

THE HISTORY OF THANKSGIVING

MAN'S gratitude was the cause of the custom of setting apart one day of the year as a day of thanksgiving and praise to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. The history of every nation of which records are preserved contains references to days of thanksgiving from the Hebrew Feast of Tabernacles, of which mention is made in the Bible, through the Greek festival of Demeter, god of the harvest, the Roman feast of Cerialia, goddess of plenty, to the Saxon Harvest-Home and our own Thanksgiving, now universally observed as a national holiday.

The history of Thanksgiving in America begins prior to the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock in 1620. The first service of this character ever held in this country was celebrated on the bleak Newfoundland coast in 1578 by an English clergyman named Wolfall, who was connected with the Frobenius exploring party. Frobenius brought the first colony to settle on those shores; and to the Rev. Mr. Wolfall, otherwise unknown to fame, belongs the credit of the first evangelical sermon and the first celebration of the communion in North America. It was a service of grateful prayer and praise for their safe arrival and escape from the dangers of the deep.

Of similar character was the next recorded Thanksgiving service, twenty-nine years later, when the Popham colony arrived at Sagadahoc, on the coast of Maine, in August of 1607, and on the nineteenth of that month laid claim to the territory, unfurled the English flag and observed the day as one of praise and thanksgiving. This was three months after the landing of the colonists at Jamestown, in Virginia. The Popham colony not only held the first thanksgiving service on territory now comprised within the United States, but also held the first popular election and chose the first officers to govern an American community.

Thirteen years later came the Pilgrims, anchoring in Massachusetts Bay on Saturday, December 9 (O. S.). They deferred landing until Monday; despite their long sojourn on the sea, and we may well believe that their last Sabbath service on shipboard was eloquent with gratitude and praises to "Him who hath the steering of our course."

During the cold and cruel winter that followed almost one-half of the little band were laid at rest on the bluff that had frowned upon the Mayflower, their graves being leveled that the Indians might not become aware of their diminishing number. Hopefully the remnant toiled through the summer, gathering a fair harvest. The old chronicler tells of indifferent barley and a failure in peas, offset to some extent by twenty acres of good corn. But meat of deer and wild fowl was abundant, and the pestilence was stayed and they were comfortably housed for the winter. Therefore, on the twenty-fourth of October Governor Bradford proclaimed a thanksgiving feast. Carrying their muskets they marched in staid procession to the little meeting house, the Governor leading the way, with Elder Brewster reverently bearing the Bible on his right, and plain, matter-of-fact Miles Standish, the military chief of the colony, at his left—Law, supported by the church and the army. It was worthy of mention in the old annals that the elder's sermon was unusually short, not quite two hours! What would a nineteenth century congregation say to a discourse two hours long?

And then came the feast, at which were displayed the fine napery and household treasures brought from Old England—those precious relics whose possession in these days is the patent of American birth and nobility. It was an al fresco dinner, in the mild Indian summer; and at this time and place the American turkey, since sacred to the day, made his first appearance as the piece de resistance of a Thanksgiving dinner.

After the solemn service in the little church and the decorous feast, served with Puritan sedateness, the people returned to their homes, and the early darkness settled down upon the little settlement, from which was to grow so grand a nation. Suddenly the peaceful night was broken by the sentry's peremptory challenge, the rattle of a drum, mingled with an Indian shout, and every man grabbed his trusty musket and rushed out, while the souls of the women and children quaked with fear. A hundred savages poured down upon them—Massasoit's braves, but on pacific errand bent. They came to share the white man's feast and brought deer and other game as their contribution. So the fires were lit again, and the good wives baked and boiled for their unexpected guests, who entertained them by performing their dances amid wild yells and menacing gestures. It was thought prudent to show the fierce intruders that the infant colony was not without defense, so Captain Standish ordered out his soldiers, drilled them, and finally ended with a volley from their muskets into the treetops and the discharge of the great cannon on the hill and the smaller one at the Governor's door. The Indians were properly impressed and begged the great Captain not to make it thunder again. Thus the first Thanksgiving of the Pilgrim Fathers was a strange blending of godly psalms and savage dances, the rattle of firearms and Indian war-

whoops, with prayers and benedictions—typical, perchance, of the vicissitudes to be encountered in their New World home.

