Ladies' Fur Capes, $15 up

* * —new goods—the very latest
* * styles. Also Ladies' and Misses'
* * Neckwear, in all the "smartest
* * effects."

JAMES Y. DAVIS' SONS,
Hatters and Furriers, 1201 Pa. Ave.
oc26-24d

A Bicycle Is No Expense When It's Insured.

All breaks are repaired free of cost at first-class shops all over the city. Loss by theft is made good. A great convenience to cyclists. Premium, $6 a year.
Write, call or 'phone (1593) for particulars.

Geo. B. Harleston, 1335 F,
General Agent Pennsylvania Mutual Insurance Co., home office, 1345 Arch st., Phila. oc26-28d

The latest "Fad"

—in "swelldom" for men is a BUCKSKIN VEST—with a "Prince Albert" or "Cut-away" of Lamb's Wool or "Vicuna" and Undressed Worsted Trousers, and you are dressed in the height of fashion.
☞We shall be pleased to show you these goods.

SNYDER & WOOD, 1111 Pa. Ave.,
Fine Tailoring at Reasonable Prices. oc26-14d

Ladies, We'll Furnish You a Carriage

* * * —certain days each week during the season, if desired. Our "turnouts" are richly caparisoned—our drivers reliable, and our prices reasonable.
* * * ☞If you own your own team, have it boarded here, where fine horses have every care and attention.

Downey's Hotel for Horses,
1622-1628 I. ST. 'PHONE 555. oc26-20d

"You can get what the other stores haven't got —at Beveridge's."

"Columbia"

The Gem of the Kitchen.

THIS CREAM WHIP AND EGG BEATER surpasses all other whips and custard churns. The white of an egg can be beaten stiff in 40 seconds. Two eggs will go as far as three beaten with other beaters.
☞We invite the ladies to call and see it practically demonstrated.

Price, 25c.

M. W. Beveridge,
1215 F & 1214 G St.
POTTERY, PORCELAIN, GLASS, ETC. 1t

The Oldest Tailoring Establishment

* * * In the city is Teel's. A long experience has taught us how to turn out well-cut, well-fitting and well-made garments at a reasonable price.

W. S. Teel, 935 Pa. Ave. n.w.
o-26

Children's New Tams and Toques.

* * * * Prettiest line we have yet shown. Tams at 50c. to $1. Toques at $1, and extra value, too.
* * * * Best $1.50 Derby and Alpine in the city here—
Sole D. C. agency for Dunlap's Hats.

Chas. H. Ruoff,
Up-to-date Hatter, 905 Pa. Ave.
o25-20d

Find Your Furnishing Needs.

You can supply them at HALF REGULAR PRICES. We're getting ready to devote our whole time to the making of Men's Shirts and Underwear and Women's Shirt Waists—and are clearing out the furnishings stock at HALF PRICE.

P. T. HALL, SHIRTMAKER, **908 F St.**
oc25-16d

"Exclusively Photographers' Supplies."

Photographers, here's your store.

* * There's not a thing you need—but you'll find it here—and surprisingly reasonable priced, we may add. Always something new coming in—take that "Marlborough" Camera, for instance—it's worth seeing.
* * Of course you know we do developing and printing.

Houghton & Delano, 1416 N.Y. Ave.
o25-20d

"A school of bass"

—right off the 7th street wharf couldn't have caused any greater run on our fishing tackle than we had yesterday. The reason—all "tackle" at 30 per cent off for ten days rather than carry it over to next year. Some very fine rods and reels were handed out yesterday. Don't put off your purchases until all the best tackle is gone.

TAPPAN'S, 1013 PA. AVE.
o25-24d

IF there's one thing we watch closer than another it's STYLE.

THAT'S what gives our $2.40 hat such a "PROPER" look.

SUCH styles—in such a quality—can't look other than "PROPER."

HENRY FRANC & SON, CORNER 7th and D.
se30-3m,28

Boys, why not Save an "X"

—on your Overcoat. You can do it, HERE. We are making to measure a Fine Kersey Top Coat, well lined and well trimmed, for only $20
$30 is the least price other first-class tailors charge.
☞We make Business Suits and Light-weight Overcoats as low as $15—"up to de limit" in style, too.

HASLETT & PISTEL, Up-to-date Tailoring Shop.
1345 PA. AVE. N. W.
oc25-20d

SOAYUSTTEERS'S.

* * * * You can't mention Large, Fine Oysters without thinking of Sautter's, at 502 5th st. We only serve Large Oysters. Open till 12 p.m. oc12-3m,8

Our Shirts Are the Best.

BEST IN QUALITY.
BEST IN WORKMANSHIP.
BEST IN FIT.
BEST IN EVERY WAY.
LOWEST IN PRICE.

We carry a complete Shirt Stock, in open back, open back and front and pleated bosoms. All sizes, all length of sleeves. All-linen bosoms; hand-worked buttonholes throughout.

