slowly turning to flower beds, fairly ablaze with riotous color. University Field lay in the centre of all this magnificence, an oblong of brown and battered turf. It was in magnificent condition for the big game. Hard and dry, matted with grass roots that had resisted the pounding of heels and tearing of spikes all through a long season's practice.

Rain Ruins Millinery.

Now came a change. The snow shifted to a heavy fall of sleet. Snow flakes and ice fell steadily and covered everything and everybody with a white mantle. It was cold, icy, arctic. On the highest crest of the west stand, above the timber line, telegraph operators and reporters shivered and shook. But the all-important hour was coming soon now, and, after all, what does a football fan care for such a mere detail as weather. Rain came with the sleet now, and about a million dollars' worth of millinery began truning into a soggy mass. Whatever else develops, this will be the most expensive game of the year.

Twenty minutes of 2 now, and still trying to snow, hail and rain all at once. The stands were nearly full, but still the solid columns flowed under the gateways, swept the edge of the field and dribbled away silently into the bleachers.

Then in the distance clamored Yale's brass band, banging out the old Yale war song. The old "Boola-Boola' Here They Come!" echoed from stand to stand. Through the gap at the southeast angle showed a band, robed, Indian-like, in blankets of grayish blue. After awhile the band stopped. In dead silence the snow fell, thickly now. Every one shivered with cold and suspense.

Tiger Extends Courtesy.

The snow fell harder until the Tiger stand across the way showed vast and dim. Of a sudden a roar filled the air. A white sweatered Princeton yell leader signalled. Princeton yelled for Yale a courtesy like the handshake of the prize ring, the promise of fair play exchanged before the battle. At a minute of 2 o'clock Yale's great blue team swept out on the turf to be greeted with roaring song and ear splitting battle cry.

A minute later Princeton, looking tigerish in yellow striped legs, came swiftly after. The whole Princeton team scales only twelve pounds less than Yale. Up went more roaring cheers, and the Tigers sang cheerfully. Even the sleet, it was coming down like a frozen Niagara now, couldn't dampen the Tigers ardor.

Both teams ran through formations swiftly and silently. The leather, punted by the most powerful toes in America, sailed majestically. Then came the toss. Yale won and took the north goal.

FIRST HALF.

Brides kicked off to Tibbott on the five-yard line. Tibbott ran back straight through the muck of the Blue team for forty-five yards. Yale rooters nearly fainted with dismay. But the first plunge at the line netted nothing. And Yale cheered up. Penalized five yards for outside play. Princeton kicked to Yale's twenty-five-yard line. Read was downed in his tracks.

Ray, ray, ray! Tiger, Tiger, Tiger! Hiss, siss, siss! Boom, boom, boom! Ah, ah, ah!

Princeton yelled in the orange stands in crashing chorus. Philbin broke through for 5 and then 8 yards. Hale was hurling the Tigers back. But at last they held and Yale kicked to Princeton's 20-yard line. Tibbott tried a fake kick, and after crossing the field was down with only a yard gain. Dawson butted through left tackle for 8 yards. Read kicked to Yale's 35-yard line and Philbin fumbled but fell on the ball. Twice Yale failed to gain, then kicked to Dillon on Princeton's 40-yard line. Princeton kicked back.

Wheaton was thrown for five yards loss. Coy kicked to Tibbott, who fumbled and Haines fell on the ball, in midfield the play was surging from end to end of the gridiron with amazing speed. Coy began kicking again. Tibbott was downed on the Tiger's thirty yard line.

Then came a surprise. Reed sent an on-side kick to midfield, Siegling fell on the ball and Yale groaned. Princeton gathered for a council, then Dawson made a thirty-yard forward pass to Dillon. In the mix up Dillon was hurt. Johnson was taken out and Bingham went in at quarter for Yale.

Coy Downed in Tracks.

Princeton began marching through the line. Tibbott and Dawson tore through Reed, made a forward pass and Yale got the ball. Philbin plunged through desperately for eight good yards. Coy dropped back to kick and was downed behind the line. Coy then kicked out to Yale's 40-yard line. It was Yale's ball. Coy punted to Tibbott, who threw off Yale's tacklers and came back to Princeton's 35-yard line. Princeton failed to touch the ball on a long forward pass. After being penalized Princeton came out to her 35-yard line on a fake kick.