In November the ship Fortune arrived bringing thirty-five colonists, and much-needed supplies of clothing and ammunition, with news of the dear ones at home. Another Thanksgiving day was appointed, December 13.

In 1632 the little town of Boston was threatened with famine. Their crops had failed, and the ship which was expected to bring supplies from England had not arrived. The colonists feared the pitiless ocean had swallowed vessel and her precious freight. They were reduced to one scanty meal a day, and children cried on the streets for bread. Governor Winthrop called the men together, and after much deliberation a hunting expedition, though full of peril and toil, was determined upon. It was February; the snow was deep; the Indians, though not openly hostile, were not averse to reducing the number of the white invaders, and



As Yellow as Gold

By Mary E. Knowlton

Here's a pumpkin, fluted, golden,
Written o'er with customs olden
Out of bygone days.
Cinderella's ancient glory,
Sung in song and told in story,
Suits its yellow blaze.

Tables at the first Thanksgiving,
When colonial dames were living,
Shewed its golden cheer.
Still it smiles a friendly greeting
At the happy family meeting
On the feast-day dear.

Christmas rooms are gay with holly,
Christmas sees the merry jolly
Of the mistletoe.
Easter lilies, pure and stately
In the springtime bloom sedately,
When soft breezes blow.

Autumn dressed the woods in splendor,
But their colors, rich and tender,
All have passed away.
Now the pumpkin, ripe and yellow,
Keeps a tint of Autumn's yellow
For Thanksgiving Day.

they could ill spare any of their number. They decided to observe a day of fasting and prayer on the morrow, then venture into the pathless forest in search of game. But in the morning, when they went out, there lay upon the cold blue waters of the bay the white wings of the long-expected ship. The starving people rushed down to the beach, tears in every eye, hope and gratitude in every heart. Their fasting was once again turned into feasting, their supplications into thanksgivings; and with one accord they assembled at the church. It is recorded that the minister read the one hundred and third Psalm—"Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and forget not all His benefits!" voicing the thanks of a grateful people who found the ways of Providence, so mysterious to our blind eyes, "a very present help in time of trouble." For again and again, as we read these old chronicles, we are forced to acknowledge the frequent intervention of a Supreme Being who seemed to hold the little community in the hollow of His hand, interposing His grace and mercy between them and their ever present perils, as if they were indeed His chosen few. Again and again they were in direct extremity, in danger of utter extermination by famine or massacre, when help came unexpectedly through what seems more than chance happenings even to seepies, and which the recipients gratefully acknowledged as heaven-sent relief.

In Colonial times it still remained the custom to observe special days of thanksgiving. Under our present government, a day of thanksgiving was appointed by President Washington at the request of Congress, the occasion being the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. At the close of the War of 1812, President Madison, also at the request of Congress, an-

nounced a day of thanksgiving for the return of peace.

Since the war it has become an established custom that the last Thursday in November shall be observed as a general Thanksgiving Day throughout the federation of States.—Marblehead Messenger.

Thanksgiving.

Twelve months are sped—we look behind
And call God's goodness fresh to mind,
His care was felt through storm and shine;
With grateful hearts we seek His shrine,
And humbly kneeling there we say
Our orisons Thanksgiving day.
"For desolation's track untrod,
Our thanks are Thine, Almighty God."

"For seasons fruitful, gifts of love
For joy renewed, for grace above
Our poor desert, thanks unto Thee,
Through sorrow, death and misery—
What'er our lot—or good or ill—
Thou'st our sole source of comfort still.
Though we have known the chastening rod,
Thy mercies have been sure, O God."

"In days to come, help us to be
Concerned about Thy ministry.
Since 'wrong is wrong and right is right'
Thy strength we need, we need Thy might.
Help us to walk by heaven's light—
Help us to live as in Thy sight.
O Lord! secure in Thee we rest,
Use us as seemeth to Thee best."
—Thomas E. Smiley, in Indianapolis News

Cranberry Jelly.

Add one cup of water to one cup of cranberries and cook until the fruit is quite soft; strain through a jelly bag, add one pound of granulated sugar,



The Soldier Boy.

Oh, come, little boy, it is time now for bed;
The stars have gone down and the west turns
To red.
All night the tin sentries stand guard in
your stead,
So lay aside your gun until the morning.