Our $1.00 Shirt

Is positively the best you can buy for the money, and we invite and request comparison between it and any $1.25 or $1.50 Shirt in the market. This is saying a good deal, but we have the stock here to back up what we say. Our $1.50 Shirt is equal to the average $2.00 Shirt.

W. S. TEEL,

MERCHANT TAILOR, MEN'S FURNISHER,
935 Pa. Ave. N. W.
1t

On the road Columbias

—Are the wheels that the best time can be made on. They're light—strong—easy running and will stand the strain of speedy traveling.

District Cycle Co., "Columbias." "Hartfords."
J. Hart Brittain, Manager. **452 Pa. Ave.**
au10-2m,28

The cleverest sort of Shirt-making

* * Correct as to fashion, comfortable in the highest degree and of the finest materials. I make that kind, and the tariff charges you'll find light enough. $1.50, for instance—and it will satisfy you in every way or you needn't pay.

Frank Wells, SHIRTMAKER 1411 Pa. Ave
oc26-16d

Physicians who indorse Columbia Natural Lithia Water.

Dr. L. B. Swormstedt,	Dr. M. G. Custis,
Dr. A. L. Stavely,	Dr. J. B. Custis,
Dr. J. W. Little,	Dr. I. Bernnam,
Dr. Joseph Bryan,	Dr. S. S. Adams,
Dr. G. N. Acker,	Dr. W. P. Carr,
Dr. N. S. Lincoln,	Dr. W. W. Johnston,
Dr. J. R. Bromwell,	Dr. H. B. Adams,

And nearly one hundred others.

Send for circular—it is interesting—we'll mail it to you.

Columbia Natural Lithia Water,
J. H. COLLINS, Proprietor, 460 K St.
oc26-28co

A RUNAWAY TRAIN.

And What a Plucky Man From the Tennessee Mountains Did.

"Speaking of experiences on the railroad," said a New York traveling man to a Star writer, "I had a slight scrape one time on a mountain road in Tennessee that may be worth the hearing."

"Anything you tell will be worth that," replied The Star man, with a courtly and complimentary bow.

"If I were selling you a bill of goods," said the drummer, "you might think differently."

"But you are not doing that."

"No, and therefore I shall resume. As I was saying, it was a close scrape. We were coming down a long grade of ten miles in a mixed train. That is, we had a gondola loaded with ties as the end car, with our two passenger coaches and baggage car, and I should say we were making about twenty miles an hour on a track that would be treating us very kindly if it didn't sling us into eternity if we dared to add five miles an hour to our speed, when I happened to look out of the rear door and saw a wild train of loaded coal cars swinging down after us. They had evidently started at a tipple which we had passed only a few minutes before, and when I saw them they were just about under headway.

"At least, they were going so fast that they distanced the men on the ground, who made a run to get on and stop their further flight. I made a wild rush for the conductor, but before I reached him he had ordered the engineer to let out his engine for all she was worth, and in this way keep ahead of our chasers. Fortunately we had no women aboard, and the men could be kept in better control, though it was all we could do to keep them from jumping off.

"It was only a short time until we began to see that our salvation lay in the pursuing train flying the track, because we had reached our limit, and our train was swaying and tossing so that everybody was scared out of his wits. I know I was, and I just sat in my seat and held on, waiting and listening to the thunder of the train behind us, which was not five hundred yards away and gaining every second. It was far heavier than ours, and I knew that if anybody went off the track it wasn't going to be the coal train. I said a moment ago we had no women aboard. I meant we had none to speak of.

"There was one, but she was a homely mountain girl, who didn't seem to know anything, and because she sat quiet in the corner and didn't scream, we thought she didn't amount to enough to count. I was looking at her in a dazed kind of a way, when all of a sudden she lit out of her seat as if she had been shot out of it, and, knocking everybody out of the way, she dashed out of the rear door before anybody could touch her, and we thought she had jumped off, but she hadn't. She jumped for the open car, hanging on like a cat, until she got to the far end of it, and in a second she was tumbling those ties off at the rate of a dozen a second.

"They would hit the track and bounce every which way, but she kept piling them off, the coal train getting closer every second, and at last a couple of them stuck up in a cattle guard, and the next thing we knew there was a terrific crash, rails and ties and tracks and coal cars flew, and the coal train rolled over itself and went down the hill in a heap. By George, as that girl stood there in her plain calico dress and her old sunbonnet and watched that train pile up at her feet, I thought that Joan of Arc, Cleopatra, Queen Elizabeth, Grace Darling and the lot of them weren't a patching to her, and, as far as we were concerned, they weren't.

"She had saved our train and our lives, and we took her on with us in triumph. Then we made up a purse for her big enough to buy a farm with, and I'll bet she's got more good clothes and jewelry and books and trinkets and things than any girl in the mountains, for we never forget her. She doesn't quite appreciate some of the fine things she has, but what do we care for that; we appreciate her just the same," and The Star man could scarcely refrain from rising and giving a whoop or two for the mountain lassie of Tennessee.

