LOCAL GOLF SITUATION AND OTHER NEWS OF SPORTDOM

DARTMOUTH MAY SPRING SURPRISE ON THE QUAKERS

Princeton's Easy Victory No Index to Men's Real Strength

TIGERS' OFFENSE WEAK

By EDWARD R. BUSHNELL. Deinceton had a lead of about 27-0 over Dartmouth when the Tigers' undergradonie cheer leader megaphoned the news that Cornell had beaten Harvard 10 to 0. The announcement was received with vociferous applause, although not as evidence of any discourtesy toward Harvard, Princetonians were simply happy to realize that Harvard was human and vol perable, after all. What Cornell could do Princeton can also do, thought the Tiger undergraduates. And if there is any team in the country that Princeton yearns to defeat it is Harvard. As for Yale, Princeton men are sure that they have more than an even chance to triumph over the Elis' twice-defeated and badly wrecked

Princeton undoubtedly will improve within the next two weeks, when Harvard met. So will Harvard, Indeed the Crimson is quite certain to come faster than the Orange and Black. It is no belittlement of Princeton's victory to say that Harvard is not likely to make the mistakes that Dartmouth did. Much of Princeton's superiority over Dartmouth was due to Driggs' splendid kicking. coupled with Dartmouth's wretched judg-ment and handling of kicks in the back

Too much praise cannot be given to Driggs for his kickins. Not only did he get wonderful distance, but he was good whether he kicked with or against the wind. Better than the distance he gained was his splendid judgment in placing placing kicks. Time after time he kicked to one side or the other of the field, so that the ball either rolled for long distances or went out of bounds, making it impossi-ble for Dartmouth backs to return the kicks. Some of his effectiveness was doubtless due to the poor manner in which Dartmouth covered his kicks, but Driggs is right new one of the best in the business. Without question Princeten gave a marvelous exhibition of the worth of the kicking game as a means of attack

TIBBOTT'S GREAT WORK

Another element in Princeton's strength was Tibbott, a contribution from Germantown Academy. Tibbott tried three drop-kicks, two of which succeeded from the 4 and 45 yard lines. The third was a failure, made against the wind and from the 40-yard mark. But Tibbett demonstrated, as he has done all season, that he is dangerous anywhere within the 45-yard mark. In addition to Tibbott, Princeton has Law, a substitute fullback, who is sure with kicks at any point beyoud midfield. Princeton is prepared to play the kicking

tame in all its variations. A word more about Tibbott, He is-about the best openfield runner in the East, whether in return kicks or on end runs. When he made his 9-yard run for a touchdown in the third period he dodged and sidestepped so deverly that although Dartmouth men were all around him not one could lay

In Highley and Brown Princeton has two splendid ends. They handle forward passes well, they are fast under kicks, they are not easily fooled and their tackling is well-nigh perfect. That is tackling is well-nigh perfect. about all any coach could ask of a pair

But Princeton has weaknesses which even Dartmouth disclosed, and unless they are corrected they may be fatal in the Harvard game. The Tigers have not a dependable rushing attack. The only sus-mined rushing during the game was done by Dartmouth. Princeton's usual method of advancing the ball on line play was for Quarterback Glick to whirt through sentre from his position. There can be no momentum to such a play as this, and it sarely gained more than two or three yards. Driggs and Shes were frequently shot off tackle; but in spite of Dartmouth's poor end play they could not gain consistently.

OFFENSE LACKED PUNCH. The strength of Princeton's attack was

the big gains on exchanges of kicks, fre-quently from 10 to 20 yards; their ciever orward passing and Tibbott's ability to drop-kick. The attack always was versaand eleveriy concealed, but I doubt if it will gain like this against a team as carefully coached as Harvard will be. Against a team with a good kicker, and

men who can handle kicks well, Prince-ton will need an offense with a punch to it, Probably Coach Rush realizes this better than any one else. And it must be said that any man who can ac-complish the miracle that this man has already worked can be depended upon to develop a line plunger if the squad con-tains a man capable of it.

Pennsylvania, whose team meets Dart-mouth at Boston on November 6, will do well not to underestimate the possibilities of the Green. In spite of Princeton's overwhelming victory Dartmouth has three better backs in Gerrish, Duhammel and Thellscher than the Quakers possess. In the last period those three men were responsible for three splendid marches down the field, the only sustained rushing the game naw. They gave flashes of their power at other times, but poor quarter-lack play and inferior ends made it all go for naught. Had Dartmouth pos-sessed a quarterback like Ghee of last year's team it would have made a tre-mendous difference.

mendous difference

WORTHINGTON LOOKED BEST. Dartmouth tried three quarters, Mc-Denough. Holbrook and Worthington. Holbrook did perhaps the best work of the three, but Worthington gave the freatest promise. It was while Worthington was at the helm that Dartmouth made her only touchdown. This is Worthington's first attempt at college feetball, and he came out for the team less than three weeks ago. He is an all around track athlete, being the intercollegiste broad jump champion, and was second to Howard Berry in the pentathion contest at Pennsylvania's Relay Carnival last spring.

thion contest at Pennsylvania's Relay Carnival last spring.
Worthington gets under way like a sach when he takes the ball and he is a hard man to bring down. He was a bit moestain in handling the punts of Driggs and Law, but he will overcome that and it his couch keeps him at quarterback be bught to be a star before the sesson take. Then, if he can play his part as well as the other three Dartmouth backs layed theirs, the Green's quarietts will imprave wonderfully.