Oh, look, little boy, see the stars where they
peep.
When taps once has sounded, then soldiers
should sleep.
The foe they must conquer, and watch they
must keep.
When reveille shall call them in the morn-
ing.

Oh, rest, little boy, in your bed soft and
white;
It's drums for the daytime, and dreams for
the night.
You're my little boy while the moon's shin-
ing bright.
But you shall be a soldier in the morning.
—Caroline McCormick, in Harper's Maga-
zine.

Electro Magnets.

The familiar horseshoe magnet is made of highly tempered steel and magnetized so that one end is a north pole, the other a south, or perhaps more commonly known as a negative and a positive. Once magnetized it is always magnetic unless the power is drawn from it by exposure to intense heat. An electro-magnet, however, can be made from an scrap of soft iron, from a piece of ordinary telegraph wire to a gigantic iron shaft. When a current of electricity passes through an insulated wire coiled about a soft object such as a nail, a bolt or a rod, that object becomes a magnet so long as a current of electricity is passing through the coils of wire or helix. A coil of wire in the form of a spiral spring has a stronger field than a straight wire carrying the same current, for each turn or convolution adds its magnetic field to that of the other turns; and by having the center of the coil of iron, which is a magnetic body, the strength of the magnetism is greatly increased.—St. Nicholas.

Dumpling and the Dragon.

A boy who was nicknamed "Dumpling" had a new sword. It had a sharp point and a bright shining blade which slipped with a rattle and a tinkle into a tin sheath. The sheath hung from a fine red belt; and when Dumpling buckled on his sword he felt big—very big. Indeed, he left like a giant. And if there was one thing which he desired more than another it was that he might some day encounter a dragon.

Dumpling had never seen a real dragon, but he had seen plenty of pictures of them, and he had heard many stories about them. He knew that brave princes and bold warriors nearly always came out victorious in their battles with dragons. And so should he! Every weed and bush that he had attacked had gone down before his conquering sword.

Well, one night after Dumpling had been snugly tucked under the covers he shut his eyes and began to think about dragons. He never wished quite so much for them on a dark night as he did out in the bright sunshine, however.

But anyway, he suddenly woke up and found that his wish had come true. Out on the lawn, right in front of the house, standing straight up on his tail and trying to look in at the window where Dumpling slept, was a huge dragon. It made the young warrior shiver at first, but the moment he thought of his sword his courage rose.

Quickly buckling the belt on, he rushed to the window, raised it, drew the sword and aimed at the monster's mighty blow. The blade merely rattled on the horny hide, and Dumpling was glad enough to draw back into the room. Then he thought he might have done better if he had used the sharp point to stab the beast instead of merely whacking him.

So he reached out again and gave the dragon a furious thrust. He must have just touched the tender spot, for the sword went in half way to the hilt.

With a roar of pain the beast bounded away. Dumpling cried, "My sword! My sword!" But no attention did the dragon give to the cries.

What to do Dumpling certainly did not know. The dragon was gone, his new sword was gone. In a little while he thought of Bacchus, the old black ram who always made war upon everything that came near him.

Rushing down the back stairs and out to the barn, wearing only his pajamas, Dumpling loosened the stable door, went up to the old black ram, jumped on his back, seized his horns and turned his head in the direction the dragon had gone.

To follow the trail was easy enough, because the monster in his mad flight brushed away fences and other things that stood in his way as if they had been so much straw. So there was a straight open path for the ram.

It was a wild chase. Dumpling dug his heels viciously into the ram's sides to urge him on. Every dig increased the ram's ire. His bleating was almost like the bellow of an angry bull.

Hearing this, the dragon turned sharply around, opened his wide jaws and waited. The sight struck Dumpling dumb with terror. He saw the dragon's plan; they both would be swallowed at one gulp. But Bacchus had a plan, too, remembering his sharp straight horns. This plan was no sooner made than it was carried out.

Rushing straight into the dragon's mouth he gave him a terrific butting and struck his horns fast in the monster's throat before the powerful jaws had time to close.

What about Dumpling? Oh, he slid off behind just as the ram jumped in. Rushing around to the dragon's shoulder he recovered his sword and began to wave it furiously as he danced and shouted: "Go for him, Bacchus! Give it to him, Bacchus!" And Dumpling's mother shook her little boy and said: "What is the matter, darling, are you talking in your sleep?"—Washington Star.

