6,000 NAVY MEN MARCH IN HONOR OF COLUMBUS DAY

Crowds Out to Cheer Bluejackets and Marines on Parade.

FLEET ABLAZE TO-NIGHT

Secretary Meyer Here and the President on Way for Great Review Monday.

(Continued from First Page.)

chain ran out as the tug swung and the danger was averted.

A moment later the old harbor excursion steamer Rosedale, with 1,200 bluejackets aboard, swung into the south side of the pier and narrowly escaped crushing a launch of the South Dakota, which was towing three barges back to the ship. One of the boats was smashed, but the launched and the others got out of the way just in time.

The men of the Utah insisted on bringing their cherished goat mascot out to parade with them. Loud bleats of approval greeted the creature as it trotted behind one of their platoons.

CROWD OVERPOWERS POLICE; MAYOR IN TEMPER.

The police arrangements went wrong in front of the reviewing stand before the arrival of the head of the line. The crowd got out of control and overran the street. As the wide platoons came down the avenue, their rigid lines were broken and forged into the middle of the street until each line drifted by as a confused squad.

When the parade was over the crowd completely overpowered the police and swept upon the stand and blocked the outgoing officers and officials completely. Mayor Gaynor, in a fine old-fashioned temper, said things to Commissioner Waldo and then had his personal attendant, lieut. Kennel, escort him by football rushes out of the press.

Mr. Waldo sent for Inspector Lahey and dressed him down on the reviewing platform in front of the multitude. The rebuke was not softened by the action of a uniformed bonehead at Forty-second street in turning loose a dammed-up torrent of traffic into the confusion. The torrent was sent both up and down before Mr. Waldo was through.

The marching hosts were under the flag of Rear-Admiral Fletcher of the flagship Ohio. Lieut.-Commander George L. Smith was in direct command. The marine regiment, made up of a company of marines from each of the blue sea fighters, had the right of line. At the head of each battalion of blue jackets were two signalmen bearing the flags with the names of their ships.

The marine regiment formed on Broadway with its right resting on Ninety-sixth street and the line extending to Ninety-second street. The first division of bluejackets formed on Ninety-sixth street, east of Broadway; the second got into line west of Broadway. The third division extended along West End avenue south from Ninety-sixth street, and the fourth on the avenue to the north of Ninety-sixth.

The line of march was down Broadway to Fifty-ninth street, across to Fifth avenue and down past the reviewing stand in front of the public library to Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth streets, from where ranks were broken and the sailors returned to the river front, where the flotilla of light craft was in waiting to carry them back to the fleet.

Everything has arrived in the river—123 ships in all, and if you want to count 'em you will have to walk just seven and one-half miles, because it's that far from one end of the triple line to the other. The South Carolina, the Alabama and the New Hampshire were the last of the big fighters to arrive, and behind them came twenty-four wicked little destroyers.

FIRST ILLUMINATION OF THE BATTLESHIPS TO-NIGHT.

To-night will see the first great illumination of the fleet, that will transform every fighting monster into a thing of fire, while electric semaphores wiggle their arms, colored signal lights talk up and down the river, searchlights send long shafts of radiance into the sky, and scores of thousands of people crowd Riverside Park and Drive. Every battleship will display an illuminated number, telling which one of Uncle Sam's fighters she is.

To-morrow will be the record day for visiting the fleet, at night the illumination of shore and ships will be repeated, and then comes the day of the big noise, with the official arrival of President Taft and Secretary of the Navy George von L. Meyer. The President will visit the fleet in the Mayflower and the Secretary of the Navy in the Dolphin. There will follow salute, salute, salute. The President gets twenty-one guns, the Secretary nineteen.

The Secretary arrived unofficially this morning. He will have his inning first Monday, when in the morning he will review all the fleet and then make his official inspection either of the Arkansas or the Wyoming. He will visit one, the President the other.

The Mayflower, with the President aboard, will anchor off Thirty-first street. Every ship in the fleet will welcome him with the maximum of twenty-one guns. There will be some thunder rolling round the Hudson. After the salute Secretary Meyer will go aboard the Mayflower, which will then get under way and go to an anchorage off the flagship Connecticut, receiving another salute.

HOW THE PRESIDENT WILL REVIEW THE GREAT FLEET.

The review is an impressive ceremony. As the President's yacht slowly passes each ship, there are four ruffles by the drums and bugles and the crew mans the rail. The band plays the Star Spangled Banner, and officers and men salute the Chief Executive, Commander of the Army and Navy. Twenty-one more guns are fired.

