it against a challenge.

At the athletic sports at Birmingham, Eng., H. A. Hyman of Pennsylvania university beat the English record for the 300 yard run. Hyman's time was 31 seconds. The previous record, 31 2/5 seconds, was held by C. D. Wood.

At Newmarket, England, July 6, the Princess of Wales stakes were won by St. Denis, ridden by Maher, the American jockey. Exchequer was second, and Lancashire third. Nine horses started. Martin, American, rode Exchequer.

At London, England, July 7, the Westminster volunteers won the Sir Howard Vincent shield, defeating the Seventh regiment team of New York by the narrow margin of ten points after the closest competition ever seen at Bisleigh.

Secretary Holt of the Indianapolis Racing Association has announced that the harness meeting which was to have been held here the week of Aug. 8 had been abandoned because of the attitude of the authorities relative to bookmaking.

Word was received from Manager Parker of the Corinthian football team of London, who is now in New York, that the team would leave Liverpool on August 3 for Quebec. The tourists will be strong, having five international players in the lineup.

The Leanders, who defeated the Vespers of Philadelphia by a length, won the final heat in the contest for the Grand Challenge cup, defeating the Belgian crew by two and a half lengths in the splendid time of 6:56. This is only five seconds outside the record.

Martin J. Sheridan of the New York Irish-American Athletic Association, is the American champion all-round amateur athlete. He won the title on Brookline field at Boston July 8, when he made a total of 6,820½ points, which incidentally breaks the record of Harry Gill of Toronto of 6,369½ points, made in 1900.

Miss May Sutton of California is the woman lawn tennis champion of Great Britain, the title coming to her when at London, Eng., July 8, she defeated Miss Douglas, the holder of the title, in a challenge match, 6-3, 6-4. Miss Sutton's win virtually makes her the world's champion and tops a career which is wonderful.

Guy Vaughan, the youngster of 22 years, who drove an automobile 1,015½ miles in twenty-four hours, doing 1,000 miles in twenty-three hours.

YANKEE RUNNER IS BEST.



One world's record was broken at the games of the Sheephead Bay Athletic Club at New York. In the seventy-five yard dash for club members F. Engelhart covered the distance in 7 1/5 seconds. This beat the best previous record of 7 2/5 seconds, made several years ago, and held jointly by more than three of the prominent sprinters. As only two timers officiated it is not likely that the record will stand, as the rules necessitate three timers for any record performance.

The Vespers of Philadelphia could not quite repeat on July 5 the victory they won on Independence day on the Thames, but they rowed a brilliant race and had the whole British rowing world gathered along the course nervous until the Leanders finally met the last desperate spurt of the American boat and crossed the finish line a scant length in front. The time was 7:01. The Leanders took a lead of half a length early in the race and were never headed by the Philadelphians.

Announcement is made that Lou Dillon and Major Delmar, the only two minute-tatters in the world, will be seen in a match race during the blue ribbon meeting at Detroit, Mich., at the opening of the grand circuit, July 24 to 28. The Detroit Driving Club will give a gold cup to the winner. C. K. G. Billings, who owns both horses, will drive Lou Dillon, and Major Delmar, who defeated Lou Dillon last fall at Memphis for the \$5,000 gold championship cup, will be driven by Harry K. Devereaux.

Beals C. Wright and Holcombe Ward retired from the All England doubles tennis championship only after what was conceded to be the most magnificent exhibition of lawn tennis ever seen at Wimbledon. S. H. Smith, the Welsh champion, and Frank L. Riskey, one of the best exponents of tennis in England, were the Americans' opponents, and played at the top of their form, Smith's driving being especially brilliant. The Americans won the first four games, with the Britishers contesting every point, but in the fast play, which continued to the end, the Britishers finally got the upper hand and won. The scores were 2-6, 6-3, 6-2, 9-7.

were not the result of his meeting in Reno July 4 with Marvin Hart, but were received while he was training for the fight with Mike Schreck at Ogden, Utah. Root is not seriously hurt, but claims his training injuries caused his defeat at the hands of Hart.

C. K. G. Billings drove his mare Lou Dillon, the queen of trotters, a mile in 2:06 at the Glenville track, July 8, the fastest mile yet made on any track by any horse this year. The mare jogged along as smoothly as clockwork, making the first quarter in :33, the half in 1:04, the three-quarters in 1:35½, and the mile in 2:06.

Manager Jim Coffroth, handler of big glove fights, has made a startling offer to Jimmy Britt and Battling Nelson, rival claimants of the lightweight championship title. He stated he would give the boys a purse of \$20,000 for a fifty-round battle to be decided at Colma, Cal., at a time to be mutually agreed upon and in a new big building that is said to be in process of building.

AFTER A BOUT WITH HART.



This Cincinnati boxer has posted a forfeit of \$1,000 and announced his willingness to meet Marvin Hart, the new champion, in a glove fight for the title. Hart undoubtedly will be willing to give Mike a chance at an early date, as he says he is in the game head and heels and will box any one who might prove a drawing card.

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Jack O'Brien, the Philadelphia fighter, sends word his twenty-round contest with Jack ("Twin") Sullivan at Dawson City the 4th of July resulted in a draw. O'Brien says Sullivan would not go on unless a draw was declared if both men were on their feet at the finish. He claims to have upset Sullivan eight times. A large crowd saw the battle, the receipts amounting to \$20,000.

J. Barton King of the Belmont Cricket club of Philadelphia broke the United States individual record for the largest number of runs scored in a cricket match. With the exception of the intermission for lunch, King was at bat from 11 a. m. until 5:30 p. m., when he was caught out, and in that time he scored 315 runs. The best previous performance was made by A. M. Wood, one of King's team mates, some years ago, when he scored 275 runs.

Is the United States to have a national golf course and are the links to be located at Long Island, adjacent to New York City? C. B. Macdonald, the former national amateur champion, has for two months or more been quietly soliciting subscriptions for such a unique project. His idea is to get 100 men to subscribe \$1,000 each, others to come in for lesser amounts, and buy a fine tract of land in Long Island, where a splendid course and club house will be provided.

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