But Yale got the ball on downs on Princeton's 25-yard line. Wheaton took 3 yards through Princeton's right tackle. After measuring carefully, the officials decided that it was first down. In two terrific plunges Yale put the ball on Princeton's 15-yard line, directly in front of the goal.

Yale lost the ball on a fumbled forward pass. Tibbott broke through the whole Yale team and made a magnificent run for fifty yards. He threw the Yale tacklers right and left and refused to be downed until the ball was well in Yale territory. After two unsuccessful attempts to break through the blue line, Reed made an onside kick to Yale's 35-yard line. Yale lost ground for off-side play. Dawson broke through for five yards more. The Princeton rooters sent up the "Undertaker" song with its terrific chorus, "No hope for Yale!" The orange rooters stood up as they sang.

Instantly the Tiger team steadied itself. There was a swift signal and Tibbott shot through between Yale's left guard and tackle. The whole Yale team rushed for him but he ripped through leaving the Yale players behind him utterly bewildered. They caught Tibbott on the Yale 5-yard line. But he fought his way over for a touchdown, dragging three blue-jerseyed players as he fell. Walter kicked the goal. Score—Princeton 6, Yale 0.

Hobbs was substituted for Lilley and kicked off. Princeton caught the ball behind her goal line and the return kick left in Yale's hands in the middle of the field. With two five-yard smashes Yale made the first down. Philbin was the battering ram now. Brides took 5 yards. Wheaton tried a drop kick and the ball rolled over Princeton's goal line. Buckingham kicked to the 35-yard line. Field, with Coy interfering for him, ran the ball back 22 yards. Philbin made three yards, and Princeton was penalized five yards for off-side play.

On her 25-yard line Princeton held solidly, but on the next plunge the Yale got through the centre for five yards. Yale tried the forward pass to Coy. Coy slipped on a sleety ground and fell and Princeton took the ball. Tibbott made a great thirty-two-yard run, but the ball was brought back for offside play. A short onside kick gave Princeton the ball on her 40-yard line, a short plunge advanced it three yards more, and just then the whistle blew the signal for the first half. Score—Princeton, 6; Yale, 0.

From the moment of the touchdown the Tiger stand kept up a continual round of cherring and singing. Yale hadn't a word to say.

"Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow! hear the Tiger roar," and "Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow! rolling up the score," sang the Princeton stands. But not even an echo came back to them from the silent and indigo blue Yale rooters across the way. Princeton was first to come back to the field. They trotted out cheerfully at the heels of Eddie Dillon.

SECOND HALF.

Yale came right after them, and instantly the play went on. Walter kicked off to Philbin, who couldn't get away from Yale's 23-yard line. Coy punted right back to Dillon in the centre of the field. On a fake kick Tibbott got eight yards. Then Dawson plugged straight through for five yards. Furious at being beaten back, Yale became over-eager and lost five yards for off-side play. Princeton lost five for the same offense. A short onside kick was fumbled, but Dillon was on the right spot and got the ball on Yale's 25-yard line. Dawson broke through for four yards.

Tibbott Nailed for a Loss.

Tibbott was nailed behind the line for two yards loss. Princeton lost the ball on an onside kick. Yale heeled and got a free kick. Dawson fumbled but recovered the ball on Princeton's forty-yard line. Tibbott made five yards through a hole in the line and Reed took eight more with a short onside kick. Then the Princeton backs began tearing.

Yale right and left. Dillon came back for another whispered conference. Reed tried a short on side kick and Hobbs got the ball. After failing to break through the Princeton line Coy kicked out of bounds and Princeton found herself back to within 30 yards of her goal. Up went the Tiger yell and the unterrified Princeton rooters started the old "undertaker's" song again.

Princeton was penalized for offside play and Reed had to stand behind the goal line to kick. The ball went low, and after being fumbled was picked up by Waller. Reed went back again and kicked to Princeton's 45-yard line, wher Field fumbled the ball, and another Yale man recovered it. Yale began battering tactics again, but after two short gains was forced to kick. Dillon got the ball and was downed just twenty-two yards before the Princeton goal posts. Yale began singing "Boola Boola," but, not at all discouraged, Princeton hammered the blue line back.

Read kicked out to Princeton's 45-yard line. Corey went in at quarter for Bingham. Yale lost the ball on a forward pass that failed.