Each salute to the President costs about forty dollars. In the fleet are 123 ships. One hundred ships would mean a cost of $4,000 and three salutes will be fired. This means $12,000. The saluting of the Secretary of the Navy is not so expensive. He gets only nineteen guns.

Yesterday Miss Helen Gould visited the flagship Connecticut, accompanied by the little Misses Helen and Dorothy Gould, Mrs. Shaw and Miss Palen. Rear-Admiral Osterhaus had expected to receive the guests, but immediately before their appearance he was summoned to meet the Secretary of the Navy.

Miss Gould and her party were met by Capt. Hugh Rodman, commanding the Connecticut, and by Capt. Hill of the Admiral's staff. Miss Gould, who is extremely popular with the navy because of her great interest in the service, particularly in the welfare of the enlisted men, received the freedom of the ship. Throughout her tour the men stood at attention, and when she left it they manned the rails and gave her three hearty cheers.

OFFICERS OF THE FLEET GUESTS AT LUNCHEON OF UNION LEAGUE CLUB

Rear-Admiral Osterhaus and other officers of the visiting fleet, Maj.-Gen. Barry, representing the army, Mayor Gaynor, representing the city, and other distinguished men were guests at a luncheon at the Union League Club this afternoon. At the conclusion of the luncheon the guests repaired to the official reviewing stand in front of the Public Library, Forty-second street and Fifth avenue, to witness the parade of the sailors and marines of the battleships.

Rear-Admiral Osterhaus, the other high officers of the fleet and Maj.-Gen. Barry were attended by their brilliantly uniformed staffs. Mayor Gaynor was not completely outshone, for he arrived with an escort of the smartest mounted cops in the Police Department, and the escort remained in attendance on him until the parade had passed.

Samuel W. Fairchild, with an address of welcome on behalf of the Union League Club, of which he is President; Mayor Gaynor, with a few brief remarks, and Rear-Admiral Osterhaus were the only speakers at the luncheon which was quite an informal affair. Among the guests, besides those above mentioned, were:

Rear-Admirals Fiske, Usher and C. McR. Winslow, Commanders Bullard and N. E. Irwin, Capts. Frank W. Kellogg, F. L. Chapin, Hugh Rodman, Joan H. Oliver, Eberle, Knapp, Strauss, Field and Panet; Rufus W. Zogbaum, President John H. Finley of City College, Dr. George F. Kunz, George C. Boldt, Chauncey M. Depew, Joseph Choate, Henry Clews, George R. Sheldon, Gen. R. F. Tracy and Police Commissioner Waldo.

Uncle Sam's Marines in Line to Take Place in Parade, And Column on Its Imposing March Down Fifth Avenue

YALE GETS TRYOUT FOR WEST POINT IN GAME WITH LAFAYETTE

Eli Sends Out Strongest Team With Exception of Bomeisler.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Oct. 12.—With the single exception of Bomeisler, Yale sent her strongest team on to the field this afternoon to play the game with Lafayette, though there was little fear that Lafayette would win. Capt. Spalding and Gallauer were back in the lineup, which encouraged the Yale stands. The strongest team was used because the game is considered the final real tryout of the team before the West Point game next Saturday.

Cornish was out of the Yale lineup because of a sprained ankle, but Cornell, who started the game, was considered his equal.

Yale.	Positions.	Lafayette.
Gallauer	L.E.	D. Diamond
Warren	L.T.	Beier
Coney	L.G.	Holmes
Ketcham	Centre	Benson (Capt.)
York	R.G.	Roper
Talbot	R.T.	Wagenhurst
Avery	R.E.	Buckno
Cornell	Q.B.	J. Diamond
Philbin	L.H.	Hines
Spalding (Capt.)	R.H.	Brown
Flynn	F.B.	Fehr

SAVED BY HEAVY SWEATER WHEN DOG ATTACKS HIM

Police Lieutenant Battles With Big Mastiff in Darkness on Vacant Lot.

Police Lieutenant Monday's wife advised him not to wear a sweater under his heavy uniform coat when he started for his desk in the Flushing avenue station, Brooklyn, early this morning, but he already had struggled into it and would not take time to remove it again.

Leaving his home he walked down Wythe avenue, Williamsburg, and turned into Wilson street. Then he started to take a short cut to Kent avenue, across a vacant lot bordered by factories. It was pitch-dark in the lot, with the back of lamps and the mist. From the direction of the car track came the clang of a bell and Monday broke into a run.

