so far on board. Sir Thomas, while taking his second defeat gracefully, acknowledged that he was much disappointed at the outcome, and his guests fully shared that feeling. Sir Thomas left his post on the bridge of the Erin before the finish, but not until it was plainly evident that his boat was beaten.

"I can't understand," said Sir Thomas, "the way the Shamrock showed up on the last leg of the race. I was surprised at her work to windward. I considered that that was her strongest point. I don't know how it was, unless it was the choppy sea, which beat her back on account of her flat forward. I thought this would have been a good day for Shamrock. She did all right until she started to go to windward, but going to windward she did not do as well as she did in the other race.

"I consider that the Columbia beat us to-day because she was the better boat. She proved so to-day, winning fairly by better sailing. I am very much disappointed. I did not know much about what Shamrock would do at reaching, but thought whatever she lost there she would gain on windward work. As I said, I think the choppy sea affected her making her quiver on account of her construction forward.

"Yes, I thought this a suitable day for Shamrock. No one could have done better with the boat than Capt. Sycamore and the crew. They can't be beat, but they can't make a boat go if she won't go. The boat has got to have the speed."

"She just shot away from us after the second stake," observed Capt. Wringe.

"Yes, that's so," Sir Thomas resumed. "Will you make another attempt for the Cup in case you lose a third race this time?"

"That's a point not to be considered yet," was the reply of Shamrock's plucky owner. "My flag is still up, and the question of another challenge will not be taken up till the flag comes down."

"You are still hopeful, then?"

"Well, as to that, I've lost two races, and in order to win the Cup now must win the next three."

"That has been done," Sir Thomas was informed.

"Yes, but not in international Cup racing," he responded. "There's one nice thing about being beaten fairly as to-day. That is, you know you don't have to hunt up any excuses. It was the fault of the boat only. It is a question of model, and if we can't win it is because the other man knows more about building a boat. But there's no blame to be attached to Mr. Watson. He gave five years' study toward designing the Shamrock II, and has done all that any man can do. I do not think, in fact I feel sure, he will not design another boat."

"What other designers have you?"

"Fife is a first-class man and," added Sir Thomas with a smile, "Herreshoff might be brought over to design a boat. Or if I built another challenger I might become a citizen of the United States and get Herreshoff to design it. But, seriously, I won't consider that while my flag is up."

Sir Thomas was asked concerning the cable despatch published in THE SUN yesterday, that a Scotch syndicate would challenge immediately for the Cup in case it remains here. "I know nothing of it," he said, "and I don't believe in the syndicate business. There are individual men with plenty of money to build. They couldn't come among better people, however, than are to be found here."

Hopefulness prevailed on the Erin as she steamed out to the starting point. The much-desired wind was there and the sea not too rough. "Hurrah, that's great!" was the cry as the Shamrock sped over the line in the lead.

"What's Columbia doing? What's she turning back for?" asked the onlookers as they clung to the port rail seeking the best possible view.

"She was pinched and she's going to take her two minutes," somebody explained.

"I don't knew what pinched is, but I suppose it's all right," remarked a layman sotto voce.

The big liner Deutschland, outward bound, passed the Erin as the yachts were on the first leg, but so spirited was the struggle on the other side that the huge ship, ordinarily an object of great interest, was hardly noticed. "Shamrock's laying down to it in great style," remarked an enthusiast, but the stubborn manner in which Columbia hung on was not reassuring. "It's Columbia's race," was the quiet remark heard as the boats neared the first mark. Heretofore when one leg has been completed the Erin's guests were at luncheon. Yesterday, however, they were not thinking of getting hungry when the first stake was reached and there was much surprise at the quick time made.

While at table it was announced to the guests that "Shamrock's ahead. Columbia tried to cross her bows and couldn't." This was greeted with cries of "Good, good!" It was the last opportunity the Erin's passengers had to make merry. "It's just too bad," remarked a woman near the finish. "I did so hope Sir Thomas would win to-day and make it one apiece." That was the prevailing sentiment on board.

Pat, the Irish terrier mascot, rubbed himself disconsolately against a sailor's legs, one of the parrots drooped until a feather fell out and the green chicken was under cover.

Among the guests on the Erin were: Butler Aspinall, K. C., Charles E. Adams, J. M. Beach, Miss Beach, Miss Howell, R. Blechijnden, J. D. Crimmins, Miss Crimmins, Miss Catharine McCann, Capt. Campbell, Major and Mrs. J. C. Calhoun, Capt. Calhoun, Lieut. A. G. Dunning, Miss Emmett, Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Greenhut, William Gibson, Mrs. Hyslop, Miss Hyslop, C. S. Hoare, J. D. Grant, J. A. Hoag and, Mrs. Ladenburg, Mrs. Henry Seigel, Miss Ella Rawes, Mrs. and Miss Maloney, Miss Wilkinson, J. C. Wilson, Jr., E. F. Benjamin, Capt. and Mrs. Babbitt, Daniel O'Day, Mr. and Mrs. John Flagler, Duke of Alba, Capt. J. G. Beresford, Mrs. Jameson, David Barrie and Michael H. Cox.