It stopped snowing about this time and began to rain. The drenching silenced everybody but the irrepressible rooters. Murphy was sent in for Wheaton. Read kicked almost straight in the air and Murphy heeled to the catch five yards in Yale territor. Coy tried a drop kick from the 55-yard line. The ball fell six feet short squarely in front of the Princeton goal post.

Coy Makes Long Run.

Reed kicked back to Coy again and the Yale giant ripped straight through the striped tackles for 25 yards. Pfeiffer replaced Dawson. Coy went straight through centre for 5 yards. The Princeton rooters rose to their feet and began to sing "Old Nassau." This is always a sign of desperation. Squarely in front of the Princeton's goal post Coy went through again for 12 yards and had only 3 more to go.

Coy went through again and laid the ball down a yard from the goal line close to the post. Again the whole Yale team, 2,000 pounds of fighting weight, broke on Princeton's defense like a huge wave. Princeton rallied for a moment and held hard. Then with a sweep that almost carried the goal posts along Yale went over. Hobbs kicked the goal and the score was tied. Yale, 6; Princeton, 6.

DARTMOUTH PUTS INDIAN SIGN ON HARVARD ELEVEN

Neither Side Can Score in First Half of Well Played Game.

THE LINE-UP.

Harvard.	Position.	Dartmouth.
Brown	L.E.	Kennedy
McKay	L.T.	Sherwin
Dunlap	L.G.	Tobin
Nourse	Centre	Brusse
Hoar	R.G.	Bankhart
Fisheli	R.T.	Rich
Crowley	R.E.	Schildmiller
Cutler	Q.B.	Pishon
Corbett	L.H.B.	Hawley
White	R.H.B.	Ryan
Kennard	F.B.	Marks

Referee, H. H. Hackett, West Point. Umpire, J. A. Evans, Williams College. Field Judge, H. L. Dadmun, Worcester. Head Linesman, G. Ayrault, St. Marks.

(Special to The Evening World.)

HARVARD STADIUM, CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Nov. 14.—Dartmouth came to Cambridge to-day 1,200 strong and sure of victory this afternoon over the Crimson in what promised to be the greatest game in the history of the two colleges.

Thirty-five thousand tickets were sold, and women's seats were erected to accommodate the unprecedented rush.

As neither team has been defeated this year it was expected that both would fight to avoid it to-day. This was Dartmouth's last game of the season, and she let loose all her power against Harvard. The players are old veterans all in top-notch condition and are anxious to repeat their victory of last year. Capt. Kennedy feels confident of winning, and will put in the field the same men who defeated Princeton.

The Harvard eleven has been working up in secret practice this last week plays that were expected to foil the opponents' line and make scores. The same men met Dartmouth that defeated the Indians, and though they were mostly green men at the game they have the best of their opponents by nine pounds to the man. They were fast and aggressive and fought to the last to redeem the Crimson from the stinging defeat of last year.

In the first half neither side scored. It was a battle of punting and line-plunging from start to finish with forward passes. Dartmouth's line held Harvard frequently and again was held by Crimson. In the back field Harvard made more consistent gains, but in the end play, Kennedy and Schildmiler easily outplayed the Harvard ends. Neither side got within the other's 30-yard line except once, when Harvard got down to Dartmouth's 10-yard line. Sherwin tried a goal from the field on Harvard's 25-yard line, but it fell short.

Both sides fumbled at critical moments. McKay kicked to Ryan and Sherwin punted back to Browne on Harvard's 40-yard line. The ball went to Dartmouth on an illegal pass, but was recovered on Dartmouth's 40-yard line and was carried by rushes to Dartmouth's 10-yard line, where the Crimson was held for downs. This was the only time Harvard was dangerous.

After exchange of punts and line-plunging Dartmouth got the ball on her 20-yard line by a long punt, which Kennard fumbled and was recovered by Schildmiller on Harvard's 40-yard line. The green men then pushed to the 25-yard line, and Sherwin tried a goal from the field, but failed and it was recovered by Browne.

When the whistle blew Harvard lost the ball on the Dartmouth 10-yard line.

CORNELL'S GAME WITH CHICAGO IS PLAYED IN STORM

Bitter Cold Weather and Snow Keep Spectators Busy to Keep Warm.

(Special to The Evening World.)