As he did so a lithe shape sprang at him from the darkness and almost flung him from his feet. Monday, dazed by the suddenness of the attack, shook the form away, only to meet another and fiercer rush. His enemy he made out to be a big dog, which seemed to be a cross between a bull and a mastiff. Handicapped by the darkness, Monday fought and cried for help.

The dog, rushing away from a clinch, circled around and attacked him from the rear. When Patrick Sullivan, a night watchman in a coal yard, came to Monday's assistance the lieutenant's uniform was in tatters. Sullivan had no weapon of offense, so he ran back to the yard and returned armed with a heavy wagon wheel spoke. Policeman Bender of the Clymer street station came up and the dog fled.

Dr. Poole of the Cumberland Street Hospital looked Lieut. Monday over and said only the sweater had saved him from serious injury.

WILLIAMS EXPECTED TO SCORE ON HARVARD.

(Special to The Evening World.)

HARVARD STADIUM, CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Oct. 12.—Under unfavorable weather conditions and upon a sodden gridiron the Harvard and Williams football teams battled here this afternoon. The visitors presented a veteran team and had a heavy rush line.

Coach Fred Daly, the former Yale leader, as he watched his charges sweeping the field in signal practice said that he confidently expected to score against his crimson opponents. Several of Harvard's best performers are on the hospital list, notably the three best ends, Felton, O'Brien and Smith. Fred Withington, whose brothers have helped make football history at Harvard, played at right guard instead of Driscoll, who is laid up for repairs.

Line-up:

Harvard.		Williams.
Felton	L.E.	Vaul
Storer	L.T.	Preadle
Pennock	L.G.	Pirie
Parmenter	Centre	Hoadley
Withington	R.G.	Michaels
Hitchcock	R.T.	Walker
Weatherhead	R.E.	Garfield
Gardner	Q.B.	Lewis
Richter	L.H.B.	Driscoll
Hardwick	R.H.B.	Vaslas
Wendell	F.B.	Turner

Stefansson No Dr. Cook.

The directors of the Explorers' Club last night stated the report that Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, has been called before the club to present proof of his discoveries is unfounded. The statement declares he has been invited to address his fellow members informally.

FATHER JOHN'S MEDICINE
Cures bronchitis, asthma, consumption. *.*

GIANTS AND RED SOX IN FIFTH GAME.

(Continued from First Page.)

centre. Yerkes tried to bunt, but fouled the ball to the stand. He then swung hard and popped a fly to Fletcher at short. Speaker was given a great ovation as he came to the bat, but Matty slipped a strike over on him and followed it with another that stopped the noise. Speaker caught the next on the nose and drove it into left for a single. Hooper advancing to second. Matty settled down and broke over two strikes on Lewis. Two balls followed and then a foul. Herzog made a wonderful stop of Lewis's hot grounder and touched the bag in time to force out Hooper. He had a chance for a double play, but threw low to first and Merkle dropped the ball giving Lewis life. Matty broke three strikes over on Gardner and fanned him with ease. NO RUNS, TWO HITS.

SECOND INNING.

Murray played the waiting game and got two balls. He then refused to swing at anything and got his base on balls. Merkle swung at the first ball and missed it. It was now getting lighter and the field was much clearer. Merkle pushed a slow one to third and was thrown out by Gardner on a very close play. Murray advanced to second. After waiting for two balls, Herzog swung on a straight one and popped an easy fly to Yerkes. Bedient slipped a strike over on Meyers and then gave him a ball. On the next pitch the Indian drove a long fly to Hooper and retired the side. NO HITS, NO RUNS.

The fans in the centre field bleachers apparently had a dislike for Snodgrass and hooted him with loud groans as he went to the outfield. He had made himself unpopular by trying to kid the Boston rooters. Stahl took a crack at the second ball pitched and died on a sharp grounder to Fletcher. With the count standing two to two, Wagner banged on a slow curve for a clean single to centre. Cady tapped a slow roller to Mathewson and was thrown out while Wagner took second. Bedient drove a sharp grounder which Doyle got on the edge of the grass and threw him out at first. This was the best play of the game so far and shut off a sure run. ONE HIT, NO RUNS.

THIRD INNING.