AFLOAT WITH CLUBMEN.

Columbia Enthusiasm Popping Like Froth on Champagne.

"Man overboard!" This was the cry that startled the passengers on the New York Yacht Club steamer, Chester W. Chapin, yesterday, just as she had passed Fort Wadsworth on the trip to the lightship. The Chapin had been the third of a little coterie of boats steaming down to the scene of action, her immediate leaders being the steam yacht May, on which a monkey scampering on the foremast had been attracting idle eyes, and Mrs. Goelet's steam yacht, Nahma.

The cry came from the Nahma not a hundred yards away. The yacht slowed down, but before this some one had thrown a wooden grating to the man floundering in the water astern. With splendid discipline a boat was lowered, manned by canvas-clad sailors. The Chapin lay to, ready to assist, and the mate, Thomas P. Dallas, on the captain's orders, had the starboard lifeboat swung out on its davits and manned for launching. It was quick work, but the Nahma's boat had command of the situation and the Chapin did not have to send out its rescuing crew. From the Chapin it seemed that the Nahma's boat had rescued the man. The Nahma, on the return of its boat crew, turned about and left the flotilla. Later on, when the yachts were near the first mark, the Nahma had regained its place in the flotilla.

The Chester W. Chapin was off on the minute of 9:15 o'clock in the morning from Pier 19. Committeeman Bronson was early on board and with him was A. Cary Smith, the yacht designer, who has been in the pilot house through the series of races, and who, as a member of the Steamer Committee, has told Capt. Hardy just where to place its boat. Smith, after the race, said that the boat had proven conclusively that the Columbia was a better yacht than the Shamrock.

"Gray skies for wind, gray nags for speed," said Scelle Admiral Jones, of the Steamer Committee, as he boarded the Chapin.

"If this wind holds we will have a race to be remembered."

An unofficial vote of approval was passed by the upper deck critics of the Chapin when Barr let Sycamore slip off at the start and waited for the full two minutes before getting over the line well to the windward. The reach to the first mark was conceded to be a stern chase and therefore a long one, so there was no anxiety when the Columbia did not seem to be catching up very quickly. The sharps said that she was standing up to her work better than the Shamrock. Turning the mark the upper-deck talent figured Columbia had gained twenty-five seconds on Shamrock.

On the second leg the flotilla attending the yachts rubbed shoulders like cub bears. Yachts worth a million rolled along within thirty yards of tugs usually worth nothing unless they catch a tow. Folks exchanged gay badinage across the narrow bit of deep water. Turning for the third leg, when well in the proper position, the Chapin's passengers received a shock. Out of the calm seas and breaking away from her right place the revenue cutter Onondaga, dashed down helter-skelter on the club boat. The Onondaga nearly shaved paint from the Chapin's port bow and only for Capt. Hardy's cleverness in veering off to starboard no one knows what serious results might have happened.

In the saloon of the Chapin there was a panic-stricken gathering of women, crying out in tears that they would surely be run down, and the men were hardly less frightened. The Onondaga's sharp bows resembled the sword of Damocles and seemed fated to strike. Capt. Hardy didnot lose his head and his clever seamanship made up for any blunders of the gold-braided officers on the revenue cutter. Why Sycamore had not got the Shamrock around quicker was the talk all the way home.

"I won't pretend to guess why he took so much offing," said one of the upper-deck critics. "What I would like explained is that with his headsails flapping he tried to get in the mainsail with it plumb full. Sycamore's crew laid out like one man and pulled on the sheet rope, but, bless your heart, they couldn't move the gigantic sail and its fill of wind. A donkey engine couldn't have done it. But Barr caught his sail flapping and he could trim it aboard as he wanted, for the wind helped his men."

"Sycamore must never have heard of Sir Boyle Roche's bird," said William Kent of Tuxedo, "for he certainly tried to be in two places at once. Turning the second mark, he seemed to take a position to accord with what Columbia would do, forgetting that he was only the skipper on one boat. And then Barr fooled him. He turned the mark like a cathoat and slipped off on his way home quick as a girl from night school."

As the yachts crossed the finish line, Columbia's white hull well to the fore of the bronze boat, an ebon-hued cook on the Chapin stuck his head through a porthole and said:

"Wah win, cos' wah win!" cried out the negro. "Dah honey wind dat dah Lipton boat can sail hin is ha no race wind! G'lang dah!"

There were chuckles among the clubmen who overheard the remark and they told each other that the darky seemed to have things sized up about right.

Ruffling and ripping, and splashing away through the channel and up the bay to the Narrows, the flotilla spurted along on the run home.

WITH ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB.

Steam Yacht Corsair Narrowly Escapes Being Rammed by Gay Head.