MARSHALL FIELD, CHICAGO, Nov. 14.—Old-fashioned Thanksgiving weather greeted the joyous rooters as they crowded into Marshall Field to witness the great inter-sectional football struggle between Chicago and Cornell. A small sized snowstorm was in progress and no means known to insure personal comfort in the chilly atmosphere was overlooked. Hot bricks, steamer rugs, electric foot warmers and common everyday bed quilts were pressed into service.

The brilliant red of Cornell served to warm the crowd in the west bleachers, while the rich maroon in the east bleachers served to warm the hearts of the roters there. This occasion served as the annual coming-out party of the Three-Quarters Club. Freshmen, grotesquely garbed, froliced about the field and produced a hearty laugh by their antics.

THE LINE-UP.

Chicago.	Position.	Cornell.
Page	R.E.	Moakley
Kelly	R.T.	O'Rourke
Hirsch	R.G.	Bell
Baldwich	Centre	Wright
Earborn	L.G.	Cogswell
Hoffman	L.T.	Levering
Schommer	L.E.	Burhart
Steffen	Q.B.	Hardwick
Iddings	L.H.	Tademan
Crowley	R.H.	Shearer
Westbrooke	F.B.	Weekes

Officials—Referee, Snow of Michigan. Umpire, Everts Wrenn, of Harvard. Field Judge, Capt. King of West Point. Head Linesman, Riordan of Wisconsin.

NEW ENVOY NEXT MONTH.

CAIRO, Egypt, Nov. 14.—Count Von Bernstorff, who has been appointed German Ambassador at Washington in succession to the late Baron Speck von Sternberg, is preparing to leave here for Berlin, where he will receive the instructions of the Foreign Office and have an audience with Emperor William. He will leave Berlin for Washington between Dec. 10 and 15.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c. ★

VASSAR SENDS 25 GIRLS TO SOCIALISTS' DINNER.

Twenty-five Vassar girl Socialists were among the two hundred and fifty guests at the dinner last night of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society at Kalil's, in Park place. J. G. Phelps Stokes presided. Half of those present were women.

W. G. Ghent estimated the Socialist vote in the recent Presidential campaign at 530,000. The showing discouraged him, he said, as they had polled only four per cent. of the total vote of the country. John Spargo said the Socialist vote had fallen away in the great industrial centres.

Morris Hillquit declared he felt encouraged. The Independence party, he said, had collapsed entirely.

Charles E. Russell said he thought the Socialist vote-showing was "grand, wonderful." It showed, he exclaimed, that the "demon of unrest was abroad in the land."

Mrs. Gerge S. Frank, of Brooklyn, told of the college girls' part in the movement.

THE EVENING WORLD'S WRITING CONTEST
For the School Children of Greater New York.
$500 in Prizes for the Boys and Girls Who Write the Following Sentence in the Best Style:
The Evening World is read in our home
Name of Pupil .....
Age..... Residence .....
.....
School.....
Teacher's Signature.....
The information called for in the above box must be furnished with each specimen of handwriting. You may use the above coupon if you desire, but all specimens sent with this information arranged as above on any paper will be freely entered in the contest. Send your handwriting to "Handwriting Editor," Evening World, P. O. Box 1354, New York City. The contest closes Nov. 23.

ROOSEVELT WIRES DENUNCIATION OF HENEY ASSAILANT

Sends Message to Wife of 'Frisco Prosecutor Who Was Shot Down in Court.

CITY IS TO AVENGE.

Mass Meeting Called to Punish Thug Haas and Any Conspirators With Him.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—President Roosevelt, upon hearing of the attempt made on the life of Francis J. Heney, sent telegrams to Mrs. Heney and Rudolph Spreckels expressing his "horror and detestation" of the deed. To Mrs. Heney he wired:

"Am inexpressibly shocked at news of the attempted assassination of Mr. Heney, and am greatly relieved at the news this morning that he is doing well and will probably recover. I hope you will accept my deep sympathy. Like every good American, I hold your husband in peculiar regard for the absolutely fearless way in which he has attacked and exposed corruption without any regard to the political or social prominence of the offender or to the dangerous character of the work.

"Your husband has taken his life in his hands in doing this great task for our people and he is entitled to the credit and esteem, and above all to the heartiest support, of all good citizens. The infamous character of the man who has assaulted him should add not only to the horror and detestation felt for the deed, but to the determination of all decent citizens to stamp out the power of all men of this kind."