Fletcher waited for two balls and then lifted a short fly to Hooper. Mathewson was given a great cheer by the Boston fans as he came to bat. And the great pitcher made good by slamming a long single into centre for the Giants' first hit. Devore played the pitcher very carefully and for the second time he got a free walk to first. Doyle tried to play the waiting game also, but Bedient fooled him by putting the first one over. Doyle then swung at the ball and hit a long fly to Speaker. Snodgrass again was jeered when he came to bat. He swung at the first ball pitched and fouled out to Cady, which gave the fans great delight. In going back to the outfield, Snodgrass made faces at the rooters and thereby put himself in for a fine afternoon. ONE HIT, NO RUNS.

With two strikes on him Hooper smashed a terrific drive down the left foul line which struck the edge of the fence and bounded away for three bases. Yerkes caught the spirit of the thing and whaled another one to the fence in deep centre for a triple that scored Hooper. Doyle made a bad error on Speaker's grounder and it rolled through his legs scoring Yerkes. Speaker tried to take second on the play, but Murray recovered the ball and sent it to Fletcher in time to get him. Stahl gathered in a short grounder from Lewis' bat and threw him out at first. Gardner died on a sharp bounder to Merkle unassisted. TWO HITS, ONE ERROR, TWO RUNS.

FOURTH INNING.

Murray swung at the first ball and lifted an easy fly to Yerkes. Merkle was an easy victim on strikes. After fouling five balls into the stand Herzog was finally popped an easy one to Stahl and retired the side. NO HITS, NO RUNS.

Stahl salmmed at the first ball and was out on a sharp grounder that Herzog threw to Merkle. Wagner took three swings and fanned. Cady took a shot at the ball and filed to Snodgrass. NO HITS, NO RUNS.

FIFTH INNING.

Meyers took a strike and fouled a drive into the stand. Two more fouls went sailing into the stand. Meyers kept this up until he had fouled off six. He was giving Bedient a terrible battle. He finally got a fast one right in the groove and smashed it into left for a single that came near tearing off one of Lewis's legs in stopping it. Fletcher was fooled with a curve and lifted a weak fly to Hooper. Matty took three swings and struck out. Devore gave Hooper an easy chance by sending a high fly to right. ONE HIT, NO RUNS.

A storm of applause greeted Bedient as he came to bat, but his best effort was a line drive that landed in Merkle's mitt. Hooper shot an easy grounder to Doyle and was tossed out. Fletcher made a marvellous stop of a sharp grounder from Yerkes's bat and got his man at first. NO HITS, NO RUNS.

SIXTH INNING.

Doyle smashed a hot one to Yerkes, who nailed him at first on a very close decision. Snodgrass, after taking a strike, lifted a weak fly to Gardner. Murray was out in exactly the same way. NO HITS, NO RUNS.

With two balls called on him, Speaker drove a hot grounder to Doyle and was thrown out at first. Herzog made a beautiful stop of Lewis's slow grounder towards third and by a quick throw nailed him at first. Gardner rolled out weakly to Merkle unassisted. NO HITS, NO RUNS.

SEVENTH INNING.

Merkle swung at the third ball and poled a long wallop into the left-field bleachers for two bases. Herzog was very deliberate at the bat and took one strike and then got a ball. He swung at a curve on the inside and missed it for the second strike. He then fouled three high ones into the stand. The next was a fly that Wagner got near second. Meyers was out on a long drive to Speaker and by a great run, Merkle took third on the play. McCormick was sent in to bat for Fletcher. McCormick made good by a terrific smash that knocked Gardner down for a single and Merkle scored. Schaefer ran the bases for McCormick. But Mathewson was allowed to bat for himself and continue in the game. Gardner made a great stop of Mathewson's hot smash to third and threw him out at first. TWO HITS, ONE RUN.

Shafer took Fletcher's place at short stop for the Giants. After getting three balls Stahl was out Matty to Merkle. Shafer threw Wagner out. Herzog threw out Cady. NO HITS, NO RUNS.

EIGHTH INNING.

The first kick of the series was made when O'Loughlin called a ball on Devore that the Sox thought Josh had struck out. It made no difference, however, as Devore was called out on strikes. Then McGraw kicked, claiming that O'Loughlin had tried to make it even. Stahl got a hot one from Doyle's bat and touched first for the second out. Snodgrass was called out on strikes. NO HITS, NO RUNS.

Bedient lifted an easy fly to Snodgrass. And Hooper slammed at the first ball pitched and was out on a liner to Shafer. Yerkes lined out to Herzog. NO HITS, NO RUNS.