Promptly at 9 o'clock the steamer Gay Head, flying the pennant of the Atlantic Yacht Club, backed away from Pier 1, North River, and headed down the Bay. There was a good breeze blowing out of the north and those on board who were keen on yachting weather were in high glee, as there was every prospect of the wind holding true, and of there being enough of it to send the big single stickers tumbling on their lee-rail. The crowd on the Gay Head, of course, was an emphatic Columbia one, and while it was generally conceded to be Shamrock weather, there seemed to be absolute faith in the defender. "Lipton wants a strong breeze to show himself in his true colors," said a man on the upper deck, "and can we not sail a bit, too, when it blows," said another. About a dozen amateur tars, in order to get a good view mounted the roof of the pilot house and just as the two orators below them had delivered themselves of the load on their minds one young man, who looked like the caricatures of Uncle Sam, in a squeaky voice piped out:

Columbia free shall rule the sea,
Britannia did of yore;
Columbia free shall rule the sea,
Columbia ever more!

A stop was made at Sea Gate and about fifty members hurried on board. Among the party were several women. "Oh," said a tall brunette to her escort as she tripped up the gang plank, "I'm always so nervous when on board one of these boats, especially so since I saw that the Gresham hit Sir Thomas's Lipton." There was a laugh all around, and when she found her mistake with true feminine ingenuity she said: "Oh, I meant the Erin." Then there was another laugh from the more orthodox yachtsmen, for the ultra fashionable crowd nowadays, following the English fashion, pronounce Erin with a broad roll, as if 'twere written "Ayran."

One of the most interested spectators on the Gay Head was Capt. Troilan P. Gonzales of the Chilean man-of war Baquedano. In his eagerness to watch every manœuvre of the yachts he could not be persuaded to go to lunch until they reached the finish line. All through the race he occupied a forward seat on the hurricane deck and not a movement of the racers escaped him. It was the first international race the Chilean skipper had seen and he was in raptures over the sport. Capt. Gonzales was accompanied by G. L. Du Val of the firm of Beeche & Co., Valparaiso.

Coming down the Narrows there was a sort of preliminary in the shape of a brush between the Gay Head and the Angler and as the latter vessel had a small party aboard she clung to the Gay Head's port quarter until facing the lightship when she was forced to make a stern chase. About the time the Gay Head reached the starting point the Shamrock and Columbia were feeling each other's weather and preparing for the gun.

There was a heap of sorrow among the more critical of the Columbia partisans as Sycamore secured the weather berth at the start, but as the race progressed the Gay Head changed her position and the Columbia appeared to outfoot Shamrock. Then a hearty cheer awoke a little hope, but the enthusiasm quickly withered as soon after it was seen that the Irish craft was leading to the first mark and well in front. The same reticence characterized the crowd while the yachts were sailing the second leg, but on the way home the crowd woke up again in a surprising fashion when Columbia gained on Shamrock.

Out of the confusion at the finish and the eagerness of the captains of the excursion fleet, steam yachts and other vessels, there were several narrow escapes from collision. By a margin of about nine yards the steam yacht Corsair, owned by J. Pierpont Morgan, escaped being rammed by the Gay Head. The Corsair wore down in a parallel with the finish line and across the bow of the committee tug, and just at that moment the Gay Head came along at right angles to the steam yacht and in the shade of the side-wheeler Columbia. When Capt. Fishback of the Gay Head saw the black prow of the Corsair he signalled engines reversed at full speed. For a moment it looked as if the boats would come together and there was a considerable stir among the women on the Gay Head.

The promptness of the Gay Head's engineer, however, averted an accident and every one on board sighed with relief.

The Gay Head will not fly the pennant of the Atlantic Yacht Club to-day. Owing to a reduced fare the club lost on the crowd yesterday and it was decided on the return trip from the race that the boat's charter should terminate last evening. Members of the Atlantic Yacht Club, if they care to see to-day's match, will have to find accommodation elsewhere.

BETTING ODDS CHANGE.

Columbia Is Now Favorite at 5 to 1—Few Wagers Made.

When the news that the Columbia had again taken the measure of the Shamrock was flashed to the city yesterday afternoon there was a decided change in the betting figures and the odds quickly jumped from 2½ to 1 to 5 to 1 on the defender. This was the prevailing price last night all over town, but even at these alluring quotations it was a difficult task to get any one to speculate. The majority of the followers of the challenger, who have all along stuck with gritty determination to the Shamrock, were much disappointed and freely admitted that the Cup is in no danger of being lifted just yet. There was an unsuccessful rush in several quarters to hedge. There are some Shamrock men who will not throw up the sponge. Some of those who have already invested their money on Lipton's boat are still hoping against hope and will not apparently yield until the final race is decided.

There was more interest displayed in yesterday's contest among the sports at the uptown hotels than in any of the preceding races and a good deal of money changed hands. Al Smith, George Considine and a few other loyal Shamrock men got aboard for several thousand dollars, readily accepting 2 and 2½ to 1.

