

RICHMOND OUTFIT WAS WHOLE WORKS

Opening Game in New Polo League Crushing Defeat To Elwood.

TINPLATERS WORKED HARD

SHARPE WAS THE FEATURE OF THE EXERCISES, SCORING AN EVEN HALF DOZEN GOALS FOR QUAKER TEAM.

LEAGUE STANDING.			
Won	Lost	Pct.	
Richmond	1	0	.000
Elwood	0	1	.000
New Castle	0	0	.000
Hamilton	0	0	.000

Tonight's Games.
Richmond at Elwood.
Hamilton at New Castle.

Richmond 8; Elwood 2.

There was nothing to the polo game last night but Richmond. It was the opening game of the new series and by getting away in the lead the locals acquired a start that may stand them in good. Elwood was not able to put up a very serious opposition. The Tinplaters worked hard but the efforts availed nothing. Their drives were so wild as to be ludicrous.

Sharpe was all the good with his crook and made goal after goal securing an even half dozen. Houghton worked well with him and Edington and Oesting helped Lancaster in the defense work. "Hank" kicked them away in all directions. The contest was too one sided to be very exciting, but the fact the locals were winning made the crowd feel good just the same. Lineup and summary:

Richmond	Elwood	Williams
Sharpe		
First Rush		
Houghton	H. Able	
Second Rush		
Edington	Regan	
Center		
Oesting	E. Able	
Half Back		
Lancaster	Baldwin	
Goal		
First Period—Sharpe 14:30.		
Second Period—Williams 3:10.		
Sharpe 20; Houghton 35; H. Able 4:30; Sharpe 55.		
Third Period—Sharpe 1:55; Sharpe 4:35; Sharpe 2:30; Houghton 5:55.		
Fourth—Sharpe 5; Williams 7; H. Able 1. Stop—Lancaster 23; Baldwin 25. Time-keeper—Williams. Score-keeper—Brehm. Referee—Giles. Attendance—500.		

MADLY CHEERED WAS ROOSEVELT AS SAILED AWAY

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meal and tried to keep out all appearance of sadness.

Affecting Leave Taking.

The farewell between Col. Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt was an affecting one. Mrs. Roosevelt was in tears and gazed after the carriage that held him and Kermit and Quentin, as their companion, to the station. In the excitement the Colonel forgot his railroad ticket and had to pay his fare over again on the train. On the train the president chatted briefly with the newspaper correspondents. He was in the jolliest of moods and declared he looked forward to fifteen months with undiminished delight. "This is a great day," said Mr. Roosevelt, "and I take it as a good omen for the trip, and the two will certainly be a good ogo. I feel it. I know it."

Hannah More's Wedding Day.

The collie of Hannah More, the English writer, which gave her so much time to bend the powers of her mind to the interests of humanity, has always been a subject of surprise and discussion. A writer relates this circumstance: "She was early engaged to be married to a gentleman of family and fortune. The wedding day was fixed. The bride and her party moved off gayly to the church where the ceremony was to be performed, only to find that the lover was not there. The laggard comes late," thought the attendants. They miscalculated. He came not at all. A horseman rode up to the church door and handed a letter to Miss More. With melancholy apologetic the faithless swain told her that he could not "take the responsibility" of making her his bride. At the same time he offered any pecuniary remuneration in his power.

"Well, the lady fainted or only pour, is not mentioned, but her relatives followed the business up with such promptness and spirit that the 'dreaded in love' made a settlement with the slighted lady of £400 a year each."

Old Oxford Wins Meet With Cambridge. Yankee Is Star

London, March 23.—The Oxford-Cambridge field sports at Queen's club were won by the former university, six events to four.

The victory of Hull, an American Rhodes scholar at Oxford, in the quarter mile was a notable display of grit. He was working through the field about 100 yards from the start when he stumbled and sprained his ankle badly; but this did not deter him. He quickly pulled himself together, picked up the field again, and, in spite of the intense pain, went to the front

and won by three yards. He had to be carried off the field to be attended by a doctor. His time was 0:53 3-5.