NINTH INNING.

Murray lifted a high fly to Gardner after taking a strike and one ball. Speaker ran far back to the edge of the stands and pulled down Merkle's long smash, which for a moment looked like a homer. Yerkes threw out Herzog

HERE IS THE CHAP WHO TOOK THE MAN OUT OF 'ROMANCE'

He's a Spanish Gentleman with Large Mustachios and a Big Grouch.

AH! YES; SUCH IS LOVE!

His Che-ild Was About to Elope on Ship, So Crooel Father Kidnapped Him.

A gentlemanly ship news reporter, prowling over the decks of the United Fruit Company's steamer Tivivia, seeking food for his hungry camera and typewriter, found a young, handsome and loving couple ensconced in what ship news reporters usually refer to as a "quiet nook."

"Won't you tell me about your romance and let me take your picture?" asked the reporter. He was a bit abrupt, because the Tivivia was just starting down the East River on the first lap of her journey to Jamaica, and ship news men are prohibited from accepting passage beyond the harboor mouth, it being too hard to get back in a hurry.

"I am Alfonso Fernandez," said the young man, graciously posing for a picture. "And this——" he waved his hand at his dark-eyed little companion.

"Ah, yes," interrupted the reporter playfully. "You don't have to tell me that."

Alfonso blushed and so did the girl, who reached nervously for his hand. She spoke to him rapidly in Spanish, and then Alfonso began to speak rapidly to the reporter in English.

"No, no, do not take me for a native of the United States, for I am not," he said earnestly. "I am from Costa Rica. We have been touring here—yes, yes, having what you call the honeymoon. It is all right. You can say we are married. Yes, of course, you will say that. The senorita—that is the senora"——

TREMBLES AS SENOR'S MUSTACHIOS APPEAR.

Alfonso became very much muddled as his attention was attracted to the port side of the Tivivia. An officer of the vessel was leaning over the rail to exchange uncomplimentary remarks with some one below. The some one was the captain of a tugboat which had been snorting along in the wake of the Tivivia.

"Gentleman's got to get aboard, so you might as well let him!" roared the voice from below, magnified by a megaphone.

Up the ladder and over the side swarmed a swarthy, stout gentleman with a pair of fierce gray mustachios. A wisp of the mustachios appeared first above the rail and Senor Alfonso Fernandez began to tremble.

"It is the father!" he whispered.

"The young lady's father?" asked the sympathetic reporter, who had seen such things happen before.

"No, Santa Maria!—mine!"

Guided by paternal instinct, the stout gentleman came to the quiet nook and embraced his son violently. This he did in a queer, Spanish way, placing his right hand on the back of the young man's neck and squeezing. Then, fondling the young Alfonso with a friendly knee, the elder man strolled with him to the ladder—and overside.

The girl he had left behind burst into tears.

OH, SUCH A BITTERNESS FOR POOR MARGARITA.

"I might have known the padre Fernandez would have come by the fast train from Chicago," she sobbed. "We should have hidden. My hero, oh, my hero, I have lost him!"

Fifteen minutes later the hero and his father were hurrying up the pier to a waiting taxicab, and the elder Fernandez had not yet relinquished that quaint ceremonial Spanish grip on the younger's neck. Some one said Senor Fernandez, the stout was a Chicago merchant and that his son had been a law student in Chicago University until he had decided to elope with Margarita Gonzales, who came from the town where his father was born—San Jose. They had not yet been married.

From the poop deck of the taxi Alfonso took one last longing look at the Tivivia. Margarita, still in the quiet nook was shedding tears on grains of rice that had been thrown at a genuine, unbalked married couple, who were down on the passenger list as Mr. and Mrs. Edward Power Dixon of Jersey City, and at that moment were asking each other what use a lonely girl could have for a quiet nook.

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Cleans Everything
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THAT YOUNG JOSE, WHO STOLE BRIDE, WINS HER MA, TOO

He's "Solid" With His Wife's Family Now, After Haling Them Into Court.

There were many dark glances exchanged between dark eyes when the family of Carre, divided against itself, stood before Magistrate Breen in the Tombs Court, to-day. Mrs. Joaquina Carre was there with eight-year-old Bella, who was to interpret for her. Standing a few feet away, haughtily aloof, were Josephina—who has been Mrs. Jose Pardo for so short a time that she isn't used to the name—and the young man who eloped with her a week ago.