State Department Accounts.

In some quarters a more serious view is taken of the investigation of the books and accounts of the State Department, and it is even reported that a state of affairs has been disclosed highly discreditable to the business methods, at least, of the disbursing officer, Mr. Kleckhoefer. It is not intimated by the extreme gossips that there has been any defalcation or any indication of moral turpitude on the part of the disbursing officer, but it is asserted in a most emphatic way that the accounts of the department have been kept in a loose manner and are in very unsatisfactory condition. The investigation is being conducted by experts from the office of the treasury auditor for the State Department and has been in progress for several days. At the department it is described as simply a regular annual examination made in compliance with law and having no significance. It is impossible to obtain any positive information on the subject from the officials of either the Treasury or State Department, and the great secrecy observed only serves to add to the scandalous statements that are being made concerning alleged startling disclosures. Mr. Kleckhoefer is well known in this city, and his many friends are confident of his complete exoneration of all charges of irregularities.

ABOUT ROAD RIDING

How to Get the Greatest Enjoyment on Your Wheel.

POINTERS FOR BEGINNERS

Some of the Best Short Runs Near Washington.

"BOOM" OF HARD TIRES

DURING THIS FINE fall weather the new wheelmen and wheel women should take advantage of the good days to venture into the country and learn something of road riding. A goodly proportion of Washington riders have never been "on the road," and for these the keenest joys of wheeling are in store. The asphalt is very smooth and nice, but until you are bowling along a good country road, breathing the pure air and hearing the "boom" of hard tires, you are a mere beginner.

In the District and Maryland there are few good roads, and this neglect is the more surprising when consideration is taken of the army of tourists to the national capital. From north and south, east and west wheeling parties make their way, and Washington is generally counted upon as a stopping place. The northern riders complain that our roads are the poorest they ever met with; the southern wheelmen compare them with the worst of Virginia roads.

Some of these northern highways are as hard and smooth and level as racing tracks and extend for miles through country dotted with suburban towns and fine residences. People think nothing of driving in carriages from thirty to fifty miles a day, and northern farmers haul their heavy loads with half the power required in southern states.

Yet the national capital, the center of interest for the country, the Mecca of tourists and bridal parties, the home of many of our law makers, is approached over fifty of a hundred miles of the merest apologies for roads.

But in spite of the average poor quality of our roads, there are many pleasant short rides to be had, and to those of the "new riders" who are not acquainted with the surrounding country the following information about these roads and where they lead may be of interest:

The Famous Conduit Road.

Undoubtedly the best road in the vicinity is the Conduit road, beneath which lies the six-foot mains supplying Washington with water from Great Falls. The entire length is only about ten miles, and the approach through Georgetown and along the Canal road, rather rough and unpleasant, but once at the distributing reservoir, on the heights beyond Georgetown, the rider has before him a hard, level road, rough only in portions, and forming a very pleasant afternoon ride. The road is cut in the side of the chain of hills overlooking the Potomac. Winding around the base of these hills, it is at no time more than a mile from the river, and occasionally a bit of scenery is afforded equal to that of the Hudson. Ten miles from the reservoir, at the Anglers' Association Club House, the macadam ends, and to the right a fair dirt road extends three miles to the Great Falls.

To Tenleytown.

Another pleasant ride is over the Tenleytown road—reached by way of N street to 35th and straight out, or Connecticut avenue and Woodley lane. Probably the former route is the easier (although either way a steep grade must be climbed) and offers a fine view, from Tunlaw Heights, of the Potomac valley and the Virginia hills. About a mile from Woodley lane, going toward Tenleytown, the Loughborough branches to the left, and running west leads to the Conduit road, via the Foxhall and Chain Bridge roads. From Tenleytown a branch to the right leads to Chevy Chase, and the return can be made by way of Connecticut avenue extended.

Twelve miles from Tenleytown lies Rockville, reached over a miserably rough "pike" (so called). For the past ten years this road has consisted mainly of humps, hollows, washouts, ruts and boulders as big as a barrel—an excellent road for testing wheels. But unless you are an experienced rider and know how to spare your machine you had better leave Rockville to its rocky fastnesses and the testing of wheels to the manufacturers. If the owners of property abutting on this road could only realize to what a vast extent land values depend upon road conditions they would remedy this state of affairs.

Pleasant Circuits.

The Chevy Chase road or Connecticut avenue extended offers one side to a number of pleasant circuits. The road bed is good in dry weather, and an excellent path has been worn on each side close to the car tracks. To be sure, the hills are rather numerous, but the rider will find that the difficulties decrease with each trip, and there is no better practice for the development of wind and muscle than hill climbing. To obtain the best results on such roads there should be no coasting, the momentum acquired in the rapid down-hill pedaling being a very important factor in climbing the following hill. The stretch of five miles from 18th and Boundary to Chevy Chase Club House makes an excellent short-distance training ground for road racers, the electric cars serving as good pacers.

