utes 25.1 seconds. Latham, 11 minutes 34.6 seconds.

The totalization of duration and the totalization of distance up to Thursday evening were announced yesterday.

TOTALIZATION OF DURATION.

	Hours.	Minutes.	Seconds.
Hoxsey	5	51	18.61/100
Johnstone	4	37	41.40/100
Grahame-White	4	37	5.85/100
Latham	2	59	16.61/100
Moisant	1	42	10.80/100
Auburn	1	25	11.15/100
Drexel	1	22	17.1/100
De Lesseps	1	17	18.40/100

The records of the rest were under one hour.

TOTALIZATION OF DISTANCE.

	Laps.
Grahame-White	66
Latham	51
Auburn	47
Hoxsey	39
Johnstone	39
Drexel	38
Moisant	28
Mars	22
McCurdy	17
LeBlanc	5
Brookins	3
Radley	2

The fastest flights of four consecutive laps made in an hourly contest were attributed to these drivers:

Auburn, 5 minutes 56.25 seconds. Drexel, 6 minutes 56 seconds. Simon, 7 minutes 23.5 seconds. McCurdy, 7 minutes 10.25 seconds. Latham, 8 minutes 19 seconds. Mars, 8 minutes 40.85 seconds. Grahame-White, 8 minutes 46.9 seconds. Johnstone, 9 minutes 34.4 seconds. Hoxsey, 10 minutes 9 seconds. Moisant, 11 minutes 7 seconds.

THE PRIZES THUS FAR.

The disbursements of prize money yesterday were:

Johnstone, $250 (for Thursday). Hoxsey, $100 (for Thursday) and $450. Brookins, $250 (for Thursday). Parmelee, $600. Latham, $600. Drexel, $100. Audemars, $100. De Lesseps, $50.

The total earnings up to this time are:

Hoxsey	$2,475
Latham	2,250
Grahame-White	1,700
Moisant	1,200
Johnstone	1,125
Brookins	800
Drexel	700
Parmelee	600
Auburn	450
De Lesseps	450
Radley	200
Audemars	100
Ely	100
Mars	100
McCurdy	50
Willard	50

JOHNSTONE COMES BACK.

When Hoxsey came down from the high spots a few minutes before 4 o'clock after the prettiest, altitude flight of the meet—prettiest because it all was done in a clear sky directly above the field, he circled the field before landing at the judges' stand in front of the grand stand just as the first faint speck in the northeastern sky showed that Johnstone was coming back from his all night absence. Allan Ryan and Major Samuel Reber of the signal service army men at the meet grabbed Hoxsey as he climbed out of his car and took him into the clubhouse to get a horse's neck or somethin'.

Much refreshed Mr. Hoxsey returned from the clubhouse after having had something quick, and rose to circle the field once more. As he again passed the grand stand the crowd had just begun to get loose their enthusiasm over his work when Johnstone, 2,000 feet off and up in the eastern sky, shut off his engine and began to come hellyflapper at the field in one long volplane. But the crowd was so busily engaged applauding Hoxsey that for a moment no one noticed the arrival of Johnstone with the bacon.

"Mr. Johnstone's number!" warned Peter Prunty through his megaphone as the applause that greeted aeroplane No. 14 Hoxsey's was subsiding. "Isn't it. It's 15."

All of which had given Johnstone a moment to land opposite his hangar on the far side of the field for a work with Wilbur and Orville Wright and then climb into his machine to circle the track and show the folks on the lawn side of the park that he was again among those up in the air. Then it happened that the aeroplanes guided by the Star (Just Twins) were so maneuvered that they passed each other in front of the crowd. And as the naval heroes say, there was enough applause for both still left in the happy crowd to satisfy each of the cutups.

When they had settled over near their hangars Johnstone walked toward his rival with a grin as Hoxsey came along with the hand opposite the one on which he carries his interfering wrist watch stretched toward Johnstone.

"Didn't I see you yesterday?" Johnstone asked Hoxsey by way of greeting, "some place to the east of here and away down below me."

"Sure," answered Hoxsey. "It was over there toward the east, where I just looked down on you coming home about a mile underneath where I have just been flying this afternoon."

JOHNSTONE AND THE POSTMASTER.

Johnstone had been riding in automobiles as well as in the air during his over night absence. He told about it after he had hurried to the restaurant back of the hangars to have the waitress assemble a biplane of fried eggs. Just by way of repaying the postmaster of Middle Island, who had put up Johnstone for the night, Johnstone arose early yesterday morning and taught the postmaster how to run an automobile which the postmaster has just bought, and about the running of which he was a bit undecided until Johnstone dropped in on him from the eaves Thursday afternoon.