On Wednesday night at Rector's Lew Fields of Weber and Fields found takers for $500 on the Columbia. He made the wagers with a Western friend, laying 2½ to 1. Sam Bernard at the same resort backed the Columbia to the extent of $600. He had to give 8 to 1 before he could locate a bet. Teddy Marks, who is a Shamrock enthusiast, bet $400, making $900 all told on the English boat. Marks is ready to wager $400 more on the Shamrock. He thinks that the odds ought to be 10 to 1, but is willing to compromise at 7 to 1. Jim Wakely told THE SUN reporter last night that he has $5,000 to place on the Columbia at 5 to 1. Wakely is prepared to take bets of $200 and $500.

Betting on the result of yesterday's race at the Stock Exchange started in the morning at odds of 10 to 9 in favor of the Columbia. Later, as the race progressed the odds were made 10 to 7½ and then 5 to 1 in favor of the Columbia. Bunnell & Buchanan on the curb bet $400 to $500 that the Shamrock would win the race. They lost, of course.

COLUMBIA BEST IN THE WORLD.

Mr. Morgan Says She Won Against an Excellent Foe.

E. D. Morgan, the Columbia's manager, when seen on board the Park City after the race, said: "We won against an excellent foe. I always thought such a day as this would be a Columbia day. Both boats were superbly handled. We have now two races against Shamrock, sailed in what was supposed to be Shamrock's weather. There was no reason why Shamrock should not win; therefore, I believe the Columbia is the best racing yacht in the world."

Mr. Morgan also said the combination of Jameson and Sycamore had been a hard one to beat.

Capt. Charlie Barr, who steered the Columbia to victory had only this to say: "We won the race against a very powerful adversary."

Capt. Sycamore of the Shamrock simply said: "We did our best, and were fairly beaten by a better boat."

Capt. "Bob" Wringe, who sailed the Shamrock I in her race against the Columbia in 1899 said:

"The great surprise to me was the wonderful windward work of the Columbia. I was sure the Shamrock was able to outsail her in that breeze, but she did not."

GLOOM IN SCOTLAND.

Trials in Denny's Model Tank in View of Necessity of a New Challenge.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

GLASGOW, Oct. 3.—The result of to-day's race for the Americas Cup was received with feelings of great disappointment throughout Scotland and more particularly in Glasgow and the west. Forenoon prospects of "Shamrock's weather" raised high expectations, while corresponding depression followed the announcement of the result, and it is now generally accepted as a fact that while Shamrock has made a better showing than the previous challenger she is not a match for Columbia.

Trials have already been made in Messrs. Denny's model tank at Dumbarton and a fresh syndicate which is being formed will, on the termination of the present contest, immediately issue a new challenge.

THIRD RACE TO-DAY.

Course for the Contest Will Be Fifteen Miles to Windward and Return.

The third race of the series between the Columbia and the Shamrock II. is to be sailed to-day. The course will be fifteen miles to leeward or windward and return, starting from the Sandy Hook Lightship, and the start will be made as nearly as possible at 11 o'clock. The weather indications are that there will be light to fresh winds and unless the Shamrock shows a remarkable reversal of form it is expected that the Columbia will win the race and for another year at least the America's Cup will stay in this country. It is possible now that two races have been lost by the Shamrock that some changes will be made in the trim of that boat. Designer Watson and Capt. Sycamore talked of lightening her on Tuesday and now that two races have been lost it is more than probable that ballast will be taken out and a remeasurement asked for.

According to the agreement between the New York Yacht Club and the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, in order to take any advantage that one yacht may get by decreasing her sailing length, the officers of the New York Yacht Club must be notified by 10 o'clock on the night preceding the race that such a change is to be made, and the yacht must be at the Erie Basin for remeasurement at 7 o'clock the next morning. But this arrangement may be waived and the measurement may be made after the race is over, so that if the Shamrock takes out ballast and those in charge of her wish to reduce her sailing length all they have to do is to notify the New York Yacht Club and the race can be sailed and the yacht measured afterward.

The local weather bureau last night made the following forecast for to-day:

"The outlook to-night is favorable for a ten to twelve-mile breeze off Sandy Hook from north to northwest on Friday."

The Washington bureau last night issued the following special forecast:

"Present conditions indicate the prevalance of a ten to twelve-mile breeze off Sandy Hook and fair weather on Friday. The wind will hold from north to northwest.

WOMAN KILLED BY A CAR.

Conductor Didn't See Her, and She Tried to Step Off Before It Stopped.

A plainly dressed, slightly built woman, about 40 years old, was instantly killed last night as she was stepping off a southbound Eighth avenue car at Eighty-sixth street before the car stopped. The passengers said that the woman failed to attract the attention of the conductor to tell him she wished to alight. Her head struck against a wheel of the car and another wheel cut off her left foot. The conductor was arrested.

Events in Society and Other Matters of Interest to Women are given fully and intelligently handled by THE SUN and EVENING SUN than by other daily journals.—Adv.