At Chevy Chase circle turn left to Tenleytown and thence to the city by way of Georgetown; or turn right to Broad Branch road, up Rock Creek road and in through Mount Pleasant; or, again, turn right and cross country by way of the Military road to Brightwood and to the city over 14th street road.

Along Rock Creek.

Another good run is out through Mount Pleasant to the Linnean road to Pierce Mill; turn to the right at the mill and follow the Rock Creek road, which winds along the banks of the creek. Half a mile up begins the Broad Branch road, to the left.

These two roads are among the most picturesque around Washington. The old Argyle mill, now in ruins, stands silent and bare about a mile above the junction of the Rock Creek and Broad Branch roads. Here the creek makes a sharp turn to the left, and is lost to sight, narrowing and doubling back on itself. Return to the Broad Branch road, and follow this to Grant road; turn left, past the Children's Country Home, and straight on across Connecticut avenue to the Tenleytown road.

Out Seventh Street.

The Seventh Street road was once in very fine shape. It is now dusty, rough and full of holes. Still, the worst part can be avoided by taking Fourteenth Street road to Brightwood; then continue north to Silver Spring (on the Metropolitan branch of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad), seven and one-half miles from the city. At Sligo, one mile further, the road forks—left hand to Brookville, ten miles; right hand to Ashton, twelve miles. A good all-day trip for easy riders can be planned to either of these points and back again. The pikes are somewhat hilly, and not very smooth, but the country is interesting, and excellent dinners can be obtained at either place.

Nine miles beyond Brookville, over a fair dirt road, you will strike the Baltimore-Frederick pike, and seven miles north of Ashton lies the Clarksville-Baltimore pike. From Washington to Baltimore and return, via Ashton, Clarksville and Ellicott City, is the route of the Washington century ride, a hard, rough run when a record is sought.

Run to Marlboro'.

The run to Marlboro' is seldom taken, a fact I cannot account for. It is not a hard run on the old, heavy, solid-tire wheels, and with light frames and pneumatic tires it should be very easy. Take Pennsylvania avenue to Navy Yard bridge, to Anacostia; turn left at first street after crossing the bridge and climb Good Hope hill. Take left-hand road at top of hill and left-hand at the next fork; then straight away through Forestville and Centerville to Marlboro', sixteen miles from the bridge. The road is of dirt and gravel, sometimes sandy, but with many smooth, hard stretches and frequent side paths. You will penetrate the heart of typical sleepy southern Maryland, with its old-fashioned residences, slave quarters, family chaises and boxwood hedges. Marlboro' is a quaint town of no importance since the war of 1812, when it did its share in harassing the British troops on their way to capture Washington, but it is an interesting place, and the visit is well worth the sixteen-mile ride.

IN THE 'POSSUM RING

A Month Contest That Was Fought to a Finish.

How the "Pride of Herring Hill" Defeated the "Darling of the Dump."

Man is a proud, vainglorious creature, and the bubble reputation oft repays him for a life of toil and pain. What, then, must be the bliss of the "pride of Herring Hill," who, in a magnificent burst of speed, won lasting renown, not at cannon's mouth, but by causing to disappear in his own mouth, one fringed with lips like crimson sumac leaves, four large, luscious 'possums, fattened on Virginia persimmons and roasted in a sea of their own succulent fat? And what the glory of Georgetown who claims him as a favored son, and one well worthy of the ancient city by the creek.

There are, save the mark, some envious persons from "East Georgetown," which name the retainers of the "Pride" indicated the capital city, who are prompted by their evils hearts to declare that their dark knight lost because of an unforeseen contingency; that the laurel of the victor was snatched from his brow by an envious fate—"he done choked on a bone."

How the Contest Originated.

The great 'possum-eating contest was the outcome of claims put forth by many persons that they could consume a greater number of 'possums at one sitting than any other colored gentleman within a radius of 100 miles by actual measurement. This question had for many moons been the overshadowing topic of conversation.

When with snows of winter the Virginia hills were white "'possum was the word;" when the springtime came, gentle Annie, and the flowers appeared upon the earth "'possum" was not forgotten, and when hot summer followed—in the days when the locust droned in the maples' shade and cows stood knee deep in the pool—plans were matured for the 'possum-eating contest.

The Contestants.

October, with its wealth of fruit and grain and seasonable 'possum, at length arrived, and the claims of the many were reduced to three. Those whose residences cluster about the creekside "dump," like a diadem on the brow of royalty, presented a man of recognized ability. "Africa" boasted of one who had never known defeat, and others spoke with confidence of him who bore the title, "The Pride of Herring Hill." He had not then defeated any one of note, but those whose happy lot it was to be "on the inside" regarded him, so they announced in clarion notes, as a "comer." Their fondest hopes have been realized, for he has "come."

In Training.

