Those quivering, scarlet streamers
Are the ribbons she loves to wear;
And that radiant, glowing coronal
Is a poppy she put th her hair.
Can't you see her daintily brusning
That tossing, stray lock from her browDown there where the coals are th
brightest,
Where that reddest one fell just now?

And now she is archly smiling.

And she requishly beckens again
In the door of a little red cottage.

At the turn of a little red line,
And now she has come to the window.

Where a clambering flame-vine clings;
And the murmuring croon of the embers
Is a love song that she sings.

And ever and ever she cheers we
As I sit by the grate, alone—
My dear little firelight sweetheart
With a face that is like your own,
As there in the dancing doorway
She saucily nods her head,
In a flickering frock of crimson
And a they we tippet of red.
—Maurice Smiley in New York Tribune.

# THE ARTIST'S STORY.

\*

ers remember a distinguished looking rose water, and puffing reflectively for man who used to ride in Central Park | an interval, then finally praying again, every morning last spring and sum- It was much like a protracted meeting. mer on a magnificent cream-white Arabian stallion. Be that as it may, him since we were boys togetherboys in a little North of England town. He's in South Africa now and will the readers of the Pathfinder about him. His name is Ford-Charlmers Ford. It is a name not unknown among artists. If you have attended the exhibitions you have probably seen it at the bottom of more than one wat-

I happened in at his cozy studio one evening last August, only a day or two before he sailed. The walls of the room were covered with the trophies of his travels. My attention was fixed by a sketch in water colors of a young girl of the dark-haired Eastern type. On it I read the name "Zuleika."

"You world-rovers gather a good many barnacles in your wanderings," I remarked. "I suppose, too, many of these relics of yours have a history,' I added, desirous of drawing him out.

"Yes, that's so. That sketch, for instance could tell a story, and this old person on board. Among the deck pas thing here could corroborate it," he answered, handing me a venerable pistol with a long barrel of large caliber. "That ancient piece of ordnance not only saved my own life, but was the chief instrument in the rescue of one of her majesty's vessels out in the Persian Gulf last December."

Ford is a man singularly reticent about his own exploits, though he has had enough of them. But the cigar I handed him made him communicative, I only wish I might have taken his story down in shorthand, for he told it infinitely better than I can. However, this is about what he said:

"I had taken passage on the British India Company's steamer Kilwa at Bassorah, for Bombay. I was just reaching comparative civilization again after more than six months of of Asiatic Turkey. With much difficulty I had made my way overland all the way from Trebizond, on the Black sea. Part of the distance I had followed the route traversed by Xenophon and his devoted 10,000 in their disastrous "Katahasis." I had visited the squalid city of Mosul-once renowned for its mustown built near the site and from the ancient brick of Babylon. Finally having finished some further archaeological observations in the neighborhood, respecting some ancient irrigaing works. I had caught passage on a small dhow loaded with dates and floated down the lazily-flowing, mystic Euphrates. At first, beyond the willow and plane-lined banks of the great river, stretched the once blossoming levels of Yrak, the very cradle of history; then came lagoons which merged ultimately into a pestilential swamp. Thus had I reached Bassorah, the modern Balsora of the Arabian Nights -once during the ascendency of the Caliphs, the port and entrepot of Bagdad, but now, like that city, dilapidated and dwindled into insignificance,

"The Kilwa had sailed from Bassorah at midnight. It was late in the afternoon of the next day when, after touching at Bushire, an important town about 200 miles down the Persian coast, we headed for the small Aral port of Linga, where we were to leave

"As the sun sank toward the watery horizon and dissolved in the purplish vapors of the west, a Parsee merchant, a so-called 'fire-worshipper,' first renoving his odd-looking, shining oilcloth hat, paced the deck, repeating devoutly his adoration of the orb that he looked upon, not as an intrinsic deity, but as the highest manifestation of God. A crowd of Musselmans kneeled on their praying carpets, with their faces turned toward Mecca, and, with swaying bodies and changing intonation of voice, invoked the Prophet, careless of public gaze and laudably courageous in the faith. One old man archial personage, prolonged his devotions till late in the evening, first