MARK TWAIN AT THE RACE.

BUT HE GOT NEVER A GLIMPSE OF THE BIG SLOOPS.

The Humorist and His Pastor Were the Guests of H. H. Rogers—Mark Mistook Two Oyster Boats for the Racers and Refused to Be Set Right.

Mark Twain consented to risk himself again yesterday as a guest of H. H. Rogers aboard the steam yacht Kanawha on its trip down to the Cup race. But he had his umbrella put in a locker as soon as he went on board and he carried along with him his pastor, the Rev. Joseph Twichell of Hartford to protect him against a repetition of the jobs that were put up on him last July by Tom Reed and Mr. Rogers off the coast of Nova Scotia.

Mr. Clemens and Mr. Twichell looked just as nautical as anybody outside the Hook, except below the knees. Mark wore a brand new yachting cap with a modest band of gold and with anchors painted on the visor. He also wore blue clothes with brass buttons, but he was out of form as to his feet. He forgot himself again and wore the carpet slippers that he went calling in a week ago Tuesday. The slippers are embroidered with a sea-moss design, however.

The Rev. Mr. Twichell wore a yachting cap without any ornaments, a blue suit and on his watch chain a compass. He matched his ward's slippers with a pair of side elastic gaiters. Both Mark and his pastor wore belts instead of galluses and both hitched at their trousers, from time to time, fore and aft. Neither of them saw the great race.

On the way down to the starting line the Rev. Mr. Twichell neglected Mark for a little while and told stories in the cabin. In the meantime young Harry Rogers, Jr., got hold of Mr. Twain outside on the deck and pointed out two oyster sloops that had come down to the race and told him that they were the Shamrock and the Columbia. They were the sloops Shame-of-the-Sea and Collusion. Mark looked at them through a pair of opera glasses he had brought from home and saw enough of the first letters of their names to convince him that somebody aboard the Kanawha had told him the truth. Just then the get-ready gun was fired and the two sloops happened to head for the first mark together. Mark saw them and paid no attention to the big racers that were jockeying for position.

"Come Joseph," he said to Mr. Twichell; "the race is on. Sit by me."

Mr. Twichell sat down on a wicker settee beside his friend, and Mr. Rogers threw a rug over the slippers and the gaiters. Then the real race began in earnest. Neither Mr. Clemens nor Mr. Twichell could see the yachts, but they had a great vantage point for watching the sloops.

"Come farther aft, Mark, and see them off on the first leg," said Mr. Rogers.

"No you don't," replied Mark; "you can't gas me on this voyage. That boy of yours forgot himself and told me the truth. Brother Joseph and I have got the yachts right here. I think we've got them on the weather beam, but we've got them and we'll keep a line on them. If you and the other gentlemen will draw up your chair around Mr. Twichell and myself we'll discuss this great international contest on its merits. Put their's to be no joking."

Then Mark pointed to the Shame-of-the-Sea and asked Mr. Rogers if she wasn't gaining a trifle on the Collusion. Mr. Rogers went aft and watched the race with the other guests until the yachts finished the first ten miles of the course and turned the first mark. Lunch was served immediately after that and Mr. Clemens and Mr. Twichell were urged to come into the cabin. Mark wouldn't budge until he was assured that apple dumplings, Mississippi, had been specially prepared for him. Then he squinted over the rail and marked the spots with which the oyster sloops seemed to be in range with pin heads. That, he explained to Mr. Twichell, was so they would be able to tell after lunch if either yacht had gained.

The apple dumplings were served with hard sauce and soft sauce. Mark Twain ate seven and had both kinds of sauce on each. It is only fair to report that he took nothing else save a trifle of soup, a stuffed crab, a brace of chops, a small bird and a round rosy apple. Later he speaked into the galley and finished the batch of dumplings before the Shamrock had finished her second tack on the beat to windward. But that trip to the pantry wasn't until after Mark had decided that the race was all over.

After the lunch proper Mr. Clemens and Mr. Twichell returned to their settee, but the Kanawha had changed her course and the oyster sloops were no longer on the side of the pin marks. Twain accused Sidney Chase of Boston of changing his bearings and then swept the seas with his opera glasses to find Shame and Collusion again. He got them in range, just as they were huddled close together and being shooed out of the triangle by a patrol boat.

"Look, Joseph," he exclaimed to his pastor, "see how close they are now. It is nip and tuck, or neck and neck. You could throw a dumpling from the Shamrock to the Columbia."

"You mean a biscuit, Brother Samuel," corrected Mr. Twichell.

"No, Brother Joseph, I mean a dumpling. I want you to get out of the rut of thinking that nothing under heaven but a biscuit can be thrown from one vessel to another. I repeat that you could throw a dumpling, an apple dumpling, from the Columbia to the Shamrock. But 'twould be an unnecessary risk."