Heney's Work Must Go On.

The following is the text of the telegram to Mr. Spreckles:

"Am inexpressibly shocked at the attemped assassination of Heney and most earnestly hope that he will recover. The infamous character of the would-be assassin, no less than the infamous character of the deed, call attention in a striking way to the true character of the forces against which Heney and your associates have been struggling.

"Every decent American who has the honor and interest of the country at heart should join, not only in putting a stop to the wave of crime to which this man's act is but one of the symptoms, but also in stamping out the hideous corruption in which men like this would-be assassin are bred and flourish; and that can only be done by warring, as Heney has warred, relentlessly against every man who is guilty of corrupt practices without any regard to his social standing, to his prominence in the world of politics or in the world of business.

"I earnestly hope that Heney will recover, and I give utterance to what I know would be Heney's wish when I say that I earnestly hope that, whether he recover or not, there be no faltering in the work in which Heney has been so gallant and efficient a leader."

San Francisco Stirred.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 14.—Frequently in the recent past the people of San Francisco have been startled and aroused by revelations and developments in the tangled maze of the prosecutions for bribery and corruption that followed the sudden overthrow of Abraham Ruef and the boodling supervisors of the Mayor Schmitz regime, but never has the city been more profoundly stirred than by the attempted assassination late yesterday afternoon of Francis J. Heney, the special assistant of the District-Attorney's office.

Mr. Heney was shot and seriously wounded in the court-room by Morris Haas, an ex-convict, residing in this city, whose past criminal record Heney exposed a few weeks ago after Haas had qualified as a juror to pass upon the guilt or innocence of Abraham Ruef, now in the midst of his third trial for bribery.

Heney Expected to Recover.

To-day Mr. Heney was resting well in Lane Hospital, where he was taken after preliminary treatment had been given in City Hospital.

This forenoon the hospital authorities said of his condition:

"Mr Heney has passed a very good night. He slept a considerable portion of the time and is resting as easily as could be expected."

The gravest danger appears to be from blood poisoning, and to-day an effort will be made to locate the bullet and the exact course of the wound. Mr. Heney was shot in the right side of the head as he leaned forward over a table. The bullet entered half an inch in front of the right ear, ranged downward and is lodged somewhere in the muscles of the neck. The doctors think he will recover.

Haas, who did the shooting, is confined in the county jail at Ingleside, several miles from the centre of the city, to which place he was smuggled after the shooting.

Abraham Ruef, ordered into custody immediately after the shooting, is also a temporary prisoner in the jail, having been locked up for fear he might be made the victim of renewed violence from some excited and unexpected quarter.

Police Guard Jail.

While a guard of thirty policemen, armed with rifles, guarded the approaches to the jail during the night, the excitement of the early evening, when muttering crowds gathered about the city prison and the courtroom, where the would-be murderer was being interrogated, subsided and there was no attempt at a demonstration reported from any quarter.

In the course of a lengthy statement made to the police after his arrest the prisoner declared: "Heney pronounced his own death sentence that moment he denounced me in the court!"

This, as far as appears from the facts now made public, appears to be the attitude of Haas. He alludes constantly to the shame and disgrace he has experienced since Heney confronted him as he sat in the jury box before a crowded court room, with a photograph of himself in convict's stripes. He has expressed a desire to be shot or hanged for what he has done. The prisoner has accounted for his movements of yesterday in a more or less straightforward manner and he has steadfastly declared that no one except himself knew of his preconceived determination to slay the man who had exposed his sins of the past.

Citizens in Mass Meeting.

Prominent citizens and attorneys of the city gathered last night at a meeting where spirited addresses were delivered calling upon the public to protect the cause of justice. The outcome was a call for a mass meeting to be held to-night in Dreamland Pavilion. The call is as follows:

"To the Citizens of San Francisco:

"Francis J. Heney has fallen by the hand of an assassin, shot from behind while fighting at his post in the cause of justice for the people of this city. He would be the first man to appeal to the calm reason of the citizens to preserve order and proceed only by the press of law, to look not for vengeance but to demand swift justice through the courts. We make the same appeal.

"The prosecution will proceed. We are assured that the trial of Abraham Ruef will continue to-morrow and Monday morning without interruption.