To one who has seen Dartmouth on-this the forward pass under Liewellyn. Gles and Whitney, and with a sood pair of ends, the exhibition against Princeton was sickening. There was no science in the of the passes. Only once was a less caught fairly. All the others were beend indiscriminately down the field. Smally for short distances, and when the quarterback might have seen that its Dartmouth man was near where he allowed the hall when Glie, the substitute centre, ecored on Worthington's forward pass the ball was thrown directly it a hunch of four Princeton men and one of them batted the ball into the arms of Glie, enabling him to asore a tournessed Glies of them batted the ball into the arms of Glies and the course of Glies and the course

NORTHEAST'S STAR CENTRE AND COACH



Although the Red and Black has been shy of good football material, Whitaker has proved himself a strong, fast and heady centre. Coach Frank Johnson, brother of George, who developed the Northeast eleven into Scholastic League champions last year, believes his middle linesman will hold his own against any snap-back in the city.

WANT-TO-BE GOLFERS WILL BE FIRST FLOCK ON NEW LOCAL LINKS

Pills Will Fly in Every Direction When Public Cobb's Creek Course Gets Under Way Next Springtime

The first flock of golfers that will graze on the new public links at Cobb's Creek when they open in the spring time will be composed without question of that great clan of mortals that, once upon a time in a nearly forgotten era, has had a golf club in its hand to take, perhaps, a few shots by way of experiment into the gloaming. There will be a sprinkling of those that wish they could play, of those that have a friend that once played and said it was a swell game, and, lastly, there will be a sprinkling of those that once read something about golf and would wish to prove that the writer was misinformed.

have their own links and are not expected to play on the public links, except per-haps to see what they are like. There-fore it is felt that the course in its infancy will be showered with balls sizzling at all angles, like an armful of skyrockets accidentally all going off at once. For golfers in the first stage of the disease find it best to swing on the globule with abandon and let direction attend to itself. There is no doubt in the minds of any of the experts that have seen the course that it is going to be very fine. It will exceed anything in the East, and many claim there is not a public course in the Sountry that will touch it as a wonderfully planned course and as a test of golf.

Then up comes the query whether the course is not going to be too hard for the great hoi polici that will want to use it. There is no doubt but that it will be very hard. To make a score on it the player will have to play golf every shot. There is no chance for a lapse from the tee to the green, or, rather, into the hole, for are merry undulations on every green which will cold-shoulder a careless putt with scornful sneer even further is plenty of rough for losing a ball if the player doesn't keep his eye on it. There are lots of shots called for that will demand a shot down the alley and nothing else. There are water holes and blind holes.

But the duffer has no ground for com plaint. He cried out as a youth when he got a licking, but it was good for his character. He may cry out when he has to make a hard shot at Cobb's Creek, but well be a wonderful attenuity to be it will be a wonderful stimulus to his game. He has all outdoors to shoot into. If he can't make the shots he would have the same trouble on any course. The rough in front of tees is only 100 yards, as against 150 yards on most courses. It will be kept very short, being simply rougher grass than on the fairway. So far there are few bunkers or traps and the player will have only the natural difficulties of the country to overcome. The committee has done its work well and has laid out the course very wisely.

ANNA LOU, LONG SHOT, WINS LATONIA FIRST

Rank Outsider Captures Six-Furlong Event at Big Odds. Trout Fly Second

LATONIA, Ky., Oct. 21.—Anna Lou, a rank outsider with Andreas up, finished first in the opening race here this afternoon. It was a 8-furiong race, covered in 1:15 2-5. Trout Fly was second and Water Warbler captured place money. Summaries:

trat race, 6 furlongs—Anna Leu, 106, An-se, \$89.90, \$47.10 and \$22.40, won; Trout, 100, Robinson, \$4.60 and \$5.70, second; ter Warbler, 100, Martin, \$5.70, third, ie, 1:15 2-5, Margaret Ellen, Innevation, crean McMakin, John Bunny, Jack Reeves, C. Cantrill, Violet and Emily R. slso ran. Theresa McMakis, John Hully, Jack theores, 1. C. Cantrill, Volet and Emily R. siso ran. Second race, mile—Anna Kruter, 161, Stearna, 16, 70, \$4,10, \$1,40, won; Camba, 108, Merra, 17,40, \$5,70, second; Katherine G., 190, McCabe, \$8,76, third. Alme, 1:40,3-5. Sir William, Alkanet, Euginess Agent, Gaiaway, Alfon Cain, Peter Staiwart, Chevron, Almeda Lawrosce and Margaret Burking also ran.

