

The train had stopped, and had then started up again, on signal, so it is said, that the track was clear. It pulled out slowly, not having had time to acquire much momentum, when the big De Dietrich car of Gabriel came whirling down the road and flung across the tracks not more than thirty feet in front of the locomotive. The white flag, sign of a clear track, was displayed as the auto approached the crossing, it is said, and Gabriel was not aware of his danger when he speeded across the rails.

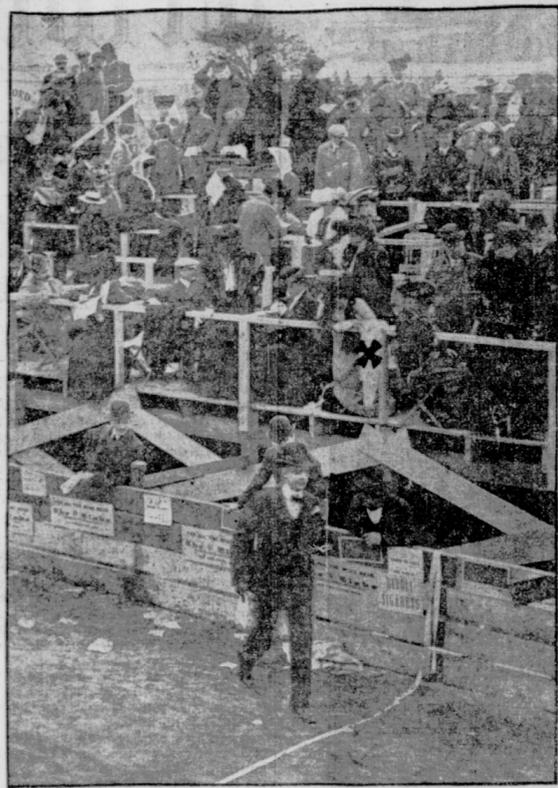
William Wallace, driving his 90-horsepower Fiat, was the last to be sent off, and in the first time around the course his tires went wrong at Jericho, and his machinist was hurt, though not seriously. Wallace withdrew from the race without completing the round. The fine showing of the Pope-Toledo car was one of the features of the race. The little 24-horsepower machine that met with an accident last week, killing one of its occupants, was driven by Lytle in yesterday's race, and came in third. It, too, had its difficulties with tires, and lost time in the seventh round repairing.

The 60-horsepower Pope-Toledo, driven by Webb, that had been going along at a high rate of speed up to the fourth round, had to stop for more than an hour while a new tire was being put on. In the next round, near Floral Park, the steering gear broke and the machine ran into a tree, upsetting Webb and his machinist, who had to be assisted from the course.

The springs of E. R. Thomas's 60-horsepower Mercedes broke in the fifth round when it was well up among the leaders, and it was retired from the contest. The Renault 90-horsepower machine of W. G. Brokaw, driven by M. G. Bernin, had its shaft broken in the second round, and its running stopped then and there. C. G. Dinmore's 60-horsepower Mercedes cracked a cylinder after making the first round, and was also taken out of the contest.

**VANDERBILT CAR TO ACCIDENT.**

The first serious accident of the day was reported at the grandstand a few hours after the race had started. Word came that George Arents, Jr., and Carl Menzel, his machinist, were



PORTION OF THE TIRED SPECTATORS IN THE GRANDSTAND. MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT X

**KILLED ON THE COURSE.**

**Arents' Car Overturned—Machinist Dead and Owner Hurt.**

The first intimation the large crowd at Queens had of the accident in which Carl Menzel, a driver, was killed, was at about 8:11 a. m., when the ambulance of St. Mary's Hospital, Jamaica, dashed around the sharp south turn at full speed and was soon lost up the Hempstead road. About three miles from that point, not far from Elmont, on one of the best sections of the course, the 60-horsepower Mercedes owned and run by George Arents, Jr., upset, and threw him and his machinist, Carl Menzel, violently to the ground.