A King Who Cried.

A long time ago there was a boy who was a king. He had a tutor, which means having a schoolmaster at home to live with you. He had lots of servants, who wore yellow knickerbockers and bowed low and called him "Your Majesty." Also he lived in a palace and had more ponies than he could ride, and wore Sunday clothes on week-days. But he was not happy, and he got very tired of having every day and all day to be as proper as though he were out to tea.

One day he sat on his throne very lonely and crying and with his crown in his lap. An old serving-man who loved him was sorry to see him cry, and came near and bowed and said, "May I please Your Majesty." The king looked and said, "Speak, sirrah," which was his royal way of addressing servants. The old man did not mind, but obeyed.

"Your Majesty," he said, "is unhappy. Is Your Majesty aware that there is an aged dame who lives in an old cave in the King's forest and who sells in bottles a liquid which if anyone drinks makes him happy at once?" "Nonsense, varlet," answered the King. "I mind me that once I drank six bottles of stone ginger beer in seven minutes, and I feel unhappy every time I remember it." "Your Majesty," answered the servant, "this is different."

"If you are sure," rejoined the King, "take my crown and put it in the cupboard, and bring a bagful of pennies and we will go and buy."

When they got to the cave of the aged dame she came out and said, "Good-morning, little boy." "Little boy, indeed, old woman," said the king, haughtily, "I am a king." "Oh, are you?" answered the aged dame; "if you are a king you must be polite and call me 'Madam' or I will have nothing to do with you."

"Madam," rejoined the King, "I want a large bottle of the elixir of happiness; I want to be a happy boy for a whole day. How much?" "Sir," replied the aged dame, "I do not sell, for no one can buy happiness. But here is a bottle. Go home and drink it. And she gave him a funny black flask with wicker-work all around.

When they got home to the palace the King called for the Lord High Cook Fuller, and he opened the bottle with a golden corkscrew. He poured the liquid into a crystal goblet, and His Majesty drank. Then His Majesty made a face and said, "Ugh! how bitter! I must have got the wrong bottle." And he was more unhappy than ever.

They fetched him cake to eat with it, but that made it no better, and he went into the palace garden a very miserable boy.

He walked about till he came to the great bronze gate where the soldiers were on guard. They all saluted; but he hardly noticed, for he had seen a poor boy in the road. Then, sitting on the edge of the pavement, was such a ragged boy smiling away in the sun! The King went to him and said, "Good morning; I am the King. You will please come into my palace and taste some of the elixir of happiness that I got this morning."

"Never heard of it, Mister," came the answer, "but if it's not medicine I'll come." When they got to the palace the King had two goblets brought, and the Lord High Porter Out filled them.

They were both going to drink, when the ragged boy felt in an inside pocket and pulled out a big piece of bread. "Here, King," he said, "this is my dinner. Halves, Mister. You drag one end and I will drag the other." The King stared and said, "I tried cake just now and it was no good." "Don't care," was the reply, "share's fair. You have my bread, or you can drink all your stuff yourself."

The King then pulled, and they divided the bread. Together they drank, and His Majesty was surprised, for at once he felt as glad as he could possibly be. And then the small boy began to smile more than ever and said to the King: "Here King, bend down and give us a back," and before he knew what he was doing they were playing leapfrog in spite of the astonished courtiers.

When they were out of breath they sat down again and began to talk, and the King said, "Let some one fetch my Tutor for me, to explain how it is that the elixir of happiness was so bitter before and it is so sweet now." The Tutor, who was an old man with a nice face and a long white beard, came and bowed low and said, "Your Majesty, the reason is very simple. We never have any happiness as long as we keep things to ourselves, but the moment we share the best things that we have we are as glad as can be." And the King understood.—London Christian World.

Deer Hanging from Telephone Wire.

The body of a small deer hanging from a telephone wire 25 feet above the ground and midway between two poles was the strange sight viewed by Supervisor Knowles and William McClaren near North Fork recently.

The offer the explanation that the little deer had been picked up by an eagle which, flying away with the carcass, struck the wire in its flight and lost its prize.—Sacramento Bee.