oil then lighting his

\* Doubtless, most uptown New York- | or water pipe, aromatic of sandal and

"Our cargo consisted mainly of horses-noble Arabian animals-for it is certain his advent caused quite Kurrachee and Bombay; and they neara flutter of curiosity. I have known by monopolized the deck space. There were, as it proved, eleven Arab horse dealers in charge of the drove, to a man admirable fellows physically, with hardly resent what I am going to tell the fierce, untamed look of a tiger when pressed to bay by the elephants. A few Koords, dead-black Nubians. dusky Hindoos and dignified Afghans, an Armenian emmigrant or two, and a motley contingent of natives from the Persian interior brought the number of deck passengers up to about twentyfive. These passengers lived entirely on deck. They boiled their rice themselves, which, with a few dates or other fruit and frequent potations of black coffee, furnished the simple diet of most of them. They slep in the open air along the scuppers or on some convenient hatch. What with the horses and the bales of forage, the passengers and their always multifarious effects, there was hardly an available inch of deck-space that was not occupied.

> "Besides the eight officers of the vessel I was the only English-speaking sengers I had noted a handsome Arab girl. I longed to put her face on paper but I well know the stern antipathy the Moslems cherish against having their picture taken in any form. However ran the risk of resentment and surreptiously made the sketch you are looking at. It was Zuleika, daughter of Sheik Abdul, the chief of the horse dealers.

"I had grown sleepy listening to the third officer's yarns, and in preference to tossing away the night in a superheated stateroom I brought my mattress up on the windward side of the promenade deck, where I found the soft eastern breeze delightfully cooling. It was pleasant to be out where, when I happened to be roused momentarily, I could see the stars shining overhead and hear the soothing splash of the privation and adventure in the interior | water against the vessel's side, the soporific, even pulsations of the engines, and at intervals the bell on the bridge giving the hour of the watch, repeated by the lookout in the bows with an accompanying 'all's well.'

"At midnight the chief officer went below, and the second officer, Mr. Newhall, took his place on the bridge. We lins and like fabrics, and whence, in expected to make Linga shortly after fact, the name 'muslin' is derived- daybreak, and as we had already come ed ruins of ancient Nineveh, near by, grudged any unnecessary delay and It is there, by the way that the royal left orders to have everything put in palaces of Sennacherib and Sardan- readiness for a quick discharge of the apalus, after twenty-six centuries of ob- Linga consignment. To get at the carlivion, have been laid bare. After stop- go with a steam windlass it was necesping en route at now decayed and in- sary to remove the forward hatch. This glorious Bagdad, I had completed my had been appropriated as a choice noarduous journey at Hillah, a modern sition by the somewhat overbearing Arab horse dealers, and it was covered with their prostrate forms. One of the watch unceremoniously wakened the sleepers, and with an imshi ('get out of the way') ordered them off. They resented being so rudely disturbed in the middle of the night and refused to move, glowering at the sailor with sullen anger. Thereupon the second officer called Captain Sargent, who promptly came forward and proceeded to clear the hatch by force. By this time the Arabs were thoroughly enraged. The sheik excitedly directed a few words to his companions, and seizing a winch lever advanced fiercely on the captain before the latter could lay hold of anything to defend himself with. The whole party rose en masse, and brandishing their murderous-looking crooked knives frantically in the air drove the two officers before them into the saloon and held them there in terror

of their lives. "I was awakened by the uproar, and without knowing just what the matter was rushed below in quest of my revolver. But I found the way to my stateroom cut off by two sturdy guards Suddenly it occurred to me that the second engineer had shown me an ancient pistol taken from the French in the Peninsular war. I slipped down the engine-room hatchway unseen and found it was loaded and primed. With it I mounted guard, leaving the senior engineer free to watch the engines.