When Johnstone began to get ready for the start back from Middle Island by the crow line yesterday around noon Middle Island, Yaphank and that part of Long Island in general knocked off work to give him an upward boost.

"I started off at ten minutes to one this afternoon," Johnstone said yesterday "from a field about 150 feet square in which I landed the day before. The farmhands cranked up for me almost as well as Bert Hazzard, our champion tail cranker of the world, could do it himself, except that one farm boy hung on to a propeller a little bit too long and almost clogged the machinery."

Johnstone got out of the little field without shaking down any chestnuts from the trees that rimmed it, and when he had circled to a height of about 1,000 feet he picked out the Long Island Railroad down there beneath his shoe leather and headed into the west by south. He had got a little bit of gasolene before starting from Middle Island for the aviation field, but not enough to carry him all the way home. An hour after he started for Belmont Park he decided to drop again for more petrol and began to look about for some spot on Long Island that wasn't wooded. A mile or two back from the Pine Lawn station he saw a pleasant patch on the crazy quilt below, a big white roadhouse and in front of it a welcoming spot of green meadow.

CALL ON JAKE HELBOCK.

Jake Helbock, proprietor of the roadhouse, the Green View Hotel, was behind the bar in no the best frame of mind when Johnstone's motor began to buzz in the sky east of Jake's hotel. Jake worked up at once. Business had been bad so far all day, as not a single aeroplane had stopped at the roadhouse since sunup.

Feeling that here was a customer at last Jake beat the rest of the roadhouse out upon the meadow as Johnstone brushed upon it lightly and stepped out upon the United States. Knowing the [illegible]

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ARCH HOXSEY TALKING TO ALLAN A. RYAN

ing Johnstone left it where it was and advanced toward Jake to give his order.

"Ham and eggs, coffee and a portion of gasolene," demanded the wayfarer. Jake Helbock's chef, who is Mrs. Helbock's in private life, allowed the first group of ham and eggs to burn while anxiously feeding gasolene cans to the aeroplane. But after many attempts Johnstone finally persuaded Jake and chef that the golderned flying contraption could wait for its gasolene longer than the aviator could wait for grub.

When the eggs finally were ready to be served Johnstone, seat 1 in the dining room of the Green View Hotel, announced that he was quite ready to receive them, but there was some slight delay at this point. Owing to the absence of the Pine Lawn traffic police no one present in the dining room felt that he had the right to be the first to begin to cut a passageway through the taxpayers from the kitchen range to the table. The eggs, however, finally were volplaned gently from the upraised hands of the tallest man near the dining room door down over the heads of the smaller taxpayers in front of him via their upraised hands and so on downward across Jake's children, who because of influence had the choice seats on the rungs of Johnstone's chair.

When after drinking the last of his coffee Johnstone arose from the table a lane was formed from the dining room out to the cash register. If Johnstone hadn't been the only aviator to fly up to the roadhouse so far that particular day it is thought that Jake would have waved aside Johnstone's proffered money, but business is business. To the everlasting credit of Jake it should be noted, however, that just before Johnstone climbed into his machine out front Jake sent himself back an excellent 5 cent cigar, the cigar that Johnstone lighted on the way and which, although skipping now and then remained alight for some time without the aid of gasolene.

HOXSEY'S OVERHEAD CLIMB.

Johnstone remained at Jake's roadhouse about half an hour in all and then he took up the air trail again for the long flight to the aviation field above which Hoxsey already was cutting high jinks. Hoxsey's promptness in getting on the field with the starting bomb won him applause as he took a preliminary circle before pointing his nose toward the sky to climb a pair of aerial lighthouse stairs to the brilliant blue sky above the clubhouse lawn.

It was the highest climbing Belmont Park has seen so far because the former ascents up in the 2,000 meter regions have been on cloudy days that shut off the aeroplane when cutting its highest notches. But even though the sky was cloudless yesterday and the aeroplane most of the time was directly overhead while Hoxsey was making the record climb of the day, the crowd often had use for its field glasses to find once more the speck of light where the sun glinted on the silver painted wood frame of Hoxsey's aeroplane and shone through his planes as if they were a tiny patch of tightly stretched rubber dam.

Hoxsey's climb yesterday was one of the quickest that has been made in a Wright machine. He stayed aloft circling slowly as if he were loafing up there in the silence with his feet cocked up and reading a complete De Morgan novel. But needless to say his muscles were straining at control levers all the time. When the cold began to grow too intense for the cramped muscles he slid to earth in long swoops and volplanes, and then for a long time he remained aloft at an altitude of about 1,000 feet to throw in some beam end figure eights further to entertain the crowd. Altogether Hoxsey was in the air two hours and twenty minutes.