When the residents of the Hill of Herring became assured that the trial would take place, they at once put their favorite in training. The exact regime to which "The Pride" subjected himself was made a state secret, but the word went abroad that each afternoon, as the golden sun cast long, slanting rays on the New Cut road, he ate a number of 'possums, and it also went forth that each day saw him eat more 'possum than had the last.

Two gentlemen were selected from each locality honored as the abiding place of one of the champions, upon whom rested the responsibility of selecting a meeting place where the 'possum-eating question could be forever set at rest.

After careful search a place was found which afforded ample space for the wide-mouthed, expectant throng which would gather to witness the event. A master of ceremonies was named, a man of honesty and sterling worth, whose razzer commanded the respect of the vulgar herd.

The Great Contest.

The night of the tourney at last arrived. The platform, with three chairs for the contestants, was in readiness; 'possums—baked 'possums—were at hand; luscious specimens of marsupial they were. Promptly at the appointed time the men appeared amid the plaudits of the multitude. The "Darling of the Dump" was first seated; the gentleman from "Africa," whom his followers had named "Eatem Up" Jones, a title significant of his 'possum-consuming proclivities, next occupied a chair. "The Pride of Herring Hill" was the last to be seated, and then, while breathless silence reigned, each was handed a dish of 'possum, knife and fork, and the master of the joust called "Go."

At the end of ten minutes each had started on his second 'possum.

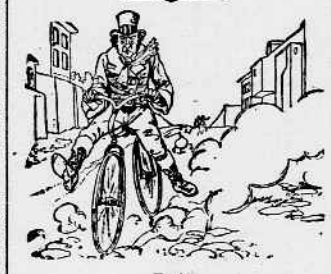
Twenty-five minutes—"Eatem Up" Jones was hopelessly left. His eyes bulged out and his jaw was growing weak. "The Darling" and "The Pride" were slowing up—about even—on their third.

Thirty-five minutes—"The Pride" won; "Eatem Up" Jones quit; "The Darling" in a sudden burst of speed choked on a bone and was carried off insensible.

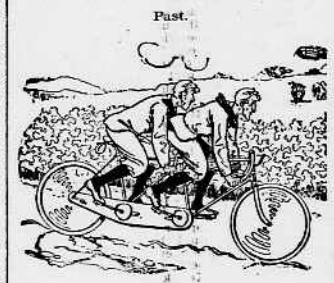
Score: "The Pride of Herring Hill," four 'possums and still eating.

"The Darling of the Dump," four 'possums.

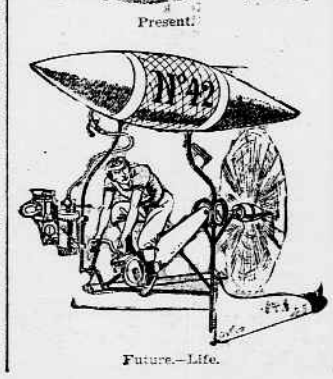
"Eatem Up" Jones, three 'possums.



Past.



Present.



Future.—Life.

LEAGUE MADE MONEY

President Young Busy on His Annual Report.

UMPIRE QUESTION TO BE CONSIDERED

John Ward's Reservation by the New Yorks.

MAY TRADE HIM FOR IRWIN

"Uncle Nick" Young is preparing his annual message to the congress of league magnates, due to assemble in New York on November 13. He will give an account of his stewardship for the season just closed, and he will be able to report that all the debts of the league have been paid, leaving a comfortable balance on the right side of the ledger. "Uncle Nick" says he does not look for any radical legislation at the coming meeting, although there may be a few minor changes made in the constitution. The umpire question will probably be reviewed, but there is no disposition on the part of the majority of the magnates to authorize the establishment of the double umpire system.

Experience has shown that from the foundation of the game there has been a continual kicking about the umpires. It seems impossible for rival captains, managers or players to see the same decision alike. Time and time again, he says, he has been seated beside one of the officers of a visiting club, watching the progress of a game, and a decision of an umpire has been questioned. Nine times out of ten the official viewed the play from an interested standpoint, and sided with his own club. It was ever thus and always will be.

"There is but one way to put an end to kicking against the umpires," said Mr. Young, "and that is for the officials of the various clubs to sustain the men who are paid to preside over the games. Each club pays its share to support the staff of umpires, and much of the unseemly wrangling that occurred during the past season might have been avoided if the officers of the several clubs had been more friendly disposed toward the umpires and discouraged disorderly conduct on the part of certain players."

Another new minor league has applied to President Young for protection under the national agreement. The application comes from the North Pacific League, composed of clubs located in Portland, Oregon; Tacoma and Seattle, state of Washington, and Victoria, British Columbia. Michael J. Roach is president and secretary. Bob Leadley is manager of the Seattle team, and Glenalvin, who was formerly a player on the Chicago team, under Captain Anson, is manager of the Portland club. There are now thirteen minor leagues working under the national agreement.