Third race, selling, 2-year-olds, 6 furione—Siuc Can, 107, Mott, \$1,50, 18-01 and \$1,50, won; Cardona, 107, Kendrix, \$1,10 and \$1,50, won; Cardona, 107, Kendrix, \$1,10 and \$1,50, hird. Time, 118, insteadion, Gentlewoman, Savina, Zudora, Margaret E., Raiph S., Deliver and Enlogy also ran.

Fourth race, selling, 3-year-olds, and up. mile—Rids Shoolest, 95, Stearns, \$25,00, \$11,40 and \$4,70, won; Checks, 108, Martin, \$5,00 and \$1,70, second; Cosmie, 19, Mott, \$7, third, rime, 1:40,1-5. Elison, Mandy Handlion, Phil Ungar, Rochester and Mileatone also ran.

4-TO-4 DRAW AT HOCKEY

The Haidenfield Club played the German-war Cricket Club in a first division women's interclub. Hockey League match at Manheim play. The sames between these two clubs ave always been well played and today's was exeption. The final score was a 4 to 4 Germantony follows:

PENN'S SHOWING AGAINST PITT VINDICATES COACHING SYSTEM

Red and Blue Plays Wonderful Defensive Game in Holding Westerners to Low Score-Tutors Overcome Obstacles—Team Looks Better

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL

inaugurated this year has shown results any attention to the line at last. After slipping up several times in the early season games-notably against Penn State-the team came back against the University of Pittsburgh Saturday and put up a battle that reminded one of the days when Mike Murphy instilled that good old fighting spirit into no centre, the guards did not show varthe players. True, Penn was defeated, but who said she would win? Everybody was predicting an enormous score, with Pittsburgh on the long end, and the 14 to 7 count was a big surprise.

Pitt fought hard for her scores, for the Red and Blue defense was powerful and smeared many plays before they got started. This unexpected opposition at the start of the game was disconcerting to Warner's men, for they expected to run through the Red and Blue with ease. In the first half it required only a short time to get the ball on the 8-yard line, where a touchdown scemed certain; but Penn held and Dehart was hurried so that he fumbled a lateral pass and Penn got the ball. On the whole, Penn put up a wonderful exhibition and deserves praise even in defeat.

When it is considered that Pitt came here with a well-trained and well-coached team, the men on edge to play the game of their lives to beat Penn, th performance of the Red and Blue is all the more remarkable. The team was not especially prepared for this contest. It was on the schedule and regarded It was on the schedule and regarded merely as a "practice game"—a game to prepare the team for the battles with Dartmouth, Michigan and Cornell. The sion of the champlemship in the first of sion of the Women's Interclub League, ? if Albright, Gettysburg, or any other weak team was to be played, instead of one of the best elevens in the country.

So it is apparent that Penn was not "tuned up" for a big game, while the Westerners were. The Red and Blue offense was not strengthened, but more time was spent on the defense, and the results were highly satisfactory. team showed up better in this depart-ment than at any other time this year.

Pitt was expected to sweep around the ends for big gains and the heavy backs tear through the line whenever they pleased. Instead, the Penn ends smashed up the majority of the wide runs and the secondary defense took care of the line plunges. De Hart got away to a good gain right at the start of the game, and it was the longest run made from scrim-mage. Penn's defense made itself felt after this and fifteen yards was the most gained in any one play.

The Red and Blue coaching staff should be satisfied with the showing of the team, for it demonstrated that good football will for it demonstrated that good football will be played before the season is over. Early in the fail it was known that the offensive possibilities were greater than the defensive, and the first few games proved it. How to keep the other team from gaining was the problem that con-fronted the tutors and after some hard work this was solved. The offensive was weak Saturday, but with a week's coaching, this department can be strengthened. With Berry, Ross, Williams, Welsh, Quigley, Tighe, Rockafeller, Beil and Grant to play behind the line, Penn should be able to develop an attack that will compare favorably with any other in the country. The material is good enough for any college team and it will take only a short time to get the men in top form. The only weaknesses shown thus far are poor interference and fumbling, and practice will remedy this.

Few persons realize the difficulties that confronted Penn's coaches at the start of the season. The Red and Blue fol-lowers were enthusiastic, the material was said to be the best that Penn ever was said to be the best that Penn ever had and every one was pleased over the prospects for a successful season. They pointed with pride to the wonderful backfield and were confident that Berry, Welsh and the others would set the world on fire as soon as they got into action. This early season dope was perfectly good, so far as the backfield was

The Penn coaching system which was | concerned, but no one seemed to pay several big gaps to fill and nothing to fill them with.

The writer visited Tome School early in September, and saw what the coaches were up against. Contrary to reports, the material did not look promising for the line positions, and the coaches were discouraged over the outlook. There was sity calibre, and Harris was the only man who could play tackle. That meant that four new men must be developed out of the material on hand.