COMEDY NOT TRAGEDY.

There was just one well defined thrill handed to the crowd on the lawn yesterday and after a half second of breathless suspense that one thrill proved to be of a semi-comic nature well in keeping with the contrary Demoiselle flier which was its inspiration. It was when Edmond Audemars, the Swiss driver of this contrary midget, did a neat but harmless somersault with his machine in midfield that the grand stand folks thought that they were witnessing a tragedy.

It has come to be a convention of the meet that between the big acts when the spectators might have time to realize how cold they really are either Garros or Audemars play the necessary part of a Marceline swinging under the crazy wings of their Demoiselles and go wavering once or twice around the course just to get a laugh and a hearty hand from the people who have just been giving oohs and ahs to the real flying machines.

So it was yesterday afternoon that Garros in the Lame Duck and Audemars in the Yellow Hen went scattering around the course a few minutes after 3 o'clock and about an hour later Audemars came out again to help the grass grow with a few well directed wallops from the sads of his paranolas. Demoiselle. He got out somewhere out in the middle of the field. Nobody ever sees a Demoiselle start—it just jumps up from an anthill out there somewhere and comes skyhooting around with all the fuss of a four alarm fire.

"Whoop-up-pup-pup-pup!" shrieked the Yellow Hen as she came careening over the old horse channel around from the east. The grand stand and the lawn paid attention immediately, for aside from the Wright racer, which was charging around like a satellite about Jupiter, there was nothing else in the air. Once around the course the unruly fowl chuttered her way, and then from the far side of the track Audemars turned the hen off the road and over to the middle of the field.

There the Demoiselle gave all of its characteristic indications of contemplating a landing. It bucked at a chip and shied at a cricket. Then slowly it settled to earth.

Marceline, you know, always lets the audience know when he is going to turn a somersault. He whistles, points to his hat on the floor, grabs the seat of his trousers to give himself leverage, then over he goes. Just so with the Yellow Hen. It slowly spun around on one wing; then it very sedately jabbed its beak into the ground. That done, there was an instant's pause, after which the thing began to rear from the south end. Slowly the spindling tail, with only its terminal tuft, close, described a careful arch and then flopped over. That was all.

When the turtle was being turned the several thousand people in the grand stand could see Audemars making a scrambling attempt to get out of his seat. He didn't succeed, however, and it was best for him that he didn't, for the engine of the Demoiselle clown hangs above the aviator's head instead of behind it, and if he had jumped into the path of the tumbling machine he would have been rapped by the descending machinery.

NOBODY HURT.

"Audemars is not hurt!" yelled Announcer Peter Prunty through his megaphone. "He is walking away!"

Then a minute later:

"The Demoiselle is unhurt as well!"

At which everybody grinned and agreed that the Yellow Hen had done her duty nobly.

When the people began to come in on the special trains and in the autos about 1 o'clock there was much wagging of heads and puckering of mouths by those suddenly grown wise in the ways of aviation, for the flags on top of the grand stand were sticking out with the wind as if they had been made of pasteboard and all the trees were nodding under the blast. "Another bum afternoon," was the common prediction.

Nevertheless within two minutes after the firing of the bomb marking the first hourly distance and altitude event Arch Hoxsey was winging his way over the line for his long climb to the astronomers' playground, and Parmelee, the newest Wright kindergartner, was after him. Then with a shoot and a hoarse muttering Latham's Antoinette, the pet of the aero bugs, reared its nose from the grass over by the hangars and made a high dive for the western curve of the course. There it turned and came pacing over the line, the sole entrant for the distance contest.

LATHAM HITS A CROSS CURRENT.

Latham, the Antoinette's driver and driver is the word for the man who sits on this shrieking, nervous thing which is ready to buckle and drop on an instant's warning, experienced the same difficulty at the start that he had Thursday. No sooner had the flying pike slipped its fins into the cross current that comes pouring between the grand stand and the field stand than it started to play funny. The Frenchman was ready for it. Those back on the lawn could see the man's hand now and then twisting the wheel which governs the warp, and instantly the long body steadied itself and began to climb upward to quieter streets.

Thereafter for the rest of the hour the spectators divided their attention between the two Wright fliers away up in the higher levels and the steadily plodding Antoinette surging around at about 500 feet above the track. It was a crick in the neck whichever way you took it. A man in a brown diving suit called a polo outfit turned to the woman beside him and remarked casually:

"What I'd like to have just now, Mame, is that folding bed in the spare room which sticks when it's half way down. That would be just the proper angle for comfortable seeing."