It had been anticipated that G. E. Putnam, a Rhodes scholar from Kansas, would win the hammer throw for Oxford, but he had to be contented with second place. Watson of Cambridge beat all varsity records with a throw of 148 feet 10 inches. Putnam was second with 143 feet 10 inches and D. G. Herring, a Rhodes scholar from Princeton, was third with 123 feet.

GEORGE BONHAG STATES HE WILL BE A PROFESSIONAL



FIRST OVERTIME GAME WAS PLAYED

Yale Was Again the Winner in A Hard Fought Y. M. C. A. Contest.

CONTEST WAS ROUGH ONE

HOWEVER NO DIRTY TACTICS WERE INDULGED IN—COMPTON SCORED, WINNING GOAL ON DIFFICULT SHOT.

Y. M. C. A. LEAGUE STANDING.			
Won	Lost	Pct.	
Yale	4	1	.800
Princeton	3	2	.600
Illinois	2	2	.500
Cornell	2	2	.500
Carlisle	1	3	.250
Chicago	1	3	.250

In the first overtime game of the Y. M. C. A. basketball league season last evening, Yale defeated Princeton by the score of 25 to 23. The game was unusually hard fought and because of the close score was rough but free from dirty tactics. At no time were the teams separated by more than two points. When the final song rang the score was 23 to 23 and overtime was played without intermission. The team to score two points first was to be the winner and both fives began to work their hardest. The overtime playing was all in Princeton territory, however, and Compton scored the winning marker on a difficult shot from near the outside line.

Reach Half Way Point.

The games of this week mark the

half way point in the season. Yale enters the last lap in the league. Before last night's game the blue was tied with Princeton for first honors. Yale played without its regular center and before the game it was feared the absence of Wiechman would prove a severe loss. Princeton was short one of its regular players and Hascocster was filled in at guard. The game was high spirited. Spangler did nearly all of the scoring for his team mates, his work in throwing goals from the foul line being a feature. Summary:

Yale, Princeton, Kelsey, Spangler.

Forward, Farrow and Compton.

Forward, Gilchrist.

Center, Haatt.

Porter, Guard, Compton and Farrow.

Guard, Spangler, 6; Compton, 2; Kelsey, 2; Myers, 5; Genn, 2; Foul goals—Spangler, 8; Haatt, 4.

Points awarded—Yale 1; Princeton 1.

Referee—Cain. Umpire—Allison.

Scorer—Mendenhall. Time-keeper—Buhl. Time of halves—Twenty minutes.

Overtime—40 seconds.

ECZEMA VICTIM SAVED AFTER THIRTY YEARS

Wintergreen Compound Stopped Itch At Once—Disease Soon Disappeared.

After dosing the stomach for years and trying all kinds of alleged cures for eczema, Mr. M. T. Firmin, reports a perfect cure. He simply washed the skin with an oil of wintergreen compound, mixed with thymol, glycerine, etc.

Mr. M. T. Firmin, for the last 20 years in the employ of the C. S. Daniels Furniture Co., of Wichita, Kan., writes:

"Eczema first appeared on my body when I was a child 8 years of age. For over thirty years I scratched and scratched and doctored, it drove me up as incurable.

"Then I commenced using the D. D. Remedy. The first application stopped the horrible itching and gave me a night's sleep. It gave me strength and hope. I continued growing better.

"I kept up the treatment for months and am now entirely cured, excepting a little roughness on my left ankle."

Having personally known of many chronic cases, we have gained great confidence in D. D. D. Prescription. For sale by all druggists.

BILLY WHITLA IS WILDLY CHEERED ON RETURN HOME

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lobby unannounced for several minutes asking bell boys for his father before the latter knew his son was in the big foyer.

The moment the anxious parent heard that a strange boy was in the hotel sauntering in aimless fashion he rushed across the lobby, grasped him in his arms and smothered his face with kisses.

"My boy!" he cried.