At first it was thought that Harry Ross would be shifted from the backfield to centre, but a switch was made, and Lud centre, but a switch was made, and Lud Wray given a chance. Wray has more than made good, playing a better game in the pivotal position than at halfback. He solved one big problem, and Doctor Wharton, line coach, tooked over the other backfield material for a guard and a tackle. He selected Mathews because of his weight and this halfback partition. of his weight, and this halfback was tried out at guard. Mathews weighed more than 200 pounds, had lots of speed and after the first week was shifted to tackle, where he remained until injured in the game with the navy. Neill then appeared and took care of one of the guard posi-tions and Henning was put in at the other.

TIE IN WOMEN'S HOCKEY

Country Club and Merion Have Fast Interclub League Match

The girls' bockey teams of the Country Club of Lansdowne and the Merion Cricket Club

TO STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PA
The line-up fellows:
Lansdowne. Positions Marton
Miss Read right fullmack Miss Tenney
Miss Morrison left fullback Miss Marshall
Miss Culien right halfback Miss Dolan
Miss Bergencentre halfbackMrs. Kolff
Mrs. Sloan left fullback Miss Walsh
Miss Rameey right wing Miss Myers
Mrs. Wagenknight Inside right Miss Thayer
Miss Noter centre forward Miss Townsend
Miss Katzenstein. inside left Miss Williams
Miss Morgan Laft wine Miss Williams
Miss Morgan left wing Mrs. Bieg Referee Miss Jones. Time of halves, 30 minutes.
minutes.

LATONIA RACE ENTRIES ON TOMORROW'S PROGRAM

First race, selling, 2-year-olds, maidens, 6 furlongs—"Queen of the Mist, 95; "James Oakley, 100; Margaret Ellen, 109; "Circulate, 100; "Incitation, 1'0; Running Queen, 104; Easyonarra, 106; Dick West, 106; Cossack, 107; Santerolle, 107; Mike Mullen, 108. Joe. 104: Sayonarra, 106: Dick West, 106: Cossack, 107: Santerolle, 107: Mike Mullen, 108: Second race, selling, 3-years old and up, 6 turlongs—"Carrie Orme, 97: "Tale Bearer, 97: "Zin Del, 97: Charmeuse, 107: Connaught, 107: Uncle Hart, 107: Mater, 107: Connaught, 107: Uncle Hart, 107: Mater, 107: Connaught, 107: Uncle Hart, 107: Marer, 107: Monter, 107: Monter, 107: Monter, 107: Monter, 107: Hontir, 109.

Third race, purse, 2-year-olds, 35; furlongs—slity Culbertson, 109: Sands of Pleasure, 109: Letchis, 109: Industry, 109: Muriel's Pet, 109: Paulson, 109: Countess Wilmoth, 107: Alex Goots, 112: Big Fellow, 112: J. C. Weich, 112: Sansyming, 113: Jerry, 112.

Fourth race, handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 6 furlongs—Uncle Jimmie, 98: Commonda, 100: Bringhurst, 115: Othello, 102: †Luke, 122: Ed Grump, 123 (†Camden entry).

Fifth race, 3-year-olds and up, mile—Amazon, 103: McAdos, 105: Christie, 105: Money Maker, 108: Grumpy, 110: Zall, 114: Silver Hill, 114: Harry L., 117.

Sixth race, selling, 3-year-olds and up, 1-16 miles—"Dude, 90: "Manioc, Ill: "Justice Goebel, 97: "Olga Starr, 99: Transport, 101: Alston, 101: Goldy, 101: Aprisa, 101: Alian Dold, 101: "Hermuda, 101: St. Charicute, 104: Guide Poat, 105: Jonny Geddes, 107.

Seventh race, selling, 3-year-olds and up, 1-16 miles—"Shynosa, 03: "Joe Stein, 97: "Change, 101: Fly Home, 101: Surpassing, 101: "Acis, 102: "Mard Ball, 102: "Mockery, 104: Bcau Pere, 104: Lackrose, 104.

"Aprientice allowance claimed. Weather, clear: track, fest.

Gilman Out of Game for Two Weeks

APPEAR ON ALL-BANTAM PROGRAM



The knockout artist will oppose Al Shubert in the wind-up at the Olympia tenight, while Young Marino will be opposed by O'Keefe.

CORNELL'S WIN OVER HARVARD WAS NO FLUKE

Ithacans Clearly Outplayed Crimson and Victory Was Well Deserved

Harvard found this out last Saturday. For 15 long years the Crimson traveled on the road to victory, walloping Cornell with shameful case until it became more or less of a habit. But the Ithacans flagged them at a crossing, and sent them down the roots of the roots of the roots. down the rocky road of defeat and hope to keep them there for some time to come. It was one of the big surprises of the day, and it put Harvard out of the running for the first time in four years. Cornell had the goods, and clearly out-played Haughton's men in all stages of the game. There was no fluke to the vic-. The game was won because the from Cayuga Lake followed the ball closely and took advantage of Harvard's mistakes and turned them into something worth while for their side. The Crimson fumbled a lot, and every time they did so a Cornell man fell on the ball. Eddie Mahan had one of his off days, and dropped the pigskin on four different occasions when within the shades of his casions when within the shadow of his own goal posts. Once this resulted in a touchdown for the visitors and another time a goal from the field was scored.

