forms appeared to suffer from panic. This was particularly true in the second half. The Harvard crowd was similarly affected and as the game drew to a close the encouragement accorded Capt. Burden's men was not of the kind that the Yale contingent had been handing out the afternoon to their champions. Failure to sweep the Yale team off the earth came to many like a stroke of paralysis. The crowd wanted to see Harvard win, but when the eleven was up against it hardest, the crowd did not appreciate what encouragement meant.

BOTH TEAMS PHYSICALLY FIT.

In point of physical condition the elevens began the game perfectly fit. The first half was played through without any one being laid out except one man. It was completed, including time taken out, in exactly 45 minutes, which is something of a record. In the second half, however, when Yale was expected to give way before the strain, it was found that trainer Jim Robinson had prepared his men so well for the test that they stood it in remarkable style. Not a single man on the Yale rush line was laid out and for that matter the only man who needed the services of the doctor at any stage was McBride. The Harvard men, on the other hand, were continually taking breathing spells, and those that came off to give way to substitutes appeared to be pretty well shaken up. Jack McMaster, however, was in no way to blame, for he men stood the fierce playing of Yale as well as any team could.

Yale's general attack and defence was rough and there was some little slugging. That which was seen in the open was done by Sharpe and McBride, but there was probably some of it done by Harvard men as well under cover. The play was so exciting that it could not be helped. There was the best of feeling between the elevens after the game, although the Harvard men were very much crestfallen over their failure to win. Summing up the result, there is not a football critic in town tonight who does not concede to Yale the honor of achieving a partial triumph. The Yale men themselves are simply wild with delight. They are more than satisfied with the showing their eleven made and as none of their players was seriously hurt they are prepared to put a powerful combination into the field against Princeton next Saturday at New Haven. Every Yale man who can an across in the streets said about the same thing. This is the sentiment:

"This is going to be the season of 1897 over again. In that year, it will be remembered, that Yale started the season in the most discouraging way. A row with West Point made it appear that the Blue had no chance against Harvard and Princeton. Then we came to Soldiers Field a few weeks later and played Harvard to a standstill, the score being nothing to nothing. A week later we met Princeton at New Haven and beat the all-star Tiger team by a score of 6 to 0. History is repeating itself. The early part of this season Yale was walloped by Columbia in a game that distressed the coaches and every follower of Old Eli who saw the exhibition of our team; now we have played Harvard to a standstill again by another nothing to nothing score and next week we are going to walloop Princeton as we did two years ago. Yale played football as she used to do to-day and most of the credit goes to the Yale coaches who have whipped a lot of green material into a first-class eleven."

NO FLUKE ABOUT YALE'S SHOWING.

There was no fluke about Yale's showing. The team proved to be strong where it was supposed to be weak. Where Harvard made mistakes Yale profited and that was because Yale was better handled and knew just as much football. Harvard tried a number of trick plays which were not upon the whole successful. There seemed to be some conflict of authority among the coaches who stood around Dibblee like a company of soldiers. The Harvard team as it played to-day was vastly inferior to that of a year ago. In fact it played poorer football than at any previous time this season which was the most surprising part of it all. Coming as it does after a series of upsets in the football world this year, this memorable drawn battle serves to thoroughly complicate matters, and anybody who tries to show which is the best team of the year will have his hands full.

Investing now depends upon the result of the Princeton-Yale game which will probably be one of the most sensational events of football that has been seen on a gridiron in years. Conservative judges rather favor Yale to-night, for they say that the prestige gained this afternoon, together with the experience, will serve as a source of encouragement to the Yale men when they line up against the Tigers. To-day's game was conducted by Referee W. A. Meeking of Lehigh and Umpire Paul J. Dashiell of Annapolis, with perfect fairness. No complaint of any sort was lodged against these officials, who made their ruling promptly and with an intelligent interpretation of the rules.

SCENES BEFORE THE GAME BEGAN.

Gov. Roosevelt Among the Vast Crowd at Soldiers' Field.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 18.—The weather conditions were perfect. The morning broke with a clear sky and a cold crisp breeze from the southeast. It served to make the surface of the gridiron dry and fast. Toward noon clouds came out of the west which made many believe that they might have to sit through the game in a snowstorm. It became warmer, however, and when the gates were opened at 12 o'clock one could hear the constant remark, that a better day could not have been selected.