Parmelee had come down after he'd been in the air about ten minutes to scold his motor from solid ground. That done he once more climbed into his seat and was aloft at 1:55. Latham, who had no contestants in the distance event and who had therefore allowed his Antoinette to loaf around the course at its own sweet will, dropped at 2 o'clock. He had made four laps in 14 minutes and 25 seconds.

AUDEMARS TAKES A SPIN.

Audemars, seeing that there was a soft chance for second place in that distance event even with his tricky yellow Demoiselle, brought the little joker out of its hangar at 2:18 o'clock, just as the long share of the Antoinette was settling to the grass and he coaxed his bird to flap around the course about 20 feet off the ground at remarkably fast speed. 2 minutes 24[illegible] seconds was the time that Demoiselle made. It left De Lesseps in his Blériot, who was out a few minutes later and who made two laps, one of which he lost by shaving the airline above a pylon too closely. His time was 2:36.35.

The end of the hour bomb brought all of the fliers down except Hoxsey, who was up so high that nothing short of a volcano could have attracted his notice. "He liked to stay up where it was quiet and he could think," one man put it. Parmelee came down with 3,819 feet to his credit, which would have made the aviation world yell with delight one short year ago.

The hand up in the grand stand had its innings for the next few minutes, while everybody discussed the possibility of there being an attempt at the Statue of Liberty flight. The wise ones opined that with the wind aloft something around thirty miles in one of the aviators would be tendered by Mr. Ryan's $10,000 that afternoon. The loss in backing a wind in one leg of a straightaway course did not near compensate for the gain by the same wind, favoring on the return, these sages said. Anyway nobody took a chance at bowing to the bronze dame from France who lives on Bedloe's Island. They may try to get an introduction to the lady to-day, but there's no hurry, the trick is open any day during the remainder of the meet.

Parmelee was prompt in the getaway when the second hourly distance and altitude flight was started. He began to go up and up to where Hoxsey was playing tiddlewinks with the Cherubim, but he didn't go anywhere near his more experienced brother of the Wright academy. Then Latham, with $250 for the first hourly distance flight snugly tucked away, looked out and saw that there was another piece of money of the same size waiting to be snatched by doing the same little bit of air hurdling. So out with his slim Antoinette and around and around went the cool Frenchman.

It was while Latham was droning around the course in a surprisingly easy-going manner that Mr. Hoxsey and Mr. Johnstone each made his bow to the grand stand and got away with the divided glory. Garros was just directing the vagaries of his white Demoiselle around the course when Johnstone was ready to depart from the judges' stand and the bigger Wright machine waited with deference until the fluttering thing the Frenchman rode had driven its skids into the turf to one side. Latham had the distance competition all to himself, for Garros had not made a lap when his bird bucked on him. The Antoinette did 15 laps in 56 minutes 25.1 seconds.

FLIGHTS WITH PASSENGERS.

Everybody in the stands and on foot over the pavements took in a hitch on his relaxation when the announcer megphoned that the cross-country flight with a passenger was about to commence. That was a novelty.

De Lesseps was the first up in his Blériot. When he passed the grand stand a heavily hooded head could be seen directly behind his own. The Blériot went down to the east turn of the course, then instead of continuing on in the direction of the Meadow Brook Hunt Club, where the anchored balloon marked the turning point, the machine wheeled and made one lap of the course. Evidently Count De Lesseps wanted to be very sure that everything was all right with his machine before he got out of salvage distance.

Meanwhile Grahame-White, with Sidney MacDonald, his manager, as supercargo, had crossed the tape in his wide spreading Farman machine. He didn't do much else. He changed his mind about risking the much patched Farman under the double weight and after rounding the eastern pylon he came back and settled down in the field.

Johnny Moisant, with Fred Thompson, the theatrical producer, and Luna dreamer behind him atop the wings of a Blériot, didn't take any precautionary wheels around the circle. He went off on the back of the west wind in a hurry.

FRED THOMPSON COMES BACK.

A good many minutes passed and then at 4:40 o'clock the megaphone announced that De Lesseps had rounded the balloon. Then word sifted over from the hangars that Fred Thompson had just stepped out of an automobile outside the grounds near the aero sheds. That unconfirmed rumor started a nice discussion on the porch of the judges' little house. If Mr. Thompson had gone away in a Blériot and had come back in an automobile, how far had he dropped, or was he just thrown out by Moisant?