"Heantime the third and fourth officers and one of the engineers had been discovered and added to the list of the captured in the saloon. The mutineers having thus become masters of the ship, a posse of them invaded furnace room and scared the stokers particular, a white-bearded patri- away. Next they set upon me with knives and sticks. But this time they met with a repulse, for I discharged reading half aloud from an ancient the pistol in self-defense and shot one copy of the Koran, illuminated with of my assailants in the leg. This seemed racters in colors and gold, then to check the ardor and quell the imng, then anointing his loins with petuosity of the ruffians, and they with [bubble-bubble, drew, dragging their wounded comrade

"Meantime the third and fourth offiily kept up by the stokers and the man at the wheel had stuck to his post through thick and thin, so that the vessel was still making some headway. At length, however, the engines stopped, the fires having run very low. Fortunately, the season being favorable, there was little sea on, but as we drifted into the trough, the Arabs began to realize that they were powerless to keep the machinery in motion or to navigate their prize. The shelk poked his head under the skylight and began to par-ley with the incarcerated Britons in the saloon below. Through the ventilating funnel leading to the engine room I could hear the soft voice of Zuleika as she tried to pacify her father.

"After protracted negotiations it was arranged that some of the officers should be liberated on condition that that they take the ship into the Arab port of Linga and there abandon her. Though Captain Sargent made some show of protestation to this condition he was secretly overjoyed to accept it, as he well knew that Her Majesty's gunboat Redbreast was ahead of him, she having left Bushire for Linga shortly before the arrival of the Kil-

"Steam therefore was soon gotton up and the course resumed. Not long after daybreak, about five leagues off Linga, we sighted the Redbreast, and when we had nearly come up with her Linga, we sighted the Redbreast, and Captain Sargent ran up the signal for assistance. Commander Scott, R. N., of the Redbreast, promptly manned a pinnace and boarded the Kilwa with a squad of marines, and the mutineers, much to their horror and disappointment, found themselves prisoners on board an English man-of-war. The injured man was taken care of, his would not having been fatal after all, and the rest of the party were deprived of their coffee and tobacco-the worst punishment an Arab can conceive of.

"You will naturally ask how it was that a handful of these barbarians managed not only to defy the whole crew of a British merchant vessel, but to drive the officers before them into the saloon like sheep into a pen. But the attack was made in the dead of night without the slightest warning, the officers were practically defenseless and the Lascar crew were intimidated into perfect submission at the first onset. It is a favorite ruse with Chinese, as well as Arab, pirates to take passage on a vessel in the guise of casual deck passengers, and then when once aboard, to watch their opportunity to murder the officers, loot the vessel, and make good their escape. For this reason, it is usual for vessels trading coastwise in these Eastern waters to keep a stand of arms in the saloon against emergency, but this time, as it often happens in such cases, the provision was lacking just when most needed. A pistol, handed down as a relic of the Peninsular war, is hardly an adequate armament for a large ves sel under such conditions.

"The Kilwa proceeded on her way down the gulf, and we arrived at Kurrachee in safety three days later. The Redbreast reached there a little time after us, and the culprits were handed over to the civil authorities of Kurrachee. It was represented at the hearing that the horse dealers were in reality a gang of freebooters. I was present, and being familiar with the Arabic language, volunteered to state their defense to the magistrate. They urged that they had not premeditated the assault, that they had been provoked to it, and that they did not appreciate at the time the seriousness of their offense. Still their action was piratical according to the letter of the law, and an example has occasionally to be made of these restless, lawless gentry; else the gulf would become once more runway for cut-throats and sea rob bers, to the great hazard of trade and travel. I appealed to the mercy of the justice, and the shelk and three of the ringleaders were let off with a month's imprisonment, while the rest were no

detained. "A week later, in Bombay, I was sauntering through the bazar when I felt a gentle pull at my sleeve. Turn ing round, I saw Zuleika standing before me. She was holding by the bridle the most beautiful Arabian horse l ever saw-none other, in fact, than my Yussef that you have seen so often. Zu leika placed the rein in my hand and I received it mechanically. 'He is vours' she said 'Shelk Abdul never forgets his friend.' Before I could recover from my surprise she had vanished, lost in the great current of humanity that floods the native quarter." -Archibald Hobson, in The Pathfinder,

American Shoes in France.

Among the features of 1904 has been the general appearance of shoes closely resembling in form and style those made in the United States.

The clumsy, ungainly and heavy French shapes are gradually disappear ing. In their stead are coming grace fully cut and finely finished shoes o a decided American appearance. The fact is, however, that it is rather our shoe-making machines than the shoes themselves that have come to France In any event, the American-appearing shoes which are now quite generally seen in this city and elsewhere in the provinces are made principally in Paris with machinery imported from

the United States. This does not alter the fact that some bona-fide American shoes are on sale here, but they are much dearer than the French-made articles, and it is not likely that they will make headway against the strong combination which is represented by cheap French labor and prolific American machinery.-From United States Consul Ridgely, Nantes, France.