Tears were streaming from the strong man's eyes as he grasped the boy in his arms and rushed for the stairway.

Dramatic Scene Enacted.

A dramatic scene was enacted as the father seized his son in his arms. Only a few seconds was required to tell the crowd in the lobby that it was Whitla and his son they saw rushing for the stairs.

"Speech! Speech!" was the cry.

The father kept on weeping as he fled. He remained in the room he had prepared for the boy for some time.

When he reappeared the cries for a speech were redoubled in volume, the hotel by that time being filled with the curious. Men pressed forward to press the father's hand. Finally he stood up beside a divan.

"I can't speak, my heart is too full," he said. "I can only say that this is my son who was lost and is found. I want to thank the people of Cleveland, the press and the police for their kindness and sympathy. I never could have stood it but for the thousands of friends that came to me."

Whitla senior refused to state whether he had paid the ransom or not. He said that he received a letter yesterday from the kidnappers at his home in Sharon saying that if he called at a confectionery store in the East End of Cleveland he would be told how to secure his boy unharmed and "well fed."

Leaves Sharon for Cleveland.

Shortly after noon he left Sharon for Cleveland. He was unaccompanied. His immediate family and the private detectives he apprised of the proposed secret meeting, but insisted that he make the trip alone. Every one of them was warned that he must be allowed to go unheeded and no attempt at the capture of the kidnappers was made.

Whitla was certain that if he spolled the plans of his son's captors last night he would never see the boy again. His experience at Ashtabula served as a warning.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon he went to a candy store in the East End. With him he carried the \$10,000, expecting that it would be demanded of him there. He was met by a woman, who detailed to him the terms of the kidnappers.

The Goblins took the Wilsons for three straight games in the Class B league at the Y. M. C. A. last evening. The highest score was 188, rolled by Goliath. A few of the bowlers were not up to their usual form.

With all the eagerness of a distracted parent, Whitla agreed to them immediately. Detectives in his employ say that he paid the money, but on this point the father declines to comment himself.

Half an hour later he returned to the Hollenden hotel and awaited developments. His entrance was shrouded in secrecy. By a previous arrangement made with the hotel management he did not register.

Woman Bears Message.

The woman at the candy store had done her duty. She communicated with the captors of the boy and told them that the father had made no attempt to trap them. The kidnappers were satisfied.

But Whitla senior declines to name the woman in charge of the confectionery store and almost dares the police to locate her.

So the boy was brought from his hiding place—where it was no one knows—to a car line in the East End of the city which would bring him into town quickly.

The kidnaper, according to Willie, was cheerful enough. The mysterious one and the youngster skipped in schoolboy fashion toward the trolley line, jesting in the mean time.

Places Eyeglasses on Boy.

A few rods from the car line the man stopped the boy. Pulling a pair of smoked glasses from his pocket he adjusted them to the boy's head with the remark:

"You'll look better in these."

The sides of the black yarn cap were pulled carefully over the boy's ears. A slip which he was to hand the conductor was put in the boy's pocket. It read:

"Send this boy to the Hollenden Hotel double quick."

Willie says the man told him that if anybody asked him who took him to the car line to tell them it was "Mr. Jones."

"Just tell them your name is Jones," said the kidnaper.

"All right, Mr. Jones," answered Willie.

Presently a car came into view and the mysterious Mr. Jones drew the boy closer to him.

Promises to See His Papa.

"Well, Willie, you are going downtown now and you will see your papa pretty soon," he said.

This delighted Willie. He swung on to the car quickly, according to the conductor.

"Mr. Jones" paid the boy's fare and then got off the car and disappeared after waving a friendly adieu. This farewell salute to his little captive was continued until the car had disappeared in the inky darkness of the night.

"How fast does a motor car take you?"

"It depends on what you mean," answered Mr. Chuggina. "Over the roads it goes at the same pace as most of them, but when it comes to running into debt it's got them all beat."

—Washington Star.

Dickinson Trust Company

Resources \$1,700,000.00

MONEY</b