John Paul Jones' original commission, issued in 1776, is owned by Joseph A. Newton of Haverhill, Mass.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Up to the present there has been no memorial to commemorate Andree and his unfortunate expedition. The Geographical Society of Stockholm, however, has taken the matter in hand and has commissioned Lundberg, the Swedish engraver, to make a large memorial medal.

The proposed new calendar of Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer, begins the year at the Vernal Equinox (March 21), and to every quarter gives two months of thirty days and one month of thirty-one days. The 365th day, set aside as a fete day, is not counted in any month, two such days following leap year.

The light of the firefly is believed to have an efficiency of virtually 100 percent of the energy expended, whereas recent tests indicate that the light efficiency of the ordinary incandescent lamp is only 2.6 percent; the rest of the energy is expended in producing heat which is not needed. Inventors do not yet despair of success in imitating the firefly's economical method of producing an illumination.

If the earth, says Prof. E. Rutherford, were supposed to have been composed, initially, of pure radium, the activity 20,000 years later would not be greater than the activity observed in pitchblende today. But, since there is no doubt that the earth's age vastly exceeds 20,000 years, it is necessary, in order to account for the existence of radium at all in the earth, to suppose that it is continuously produced from some other substance.

An ingenious application of the peculiar property of selenium of varying its electric resistance with change of illumination has been made by Mr. Courvoisier of Heidelberg in the electric transmission of pendulum beats to a distance for recording time and comparing clocks. Heretofore the beats have been electrically transmitted through contacts made by the pendulum itself. This method introduced irregularities of consequence, where hundredths of a second are taken into account, in astronomical observations. Courvoisier causes the swinging pendulum, just as it touches its lowest point to reflect a beam of light upon a selenium cell, which transmits the message without physical contact with the pendulum.

STILL ANOTHER ANAESTHETIC.

Said to Possess Good Qualities of Cocaine Minus the Bad.

It is stated that the editor of a medical periodical published in Germany, Franz Hoffman, in conjunction with Dr. Franz Hoffman, has succeeded in producing a substance which possesses all the qualities of cocaine in causing insensibility to pain, and at the same time has none of the injurious effects of that remedial agent. This new substance has been called by them "alpin." After numerous experiments the two investigators have been able to establish the fact that alpin is a neutral reagent easily soluble in water, causing insensibility to pain at the place of application; a so-called local anaesthetic in contrast to the effect produced by the generally known anaesthetics, which cause entire loss of consciousness and are in the real sense of the term narcotics. These experiments have further shown that alpin, while possessing strength equal to cocaine in its effect, is at the same time to be preferred to the latter, because it is less poisonous, produces no enlargement of the pupils, can be used agreeably to and without disturbance of the patient's condition, and that no stricture of the vascular structure follows from its use. The importance of this discovery is at once evident, for the less the danger connected with the insensibility artificially produced, so much the better it is for the patient.—Philadelphia Record.

New Test for Timber.

It is claimed by lumbermen that timber which has lain in water seasons more quickly and lasts longer than that which is freshly cut. From a priori reasoning it would be quite natural to suppose that the water would soak out certain of the gummy matters of the wood, especially of the sap wood, making it more easily dried. Moreover, the washing out of the sap from the young wood removes most of the sugars, proteids, etc., which normally furnish food for the bacteria and other fungi which cause the rotting of lumber. The bureau of forestry believes that it is worth while from a practical point of view to find out the truth about these impressions of lumbermen and reasoning of scientists, and is beginning a series of tests at its new experiment stations in Michigan and Wisconsin. To make the experiments as practical as possible they will be conducted on telegraph and telephone poles, articles whose period of usefulness is a matter of no small economic importance. The poles will first be soaked in water for varying lengths of time, and then piled and seasoned, careful record being kept of the time required for seasoning and the quality of the seasoned timber.—Collier's Weekly.

Fire Curtain Comes Down.

At July's theatre, London, on the night of July 11, the hydraulic power that controls the asbestos curtain gave out and the curtain slowly but inexorably descended a few minutes after the performance had begun. After half an hour of unavailing attempts to raise the curtain the people in the theatre were dismissed and their entrance money was refunded.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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MARKETS.

PITTSBURG.

Grain, Flour and Feed.