# 300 - 100 BBB Icy Water and Health

The Benefits to Be Derived from Cold Baths and Vigorous Rubbing

By Eugene Wood



cold bath-we might as well get at the straight of the thing, is not really a matter of cleanliness as much as a matter of getting the skin livened up and the capillaries and veins next to the surface full of blood. Ice-cold water or scalding hot water will do that, but tepld water-No, no,

The skin is almost exactly the same kind of an excreting organ as the lungs. The same products seep through the pores as are carried off in the breath, and the air purifies the blood in the same way. But the greater part of the skin

is smothered up in clothes day and night. What the cold water of the bath dissolves is matter well away. And the rubbing dry is pretty vigorous exercise, If you want to know. Any rubbing is bound to push the blood along toward the heart and help the circulation, because there are valves in the veins which prevent the blood from going in any other direction than toward the heart. Whatever loose flakes of outer cuticle are rubbed off we needn't worry about; plerty more where they came from. The extra food the increased appetite demands will make good that trifling loss .- Everybody's Magazine.

## The Housewife's Afternoon Nap Sam A. Hamilton



EARLY every housewife takes a rest, and a nap if possible, in the afternoon; but few accomplish it. The mere lying down is not resting; in fact it is easier to rest sitting than lying down, if one does not understand how to rest properly. and the woman who does not relax when she lies, down cannot rest no matter how long she lies. To relax properly, lie at full length on the back with the head level with the body, the arms extended slightly from the body, and the feet separated some six inches. The clothing should be loose, if ly-

ing on a couch, but it is best to undress and get into bed. Start with long breaths of the kind known as "abdominal breathing," followed by upper chest breathing. Keep this up for a few minutes only, and then beginning with the head relax all the muscles the whole length of the body, that is, release the tension on them, so that if fect or hands were lifted they would fall to the bed as at they were logs of wood. It is not very difficult to relax the muscles of the arms and legs but it takes patient practice to relax the muscles of the back thorax and breast, but by persistent effort it can be accomplished. When all the muscles are relaxed the person feels as if she were floating in the air there is no sense of weight. Now an effort should be made to relax the mind. This cannot be done, as some have recommended by "thinking of nothing"an impossibility—but it can be done by directing the mind to the latest pleas ant thing that has occurred, conning it over repeatedly, and it will not require very many repetitions to send one into a deep, baby-like sleep—the kind that rests, and from which one awakes refreshed, and with every nerve tuned in mison to the work ahead. Try it.-Good Housekeeping.

## Brown Brown The Husband's Tobacco

Sy Elizabeth Knight Tompkins

# Gramman Branch



F tobacco smoke is offensive to you, first ask yourself if it actually does your husband harm. Does he smoke enough to injure his health or more than he can afford? If you have to answer no, your duty is plain. Overcome your repugnance. Men do this constantly, for many of them start with a violent distaste which their lives force them to conquer. Except for the most weighty reasons, you have no right to deprive him of an indulgence that is doing him no positive harm. The case is different, however, if you feel in

you the call of a mission, if your conviction of the evil of smoking is so overpowering that you must bear witness to it in your acts; if you really feel that no sacrifice to the cause, not even that of the happiness of your home, is too great. Otherwich, clear your mind of the prejudice that there is any moral value in smcking or not smoking, just as your mother, it may be, had to learn that cards are not in themselves of the devil's manufacture. Smoking properly belongs in another category, the physical category, that contains also exe e and eating.

If, on the other hand, you decide that smoking is doing him more or less harm, this decision opens up another question: Can :: u, considering his character and your own influence, persuade him to give it up? If you think you can, your course is simple. If you honestly know in your heart that you cannot, here again it is your duty to hold your tongue and make the best of it. If your husband will smoke, it is better for every reason, health included, that he smoke at home than at a club or some less desirable place where smoking may lead to all the evils it is supposed to carry in its wake.-Good Housekeeping.