Mr. Thompson himself gave the bald and convincing narrative of his flight. He said that with his fur coat on he had weighed in at 180 pounds and that after they had got up in the air Moisant and he had speculated upon the possibility of that added 180 be'ing the back of the Blériot, which has been under the monkey wrench of the aero surgeons many, many times. Moisant had decided that better both should live without a view than fall gloriously, so he had descended in a cabbage patch three miles east of the park. There a passing auto had taken pity on Mr. Thompson and had lifted him back to the hangars, while Moisant had risen again to resume a lonely flight back to Belmont.

While this news was buzzing from mouth to mouth a telephone message came in from De Lesseps. He had landed west of Glen Cove, the message had said, "machine and passenger unhurt." Later the Count said that his engine had begun to skip on the homeward journey and with a passenger he did not dare risk trying to finish out the race. So none qualified for prize money in the cross-country endeavor.

AUBRUN'S GUARANTEE MIXUP.

There is a strong possibility that the French team in the international race will consist of just two men, Latham and LeBlanc. This situation has arisen from the aviation committee's refusal to permit Aubrun to race unless he is willing to forfeit the guarantee under which he came from the other side.

The difficulty arises because Morane, who was chosen for the French team in the first place, had an accident a few weeks ago and his place is left empty. The three alternates who came here were Aubrun, Simon and Barrier. Their claims to a place were to come in that order. But these three men were brought over by the promoters to the meet with guarantees in every case.

"Surely they can't expect us to pay their expenses over here and then let one of them try to lift the cup," said Chairman McCoy of the aviation committee last night. "If Aubrun races he will have to pay back the advance that has been made on his guarantee and also be willing to withdraw his claim for any more."

Pierre Gasnier, the emissary of the French Aero Club, put the question straight up to the committee yesterday. He said that it was decidedly unfair to the alternates who were put in this position through an accident, and he intimated that if the present decision was held he would be obliged to take steps bringing the matter to the attention of the Aeronautical Federation for the purpose of questioning the right to membership of the Aero Club of America.

The Frenchmen said yesterday that the only one of the American team whom they feared was Hamilton, because they knew the chances that he is accustomed to take and they realized that he was staking a good deal so far as his reputation goes on this contest.

But the common opinion was that in their calculations the men from the other side were underrating the ability of Brookins with his Wright machine. Those who have seen this young man in some of his exhibition and competition flights of the summer know that when it comes to cutting the corners Hamilton doesn't take a great many more chances than does Brookins.

BIG DAY TO-DAY—BEGINS AT 8.30 A. M.

To-day, the "big day," is so big in the minds of the officials of the meet that the opening hour is scheduled for 8.30 o'clock this morning. For the first time during the meet the long course of five kilometres (3.125 miles) will be used officially when the three leading events of the day—of the meet, for that matter—will be flown over the five kilometre course. These three events are the international speed contest for the trophy donated by James Gordon Bennett and a first, second and third cash prize of $1,200, $800 and $500 respectively.

To the aviators, however, the honor of outspeeding the crack airmen of the world is the big prize of the event. Of the English team Radley and Grahame-White fly Blériot monoplanes when racing and Ogivie is skipper of a Wright biplane. Two members of the French team, Le Blanc and Aubrun, fly Blériots, the former a monoplane equipped with a Gnome engine of 100 horse-power. Latham, the third member of the French team, is the acknowledged master of the Antoinette monoplane, of which he has two at Belmont Park. The one which throughout the week the crowd had so much admired is driven by an engine of 45 horse-power. Latham's Antoinette racer is equipped with an Antoinette engine of 100 horse-power.

Of the three fliers who will represent America to-day in the international race Brookins will fly a Wright racer, the first ever entered by the Wrights in a speed contest against the fast foreign monoplanes, and the first Wright machine to be equipped with an eight cylinder Wright engine, which has horse-power more than twice as great as the familiar Wright machines. Drexel, the second member of the American team, flies a 50 horse-power Blériot. The third member of the team, Hamilton, flies a new machine of the Curtiss type, which is known as the Hamiltonian. This is the highest power machine entered, 110 horse-power.

The early starting hour is set for the beginning of the race because under the rules the contestants in this event may alight for repairs or for any other reason as often as they wish; but, as in the Vanderbilt cup automobile race, these delays on the ground will be counted against the contestant in his total time. The cup will be won by the aviator who flies around the long course twenty times, a total distance of 62.1 miles, in the shortest time. Each man may begin at any time after 8.30 o'clock this morning.

CURTISS MEN DISAPPOINTED.