Wheat—No. 2 red	75	77
Wheat—No. 2 white	72	74
Corn—No. 2 yellow ear	61	63
Do. 2 yellow shelled	60	61
Mixed ear	59	60
Oats—No. 2 white	53	54
Do. 2 white	50	51
Flour—Winter patent	42	43
Fancy straight winter	40	41
Hay—No. 1 Timothy	18	19
Do. 2 Timothy	17	18
Feed—No. 1 white mid. ton	19	20
Brown middlings	16	17
Brans, bulk	12	13
S. W. Wheat	7	7
Out	7	7

Dairy Products.

Butter—Elgin creamery	24	26
Ohio creamery	23	24
Fancy country roll	19	14
Cheese—Ohio, new	11	12
New York, new	11	12

Poultry, Etc.

Hens—per lb.	11	15
Chickens—dressed	15	18
Eggs—Pa. and Ohio, fresh	26	28

Fruits and Vegetables.

Apples 1bb	5	5
Potatoes—Fancy white per bu.	50	50
Cabbage—per ton	13	15
Onions—per barrel	4	2

BALTIMORE.

Flour—Winter Patent	5	5
Wheat—No. 2 red	83	84
Corn—Mixed	51	52
Butter—Creamery	24	25
Eggs—Ohio creamery	24	26

PHILADELPHIA.

Flour—Winter Patent	5	5
Wheat—No. 2 red	83	84
Corn—No. 2 mixed	50	51
Oats—No. 2 white	51	52
Butter—Creamery	24	25
Eggs—Pennsylvania State	26	28

NEW YORK.

Flour—Patent	5	5
Wheat—No. 2 red	83	84
Corn—No. 2 mixed	50	51
Butter—Creamery	24	25
Eggs—State and Pennsylvania	24	26

LIVE STOCK.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg.

Cattle.

Extra, 1,450 to 1,500 lbs.	3	20	3	50
Prime, 1,200 to 1,300 lbs.	4	50	5	50
Good, 1,000 to 1,200 lbs.	4	50	4	75
Fair, 800 to 1,000 lbs.	4	25	4	40
Common, 700 to 800 lbs.	3	01	3	40
Common to good fat bulls	3	00	3	40
Common to good fat cows	1	33	1	30
Helders, common	2	25	2	40
Fresh cows and springers	16	00	16	00

Hogs.

Prime heavy hogs	5	10	5	15
Prime medium weight	5	10	5	15
Best light Yorkers	5	00	5	05
Good light Yorkers	5	25	5	30
Pigs, average	5	10	5	15
Common to good roughs	4	25	4	30
Stags	3	25	3	35

Sheep.

Prime wethers	4	25	4	50
Good mixed	4	00	4	25
Fair mixed ewes and wethers	4	50	4	75
Culls and common	3	00	3	00
Culls to choice lambs	5	00	5	75

Calves.

Veal Calves	5	00	5	00
Heavy and thin calves	3	50	3	75

SPORTING BRIEVITIES.

Warner has been of much service to Detroit.

Sixty-four entries were received for the women's golf championship.

Roggio (Italy) won the automobile race for the Florida Cup in Italy.

An urgent call for more football material has been made at Princeton.

New York won the cable chess match with Berlin by four games to two.

The Nashville Club has signed pitcher Oscar Street, late of Birmingham.

The number of entries for the New York Horse Show was 1700, 250 more than last year.

John J. McGraw signed a three-years' contract as manager of the champion Giants.

The Golden Cup Commission plans to make the 1903 automobile tour a popular American event.

Winfield Bailey, of the Mohawk A. C., led a big field in the race across country, over the Jerome course.

The Middlesex bounds ran a fax to Triplett's Hill in the match against the Grafton pack in the Piedmont Valley, Virginia.

Support of the automobile industry is given in the campaign to open the New York City wharves to gasoline commercial wharves.

"Bob" Fitzsimmons and "Jack" O'Brien were matched to fight for the heavyweight championship of the world in San Francisco, Cal.

Susie G. was crowned queen of the New York City Speedway at the conclusion of the final series of races held by the Road Drivers' Association.

Marlin J. Sheridan, all around athletic champion, raised the world's discus record to 138 feet 2 inches at the Irish-American games in Celtic Park.