A man who had a camera and took pictures of this remarkable amphitheatre is to be congratulated, for a more novel picture of the kind was never afforded. The stands on four sides of the field had been so enlarged and strengthened that it was possible to seat nearly 34,000 people, a seating capacity which is not approached by any outdoor enclosure in America. At the top of the stands one looked down upon the meadow outside forty-five feet below. The seats were arranged in tiers on a gradual incline straight down to the side lines. There was standing room for perhaps a thousand fortunate ones, so that 35,000 people were inside the fence when the teams filed out. This wonderful crowd was handled with absolutely no confusion. Every ticket holder was instructed by means of his coupon at which gate to enter and a large corps of competent ushers were on hand to see that everybody reached the proper vantage point.

At 12 o'clock the advance guard appeared. Fifty Harvard men got in first and hurried over to the south stand, which was to be exclusively for wearers of the Crimson. In half an hour two armies approached from opposite directions. One poured down the road from Harvard Square and the other from Allston and Western avenues. A squadron of mounted police kept perfect order, and as the people filed in there was no overcrowding or trouble.

The Harvard Band, wearing street clothes, took benches in a corner of the field and prepared to give the usual concert. At 1 o'clock the musicians had not begun to play, for it was understood that they were waiting for the appearance of several celebrities. "They're waiting for President Eliot," was the word. A Harvard man to a pretty woman who was dressed entirely in crimson. Just then the band took a grim on the instruments and roared forth the stirring "Second Regiment" march.

There was a cheer which swelled into a terrific roar as Cecil Wolcott was seen walking in front of the south stand in company with John Cummings and Member Clark. The latter wore a silk hat, and the Governor had on a derby. The Chief Executive of the Bay State was compelled to take his hat off a half dozen times in a space of five minutes in response to the ovation he received. He was escorted to a chair in the centre of the gridiron, where he held a reception.

Every Harvard man of any prominence could be picked out in the throng. There were Dr. Cameron Forbes, Ben Dibblee and Bertram G. Waters, four men who have done much for Harvard's success in football. W. H. Lewis, Arthur Chipouski, John Cranston, George Adams, Steve Crosby, Guy Morse and other notables who have won Harvard Varsity uniforms in the past were also conspicuous. E. J. Wendell had a big Harvard flag was one of the leaders of the cheering. Harold Ernst, once a Harvard catcher, came on hand and he wore around his neck one of the original catcher's masks. Close by him was Bert Thayer, one of Harvard's ball player who invented the catcher's mask. There were other famous Harvard men on hand to pull hard for victory and also prepared perhaps to celebrate.

The Yale rooters were confined to a portion of the south stand, and which, in striking contrast to the massing of the crimson everywhere else, blossomed with a sea of banners and streamers. One part of this section is stood Walter Camp, Billy Bull, Ira Rodgers, Brink Thorne, Frank and Louis Bingay, Julian W. Curtis, W. O. Hickok, Hall Mark by Maurice Ely, and other men who have worked for Old Eli on the gridiron and in their spheres of sport. They were filled with hope and though prepared for defeat they were willing to bet that Harvard would enjoy the heralded walkover.

OVATION TO GOV. ROOSEVELT.

The Governor's working overtime in attempt to look everybody and the babel of voices, when the great outburst announced the arrival of Theodore Roosevelt, Governor of New York.

"Here comes Teddy," was the cry which was taken up and passed around the field. The Governor looked as though he was ready for business. He had on a black stetson hat, and underneath his short coat he wore a white sweater. When the musicians rushed up and down the lines and sounded out, "Now, three cheers for Harvard, and one for Roosevelt of New York." The result was a welcome that was simply deafening. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs, the gentlemen waved their hats, swinging the noisy rattles, the Harvard men cheered almost the roof off the place, swinging the noisy rattles, the men waved upon him. He was a Harvard man and later on when Harvard had scored and was encouraging he was the first to jump to his feet and lead the cheering, the loudest of all. With so much animation and earnestness that he fairly brought out one of the best yells of the afternoon.

Roosevelt, the average man, cannot be left out of the picture, for the reason that he was a feature, as he has always been, at these affairs. A football game without this character would seem strange. John had a donkey hitched to a little cart in which he sat and peddled out the same old fruit. When the first half ended John became so excited because Harvard had not scored about twenty points that he lashed the donkey over the back with the whip and made him trot around the gridiron, for which he was roundly cheered.