In view of the protest made by Johnny Ward against the New York club, for including him in the reserve list of players, the attention of Mr. Young was drawn to that subject. He took from his bookcase a copy of the league rules and read the following extract from rule 9 of the national agreement, which bears directly upon the Ward case:

"The secretaries of associations entitled to the privilege of reservation shall transmit to the secretary of the board a reserve list of players, not exceeding fourteen in number, then under contract with each of its several club members, for the current year, or for any succeeding season or seasons, and, in addition thereto, a list of players reserved in any prior annual reserve list who have refused to contract with such clubs, and of all ineligible players. Such players, together with all other thereafter to be regularly contracted with by such clubs, are and shall be ineligible to contract with any other club of any association."

Under the circumstances, says Mr. Young, the New York club has the right to reserve Ward, for he signed a contract drawn in conformity with that rule. "For my part," he added, "I should like to see Johnny Ward back in harness again. He can play better ball now than many men in the league, besides he is perhaps the ablest base ball general in the business today, and he is not forever kicking against the umpires."

There will doubtless be a number of applicants for the position of chief of the staff of umpires, made vacant by the death of the much-loved Harry Wright. Several names have been mentioned in that connection, but it is likely that the office was buried with the veteran, for whom it was specially created. It appears that it was never intended that the lamented Harry should be called upon to perform any active duty in connection with the umpires. The position was created for him because of his long and honorable service in the league. He never fully comprehended his position and some of his well-meaning friends were continually suggesting a line of duty for him to perform. He naturally desired to be actively employed, for he did not feel satisfied with himself when drawing a salary without rendering any material service. He made several tours of inspection last summer, but he was never required to make a report of his observations, and it might have been better for all concerned had he fully understood his position in the beginning. When the league meets appropriate resolutions will be adopted in remembrance of Harry Wright, one of the brightest lights that ever illuminated the base ball world.

Word comes from Boston that Billy Nash, the famous captain and third baseman, is to be disposed of to make room for Collins, the youngster, who played such fast ball for Louisville during the latter part of the past season. It is possible that there may be a deal cooking by which Irwin is to go to New York in exchange for Ward, who is said to be desired in Philadelphia.

After a careful revision of the league records the returns show that "Roaring Bill" Hasamer stands at the top of the list of outfielders. He is only credited with two errors during the season in right field. While at third base and second base he was guilty of several misplays, but they do not figure in his right field work. It just goes to show how unreliable official records are. Although Hasamer, by the records, is the star outfielder of the league, those who have witnessed his work in right garden know that there are two dozen outfielders in the league who outclass the "Roarer."

Insurance Men Elect Officers.

The last day's session of the National Association of Life Underwriters opened yesterday at Philadelphia with the reading of a paper by James L. Johnson of Springfield, Mass., on "Our Association and Field Reform."

After the election of the following officers the convention adjourned: President, Ben. S. Scalef, Boston; secretary, L. D. Drewry, Chattanooga; treasurer, Eli D. Weeks, Connecticut. Executive committee, Geo. F. Hadley, New Jersey; D. S. Hendricks, Washington, D. C.; J. W. Harris, Texas; James L. Johnson, Springfield, Mass.; E. D. Schofield, Maine, and J. S. Morris, Milwaukee.

Ex-Gov. Ames' Funeral.

The funeral of the late ex-Gov. Oliver Ames was held in Unity Church, North Easton, Mass., yesterday. The services were simple and unmarked by any ostentatious features. Rev. William L. Chaffin conducted the services and many friends of the late ex-governor were present, as well as representatives both from the executive and legislative branches of the commonwealth.

Rev. Dr. Elmendorf Stricken.

Rev. Dr. J. J. Elmendorf, professor of apologetics in the Western Theological Seminary, while conversing with Bishop McLaren in the latter's parlor at Chicago Thursday evening, was suddenly stricken with heart failure.

SHOWALTER RESIGNS.

Lipschuetz Wins the First Game for the American Chess Championship.

Messrs. Showalter and Lipschuetz, who are playing chess for the American championship, continued their game adjourned from Monday in the Manhattan Chess Club's rooms in New York Wednesday. White, Lipschuetz, by a few well-directed strokes, took possession of the open Q R's file and brought about an exchange of queens. After gaining an entrance with his R to his Q R 8 he attacked his opponent's Q K and P.

Black made a desperate effort to break through in the center, permitting Lipschuetz to win the exchange. Then Showalter resigned on his sixty-fourth move.

The game lasted over eight hours. Both men were very nervous, which accounted for Lipschuetz's miscalculation on his thirteenth move, and Showalter's weak play after having won a pawn. The game as a whole presented a most beautiful example of first-class chess, not a whit inferior to any of the games played at the Hastings tournament.

The moves of the first game are:

First Game—Queen's Gambit Declined.