Toward this young man Mrs. Carre was particularly bitter. Had he been content to steal the daughter of the house and remain meek beneath the rebuke of the mother—which was to refuse to give up the trunk which contained Josephina's trousseau? No, a thousand carambas, no! He had gone to the law with a family matter of the utmost privacy and thereafter there had come to Mrs. Carre a paper, which said she must come to the court and give legal reason for detaining the trousseau trunk.

Bella, gally-beribboned for the occasion, trembled with importance, as she translated into Spanish the Magistrate's first question:

"By what right do you hold the trunk?"

A torrent of liquid Castilian poured from Mrs. Carre's lips and her arms waved like those of the windmills against which her compatriot, Don Quixote, did battle. Bella summed it up tersely.

"She is the madre—the mother," she said, "and to her Josephina is still the little one."

"What is the objection to this young man, who says he is an electrical engineer and earns a good salary?" asked the Magistrate.

On its circumambient way came the answer:

"To a cousin Josephine is promised."

Magistrate Breen locked Jose Pardo over carefully.

"This seems to be a very good-looking and worthy young man as well," he remarked.

The remark was transmitted to Mrs. Carre while blushes were traversing the cheeks of its subject and his bride. The mother, startled by these official words from his excellency upon the bench, also looked at Jose Pardo carefully.

"He says he loves your daughter and respects you and is able to care for his wife with his pocketbook as well as his heart," went on the Court, and a wave of Castilian courtesy swept over him. "I think that you are a lucky mother-in-law, that your daughter is a lucky bride, and your new son lucky to have allied himself with such a family of beautiful women. I wish you would shake hands with him."

Mrs. Carre heard her daughter through, growing more agitated at every word, while the flame of anger in her eyes was succeeded by a softer light. Bella may have been at a loss to express the phrase "shake hands," for Mrs. Carre folded the late despicable Jose Pardo to her breast and kissed him resoundingly.

So there will be a belated wedding feast, to-night, at No. 390½ Water street, the house from which Josephina was stolen.

KILLED BETWEEN CARS AS HE STANDS ASIDE TO LET WOMEN GO FIRST

Trombone Player Crushed at Bowery and Grand Street Because of Politeness.

Big 350-pound Frederick Huhn, forty-eight years old, a slide-trombone player, who lived at No. 25½ East Eighty-third street, is dead because he was a gallant and polite man.

Coming early to-day from a dance on the east side, where his trombone had added to the gayety, Huhn waited at the Bowery and Grand street for a car to take him home. There is a tangle of tracks at the crossing, and to add to the complication workmen were putting in a crossover.

Standing on the south-bound track was a north-bound Third avenue car. There was a little crowd around, and several women ran to get aboard. Huhn stepped back to let them precede him. As he did so a Fourth and Madison avenue car, in charge of Motorman Oscar O'Brien, came round the curve from Grand street, and Huhn was caught between the two cars. He screamed, and dropped.

Policeman Bierman extricated Huhn and called Dr. McLeigh from Governeur Hospital, but Huhn died in the street before the doctor arrived. Mrs. Louise Markey, one of the women to whom Huhn had extended his fatal gallantry, became hysterical and fainted on witnessing the accident, and the hospital physician transferred his attention to her. She was later able to be sent home.

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Coupon redeemable at any World office for Large Size Photogravure, suitable for framing, of "The Giants," The New York National Baseball Club.
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Important Discoveries in 15 Years of Medical and Surgical Research.
"One Day in the Pope's Life," an Intimate Account of Pope Pius X. in the Vatican.
New Detective Story About Sherlock Holmes by A. Conan Doyle.
The Greatest Bridge in the World Just Started in New York—Double Page Picture in Colors and Descriptive Story.
A Humorous Story, "Staging the Campaign," by Paul West.
A Masterpiece in Fiction, "The Man Who Came Back," by Edna Ferber.
Romance and Tragedy of the Rice Ten Millions.
The Doll Shattered by the Great Guns of Fort Williams that Became the Basis of a Claim Against the United States War Department.
How Fortunes Are Being Expended for Music for America's Millionaires.
"Starting Training," a Valuable Contribution by James Thorpe, "The Greatest Athlete of All Time."
And Many Other Interest "Specials" in Sunday' World To-Morrow

REGISTER TO-DAY!
This is the second registration day. There are only two more registration days, Oct. 18 and 19. Books will be open from 7 A. M. to 10 P. M.