"The Citizens' League of Justice calls upon the citizens of San Francisco to lend their aid to the cause of justice, and to that end a mass meeting of citizens is hereby called for Saturday evening, Nov. 14, at Dreamland Rink at 8 o'clock. We call upon every citizen to be present.

"The Citizens' League of Justice."

While moderation was counselled by all the speakers, there was, at the outset, unmistakable expressions of hostility to the courts and predictions that Haas would not lack aid in his defense. Ex-Mayor James D. Phelan charged directly that the crime must have been inspired.

Time to ' , Says Spreckels.

Rudolph Sprecnels, the millionaire banker, who financed the prosecution of the Supervisors and Ruef, and who has been in frequent attendance at the trials, said:

"It is time that drastic measures were used to suppress the reign of lawlessness."

The police are to-day convinced that Haas had planned carefully his attempt on Heney's life. In the basement of his home were the marks of numerous bullet holes, indicating that some person had been firing at a target and neighbors have been found who recall having heard reports of revolver shots at various times during the past fortnight.

Morris Haas, the man who shot Heney, is a native of Wurtemberg, Germany, and has resided here since 1876. He is forty-eight years old and for nearly ten years, or ever since his release from the penitentiary, where he served a two-year sentence for embezzlement of his employer's funds, he has been engaged in the retail liquor business.

MISS IRENE COYNE FOUND DEAD IN BED

Daughter of Ex-Mayor of Yonkers and Prominent in Society of That City.

Miss Irene A. Coyne, twenty-year, second eldest daughter of ex-Mayor John H. Coyne, of Yonkers, was found dead in bed early to-day, at the Coyne residence, No. 100 North Broadway, Yonkers. Miss Coyne was a popular society belle, and prominent in the Queen's Daughters and other Catholic organizations.

She had been to a reception last evening and apparently was never in better health.

Miss Coyne and her sister May had intended going to the football game at Princeton to-day, and the sister went to awaken Irene earlier than usual so that she would have plenty of time to prepare for the trip. When she did not respond May Coyne, alarmed, called other members of the family. A physician was summoned and re pronounced the girl dead and gave the cause as apoplexy.

SHIPPING NEWS.

ALMANAC FOR TO-DAY.
Sun rises, 6.47 Sun sets, 4.42 Moon rises, 10.19

THE TIDES.

	High Water. A.M.	High Water. P.M.	Low Water. A.M.	Low Water. P.M.
Governor's Island	6.31	12.25	6.39	7.20
Sandy Hook	11.43	—	5.20	6.14
Hell Gate	2.24	2.18	8.11	8.52

PORT OF NEW YORK
ARRIVED.

La Savoie ..... Havre
Mexico ..... Havana
Prins Willem III ..... Demerara
Argentina ..... Trieste
President Lincoln ..... Hamburg
Rotterdam ..... Amsterdam
Concho ..... Galveston
Philadelphia ..... Southampton

INCOMING STEAMSHIPS.
DUE TO-DAY.

Calabria, Palermo. Seneca, Tampico.
Vizcaya, Huelva. Inano, Hull.
Georgia, Almeria. El Mar, Galveston.
Celtic, Liverpool.

OUTGOING STEAMSHIPS.
SAILED TO-DAY.

Arabic, Liverpool. Saratoga, Havana.
Caledonia, Glasgow. Maranhense, Para.
Minnehaha, London. Celtic Princess, Pernambuco.
Bluecher, Hamburg.
Korea, Rotterdam.
Zulia, Curacao. Seminole, San Domingo.
Bermudian, Bermuda. Magdalena, Jamaica.
Coamo, San Juan. City of Savannah, Savannah.
Sibiria, Hayti.
Morro, Grenada. Brazos, Galveston.

ITALY'S FAMOUS WRITER NOW IN NEW YORK CITY.

Guglielmo Ferrero

FERRERO WHO PUT HISTORY ON NEW BASIS IS HERE

Distinguished Italian 6 Feet 6 Inches and Thin as Don Quixote.

TO VISIT ROOSEVELT.

He Regards the President as One of the Greatest Men of the Day.

Signor Guglielmo Ferrero, the distinguished Italian historian, who has been shattering a great many idols and putting much of our ancient history on a mythical basis, arrived here to-day on the Savoie, of the French line. He was accompanied by his talented wife, who is a daughter of Lombroso.