According to the only witnesses, C. W. Benjamin, a patent draughtsman, of No. 206 Broadway; his son, C. Ray Benjamin; Otto Post, of No. 50 Morgan-ave., Brooklyn, and Henry Nelmyer, of No. 242 East Eighty-third-st., the machine had just put on full speed, when the left front tire exploded and caused the steering gear to get out of order.

With the axle of the front wheels twisted to a position parallel to the road the ponderous racer skidded along for fifty feet at a terrific pace, tearing up the hard oiled road into a blinding dust. The car floundered around, describing a letter "S," and finally, on the south side of the road, turned completely over, on top of Mr. Arents and his machinist. Mr. Arents had shut off his power in taking the slight turn of the course where the accident occurred, and the tire blew out a few seconds after he had started up again.

Mr. Benjamin, his son and Otto Post had cleared the fence on the approach of the Mercedes, and were dumfounded for a while after the machine turned over. The three men, after recovering from their fright, promptly undertook to drag the victims from under the heavy mass of machinery. The elder Benjamin succeeded in getting out Arents, who was unconscious, and young Benjamin worked on the dislocated man for five minutes trying to produce artificial respiration. By pulling at the sleeve of Menzel's coat Mr. Benjamin finally dragged him out. Menzel was unconscious and bleeding profusely from the nose and ears. The wrecked racer took up a third of the road.

Suddenly the sharp cracking of Tart's 90-horsepower Panhard was heard in the distance, and Benjamin, leaving the bleeding man, rushed into the road and signalled the oncoming racer. The latter, who had already seen the blockade, slowed up, and gave the wreck a wide berth. Benjamin shouted for him to send on an ambulance from Queens, and seventeen minutes after Tart passed, the ambulance of St. Mary's Hospital, Dr. A. Fenester, visiting surgeon of the Nassau Hospital, Menzel was covered with blood, and it was thought that he was severely cut. Dr. Fenester examined him carefully and said that he had a fracture of the base of the skull, and that he could not live.

Arents had apparently been thrown from his seat in the instant before the machine went over, and escaped being caught under it. He was stunned to unconsciousness by the fall. The injured men were taken to Nassau Hospital, in Hempstead, where the machinist died at 11:30 a. m. The machine was thrown out of the way at the roadside, where it was the centre of interest for a curious crowd until the race was ended.

At the Nassau County Hospital last night it was said that the condition of George Arents, Jr., was very serious. He has a fracture at the base of the skull and is suffering from cerebral hemorrhages. He is unconscious, and his condition is such that it will be impossible, the doctors say, to perform an operation to-night. His chances of recovery are considered not to be good. Dr. McCosh, Mr. Arents's family physician, and Dr. Lanehart, the hospital physician, are in attendance. The injured man's father, mother and brother are at his bedside.

The place where the wreck occurred was on the stretch of the Hempstead Turnpike that lies between the farms of Jerome Van Devere and George R. Ludwin, and near the same point, but a little nearer the turn in the road, the French machine, designated as "12," and driven by A. Clement, an hour after the accident involving George Arents, Jr., the young amateur driver, and his machinist, was received in this city at the office of the American Tobacco Company, No. 111 Fifth-ave., when the injured man's wife telephoned to George Arents, Sr., who is a large stockholder in the American Tobacco Company. Mr. Arents called up the Nassau Hospital to inquire about his son, but had hardly spoken a word when he dropped the telephone receiver and started immediately for the hospital.

Mr. Arents had heard a rumor that another contestant, who was trying to pass the machine his son was piloting, had been injured and that his son had escaped injury. "I'm sure," said the father, "that George could not have been hurt by trying to pass anybody. He's too cautious for that."

It was reported that the injured man's mother was ill and that all news of the accident was withheld from her.

**THROGS AT THE RACE.**

**Early Morning Start Fails to Daunt the Thousands.**

Friday night was a wonderful night for that section of Long Island through which the racecourse went. There was an influx of visitors such as that staid neighborhood probably never has seen before, and visitors who thronged every hotel and lodging house, visitors who pre-empted every available room in the farmers' houses, and slept on shake-downs in the parlors, visitors

who slept in the barrooms on cots, and visitors who slept not at all.