## いっちゃっとっ Advice to Our Girls By Elizabeth M. Gilmer



DOCUMENT HE first reason why women fail as wives is because marriage has never yet been esteemed one of the learned professions which only a highly qualified individual is fitted to practice. On the contrary, it is held to be a kind of jack-leg trade that any girl can pick up at a minute's notice, and carry on successfully without the slightest previous knowledge or training. No girl would be concedted enough to think that she could practice medicine or law or dentistry without devoting years to its study. She wouldn't even dream of hiring out as

a stenographer without first learning how to make pot-hooks, but she blithely and cock-surely tackles the most difficult and complicated job existing-that of being a wife-on the fallacious assumption that a knowledge of how to man age a man and make him happy and comfortable comes to a woman by inspiration, and not through preparation.

When the average girl marries she does not even know how to make a man physically comfortable, and yet, unromantic as this may seem, the very foundation of domestic happiness has to be laid in bodily ease. Nobody can be sentimental on an empty stomach, and bad cooking will kill the tenderest affection in time. Love is choked to death on tough steak as well as slain by unfaithfulness, and many a young husband's illusions about his bride have been drowned in watery soup. The first inkling that young Benedict gets that his Angelina is not all his fondest fancy painted her, and that he has missed his affinity, is when he has to sit down to ill-cooked and ill-served meals; and you may be very sure that if there were no bad dinners there would be precious few men wandering away from home. \* \* \* To be a good wife is not an easy task. It is one of the most strenuous undertakings on earth. It requires labor and skill and care and tact and unselfishness, but it is the kind of service a woman agrees to give when she gets married. If she doesn't like the price, she can stay single.

### RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

Great Britain Results Compared With the Record in America.

"The most-talked-of fact in connection with the railroad accident records of the last few years," writes the Railroad Gazette, "Is that the railroads of Great Britain and Ireland were worked for fifteen months (ending with March, 1902), without causing the death of a passenger in a collision or derailment. This is a remarkable record, indicating sound structures, correct methods, efficient men and good discipline. Comparing it with the record in America, we cannot avoid self-reproach. But it must be borne in mind that this one item is not the 'whole thing.' The Vandalia Line (Indianapolis to St. Louis, 242 miles), has killed only one passenger in a train accident in 50 years; and that accident did not be ong to the class that causes our present reproach-collisions; it was a derailment, due to a broken rail. This fact was stated recently by an officer of the Vandalla before the St. Louis Railway club. At the same time the Vandalia has had collisions, like other single-track roads. The English lines had some train accidents in their fifteen months' record referred to, and have killed passengers since then. "We shall not in this place take the

reader's time to elaborate the reasoning from these facts; many of the conclusions are obvious. The question of safety in railroad travel is not to be settled by a newspaper article or two. This Vandalia record, and that of the Albany and Susquehanna, referred to recently, bring out another phase of the subject; the difference in the danger on single-track roads with light or moderate traffic as compared with doublt-track lines with heavy or crowded traffic. In the statement concerning the Albany and Susquehanna attention was called to the fact that a comparison of passengers killed in proportion to the number carried would show that that road's record to' be much better than the English record. By taking a sufficiently long term of years a short road in the thinly settled parts of New York state can be compared with a single year on the thousands of miles of roads in the densest parts of England. A statement of similar import has been published in Chicago concerning the accident record on the Southern Pacific for a recent period. Finding that the average deaths and injuries per train mile equal only one-half the average per train mile in the whole United states, and assuming that this difference is due to the good discipline of the Southern Pacific, the conclusion is offered that if the rest of the roads of the country would adopt Southern Pacific discipline the casualties everywhere would be reduced one-half!

"Here, again, we leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. Just how much a passenger gains in safety on a line where there is only one train a day, as compared with a four-track line that is constantly crowded, no one can calculate; but that the difference is enough to completely vitiate such comparisons as this which comes from Chicago is too patent to need stating. It is not to be supposed that the management of the Southern Pacific fathers these comparisons; but some railroad men do seem to imagine that comfort can be got out of that kind of arithmetic, hence this notice of the matter. All these various sophistries make no difference with the central facts: That large numbers of leaths are caused on American rail roads by collisions, and that the collisions, occurring by the hundreds ev ery year, are due to causes which in very large measure can be quickly done away with, and at moderate cost.