Some one has to be the "goat" in every game, and for the first time in his career Mahan is the unanimous choice. He could not handle the ball and his punting was way below his usual form. He allowed Connell to get the jump in the first quarter by a mistake. Harvard got a touchback when Barrett punted 65 yards across the goal line. The ball was taken out to the 20-yard line, instead of punting the ball out of danger, which was ing the ball out of danger, which was the play, the Crimson tried to rush the leather. Two attempts at the line failed and then Mahan fumbled. Shelton pounced upon the bounding ball on the 25-yard line. Three smashes at the Har-vard line placed the ball on the 8-yard line. The Crimson forwards wavered, and Barrett dashed across the line on the next play with the only touchdown of the same.

Barrett played a wonderful game while he lasted, but was forced to retire near the end of the first period after stopping Mahan with a vicious tackle. It was thought that the loss of their leader might seriously jeopardize the chances of the Ithacans, but Shiverick took his place and developed into the star of the game, His punting saved Cornell time and again when the team was in a bad position and his kicks were long and accurate. Shiverick also played a good game on the defense.

Harvard used a powerful attack from a kick formation, and the run around end was her only consistent ground gainer. Between the two 25-yard lines this play was difficult to stop, but when the de-fensive backs played close to the line of scrimmage it was smeared with little difficulty. Cornell's best ground gainer was the shift scissors play off the two tackles. This worked very well until it was used so much that Harvard played for it each time.

that has stepped on a gridiron in years. no excuse for the defeat. The play of the on the line, made a wonderful showing at centre.

failed to work. Bob Folwell's team again trailed the Blue in the dust, and won easily by the score of 16 to 7.

The forward pass attack took Yale completely by surprise, and the Pennsylvanians almost gained at will. Just 40 times Folwell's men heaved a short pass over the line of scrimmage, and 26 times it was successful. This short pass was Washington and Jefferson's chief ground gainer last year, and as yet no defense has been found to stop it. Yale tried three passes, but two were incomplete. The third was handled by three men, and resulted in a gain for one yard. It is evident that something is the

matter at Yale this fall. Two defeats early in the season is out of the ordi-nary run of affairs, especially when the should fall a victim to the forward passshould tall a victim to the forward pass-ing attack after making such a splurge with the open game last year. Twice Yale reached Washington and Jefferson's 5-yard line only to be compelled to give up the ball on downs each time. The Elis lacked the punch to put the ball over and showed glaring weaknesses on Westerners were several pounds lighter than Yale, but one man on the Washington and Jefferson eleven knew more

LAUREL, Md., Oct. 25,-Lilly rode High Horse to victory in the first event here this afternoon. The distance was six furlongs for 2-year-olds. Stellarino, with Shuttinger up, finished for place and Nolli came through third.

First race, seiling, 2-year-oids, 6 furiongs— High horse, 102, Lilley, 88,20, 84,20, 42,40, won: Stellarina, 104, Shuttinger, 84,40, 43,80, second: Neill, 105, Ward, \$15,40, third. Time, 1:148-5, Tom Elward, Rose Julietts, Doctor Gremer, Diaturber, Repton, Goiden List, Sai Vanity, Rosewater, Margery also ran.

Finn to Try for Record

SHIVERICK IS REAL STAR

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL It's a long lane that has no turning, and

The Cornell team as it played Saturday ooked like one of the best aggregations Harvard, by no means a weak eleven, was completely outclassed, and can find ends for Cornell was the best seen for many a year, and Cool, the lightest man

Yale attempted to play the old style line smashing game against Wrshington and Jefferson's modern open game and it

colleges win wholly on their It also is strange that the Blue the defense. As one writer puts it, the football than the whole Blue team put

HIGH HORSE FIRST IN LAUREL OPENER

Lilley Rides Winner in Twoyear-old, Six Furlong Event in 1:14 3-5

Summaries:

Gremer, Daturber, Repton, Goiden List, Sal Vanity, Rosewater, Margery also ran.

Sectond race, selling, E-year-olds and up, 6 furionan-Striker, 111, Butwell, 80, 84.30, 25.30, second; Outlook, 196, Boaton, 38.30, third. Time, 114. Selsago, Martin Casca, Chance, Toddling, Inez. Delia Mack, Donald MacDonald, Bronx Queen, Borax, 3et Square and Hiker also fan.

Third race, handleap, for all ages, 5% furiongs—Quartz, 119, Mink, \$4.40, 83.00, \$4. von; Robert Bradley, 198, Smyth, \$8.90, \$6.20, second; Venetia, 100, Louder, \$6.20, third. Time, 1901-5. Buckhorn, Pesky, Pixy, Kewssa, Cannonads, Sonnie Teas, Pittergol, Surprising, Jos Blair, Gnat and Housemaid also fan.