Mascots in the shape of bulldogs were in evidence on both sides of the field and feminine finery and beauty were to be seen everywhere. Fifteen minutes before the elevens appeared the great stands were nearly filled and the crowd was pouring in like a tidal wave. The mounted policemen were galloping around the fields outside driving away boys who were trying to climb over the fences, in order to see the battle for nothing, but not a policeman, whether mounted or on foot, was compelled to lay a rough hand on anybody, so orderly and well behaved was this remarkable assembly.

The appearance of several rubbers and pail carriers told the onlookers that the time for real business was at hand, and when at three minutes of 2 o'clock Head Coach Dibblee made his appearance at the northeast corner of the gridiron, Harvard men sprang up on every hand with a welcoming cheer. The next moment every one was waving flags, as the captain and the Harvard regulars bounded into view and scurried on the field. They were big, husky fellows and the ovation they received beggars description. Following close in their wake came the well-groomed substitutes, who ran over for choice seats on the south side lines. Capt. Burden put his men through a few stunts in the shape of light signal practice, during which they were heartily cheered by the Yale crowd.

The Harvard Band was playing "Fair Harvard," which is the custom, and the air was taken up by thousands, who sang the time-honored anthem through. It was a stirring moment, but quick as a flash Yale enthusiasm broke out into a mighty cheer as Capt. McBride and his Blue warriors rushed out of the same passageway through which Harvard had come. The Yale regulars wore no sweaters, but nearly all of them had on new headpieces, and McBride himself wore a white plaster on the bridge of his nose. Yale's substitutes came bounding along like a pack of hounds. They wore gray blankets around their shoulders and their football hair had been combed with unmistakable care, for, as one of them put it, "We might as well look neat down here on the side line this afternoon, for it is a question whether any one of us will be called upon, for the regular team is fit to fight for a kingdom."

The presiding officials cut the preliminary practice at this stage by calling the rival captains to the centre of the field to decide the toss. McBride took Burden's hand and shook it cordially, while everybody, whether Harvard or Yale, in sympathy joined in the universal scream. The coin was flipped into the air and Burden called the turn. That allowed Harvard to make a choice as to which goal should be defended and the western end of the gridiron was selected. This was done with the idea that the wind might increase in volume during the second half, which would be of a decided advantage to the Crimson, but as it was just then the southeasterly zephyrs were of little account. Yale took the ball for the kick-off with the understanding that 35-minute halves would be played.

Yale Students Cheer in New Haven.

NEW HAVEN, Nov. 18.—Several hundred Yale students gathered in front of the newspaper offices this afternoon to read the bulletins of the game in Cambridge, and as they saw by the returns that the Blue was holding her own with the Crimson, there was intense satisfaction. When the final result was made known a cheer went up from the collegiate body that was just about as hearty as if Yale had been the victor. Yale men look upon to-day's tie game as practically equivalent to a victory for Yale and there is considerable rejoicing on all sides.

ELECTION LAW VIOLATIONS.

Five Deputy Attorneys-General to Present the Cases to the Two Grand Juries

ALBANY, Nov. 18.—Four new Deputy Attorneys-General have been appointed by Attorney-General John C. Davies to assist in the work of presenting the cases of violators of the primary and election laws in New York city to District Attorney Gardiner's Special Grand Jury and to the Extraordinary Grand Jury convened by Gov. Roosevelt for next Monday. The new appointees are Watson M. Rogers, of Watertown; Charles W. Searing, John S. Shepard, Jr., and John H. Hammond, of New York city. A short time ago Job H. Hedges of New York city, another Deputy Attorney-General, was assigned by the Attorney-General to appear before Col. Gardiner's Grand Jury. This will make five Deputy Attorneys-General who will have charge of the securing of indictments against election and primary law violators before the two grand juries which will be in session in New York city on Monday. The preliminaries to these election prosecutions were conducted by First Deputy Attorney-General John H. Coyne, but he has too much regular department work on hand here to allow him to engage in the election prosecution. As two grand juries will be in session, and as trials of offenders may be going on in two courts at the same time, Attorney-General Davies, so that there may be no delay, determined to appoint a sufficient number of deputies to attend to the work before the Grand Jury, and to conduct the prosecution of all cases which go to trial. Mr. Watson M. Rogers is to be the leading Deputy Attorney-General in charge of the election prosecutions. He is well known and also lawyer of northern New York, and has been District Attorney of Jefferson county for two terms. Mr. Rogers is 53 years old.