After the patrol boat had got through with them the men on the oyster sloops gave up sightseeing and headed for Jamaica Bay just abreast of each other. Mr. Clemens offered to bet 75 cents that the one he thought was the Shamrock would win. Mr. Twichell whispered something to him and there was, apparently, no bet. It couldn't have been decided anyway, for the sloops disappeared still abreast and Mark and the minister retired to the cabin to talk about Hartford. When all hands urged them to come out ten minutes later and see the finish of the real race Mr. Clemens again declared his determination to get home without being fooled by anybody.

On the way up to the North River anchorage he told his host that it had been the best day's sport he had ever had and Mr Twichell admitted that he had had more excitement than at any time since the tub regatta of '79 when Wapping beat Bucklands on the Hockanun River and the Hartford crew fouled the eel grass. And all the way home when Mr. Rogers, Sr., was aft Harry Rogers, Jr., stayed forward and vice versa.

LA GRANDE DUCHESSE LATE UP.

Broke a Feed Pump and Did Not Land Racegoers Until 8:20.

Fifteen hundred passengers who had seen the yacht race from the decks of the steamship La Grande Duchesse were detained about four hours down the bay after the race because of a breakdown in the steamer's machinery. At about 3 o'clock, just as the vessel was entering Gedney's Channel, a joint in the main feed pump blew out. The escaping steam and hot water made it impossible for the engineers to enter the pump room until the boilers had cooled down. Once they got to work they quickly mended the joint and La Grande Duchesse came up to her dock under her own steam, getting there about 8:20 o'clock.

Some of the passengers went in a body to Capt. Turner and asked him to employ tugs to tow the vessel to her landing, but he refused. La Grande Duchesse will not go out to the yacht race to-day.

Rufus L. Scott Has a Severe Cold.

Ex-Alderman Rufus L. Scott, chairman of the Brooklyn Democracy, who was the first choice of that organization for the nomination for President of the borough on the fusion ticket, is laid up at his home, 430 Greene avenue, with a severe cold. On Wednesday his condition was regarded as serious, but last night Dr. J. J. Lamadrid, the attending physician, said that there had been a great improvement in Mr. Scott's condition and that he would probably be able to be around in a few days.

REFUSED A JEROME WARRANT.

Policeman Wouldn't Serve It, Pleading Murphy's Order—It's a Red Light Case.

Justice Jerome issued a warrant yesterday morning for the arrest of a woman named Batchellor living at 226 West Twenty-fifth street. She is charged with abduction. He gave it to Supt. McClintock and Assistant Superintendent Hammond of the Parkhurst society, with intructions to pick up the policeman on the beat and have him serve it.

A policeman was found nearly opposite the house, which is in the jurisdiction of the West Twentieth street station. When the Parkhurst men gave him the warrant he said that he would have to refuse to serve it because an order had been issued from Police Headquarters notifying policemen not to serve warrants except at the direction of their immediate superiors. Commissioner Murphy sent out this order about three weeks ago.

McClintock and Hammond took back the warrant and went to the West Twentieth street station. A special policeman was detailed to serve it and the Batchellor woman was arrested and locked up in the Tombs.

The case in which the arrest is made is the most revolting in its details of any which have come to light this year among the many known as "Red Light" cases. Concerned in it with the Batchellor woman are a man, more than 60 years old, and seventeen-year-old Marie Augusta Vannson, a French girl, who is the complainant. She is in the custody of the Parkhurst society. She made affidavit yesterday that she was a good girl until a year ago, when the Batchellor woman decoyed her into her apartments when the old man was present. His name was not made public. Subsequently the girl was imprisoned at different times in two disorderly houses, the locations of which are known to the Parkhurst society.

The refusal of the first policeman to serve the warrant in this case was not a surprise to Justice Jerome. Two weeks ago another West Side policeman refused to serve a Jerome warrant in a disorderly house, giving as an excuse Col. Murphy's order. Assistant District Attorney Sandford, who was managing the raid, told the policeman that the Penal Code provided for his prosecution should he persist, and the man then decided to serve the warrant. Justice Jerome said yesterday that this latest case would be taken up by other authorities than himself.

Section 116 of the Penal Code says that "an officer who, in violation of a duty imposed upon him by law to receive a person into his official custody or into a prison under his charge, wilfully neglects or refuses to do so, is guilty of a misdemeanor." Section 122 says that "a person who after having been lawfully commanded by any Magistrate to arrest another person, wilfully neglects or refuses to do so is guilty of a misdemeanor."

Policeman Abraham Lewin had the post which takes in this particular part of West Twenty-fifth street, for the greater part of yesterday morning.

DEMANDS MURPHY'S REMOVAL.

Chamber of Commerce Calls Upon the Mayor to Exercise His Power.