Fourth race, the Anne Arundel Stakes, selling, S-pear-olds and up, mile and a furional fallor, 185, Fayrington, 21.30, \$2.90, and \$1.40, won; "Blier Thietle, 198, Bursel, El. 70, and \$4.50, second; "Hedge is Hays, \$4.50, inird. Time, 191, Tarties, Labore, Cliff Field, Amain and Parcher also ran.

"Hallenbeck cutry,"

YORK, Oct. 25.-Hannes Koleh manen, long-distance runner, will try for a new world's outdoor record in the five-mile handicap race at the Cork Men's carnival of sports at Celtic Park October 31. Pitted against him will be the greatest long-distance runners around New York city.

A Tale of 19th Cen'ury England, Full of the Thrills of Adventure and Spirit of Romes CHAPTER XLI-(Continued). AND, as I went, I presently espied a caravan, and before it a fire of sticks.

raising his head, stared at me as I approached. He was a strange looking man, who glared at me with one eye and jeered jocosely with the other; and, being spent and short of breath, I stopped, and wiping the sweat from my eyes I saw that

it was blood.

"How-is Lewis?" I panted.
"What," exclaimed the man, drawing nearer, "is it you?—James! but you're a picter, you are—hallo!" he stopped, as his glance encountered the steel that glittered upon my wrist; while upon the silence the shouts swelled, drawing near and nearer.

BOOK IL

"So-the Runners is arter you, are they, young feller?

"Yes," said I; "yes. You have only to cry out, and they will take me, for I can fight no more, nor run any farther; this knock on the head has made me very

"Then-take a pull at this 'ere," said he, and thrust a flat bottle into my hand The flery spirit burned my throat, but almost immediately my strength and ourage revived. "Better?"

'Much better." I answered, returning

the bottle, "and I thank you-"
"Don't go for to thank me, young felier." said he driving the cork into the bottle with a blow of his fist. 'you thank that young feller as once done as much for me—at a Fair. An' now—cut away— run!—the 'edge is good and dark, up youder—iny low a bit, and leave these damned Runners to me." I obeyed without more ado, and, as I ran up the lane, I heard him shouting and swearing as though engaged in a desperate encounter: and, turning in the shadow of the hedge, I saw him met by two men, with whom, still shouting and gesticulating excitedly.

he set off, running-down the lane.
And so I, once more, turned my face London-wards.

blood still flowed from the cut in my head, getting often into my eyes, yet I made good progress notwithstanding But, little by little, the effect of the spirits were off, a drowshess stole over ine, my limbs felt numbed and heavy And with this came strange fancies an a dread of the dark. Sometimes it seemed that odd lights danced before my eyes, like marsh-fires, and strange voices gaobled in my ears, furiously unintelligible, with laughter in a high-pitched key; sometimes I cast myself down in the

dewy grass, only to start up again, tress-

bling, and run on till I was breathless;

but ever i struggled forward, despite the throbbing of my broken head, and the

gnawing hunger that consumed me. After a while a mist came on, a mist that formed itself into deep valleys, or rose in jagged spires and pinnacles, but constantly changing: a mist that moved and writhed within itself. And in this mist were forms, nebulous and indistinct, multitudes that moved in time with me, and the voices seemed louder than before, and the laughter much shriller, while repeated over and over again, I caught that awful word: MURDER, MURDER. Chief among this host walked one whose

head and face were muffled from my sight, but who watched me, I knew, through the folds, with eyes that stared fixed and wide.

But now, indeed, the mist seemed to

have got into my brain, and all things were hazy, and my memory of them is Yet I recall passing Bromley village,

and slinking furtively through the shadows of the deserted High street, but thereafter all is blank save a men of pain and toll and deadly fatigue. I was stumbling up steps—the steps of terrace; a great house lay before me, with lighted windows here and there, but these I feared, and so came creeping to one that I knew well, and whose dark panes glittered palely under the dying moon. And now I took out my claspknife, and, fumbling blindly, put back the catch (as I had often done as a

clambered into the dimness beyond.

Now as I stumbled forward my hand touched something, a long, dark object that was covered with a cloth, and, hard-ly knowing what I did, I drew back this cloth and looked down at that which it had covered, and sank down upon my knees, groaning. For there, staring up at me, cold, contemptuous, and set like marble, was the smiling, dead face of my

cousin Maurice.

As I knelt there, I was conscious that the door had opened, that some one approached, bearing a light, but I did not move or heed.

"Peter?"—good God in heaven!—is it Peter?" I looked up and into the dilated eyes of Sir Richard. "Is it really Peter?" he whispered. "Yes, sir-dying, I think."