CROKER DINES WITH CARROLL'S MEN.

Tells Them He Works for Tammany Every Day in the Year.

Richard Croker, who is going abroad to rest from his labors, was the chief guest at a dinner given at the Democratic Club last evening by John F. Carroll, deputy boss of Tammany Hall, to the captains of the election districts in the Twenty-ninth Assembly district. Mr. Carroll gave the dinner because Moses R. Rytenberg, his candidate for the Assembly, defeated ex-Alderman Homer Folks, the Citizens' Union and Republican candidate. Mr. Croker is a resident of the Twenty-ninth district, and when he rose at the dinner to speak he was greeted with cheers. Mr. Croker told the election district captains that they were entitled to the congratulations of all Democrats for the victory that was won at the polls. Then he said:

"There is one thing that you ought to do as good election district captains. It is what I do, and I can recommend it to you. I make every day an election day, as far as working for the organization goes. That is, I work as hard for Democratic success every day in the year as I do on election day. That is the only way."

The election district captains applauded the speech. Assistant Corporation Counsel R. M. Morgan and Deputy County Clerk Fairbach were guests at the dinner. After it was over one of the captains remarked that plates should have been laid for the Hon. Frank Bulkley and his friends of the Republican party if all who aided in the fight were to be honored.

OBITUARY.

Royal S. Crane, brother of City Magistrate Leroy B. Crane, died early yesterday morning at his home in Yonkers. He had been ill only a few days with pneumonia, and his death was unexpected. Magistrate Crane had just taken his seat on the bench in the Essex Market police court yesterday when he was informed of his brother's death. He was compelled to proceed with the business of the court as it was impossible to secure the services of another magistrate. Royal S. Crane was 63 years old. He was born in Lowell, Mass. After being admitted to the bar he entered the law office of Henry L. Clinton and afterward became a law partner of John H. White. Judge Brown of the United States Court recently appointed him a referee in bankruptcy. His wife and his son survive him.

Edward Forbes Fletcher, a Confederate veteran, died on Thursday at his home, 57 Cranberry street, Brooklyn. He was born in Baltimore on May 24, 1844, and during the Civil War he served as a Lieutenant with Gen. Stuart, the Confederate cavalry leader. For a time he also served under Gen. Joe Wheeler. He had lived in Brooklyn for over twenty-five years and during that time he had been connected with the Metropolitan Steamship Company.

John Beattie, a well-known contractor, died at his home on Leetes Island, Guilford, Conn., yesterday, aged 80 years. His quarry enterprises were large. He supplied the base of the Bartholdi statue in New York harbor, the stone for the Third avenue bridge over the Harlem River and all the stonework recently for the New York and New Haven road.

Miss Sara A. Fawcett, supervisor of drawing in the Newark public schools for twenty years, died at her home in that city on Friday night of pneumonia. She had been a teacher in Newark for nearly thirty years and was about 50 years old. Miss Fawcett was born in Northbury, Mass.

Lewis Lucas Troy, Superintendent of the United States Railway Mail Service in Chicago, died on Friday night in that city of neuralgia of the heart, aged 60 years. For a year he had been in ill health, but attended to his work until a week ago. He had been in the railway mail service since 1869.

Adjt.-Gen. Cowles of the North Carolina State Guard, died at Statesville, N. C., yesterday. He was in the Spanish-American War, and was Lieutenant-Colonel of the North Carolina troops in Cuba.

Well-Built Dwelling Houses,

in the city or out of town, are always in demand. SUN readers especially require the best. To reach them use the real estate columns.—*Ade.*

COLE CALLS COFFEY LIAR.

HARRY HANBURY REPORTS ON THE RAILROAD COMMISSIONER

And Is Called a Loafer Himself—Brooklynites Make the Session of the Commission Stormy—Statements That Railroads Own the Commission Caused the Trouble.

State Railroad Commissioner Ashley W. Cole called Senator Coffey a liar at a meeting of the commission at the Fifth Avenue Hotel yesterday, and Harry A. Hanbury expressed, about as directly, a doubt of Col. Cole's veracity. Many South Brooklynites had come to the hotel to protest against the new transfer schedules of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Railroad. More citizens' committees and local politicians appeared than could crowd into the committee room. Although the particular grievance the South Brooklyn people have—that they have not the option of going either by the surface or the elevated roads to New York for 5 cents—is a simple one, Col. Cole and his colleagues on the commission were confronted with such a mass of affidavits, resolutions, ex parte arguments and political stump speeches, fired at them from all directions at once, that the question at issue was lost sight of in the mazy labyrinth of the Brooklyn map. The Brooklyn representatives, after denouncing the commission and the railroads, fell out among themselves, and each tried to get his opinions on record before his neighbor's.