On motion of Charles Stewart Smith the Chamber of Commerce adopted these resolutions at its meeting yesterday:

Whereas, in the opinion of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, the permanent commercial, financial and industrial interests of a municipality are directly dependent upon a Government that commands the respect and confidence of its people and guarantees security for capital and labor; and

Whereas, there is a widespread and well-founded belief in this city that certain officials in receiving notices for the wicked protection of vice and crime, thus encouraging the lawless element of this city to the detriment of decent and honest government and to the endangering of life and property; and

Whereas, the Charter of Greater New York has conferred upon the Mayor the high duty and responsibility of removing the head of any department that is incompetent or guilty of violations of law, therefore, be it

Resolved, that the President of this Chamber be and hereby is directed to urge the Mayor to exercise the supreme power vested in him to the end that the reproach now universally resting upon the Government and good name of this city may be speedily removed.

In accordance with the resolutions this letter was sent to Mayor Van Wyck by President Jesup:

SIR: I enclose herewith copy of preamble and resolution passed unanimously by the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York at its meeting held this day. I can add but little to the force of the resolution referred to.

The charges against the Police Department, made so universally in the press and apparently sustained by the revelations of various committees, by judicial investigation and by the District Attorney, constitute a reproach that threatens the good name of our city, and are the cause of humiliation to its citizens, whether at home or abroad.

May I venture to express the hope that the resolution of this Chamber, which represents the greatest commercial and industrial interests of this city and State, may have your most serious and prompt consideration, and that you may see fit to adopt such measures as will effectually check and remove the evils that have become patent to every one in the community?

SURELY A LAMB IS DEVERY.

Tamed Head Constable of Squire Croker Flusters Erring Policemen.

Devery the Tamed presided at the police trials as usual yesterday and not once did he speak above a dulcet murmur. The policemen who came before him seemed to leave the court room in a trance after Mr. Devery had meekly remarked: "Case closed" or "decision reserved." Capt. Albertson, who came in for a severe raking over from Mr. Devery on one occasion, became so flustered when Devery did not rebuke him yesterday for making a complaint against one of his patrolmen that he wabbled off with a reporter's hat instead of his own.

There were thirty-five cases on the calendar and Mr. Devery disposed of them all in exactly twenty-nine minutes. After hearing each case he made a memorandum on the complaint paper, supposedly representing the fine which the recalcitrant would receive, but Mr. Devery carefully avoided letting those in the court room know what the fines would be.

The only case out of the ordinary was Policeman McLaughlin's. He was charged by Capt. Schmittberger with posting on the bulletin board of the West 100th street station a letter asking all patrolmen who had been fined by Devery to communicate with Henry J. Woodley, the Richmond policeman who was "broken" recently, after a pyrotechnic career. Mr. Devery didn't even look sour at McLaughlin while the testimony was being heard. He simply said: "Case closed."

BROOKLYN POLICE CHANGES.

Coney Islanders Ordered Inland—Thirty-seven Transfers Yesterday.

Sergt. Bernard J. Cole, Roundsman William F. Brennan and twenty-eight patrolmen were transferred from the Coney Island station yesterday. The transfer of these men marks the close of the season at the seaside resort. Sergt. Cole goes to Butler steet, while Roundsman Brennan will be at Brownsville. The patrolmen are distributed throughout the borough.

Besides the Coney Island shake-up several other changes were made. Roundsman John C. Daniel was transferred from Flushing avenue to Gymer street, Roundsman James F. Meehan from Sheepshead Bay to Flushing avenue, Roundsman Michael McGuire from Flushing avenue to Bath Beach, Roundsman Orville V. Langford from Bath Beach to Flushing avenue, and Roundsman Chris F. Boyle from Canarsie to Amity street.

Four precinct detectives were also transferred and made patrolmen, John W. Collins from Brownsville to Liberty avenue, John W. Thompson from Brownsville to Stagg street, James F. Croak from Canarsie to Flatbush, and William Stack from Parkville to Humboldt street. Other transfers among the ward detectives were Neil Ruddy from Adams street to Grand avenue, Fred W. Lynch from Grand avenue to Brownsville and John F. Scanlon from Fort Hamilton to Brownsville.

NO POLICE SIGNAL SYSTEM.

Tammany Puts Off That Ancient Modern Improvement Once Again.

When the Board of Estimate took up the Police Department yesterday Col. Murphy, who had a bad cold, delegated to Chief Clerk Kipp the task of explaining why an increase of $930,288.05 was asked for. Col. Kipp said that $566,650 of it was required for salaries, most of which were mandatory. Six new captains and 100 new patrolmen, he said, were needed for four new precincts. Then Col. Kipp said that $216,000 was put in the estimate, the amount required for the introduction of a news signal system that the Department had been trying to get for years. The Mayor figured on a pad a moment. Then he gave orders to have the latter amount and that for the new policemen stricken out, so as to leave the responsibility for keeping up the municipal plant to the next administration.

Commissioner Sexton asked for an increase of $346,000 for the Board of Health. Commissioner Sexton said he was short of help, which led the Mayor to remark: "That's what every one says. I've often felt that I would like two horses instead of one, but when the time came to pay for the second horse I've found that one was enough."

AT FARRELL'S TRIANGLE.