To this great throng was added another as large, which journeyed to the racecourse by special trains, leaving this city at unearthly periods in the small hours. Across the Thirty-fourth-st. ferry travelled hundreds of big touring cars, their occupants swathed in furs and overcoats. Over the sandy Long Island roads, long before daybreak, automobiles of every size and complexion travelled, snorting, contemptuously flinging the pebbles out on the mere pedestrians who trudged sturdily along toward Westbury.

It was heyday for whatever farmer had any kind of travelling conveyance for hire. Hundreds years beyond the pension limit drive vehicles equally as antiquated, filled to the utmost with automobile enthusiasts, from the railroad stations to the starting point. Disputing the roads with them were everywhere the lordly automobiles, their humble cousins, the motorcycles, and the pobleian bicycles. Smart traps there were, with their smart occupants, the women burying their pink cheeks in heavy furs.

Long before daybreak the starting point at Westbury was the focus of activity. Toward it gravitated all the visitors. The roads for a couple of miles in each direction were choked with automobiles and carriages. Huge touring cars grumbled in deep bass, side by side with little electric runabouts. From them all were disgorged those who had hastened to the grandstand or previously selected vantage points along the road.

Gradually the great bare grandstand began to fill. Dainty women in winter furs, their escorts wearing heavy overcoats and fur gloves, came from the cars along the roadway. Later arrivals hurried into places, intent on seeing the departure of the very first machine. Down on the track long, lean racing cars, gaunt steel frameworks of almost sinister aspect, quivered and snorted, their drivers, beyond recognition in their greatcoats, caps and dust goggles, bending over them with affectionate regard, carefully inspecting every part of the mechanism from which they expected so much in the race.

Over in the judges' stand telephone bells jingled, bringing reports from special agents at every part of the track. A little knot of judges and track officials gathered in momentary conferences, dissolved that its members might visit entrants, foregather with perturbed drivers, hustled obstructing sightseers off the track and picked up the thousand and one loose ends of the moments immediately before the start of the great race.

William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., in his automobile cap and great fur coat, seemed to be everywhere. Long before the start he was on the ground, arranging the details. He it was who gave the signal, just at 6 o'clock, when the first car, Stevens's big Mercedes, had been pushed up to the tape, that started it down the course, leaping ahead to the plaudits of the grandstand and the shouts of the throng which lined the roadway. He it was who superintended every detail of the starting of each subsequent car. He it was who kept in closest touch with the judges' stand and the bullets which were received there; he who perpetually waved back the excited throng which rushed over the track immediately after each car passed, and he jumped into a waiting car and, calling a physician, drove like the wind down to Queens when word came of the accident to Mr. Arents.

As the morning began to acquire strength, the throng of spectators in the grandstand filled it to its utmost capacity. Fully half the number were women, most of whom had been there cut lot, who testified by their keen interest the sun came up, furs began to disappear, and veils thrust back disclosed flower hats. Prominent in the front seat was Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., who keenly followed the race, and when the struggle between Heath and Clement became close sprang to her feet to cheer the American each time he plunged past the grandstand.

**TROUBLES AT JERICO.**

**Loosened Tires and Nail Bestrewn Course Cause Many Mishaps.**

Although it had been expected that Jericho Turnpike, with its sharp, ugly turn, would prove the principal scene of any mishaps that might occur, not a single accident due to the curve happened here in the entire race. None the less, the historic turnpike was again and again the scene of popping tires. A number of short unrustred nails that were found strewn on the surface of the petroleum soaked earth accounted for the punctured tires. A three minutes search within a radius of five yards disclosed the presence of seven of these nails, bestrewn on the centre of the track, that seemed to indicate a deliberate attempt to wreck the racing machines. The track was carefully inspected late on Friday, and it is believed that the nails were strewn over the road where they might do the most damage, some time in the night.