Glenn H. Curtiss is at present the holder of the cup. The Aero Club, however, overlooked the Curtiss camp when selecting the American team which to-day will try to keep the cup on this side of the Atlantic, although they named one Curtiss man, Bud Mars, to act with Moisant and Hoxsey as American substitutes to the team. As the Curtiss camp had settled upon McCurdy as the best man to represent the Curtiss hangars in the race the Curtiss fliers were far from satisfied yesterday with the selections made by the Aero Club of America.

Moisant was keenly disappointed when he learned at midnight on Thursday that he was not to be one of the first three on the team. Yesterday he refrained from grumbling, however.

"We couldn't all be selected," was Moisant's only comment. "And even if I cannot be one of the team, I shall be glad to help out if trouble comes to Drexel, who flies the same kind of machine that I do. My Blériot is at his disposal if his comes to grief."

Besides the big race and the grand altitude event which will begin at 4 o'clock this afternoon, two important events, the Michelin cup and the *Scientific American* trophy races, also are scheduled to begin any time after 8.30 o'clock this morning. The Michelin trophy is awarded at the end of each year to the aviator who at a meet during the year shall have made the longest flight on a closed circuit without touching the ground.

A prize of $1,000 in cash goes with the trophy. To win the Michelin prize this year it will be necessary for a flier to exceed 197 miles, the distance made on September 16 last at Bordeaux by Emile Aubrun, who flies to-day in the international race on the French team.

The *Scientific American* trophy will go to the aviator who during the present year shall have made the longest cross-country flight, provided the flight so made by a contestant regularly entered for the trophy and that his flight across country be not less than forty miles.

There were no attempts yesterday to win the Statue of Liberty prize of $10,000 donated by Thomas F. Ryan for a flight from Belmont Park around the statue and return. Travel said yesterday that if conditions are favorable to-morrow he will make a try for the statue prize.

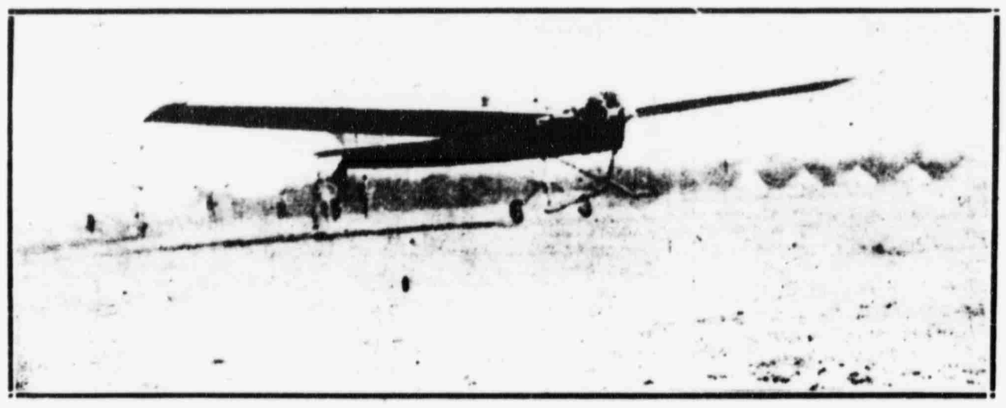

Photo by American Press Association.

LATHAM BEGINNING A FLIGHT IN THE ANTOINETTE.

VISITORS AT BELMONT PARK.

Spectators of Importance in the Social World—Some of Their Costumes.

More than one-half of the boxes at Belmont Park were without occupants yesterday. Among those who took luncheon at the clubhouse were Gen. Nelson A. Miles, who was with Colgate Hoyt and Miss Eleanor Hoyt. The party afterward visited the row of hangars on the far side of the course and Mr. Hoyt was frequently mistaken for Admiral Dewey, to whom he bears some resemblance.

Another distinguished visitor was the Duke of Richelieu, who was with Mr. and Mrs. Cortlandt Field Bishop. It seems the Duke has been about the field for the last three days, undiscovered. Miss Beatrice Bend was also a member of the party. Mr. and Mrs. Post Wheeler (Hallie Erminie Rives) and Mrs. Joseph Stickney and John Barrett sat at another table. Mr. Wheeler, who is assistant secretary to the Russian Embassy, is just recovering from a severe illness. Mrs. Stickney wore a modish green coat with silver fox furs and a large black velvet hat.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wagstaff, Jr., were at a nearby table. Mrs. Wagstaff wore the most striking costume of the day. It was of black satin with a decidedly hobbled skirt. The short coat had a collar and cuffs of mink. Her hat was a black Alpine with two pheasant feathers tucked at the left side. What attracted most attention was her slender walking cane mounted with silver.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford B. Harmon had as their guests the Misses Nora Elliot, Eliza Willetts, Edith Morgan and Wyntje Smith. Mrs. Payne Whitney was out with her two children. She wore a smart green tailored gown and a black velvet hat banded with silver fox. Mrs. Clarence Mackay had her three children, Katherine, Ellen and John. The Princess Cantacuzene (Julia Grant) chatted much with Howard McCormick. Miss Frances Alexander wore a gray suit and cerise velvet toque. Baron Hengelmüller, the Austrian Ambassador, took much interest in the flights. He is becoming one of the regulars.