"No, no-Peter-dear boy," he stam-mered. "You didn't know-you hadn't heard-poor Maurice-murdered - fellow-"Yes, Sir Richard, I know more about

it than most. You see, I am Peter Smith." Sir Richard fell back from me, and I saw the candle swaying in his grasp he whispered, "you? Oh, Peter! -oh, my boy!" But I am innocent-innocent-you be

lieve me-you who were my earliest friend-my good, kind friend-you believe me?" and I stretched out my hands appealingly, but, as I did so the light fell gleaming upon my snameful wristlets; and, even as we gazed into each other's eyes, mute and breathless, came the sound of steps and hushed voices. Sir Richard sprang forward, and, catching me in a powerful hand, half led, half dragged me behind a tall leather screen beside the hearth, and thrusting me into a chair, turned and hurried to meet the intruders.

They were three, as I soon discovered by their voices, one of which I thought recognized.
"It's a devilish shame!" the first was

saying; "not a soul here for the funeral but our four selves-I say it's a shamea burning shame!" "That, sir, depends entirely on the point of view," answered the second, a some-what aggressive voice, and this it was I

seemed to recognize. "Point of view, str? Where, I should like to know, are all those smiling nonentities—those fawning sycophants who were once so proud of his patronage, who openly modeled themselves upon him, whose highest ambition was to be called a friend of the famous 'Buck' Vibart where are they now?'

"Doing the same by the present favorite, as is the nature of their kind," responded the third, "poor Maurice is already for-"The Prince," said the harsh votce, "the

Prince would never have forgiven him for crossing him in the affair of the Lady Sophia Sefton; the day he ran off with her he was as surely dead-in a social sence—as he is now in every sense."
Here the mist settled down upon my brain once more, and I heard nothing but a confused murmur of voices, and it seemed to me that I was back on the

road again, hemmed in by those gibbering phantoms that spoke so much, and ret said but one word: "Murder."
"Quick—a candle here—a candle—bring a light—"There came a glare before my amarting eyes, and I struggied up to my

somewhere white yes, at an inner hang-dog rouse-I threatened to pull his some, I remember, and by Heaven)—handours. "He has been roughly handled too! Contlemns, I'd lay my life the murderer is found though how he should come bern of all places extraordinary. Sir Richard —you and L as magistrates duty..."

But the mist was very thick, and the voices grew confused again; only I knew that hands were upon me, that I was led into another room, where were lights that glittered upon the aliver, the decanters and glasses of a supper table.

THE BROAD HIGHWAY

BY JEFFERY FARNOL

above which a man was bending, who, canters and glasses of a supper table.

"Yes." I was saying, alowly and heavily: "yes, I am Peter Smith—a blacksmith—who escaped from his gaolers on the Tonbridge Road—but I am innocent—before God—I am innocent. And now—do with me as you will—for: I am—very weary—"

wenry—"
Sir Richard's arm was about me, and his voice sounded in my ears, but as though a great way off:

"Sira." said he, "this is my friend—Sir Peter Vibart." There was a moment's pause, then—a chair fell with a crash, and there rose a confusion of excited voices which grew suddenly silent, for the door had opened, and on the threshold stood a woman, tall and proud and richly dreased, from the little dusty boot that peeped beneath her habit to the wide-sweeping hat brim that shaded the high beauty of her face. And I would have gone to her but that my strongth failed me. failed me.

"Charmian!"
She started, and turning, uttered a

cry and ran to me.
"Charmian," said I; "oh, Charmian!"
And so, with her tender arms about me,
and her kisses on my lips, the mist settled down upon me, thicker and darker
than ever.

CHAPTER XLIL

BRIGHT room, luxuriously appoint-A ed; a great wide bed with carved posts and embroidered canopy; between the curtained windows, a tall oak press with grotesque heads carved thereon, heads that leered and gaped and scowled at me. But the bed and the room and the oak press were all familiar, and the grotesque heads had leered and gaped and frowned at me before, and haunted my boyleh dreams many and many a night.

And now I lay between sleeping and waking, staring dreamly at all these things, till roused by a voice near by, and starting up, broad awake, beheld Sir

"Deuce take you, Peter!" he exclaimed; "I say-the devil fly away with you, my boy!-curse me!-a nice pickle you've made of yourself, with your infernal revolutionary notions—your digging and blacksmithing, your walking tours—" "Where is she, Sir Richard?" I broke

in; "pray, where is she?"
"She?" he returned, scratching his chin with the corner of a letter he held; "she?" "She whom I saw last night-"
"You were asleep last night, and the night before."

"Asleep?-then how long have I been here?" "Three days, Peter!"

"And where is she-surely I have not dreamed it all-where is Charman?" "She went away-this morning." "Gone!—where to?"
Gad, Peter!—how should I know?" But, seeing the distress in my face, he smiled and tendered me the letter, "She left this 'For Peter, when he awoke'— and

I've been waiting for Peter to wake all the morning."
Hastily I broke the seal, and, unfolding the paper with tremulous hands, read;

"Dearest, Noblest and most Disbelieving of Peters: Oh, did you think you could hide your hateful suspicion from mehide your hateful suspicion from me-from me who knew you so well? I felt it in your kiss, in the touch of your strong hand, I saw it in your eyes. Even when I told you the truth, and begged you to believe me, even then, deep down in your heart you thought it was my hand that had killed Sir Maurice, and God only knows the despair that filled me as I turned and left you.