### Gen. Wadsworth's Silver.

Representative Wadsworth of New York is a son of Gen. James S. Wads worth, who was killed at the battle of the wilderness. Gen. Wadsworth was at the front. He sent his orderly back to get some dinner for him. The orderly brought up some meat and bread and a silver fork and spoon and a silver-handled knife marked with the Wadsworth monogram. The general ate and in 30 miutes was shot and

The orderly kept the knife, fork and spoon. He went to Tompkins county, N. Y., at the close of the war, and aft er a time decided he had no right to use the general's silver. He went to the county clerk of Tompkins county and told him he wanted to leave the silver there, as he did not know any Wadsworth and the silver did not be long to him. The county clerk tied the silver up in a piece of paper tagged it and put it in the safe. It remained there many years. Recently Representative Dwight, who lives in Tompkins county, was told about the silver by the county clerk, who found it in the safe. Mr. Dwight took it to Representative Wadsworth, who cherishes it highly as a memento of his father.-Owego Times.

Sympathy is like a collar button; you can never find it when you look

Talk about fortune being fickle! She is the veriest routine jade in the world, gets in the habit of favoring some and neglecting others, and overdoes the thing both ways! One advantage of race suicide is

that it will reduce the number of suckers born per minute;

I have spent some time trying to conceive how long it would take a woman, in solitary confinement in a dungeon, to welcome a little mouse as a friend and companion.-New Orleans moerat.

G. M. MeDONALD.

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### MARKETS.

PITTSBURG. Grain, Flour and Fee
Wheat—No. 2 red.
Rye—No. 2 red.
Rye—No. 2 vellow, ear.
No. 2 yellow, shelled.
Mixed ear.
Oats—No. 2 white.
No. 3 white.
Flour—Winter patent.
Straight winters.
Hay—No. 1 limothy
Cloyer No. 1
Feed—No. 1 white mid. ton
Brown middlings.
Bran, bulk
Straw—Wheat
Oat.

Dairy Products. Grain, Flour and Feed.

Dairy Products.

Butter-Eigin creamery
Ohio creamery
Fancy country roll
Cheese-Ohio, new
New York, new Poultry, Etc. 

Fruits and Vegetables. 

BALTIMORE. orn-mixed

Eggs Butler—Creamery PHILADELPHIA .

Flour—Winter Patent. 55 15

Wheat—No. 2 red. 114

Corn—No. 2 mixed. 58

Oats—No. 2 white 36

Butter—Creamery, extra. 32

Vers—Pennsylvanis firsts. 30

NEW YORK. Flour-Patents..... Wheat-No. 7 red..... Corn-No. 2 Oate-No. 2 White Butter-Creamery

LIVE STOCK.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg. Cattle. 

Hogs. 

SPORTING BREVITIES.

W. A. H. Stafford won the first prize in the pigeon shoot at Palm Beach, Fla. The motor hoat Challenger covered eight miles in a race at Lake Worth in 16m. 33s.

It is reported that there will be very little racing in Russia this year be cause of the war.

American tennis experts will play for the Davis international trophy in England this summer. "Willie" Anderson lowered the record

for Miami Golf Club course of 65, made by Walter Travis, to 62. O. Ordwein won the five and onehalf mile cross country run of the Pas-

time A. C. Time, 35m. 15s. Willie Hoppe defeated Edward Mc-Laughlin in their three nights' 18.2 balkline billiard match in New York

The Stewards of the New York Jockey Club have denied the request of the Empire City Trotting Club for

dates. Official weights for the Brooklyn and Suburban handicaps make E. R. Thomas' Hermis top weight in both, at

129 pounds. Fantasy, 2.06, holder of the champion trotting record for three-year-olds, was sold for \$2000 at Madison Square Gar-

den, New York City. Elliott C. Lee was elected president of the American Automobile Association, and W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., with-drew his resignation from the Racing

Board. Automobile records were made on the Florida beach course at one mile in 32 4-5 seconds, ten miles in 6m. 15s., twenty miles in 15m, 23s., and fifty miles in 38m, 58s.

In the opening match at bandicap hand tennis doubles at the New York Athletic Club Messrs, Haslin and Davis defeated Messrs. Ranney and Naething in straight games.