Miss Eleonora Sears was out early and at the hangars. Later she took lunch with Aviator Grahame-White at the clubhouse. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Harkness had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. George Sykes, Col. and Mrs. Anderson and Miss Anderson of Governors Island had with them Mr. and Mrs. Bingham of Cleveland.

Other spectators included Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Valentine, Mr. and Mrs. Harry La Montagne, Mrs. Charles Steele, the Misses Nancy and Katherine Steele, Capt. Stratton, Frank N. Doubleday, Mrs. Norman Whitehouse, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Brokaw, J. Hagerman Foster, Foxhall Keene, Mrs. Frank Hays, Mrs. Oliver Bird, Miss Claire Bird, Mrs. Edward Toby, Mr. and Mrs. James Wall Finn, Miss Maud Turner, Mrs. Randolph Snowden, Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, A. J. Moulton, Miss Moulton, Mrs. Robert Goelet, Mrs. Arthur Scott Burden, Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, Mr. and Mrs. J. Frederick Tams, Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. J. Robinson Smith, Miss Sybil Douglas, Miss Alice Van Rensselaer, Mr. and Mrs. John J. McGowan, Miss Mary O'Donahue, Vicomte de Périgny, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Durvea, Mr. and Mrs. Barger Wallach and John E. Cowden.

FLYING FEATS IN EUROPE.

Tabuteau Beats Distance Record—Mathieu Tries Paris-Brussels Trip.

Special Cable Despatches to THE SUN.

PARIS, Oct. 28.—Maurice Tabuteau, the aviator who made the round trip over the Pyrenees from Biarritz to San Sebastian about a month ago, started around the aviation track at Etampes at 9 o'clock this morning in an attempt to win the distance competition for the Michelin cup. He used a Maurice Farman biplane.

By 2 o'clock he had beaten the record of 245 miles made by Jan Olieslagers, the Belgian aviator, and was still sailing along.

Tabuteau flew for 6 hours 1 minute 20 seconds, covering 465 kilometers, or about 280 miles, beating the records for time and distance.

BRUSSELS, Oct. 28.—Aviator Mathieu, who failed on September 25 in his attempt to fly from Paris to this city for the Automobile Club prize of $20,000, because a dog which got into the propeller of his aeroplane and was bisected, caused a break in the machinery, tried again to-day. He started from Paris at 12:31. He reached Bremelcomte, fifteen miles from Brussels, where darkness compelled him to stop for the night.

According to the conditions he must make the round trip within thirty-six hours. The distance from Paris to Brussels is 170 miles.

BLERIOT ATTACHES FLIERS.

Charges That Fifteen on Exhibition in Paris Violate His Patents.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

PARIS, Oct. 28.—Blériot did to-day what the Wright brothers did last year at the aeroplane exhibition.

He attached fifteen machines now on exhibition at the Grand Palais as infringing on his patents.

PARK & TILFORD

Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street — And Branch Stores

We call your attention to our Candy Department at this, as well as at our Branch Stores.

All our Chocolates, Bon Bons, Caramels and Candies are manufactured by *ourselves*.

Only the *Purest* and *Finest* Materials used.

PRICES:

	Lb.		Lb.
Peanut Brittle,	.35	Chocolates and Bonbons,	.60
Peppermint Dainties,	.35	French Caramels,	.80
Chocolate Cream Royals,	.45	Chocolate Mellow Mints,	.45
Buttercups,	.45	French Nougat, ½-lb. box	.50
Vanilla Walnut Fudge,	.35	Chocolate Maraschino Cherries per box	.40
Chocolate Fudge,	.35	large box	.80

Deliveries out of town by freight and express.

New Catalogue with COMPLETE Price-Lists gladly sent you.

BROKAW BROTHERS

ASTOR PLACE AND FOURTH AVENUE

Our Winter Suits and Overcoats in roughish cloths and bright colorings are a treat for any man to look upon.