In the first hour of the race not less than four machines had trouble with their tires at Jericho. "Wally" Owens, an automobile driver, found a number of these nails scattered on the turnpike,

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Has educated the popular taste to the full appreciation of the benefits of Vermouth drinking.  
IT'S THE BRAND YOU KNOW.

Late on Friday men were dispatched to the spot, and took up, it is said, several pieces of glass.

A fair instance of the way in which the spectators regarded the contestants and the manner in which these accepted their reverses occurred at this turnpike just before 9:30 a. m. S. B. Stevens, Jr.'s, 60-horsepower Mercedes car (No. 1), driven by Campbell, had punctured a tire, and Campbell, in a fury of haste, had leaped from the car, with his mechanic, to rip the tire from the wheel and substitute a new one.

As Campbell stooped down to examine the tire a pretty, well dressed woman in the crowd seemed to recognize him, despite his dirty overalls and his face that was here black spotted with oil, here caiked with viscid mud.

"O Mr. Campbell," she pleaded, gazing at the flattened tire, "why don't you give it up? You've done splendidly, and we shouldn't like any accident to happen."

"What's the use?" said Campbell, cheerfully, grinning through the mud. "We've still one tire left."

"Can we give you something to eat?" asked half a dozen spectators at once, bringing out, apparently from nowhere, sundry bottles of beer and paper wrapped sandwiches.

"Thanks; I have some," replied Campbell, producing with one hand a square of chocolate,



MAYOR MCCLELLAN AND COMMISSIONER WOODBURY.

which he proceeded to nibble, wrenching at the tire with the other hand, all the while making anxious inquiries as to the fate of rival cars.

It was as William Wallace's 90-horsepower Fiat was rounding the turn at Jericho on the first lap of the race that the first real accident occurred. Wallace, who was his own driver, discovered that the machine had been fed too much oil, and the engine had become clogged. Tony Antony, the Italian mechanic, jumped down, and after two minutes' labor, succeeded in remedying the trouble. Wallace restarted the engine, but Antony in making a flying leap to board the now moving car, missed his footing, and was dragged for several yards under the rear wheel. Another mechanic, however, who was standing close by, succeeded in 'baping' aboard the car, which went off with a rush, and was quickly out of sight.

Antony was carried into an adjoining repair tent, and was immediately stripped and examined. It was found, however, that no bones were broken, and that the injuries were not of a serious character.

At the start of the race Wallace's car burst a tire while rounding the turn at Jericho, but after a delay of thirty seconds it went on with a flat tire without waiting to make repairs. A few minutes later Frank Croker's car met with a similar accident at the same place. Croker fitted a new tire, and this, together with some slight trouble with his engine, cost him fifteen minutes.

**AROUND THE COURSE.**

"Am I to be congratulated?" asked Heath, half in earnest, as a friend came up to shake his hand while his car was being weighed after the race. "I don't know yet whether I've won this affair or not. That will be decided to-night," referring to the committee meeting, which was to consider Clement's protests. "If I've lost the race, however, it will be because of misinformation I received on my eighth lap. I was going around there, and was told that I was thirty minutes ahead of my opponent, Clement. I ran the next lap slowly. When I was about at the finish of this ninth lap, some one told me that Clement was nearly two minutes ahead of me. Then I put on speed, and made up only a few seconds on my run in the previous lap."

"At no time did I have my machine running at its full speed," he was going on, carefully, taking no chances, yet going at a good speed. "I think my predominant sensation during the race was hunger. I'm as hungry as a bear now. Of course, it's a wonderful experience to run a car in a race of this kind. The course here, I think, was quite as good as European courses."

Probably one of the most interested spectators at the race was Mayor McClellan. He came to the starting line at Westbury in an automobile, and he stayed up to the stand with Street Commissioner Woodbury at a constant "saw" to force him off the course.

"I tried," said one of the bystanders when the Mayor was finally seated in the stand, "to know who that man was you tried to keep from the stand? That's Mayor McClellan."

"Is that so?" replied the constable. "Well, I see my duty and done it."