The historian stands over 6 feet 6 inches in his stockings, and is as thin as Don Quixote, with a lank, gangling figure and gaunt features, relieved only by a little yellow mustache and goatee. Signora Ferrero, on the other hand, is a slender little woman, above whom her famous husband towers like a mast.

The Signor Ferrero will spend the winter in the United States lecturing at the various universities and visiting the distinguished men of the nation. He will be a guest of President Roosevelt; of President Eliot, of Harvard, and of many noted authors and scientists.

Sheds New Light on History.

The Italian scholar's most famous work is "The Grandeur and Decadence of Rome." In this and many other works he has given a new aspect to ancient history.

He discovered many gross exaggerations in Roman records and has found among other things that Cleopatra was not a beauty, and that she never had a romantic affair with Mark Antony. In fact, she was merely a clever woman, and an ugly one. Her intrigue with Antony was purely political.

He has also given a new complexion to the career of Caesar, whom he finds to have been a democratic politician who sought to lambaste the plutocrats of his period, succeeding fairly well until Brutus and his gang fell upon him.

Now, according to Ferrero, are we to accept the current version of the Greeks' defense of the pass of Thermopylae. Leonidas was something of a captain, but not nearly so great a hero as we have been wont to believe. Earlier historians have greatly overdrawn the Marathon incident and other famous denouements of history.

Shakespeare was way off in a great many of his facts, and so was Plutarch, whose biographies furnished the immortal bard with so much of the groundwork for his historical dramas.

Shakespeare foozled in his picture of Caesar, but drew skilfully and truly in the case of Brutus. It seems that Plutarch drew almost entirely on his imagination in writing up Caesar, whereas in the biography of Brutus he followed the memoirs of Brutus's friend, M. Corvinus.

Many "Facts" Only Legends.

And so it has been in many features of ancient history. We have been swallowing legends for facts. Ferrero has been called "yellow" by a great many European savants, because of his iconoclastic methods. He has nevertheless a great following among scholars and scientists.

"In my oponion," said the historian to-day, "the greatest achievement in human reason of the past century was Darwin's 'Origin of Species.'"

In the next breath Signor Ferrero mentioned President Roosevelt, and said that he had read T. R.'s writings with great interest, and considered him one of the greatest men of his day, if not the most forceful figure in modern history.

After remaining in New York for two days, the distinguished Italian will go to Boston, where he will begin a series of eight lectures before the Lowell Institute. Later he will lecture at Cambridge, before the University of Chicago, Cornell and Columbia.

Signora Ferrero is also a woman of broad culture and has written a treatise on degeneration. Since she was a very young girl she has been vastly interested in the scientific studies of her father, Lombroso.

BOY TRIO CAUGHT WITH LOAD OF LOOT

Police Say One Admitted Spending His Gains at Theatres.

Three boys, describing themselves as George Green, of No. 232 Ralph avenue; Thomas Davitt, of No. 71 Sumpter street, and James McGuire, living at No. 61 Sumpter street, each 15 years old, and all of Brooklyn, were coming from the cellar of the apartment house at No. 267 Bainbridge street, Brooklyn, last night, according to the police, when Detectives Manning and Downs halted them. A bundle which they are alleged to have carried was opened and found to contain summer clothing belonging to John Van Dyk, one of the tenants of the house.

When the trio were taken to the Children's Society and searched, the police say they found on Green a notebook containing addresses alongside of which were inscribed remarks such as "Good for Monday," "Good for Tuesday," and other possible engagements.

Green, according to the police, confessed, saying he had stripped several houses, spending the money at theatres. Last Tuesday evening, he told the detectives, he and some friends chartered a taxicab and saw New York.

Have you tasted "Salada" Tea? The purest and most delicious of all. Ask your grocer for a 10c. trial packet. ★

POLICE FAIL TO FIND WOMAN WHO BLEW UP TAXICAB

No Trace of Her Since She Left Bomb in Vehicle at Grand Central.

The mysterious female who left a perfectly good bomb in a red taxicab at the Grand Central station last night and disappeared just as the bomb blew up the top, sides and back of the vehicle, has not been found. It is supposed that she hurried into the subway station and took an express train before the excitement attending the explosion had subsided.