Lipschuetz. White.	Showalter. Black.	Lipschuetz. White.	Showalter. Black.
1 P—Q4	P—Q4	34 Kt—B3	Kt—Kt5
2 P—QB4	P—K3	35 Q—Kt2	K—R2
3 Kt—KB3	P—QB3	36 P—R5	R—Kt2
4 P—K3	B—Q3	37 Kt—K5	KtxKt
5 Kt—R3	P—KB4	38 BxKt	R—Q2
6 B—Q3	Q—B3	39 R—B4	K—Kt
7 P—QKt3	Kt—KR3	40 R—B3	Kt—B3
8 B—Kt2	Castles	41 R—KB	R—R2
9 Q—B2	Kt—Q2	42 Q—K2	B—B2
10 Castles	P—KKt4	43 P—QKt4	R—Q
11 Kt—K2	P—Kt5	44 P—QR4	P—R3
12 Kt—K	Q—Kt4	45 P—Kt5	RPxP
13 Kt—B4	BxKt	46 PxP	R—QR
14 PxB	QxP	47 P—Kt6	Kt—Kt5
15 P—Kt3	Q—Kt4	48 RxKt	RPxR
16 Kt—Kt2	Kt—B3	49 R(B4)—B2	Q—Kt4
17 Kt—B4	Kt—B2	50 B—B4	Q—B3
18 QR—K	Kt—K5	51 Q—Kt2	B—K
19 B—B	Q—K2	52 R—R	RxR
20 P—B3	PxP	53 QxR	R—Q2
21 RxP	Kt(B2)-Kt4	54 R—QB2	K—B2
22 KR—B	K—R	55 Q—B3	K—Kt3
23 Q—KKt2	B—Q2	56 Q—K3	B—B2
24 R—Kt2	R—KKt	57 R—R8	R—K2
25 K—R	QR—KB	58 B—K5	Q—Kt4
26 B—B	Q—R3	59 QxQch	KxQ
27 Kt—K2	P—KR4	60 B—B7	P—K4
28 B—B4	Kt—B2	61 B—Q8	K—B3
29 Q—R3	Q—Kt3	62 R—R8	K—K3
30 Kt—Kt	Q—Kt5	63 BxR	KxB
31 Q—Kt2	B—K	64 RxPch	Resigns
32 B—K2	Q—K3	3 hrs. 55 m.	3 hrs. 57m.
33 Q—R3	Kt—R3		

THEIR SECOND VICTORY.

Columbian College Foot Ball Players Defeat the Business High School.

The Columbian College foot ball eleven defeated the Business High School team at the National Park yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock by a score of 18 to 0. The features of the game were the good plays made by Beard and Shuster, the former making all his in the first half. In the second half Fugitt was substituted for Beard. Beard on more than one occasion in the first half went through the line and scored touchdowns, while Shuster kicked goal three times.

The line-up was as follows:

Columbian.	Positions.	Bus. School.
Cabura	Right end	Lears
Shaw	Right tackle	Hahn
Cummings	Right guard	Kettler
Harlan	Center	King
Pollard	Left guard	Loucks
Shuster	Left tackle	Lyman
Parsons	Left end	Munroe
Beard	Right half back	Daffey
Hills	Left half back	White
Beall	Quarter back	Walsh
Weaver	Full back	Darnlee

The Columbian boys are practicing every afternoon. This is their second game this season, they having defeated the Business High School team last Friday by 16 to 0.

A LOCAL ENOCH ARDEN.

Divorce Complications That Now Confront a Capitol Hill Family.

An Enoch Arden turned up unexpectedly a few nights ago on Capitol Hill and there ensued some of the most interesting complications that could possibly come to any domestic circle. The tale reads quite like a story of modern Chicago society, where former wives and husbands are continually confronting each other under rather embarrassing circumstances, and if not vouched for by the best of authority it might seem impossible. There is on the Hill a worthy housewife, who adds to her revenues by renting such portions of her establishment as are not necessary for the immediate use of the family, and, like a prudent landlady, she not only decorates her front window with the announcement of the fact, but inserts an advertisement in The Star. One day not long ago the latter caught the eye of a certain stranger in the city, who forthwith answered it.

When he rang the bell of the house in question he was met at the door by a pleasant-faced lady of middle age, who appeared to scan his countenance a little more closely than the occasion appeared to warrant, and after answering the usual preliminary questions about her accommodations she surprised her caller considerably by asking:

"What is your name, if you please?"

The stranger answered, giving his last name, whereupon he was immediately requested by the woman to furnish her with his full name, which he wonderingly gave.

"Don't you know me?" she asked, smiling.

"No, I confess that you are a stranger to me," was the response.

"Look at me very closely," insisted the woman.

The man did so, but after a few seconds' scrutiny he shook his head again and insisted that her face was strange to him.

"Well, I'll tell you who I am, then. I am your former wife, from whom you were divorced a good many years ago."