E. E. Hawley, who ran E. R. Thomas's big car, was the first driver out of the race to appear at the grandstand. He was feeling rather melancholy, but he explained that the springs on his machine had broken, and by the time he could replace them he would assuredly be out of the running. "I guess I had about a 1 to 500 chance, anyhow," he said. "I didn't seem to measure up against some of the other cars, with their big horsepower. The course to-day was simply great. I've got absolutely no fault to find with the track, or the way in which it was patrolled. I passed other cars at what I consider the two worst places on the course—at the Queens turn and where the road had been lowered to get under a railway. In these places, the narrowest and worst. I had plenty of room to pass. There was not a bit of dust anywhere. Only once was I bothered by people on the course. Once or twice I saw people in carriages ahead of me, but they turned off the track before I came anywhere near them."

Immediately after the race, William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., was almost overwhelmed by the rush of the business men on the course, and showed in his glad smile and buoyant manner how pleased he was with the result of the race. "Yes, I'm glad an American won it," he said. "Of course, the conditions on which the cup was given provide that the race be held in this country next year also, but I hope the cup will stay here for a long time. I think the course was good—fully as good as where. Only once was I bothered by people on the course. Once or twice I saw people in carriages ahead of me, but they turned off the track before I came anywhere near them."

On the eve of the race, not only at Garden City, but at Hicksville and Jericho, hotel proprietors reaped a golden harvest. In some cases as much as \$30 an \$15 was asked and received for a bed in the kitchen.

A party, who ordered a modest luncheon of a dish of eggs, was at Hickville hotel, were found to receive a bill for \$2. This was the only variety of luncheon provided in the hotels.

H. H. Lytle, at the close of the race, drove his car into Garden City, with one tire gone, and

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Broadway @ 9th St.

chatted with his friends in a jovial manner: He said:

I am well pleased with my 34-horsepower Pope-Toledo. It responded perfectly in the entire race, and I was never anxious for on the matter. On the fourth lap some one shouted I was third. I decided then to keep in that place, and took no risks in trying to be first. I stuck up at all times to a speed of fifteen miles an hour, and avoided any chance of upsetting. On the last turn around Queens I put my machine around at full speed as an experiment, and got through all right.

Lytle was congratulated by a large number of his friends at the station. Tests, the driver, who made the fastest lap of the day, 24 minutes and 4 seconds, spoke highly of Lytle's consistent driving and of the steady work of his machine. He said its showing was all the more remarkable because of its low horsepower, as it had the same size engine as is usually placed in a touring car.

The Waldorf had a deserted appearance yesterday, with nearly two-thirds of its guests gone to the race. For the accommodation of those who started early in the morning to go to Garden City in automobiles, the management arranged a 3 o'clock breakfast. There were about three hundred guests at the hotel, but the vast majority of them in automobiles. An hour after a procession of seventy-five machines started away from the hotel, covered with dust and weary with the run. All the evening the hotel was a scene of cards of congratulation for Mr. Heath. He did not return to the hotel last night, however, but with most of the contestants remained in Garden City till to-day.

Clarence Gray Dinmore, owner of the 20-horsepower Mercedes driven by Werner, went back to Garden City after the race. He said:

I think the race of to-day was the most satisfactory one I have ever seen. I am greatly pleased with the splendid work of the American machines. Hawley's 34-horsepower Fiat was a most unfortunate occurrence, but, with that exception, I don't believe the race could have been more successful.

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450 Pieces  
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**THE TIME BY ROUNDS.**