And the deeper he delves into our showing, the deeper will become his conviction that our Clothes are right, down to the smallest detail.

Sack Suits ..... $18 to $60

Winter Overcoats ..... $18 to $75

ESTAB. OVER HALF A CENTURY

"Just Say" HORLICK'S

It Means Original and Genuine MALTED MILK

The Food-drink for All Ages.

More healthful than Tea or Coffee. Agrees with the weakest digestion. Delicious, invigorating and nutritious. Rich milk, malted grain, powder form.

A quick lunch prepared in a minute. Take no substitute. Ask for HORLICK'S.

Others are imitations.

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A delightful table water with highly medicinal qualities

Ask your Physician

Owned by and bottled under the direct control of the French Government

Not Genuine without the word CELESTINS

International Aviation Tournament

EVENTS START AT 8:30 A. M., TO-DAY

Special trains direct to Belmont Park will leave Pennsylvania Station, N. Y., entrance on 7th St. and on 32d St., near 7th Ave., and Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn, the terminus of the N. Y. Subway, at intervals between 7:00 A. M. and 2:00 P. M.

Special trains will return promptly after the meeting.

Only special excursion tickets will be honored on special trains.

Tickets on sale at L. I. R. R. ticket offices, 120 B'way, Fifth Ave. Bldg., 23d St. and 5th Ave., Penn. Station, N. Y., and at all stations in B'klyn.

DIED.

BELKNAP.—Suddenly, on October 27, Lynde, son of Sarah E. and the late Lynde Belknap. Funeral services at the residence of his mother, 183 Hillside av., Jamaica, L. I., Sunday, October 30, at 3 P. M. Carriages will meet trains at Jamaica station.

The attention of members of the BUILDING TRADES EMPLOYERS ASSOCIATION is called to the decease of Mr. L. Belknap, a member of the Board of Governors, on October 27. Funeral services will be held at the residence of his mother, 183 Hillside av., Jamaica, L. I., Sunday, October 30, at 3 P. M.

C. G. NORMAN, Chairman Board of Governors.

WM. J. HOLMES, Secretary.

BROOKFIELD.—On Tuesday, at Kingston, B. Morgan Brookfield, in his 34th year. Funeral at 516 Madison av. on Friday, October 28, at 11 o'clock.

KENT.—At his residence, Tuxedo Park, on Wednesday, October 26, after a short illness, William, son of the late James and Sarah Irving Kent, in his 52d year. Funeral at St. Mary's Church, Tuxedo, on Saturday, morning, October 29, on the arrival of train leaving Erie station, Jersey City, at 9.30.

KINNICUTT.—At New York, October 26, Eleonora Kissel, wife of Francis P. Kinnicutt, M. D. Funeral service at St. George's Church, Stuyvesant Square, on Saturday morning, October 29, at 10 o'clock. Interment private. It is kindly requested that no flowers be sent.

MOSLEY.—On Friday, October 28, 1910, Ellen Sand, widow of Herbert Mosley, of Seven Oaks, England, and daughter of the late Mathew and Serena Howard Keeler. Notice of funeral services hereafter.

WIGGIN.—Suddenly, on October 28, 1910, at Atlantic City, N. J., Frederick Holme Wiggin, M. D. Funeral and interment on Sunday, October 30, at Portsmouth, R. I.

UNDERTAKERS.

FRANK E. CAMPBELL, 241-243 W. 23d St. Chapels. Ambulance Service. 3[illegible]

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

FIFTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Fifth Ave. and 19th St. Services at 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. REV. WILLIAM J. DAWSON, D. D., from London, will preach both morning and afternoon. Bible School meets at 9:30 A. M. Wednesday Evening Lecture at 8 P. M. Everyone is invited to these Services.

CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. West 57th St., bet. Broadway and 7th Ave. REV. WILTON MERLE SMITH, D. D., Pastor. REV. H. T. SMYTH, Jr., Assistant. DR. MCCLURE SMITH preaches 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Evening subject, "OMNIPOTENT WILL, or the DYNAMICS of SUCCESS." Christian Endeavor Meeting Sunday Morning at 9. Young Men's Bible Study Class 10 A. M. Sunday School at 3 P. M. Devotional Meeting Wednesday at 8 P. M. All welcome.

GRACE CHURCH Broadway and 10th St. Services 8, 11, 4 P. M. Preachers Bishop Sessums at 11, Rev. W. R. Eddy, 4. Rector at 8.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

NOTICE is hereby given that I will not be responsible for any bills contracted by anyone other than myself personally. JAMES M. MUNYON.