Naturally, the officers of the New York Transportation Company place the explosion at the door of the striking chauffeurs. Women have played an important part in many of the acts of violence directed at the company since the inauguration of the strike. For the purpose of disarming suspicion, strike sympathizers, seeking to lure strike breaking chauffeurs to out of the way places where an assault might be committed with impunity have had a woman in their company when engaging the cab.

Woman Worked Alone.

The woman in the explosion of last night worked alone. She approached a chauffeur bearing the scintillating name of Diamond Phanaus, who was stationed in front of Churchill's restaurant, at Forty-seventh street and Broadway, at 11 o'clock.

Phanaus does not know whether she came out of the restaurant or not. He says she carried a big bouquet of flowers on her arm. She was richly dressed and wore a heavy veil.

Ordering Phanus to take her to the Vanderbilt avenue entrance of the Grand Central Station, she entered the cab. Phanus started down Broadway, turned into Forty-second street, crossed to Vanderbilt avenue and deposited his fare at the door of the station in a few minutes. He opened the door of the cab and as the woman stepped out she handed him 75 cents, which sum was 25 cents in excess of the fare registered upon the face of the taximeter. Then she entered the station.

The fact that the woman had the exact amount ready, asked no questions and walked directly away from the chauffeur convinces the taxicab people that she had been coached by some former chauffeur, who told her just what to pay. Phanaus dropped the money into his pocket and slammed the door of the cab.

Saw Puff of Smoke.

As he did so he noticed a tiny puff of smoke and detected the odor of burning gunpowder. Instinctively he stepped back. There was a roar, a burst of flame and the air was full of taxicab. The sound of the explosion was heard for blocks around.

Policemen hurried from all directions. They found Phanaus dazed. By the time he was able to give a connected account of what had happened the woman in the case was far away.

Phanaus went to the offices of the taxicab company and made report. He was called in again this morning and told President Harry Allen and Supt. Hedley a detailed story of the occurrence. He said he thought he could recognize the woman if he saw her again, as the light was bright at Churchill's, where she entered the cab, and at the station where she left it.

The woman was nervous, Phanaus says, but not sufficiently so to attract unusual attention. She did not run into the station. She walked rapidly, probably knowing just how long the time fuse she had attached to the bomb would burn before reaching the powder.

Examination of the wreckage brought to light several pieces of loosely packed brown paper such as is used in making firecrackers. It is supposed that the bomb was a compressed paper cylinder stuffed with giant powder. Dynamite was not used, it is plain, because the force of the explosion was upward and outward. From the way in which the force was distributed it appears that the woman placed the bomb under the edge of the seat.

Detectives On the Case.

Five Central Office detectives were sent out on the case to-day. Inspector Walsh started several detectives of his staff on an independent investigation. The Central Office men were directed to find a woman who figured in an assault upon a strike-breaking chauffeur three weeks ago.

On this occasion two men and a woman engaged a red taxicab at Broadway and Forty-second street, directing the chauffeur to take them to an address in Seventy-second street between First avenue and Avenue A. When the destination specified was reached the two men jumped on the chauffeur and beat him unmercifully. Two arrests were made in that case. One of the prisoners taken, a man named Rodenbach, who had formerly been employed as a chauffeur, is now out on bail awaiting trial.

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But even these advantages do not compass Dilaxin's chief virtue. It not only moves, but educates the bowels. They take on new strength each time they are thoroughly cleansed. Dilaxin produces this result invariably. In time, therefore, the bowels grow vigorous enough to act alone and Dilaxin itself becomes superfluous. Sufficient Dilaxin (in tablet form) to completely relieve an ordinary case of constipation may be obtained of druggists or by mail from The Marmola Co., Detroit, Mich., for twenty-five cents.

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DIED.

LINDE.—On Friday, 13th inst., CAROLINE LINDE, the beloved mother of Herman Linde and Caroline Hermanson.

Funeral from her late residence, 314 E. 81st st., on Monday, Nov. 16, at 1.30 P. M.

MOLONY.—On Nov. 13, 1908, ELIZABETH NOUD MOLONY, widow of Dennis Molony.

Funeral from her late residence, 604 St. Nicholas ave., Monday, Nov. 16, 1908, at 10 A. M.

ELECTIONS AND MEETINGS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO THE stockholders of