FIRST ROUND.		SECOND ROUND.		THIRD ROUND.		FOURTH ROUND.		FIFTH ROUND.		SIXTH ROUND.		SEVENTH ROUND.		EIGHTH ROUND.		NINTH ROUND.		TENTH ROUND.	
Gabriel	7:05.00	Gabriel	7:42.43	Gabriel	8:25.47	Gabriel	9:08.40	Gabriel	9:51.33	Gabriel	10:34.26	Gabriel	11:17.19	Gabriel	12:00.12	Gabriel	12:43.05	Gabriel	13:25.98
Campbell	7:06.00	Heath	7:43.43	Heath	8:26.46	Heath	9:09.39	Heath	9:52.32	Heath	10:35.25	Heath	11:18.18	Heath	12:01.11	Heath	12:44.04	Heath	13:26.97
Webb	7:07.00	Webb	7:44.44	Webb	8:27.47	Webb	9:10.40	Webb	9:53.33	Webb	10:36.26	Webb	11:19.19	Webb	12:02.12	Webb	12:45.05	Webb	13:27.98
Hawley	7:08.00	Hawley	7:45.45	Hawley	8:28.48	Hawley	9:11.41	Hawley	9:54.34	Hawley	10:37.27	Hawley	11:20.20	Hawley	12:03.13	Hawley	12:46.06	Hawley	13:28.99
Lytle	7:09.00	Lytle	7:46.46	Lytle	8:29.49	Lytle	9:12.42	Lytle	9:55.35	Lytle	10:38.28	Lytle	11:21.21	Lytle	12:04.14	Lytle	12:47.07	Lytle	13:29.00
Teste	7:10.00	Teste	7:47.47	Teste	8:30.50	Teste	9:13.43	Teste	9:56.36	Teste	10:39.29	Teste	11:22.22	Teste	12:05.15	Teste	12:48.08	Teste	13:30.01
Croker	7:11.00	Croker	7:48.48	Croker	8:31.51	Croker	9:14.44	Croker	9:57.37	Croker	10:40.30	Croker	11:23.23	Croker	12:06.16	Croker	12:49.09	Croker	13:31.02

**FORMER "AUTO" RACES.**

**Many Deaths in Paris-Madrid Contest—Fast Time.**

Long distance automobile racing really began in 1895, with the Paris-Bordeaux contest. This was followed in 1896 by the race from Paris to Marseilles and return, and that from Paris to Amsterdam and back in 1898, and by the international cup race from Paris to Lyons in 1900, won by M. Charron.

It was not till 1901, however, that this kind of racing began to demand general attention, with the running of the second Paris-Bordeaux race on May 29 of that year. This contest was held in connection with the international cup race. M. Fournier, with his 35-horsepower, four cylinder Mors car, was the winner, covering 220 miles in 24 hours, 40 minutes and 44 seconds. His average speed was fifty-three miles an hour, with a top speed of sixty miles an hour. One month later Fournier won the Paris-Berlin race, making 700 miles in 16 hours and 6 minutes. His time was over a much more difficult route.

The international cup race from Paris to Vienna each Sunday in the "Little Ads. of the People," in the narrow columns.

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**CARBONATED**  
**THIRST QUENCHERS**  
EQUAL TO IMPORTED.

Englishman, with a 70-horsepower Napier. He made the distance, 68 kilometers, in 16 hours 42 minutes, an average of 31 miles an hour.

The race that perhaps attracted most attention, both for the number of casualties and the speed developed, was the Paris-Madrid race that started on May 23, 1902. Six persons were killed and many others badly injured. Because M. Gabriel made the run to Bordeaux in 6 hours and 7 minutes, thirty-seven minutes better than the record run of Fournier.

On July 2, 1903, the international cup was won by Janitzky, a German, over the Irish course, in 42 minutes, an average of 31 miles an hour.

The fastest average in any road race was obtained in the cup race on June 17 of this year, over the Salsburg circuit. M. Thery, a Frenchman, won in a Richard-Breder machine of eighty-five horsepower. His time was 5 hours, 50 minutes and 2 seconds, an average of sixty miles an hour.

**WHERY ON WAY TO CHALLENGE HEATH**

Winner of Gordon Bennett Race Sails with Car for this Country.

Paris, Oct. 8.—M. Thery, the champion French automobile driver, who won the International Cup of 1902, sailed for New-York to-day on the French Line's steamer La Lorraine. He took with him the car with which he won the cup, expecting to challenge the winner of to-day's race near New-York.

A TELESCOPIC ARRAY OF BARGAINS each Sunday in the "Little Ads. of the People," in the narrow columns.

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