Policeman Invited to Testify That There's Really a Poolroom.

A young man who came up on a bicycle went into Farrell's poolroom in the Triangle Building at 120th street and Eighth avenue yesterday afternoon and demanded $4, which he said was due him on a bet he had won. The sheet writer said he had no such bet recorded. The bouncer, an ex-policeman, put the youth out and punched him at the street door. The young man complained to the policeman on post. Then, as the story goes, the policeman went into the poolroom and got the $4 for him.

Just about this time two men announced that they were from the Committee of 15 and had been watching the poolroom for a week. They asked the policeman for his name and he said he was Joseph Hayden of the West 125th street station. They told him they intended to subpœna him as a witness against the place.

COAL CONTRACT UNDER FIRE.

Court of Inquiry Convened at the Navy Yard to Look Into It.

A special court of inquiry, consisting of Commander West, Lieutenant-Commander Little, Naval Constructor Watt and Civil Engineer Bellinger, was convened yesterday at the navy yard in Brooklyn, to investigate some alleged irregularities in a coal contract.

Some time ago the firm of George D. Harris & Co. got the contract to deliver 11,000 tons of coal at the yard, the price being $32,400. It has been charged that some of the coal delivered was not in accordance with the specifications and did not meet the approval of the chemists. A quantity, however, had been supplied to the ships before the alleged defects were discovered, but pending the result of the investigation no more coal will be received from the Harris company.

A member of the court said that nothing would be given out about the matter until the report on the investigation had been forwarded to Washington.

Progress Club Rejects Proposed Site.

The Progress Club, which recently sold its house at Sixty-third street and Fifth avenue to James B. Haggin, held a meeting last night and rejected the selection by the Building Committee of the vacant plot at the northwest corner of Park avenue and Fifty-eighth street as a site for a new club home. The Site Committee took an option on the property, but its action had to be ratified by the club as a whole. The members objected to the proposed site because of its proximity to the Park avenue tunnel.

Brokaw Brothers
Opening of Fall Styles.

A complete exhibition of the most desirable things in Men's Attire for the coming season:

DRESS AND BUSINESS SUITS.
OVERCOATS FOR FALL AND WINTER.
CLERICAL OUTFITS. LIVERY OUTFITS.
ALSO BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

All at the Moderate Prices for High Grade Goods, which have characterized his house for nearly fifty years.

Fourth Avenue Astor Place / Lafayette Place

THIEVES AT W. H. EBLING'S.

Women Servants Had Stolen Goods Worth Several Thousand Dollars.

Two servants employed by William H. Ebling, Jr., the wealthy builder, were arrested last night. They confessed to a number of thefts in Mr. Ebling's house at 801 Cauldwell avenue in The Bronx. The servants are Kate Schmidt and Minnie Dietrich. While Mrs. Ebling was away yesterday one of the other servants discovered a lot of Mrs. Ebling's garments in the Dietrich woman's room. Detectives were sent for and that led to the Dietrich and Schmidt women.

They confessed to having stolen several thousand dollars' worth of stuff from one house in the last year. The Dietrich woman lives at 151st street and Portland avenue with four children. The detectives found in her apartment a lot of the plunder. She also confessed that for a long time she had paid for no groceries, but had supported her family with groceries ordered at her employer's expense.

The police had been working for a long time to get the thieves, but had thought that the thefts had been committed by outside thieves.

WAITER WON ON COLUMBIA.

But He Made So Much Noise About It That They Locked Him Up.

A man who said he was Valentine C. Ottley of 338 West Fifty-ninth street a waiter on the steamer Shinnecock made a big disturbance on a Third avenue elevated railroad train last night. He got on the train at the Battery and rode all the way up to 156th street, occupying most of the time in telling the other passengers that he had won $500 by betting on the Columbia in the yacht race. He showed the money, or most of it. When the train reached 156th street he was at the shouting stage and he made so much noise that the guards tried to put him out. In their effort a door and two windows were smashed. Policeman Cramp locked the waiter up.

MRS. O. E. CHAMBERLIN DEAD.

Lost Three Sons Within Three Years—Grief Killed Her.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Oct. 3.—Mrs. Orlando E. Chamberlin, aged 78 years, died this morning at her home, 612 Madison avenue. She was prostrated by the news of the death of her son, Wilbur J. Chamberlin of THE SUN, who died at Carlsbad in August, while on his way home from China. He was the third son to die within three years and the grief was more than she could bear. She was unable to attend the funeral services of Wilbur in the Crescent Avenue Church here.

Mrs. Chamberlin had lived in this city since 1877, coming here from Great Bend, Pa. Besides her husband, she leaves a daughter, Miss Georgia Chamberlin of Chicago.

Obituary Notes.

John Neville, a well-known writer on financial and commercial subjects, was run over and killed on Tuesday by a train on the Erie road near Elmira, where he had gone to attend the golden wedding of his wife's parents. He was for years the Wall Street representative for the Associated and United Press. In 1897 he became Secret