It was a very embarrassing moment for the seeker after lodgings, who, however, recovered himself in a few moments and perfunctorily declared that he was glad to meet her again. He confessed that she had changed so in face and form in the period of their separation that he did not recognize any resemblance to his former wife, but she called him into the house and showed him by many a keepsake that she was indeed the one who had once borne his name. She introduced him to a young woman as his own daughter, whom he had never seen, and of whose existence he had been ignorant. This daughter had been married and divorced from her husband and was now living with her mother. Mutual confidences followed this reunion, and it developed that the former wife of the stranger had since her divorce from him married twice, having been divorced in turn from the man who was her second husband. The third partner of her joys is living, the head of the household.

After a bit the awkwardness of the situation began to wear off and a hearty welcome was extended to the ex-husband to take tea with the family that evening, and, on his acceptance, he was presented to his successor, second in number, and the family circle was once more complete, with the exception of divorced husband number two, who, it developed, was living in the immediate vicinity. The first husband said that he had been married since his divorce and that his wife was now living in the west, in ignorance of his former marriage. At last accounts he was debating the problem of establishing himself at the house on Capitol Hill which contained so much that was personally interesting to him.

Hard Luck.

From Fliegende Blätter.

Innkeeper—"There isn't any more pastry. We had some really fine tarts. Would you have liked them?"

THE GAME OF POLO

Something of Its Early History and Its Present Condition.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

Lively Interest in the Sport Taken in Washington.

COMMENTS OF AN ENTHUSIAST

Written for The Evening Star.

One of the chief attractions of polo is that it is almost equally interesting to either player or spectator. This I have learned to appreciate, owing to the fact that about a year after I had begun the game in earnest an accident in the hunting field obliged me to give up riding entirely. I have followed carefully the development of the game and have become as enthusiastic a spectator as I originally was a player, and look back with almost as much pleasure to the great matches I have seen at Hurlingham and Ranelagh, which included such players as the famous Peat brothers, John Watson, the officers of the tenth lanciers and other noted poloists, as I took in the game when a participant.

Its First Appearance on This Side.

Polo first made its appearance on this side in Mexico City, in 1886, and soon afterward found its way to the states, where, in 1886, it had become so popular that a Hurlingham team was challenged to come over and play a representative American team at Newport. Our English cousins proved, however, the value of long practice, perfect team work, and fast ponies, and the America cup was taken to Hurlingham. There is considerable room for doubt as to this being repeated should another international match be arranged, for the development of the game, and the number of clubs all over the country, and excellent players, speaks for its popularity on this side, to say nothing of the proof that we lose no time in gaining proficiency in any manly sport, whatever its origin.

Ancient Origin.

But little is really authentically known of the exact origin of the game, yet legends of the orient give proof of its antiquity. Chaugan (a name probably derived from the stick used in playing) was the Persian title of the game mentioned by Firdusi, who lived about the end of the tenth century, in a poem, which contained a description of a game between the Persians and Turks, and abounds in flowery rhetoric and flights of wild imagination. The game in its principal features resembles greatly the game of today, and was extensively patronized by royalty. However, other eastern writers of the ninth and tenth centuries give the game still greater antiquity, and it is alleged that a Persian king, Dara, who lived 325 B. C., was a Chaugan player of no little distinction. In the twelfth century the Greek Emperor is reported to have played a match with Byzantine princes and nobles.

In India.

The present title polo is derived from pulu, a Thibetan word meaning a ball of willow root. To India are we indebted for having brought the game to the stage of perfection which induced the British cavalry to adopt it, and it is supposed to have found its way into the state of Munnipore from Thibet about 1500 A.D. The Munnipories, as described by various British explorers and officers, about the middle of the present century, were a nation of polo players, whose daring riding and skillful playing was the wonder of the Europeans. Children practiced the game from early infancy, and professionals were even more highly paid than our base ball players. The British officers stationed in India became fascinated with the game, and about 1854 it was taken up by them and played in British territory. Thus it found its way to England, and not long afterward to America.

Polo in America.

There are at present eighteen clubs which are members of the Polo Association, and a great number of others lately organized, or of less importance, probably thirty or forty in all. The Myopia Club of Hamilton, Mass.; the Westchester, Meadow Brook and Rockaway clubs of New York are among the most prominent.

The season ending the beginning of this fall was one of the most brilliant in the history of the association. The Myopias, by their team work, proved the champions over the former invincible Rockaway quartet, in a match abounding in brilliant work, played in Brooklyn the latter part of September.

Team work is the science of the game. This is the strong point of the famous Hurlingham team, composed of the three Peat brothers and John Watson, who, besides being remarkable horsemen and heavy hitters, have played together for over fifteen years and know perfectly each other's every move. Though possessing great fascination even for beginners, polo is a most difficult game to introduce in any locality, for it requires the indefatigable efforts of several most enthusiastic sportsmen. The growing popularity of the game in Washington is due to the small band of enthusiasts who have persistently encouraged it, and who have thus founded that successful organization, the Chevy Chase Club. The nucleus for a good team