"And so, Peter—perhaps to punish you a

"And so, Peter-perhaps to punish you a little, perhaps because I cannot bear the noisy world just yet, perhaps because I fear you a little—I have run away. But fcar you a little—I have run away. But I remember also how, believing me guilty, you loved me still, and gave yourself up to shield me, and, dying of hunger and fatigue—came to find me. And so, Peter, I have not run so very far, nor hidden myself so very close, and if you understand me as you should, your search need not be so very long. And, dear Peter, there is just one other thing. Peter, there is just one other thing, which I hoped that you would guess, which any other would have guessed, but which, being a philosopher, you never did guess. Oh, Peter-I was once, very long ago it seems, Sophia Charnilan Sef-

ton, but I am now, and always was, your

The letter fell from my fingers, and I remained starring before me so long that Sir Richard came and laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Oh, boy," said he, very tenderly; "she has told me all the story, and I think. Peter, it is given to very few men to win the lows of such a geoman as this."

win the love of such a woman as this.
"God knows it!" said I. "And to have married one so very noble and high in all things—you should be very proud. Peter."
"I am," said I; "oh, I am, sir."
"Even, Peter—even though she be a —virago, this Lady Sophia—or a terma-rant—"

"I was a great fool in those days," said

hanging my head, "and very young!"
"It was only six months ago, Peter."
"But I am years older today, sir."
"And the husband of the most gloriou woman-the most-oh, curse me, Peter, if you deserve such a goddees!"
"And she worked for me!" said i;
"cooked and served and mended my clothes-where are they?" I cried, and sprang out of bed.

"What the decue—began Sir Richard.
"My clothes," said I, looking valuiy
about, "my clothes—pray, Sir Richard. here are they?"
"Burnt, Peter."

"Every blood-stained rag!" he nodded; her orders." "But-what am I to do?" Sir Richard laughed, and, crossing to the press, opened the door. (CONCLUDED TOMORROW.)

"Burnt!"

LAUREL RACE PROGRAM SCHEDULED TOMORROW

First race, seiling, 2-year-old maidem, 2 furiongs-Eleanor, 100; Moomstone 100; May McGee 100; Carmen, 106; Smilas, 100; Belle of the Kitchen 169; Fran Nought, 100; Belle of the Kitchen 169; Fran Nought, 100; Sendilaght, 100; Jerry Jr. 100; "Dancing Star, Isal Mary Biack wood, 100; Menphone, 104; Lattertt, 104; "Fobolink, 108; "Tatlanta, 104; Second race, parse, 2-year-olds, d furiongs-George Smith, 123; Startling, 150; Col. Vennie, 100; (a) Fernrock, 108; (a) Lattertt, 106; Aniza, 106; Broomstraw, 105; Jacquetta, 106; Aniza, 106; Broomstraw, 105; Jacquetta, 106; Aniza, 106; Broomstraw, 105; Jacquetta, 106; Aniza, 107; Dwater Rase, 111; Nouvesting, 110; Leo Skolny, 100; Wooden Shoes, 87; Distant Shore 5; Fring Race, 10; More Rock, 10; Pointant Shore 5; Fring Race, 10; Mary Race, 111; Nouvesting, 100; Leo Skolny, 100; Moode, 4; Prince, 21; Heaven, 123; Heaven, 120; Kewessa, 116; (b) Lady Bartage, 116; (b) Bartling, 100; Sle Edgar, 10; Julia, 107; Alara, 107; Tea Candy, 108; (b) Carmen Stiff, 100; Alara, 107; Tea Candy, 108; (b) Carmen Stiff, 100; Alara, 107; Tea Candy, 108; (b) Carmen Stiff, 100; Alara, 107; Tea Candy, 108; (b) Carmen Stiff, 100; Alara, 107; Tea Candy, 108; (c) Carmen Stiff, 100; Alara, 107; Tea Candy, 108; (c) Carmen Stiff, 100; Alara, 107; Alara, 107; Tea Candy, 108; (d) Carmen Stiff, 100; Alara, 107; Alara, 107; Tea Candy, 108; (d) Carmen Stiff, 100; Alara, 107; Alara, 107; Tea Candy, 108; (d) Carmen Stiff, 100; Alara, 107; Alara, 107; Tea Candy, 108; (d) Carmen Stiff, 100; Alara, 107; Alara, 107; Tea Candy, 108; (d) Carmen Stiff, 100; Alara, 100; (d) Carmen Stiff, 100; Alara, 100; (d) Carmen Stiff, 100; Alara, 100;

Big Meet December 4

J. Weldon Wyskoff Has on He