Trouble began when, at the opening of the hearing, Col. Cole, holding a newspaper clipping in his hand, looked about the room and asked:

"Is Senator Coffey here?"

"No, he isn't here," answered Harry A. Hanbury, Republican leader of the Eighth ward, Brooklyn.

"I am astonished," said Col. Cole. "I am astonished that Senator Coffey is not here."

"If your honorable commission will allow me," began Mr. Hanbury, rising on the side of the commissioners' table opposite Col. Cole. "I appear here"—

"Just a moment, sir," interrupted Col. Cole, as the young man flourished a bundle of papers and was beginning to read one of them. "There are others here to be heard. I find in a newspaper in an account of a mass meeting in Brooklyn on Thursday evening, this," Col. Cole went on his voice rising at every word:

"Senator Coffey then came forward and precipitated yells and cheers by saying that the Railroad Commissioners were owned by the railroads and that little could be expected from that quarter. 'The railroad company,' he declared, 'has never been honest or sincere. It cannot afford to be. The railroads own this city, and what is more they own the Railroad Commissioners body and soul. Those three gentlemen were granted extraordinary powers, and yet Vanderbilt himself freely admitted that the railroads owned them.'

"That is a lie!" cried Col. Cole. "I know what Senator Coffey is. I never knew he had a voice before in any place. He sat like a dummy in the Senate."

"That statement is false," shouted young Hanbury, jumping to his feet and shaking his fist at Col. Cole. "If Senator Coffey was here——"

"Senator Coffey should be here," thundered Col. Cole. "I will not have this commission slandered by that man, and I——"

"Your remarks are out of place," shouted Hanbury. "You have no right to attack the Senator——"

"I say what he says is false," Col. Cole thundered on. "It's a lie whoever makes that statement, and if Senator Coffey were here I would compel him to retract it."

"Senator Coffey has well represented us," angrily retorted a little Irishman, "and if you say anything against him you'll be condemned by the people of our——"

"I don't care for the condemnation of the people or anybody else," Col. Cole interrupted, his eyes afire. "I say that this is a lie. I care no more for Mr. Rossiter here or Mr. Vanderbilt or any other railroad man than I do for any boy who comes here, and Senator Coffey lies when——"

"Senator Coffey didn't say that," cried Hanbury, who had nearly lost control of himself.

"He has said in the Senate that the Railroad Commissioners were owned by the railroads, and I know that this newspaper prints what he said," Col. Cole answered.

Col. Dunn of Binghamton, who was sitting at Col. Cole's left, pulled his colleague's sleeve and the business of the hearing proceeded. President Rossiter of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company was allowed to read an answer to the complaints of citizens. He said that the principal localities affected by the complaints are the old country towns of New Utrecht and Gravesend, containing the suburban settlements of Bay Ridge, Fort Hamilton, Bensonhurst, Bath Beach, Borough Park and Coney Island. They comprised two wards, with a population of 30,000. Mr. Rossiter showed that no locality in the State had nearly so great an amount of car service to its population as this particular locality. These lines were run at an actual loss, except during the summer rush to the seaside. The company's liberal system of transfers had swamped the cars in the congested part of the city with transfer and long-distance passengers.

"On account of the peculiar topography of Brooklyn and the necessary use of a few streets to get to the ferries, bridge and shopping district it became absolutely impossible to increase the number of cars," continued Mr. Rossiter. "It so overcrowded our cars that accidents increased largely. In order to obviate the difficulty as much as possible we increased the capacity of our cars 50 per cent., and still the congestion continued. We established new routes during the rush hours and still the congestion continued. We considered the advisability of widening Livingston street, and of building a subway. We doubled the carrying capacity of the bridge—and are now carrying 200,000 passengers a day across that structure. We made up our minds that there was only one feasible method of remedying this condition, which was becoming unbearable, and that was by the acquisition of the elevated railroads, whereby the long distance riders could be carried above the streets and the short distance riders could be carried on the surface. We felt that this would reduce the number of accidents, divide the traffic more equitably, quicken the time and increase the comfort of our patrons. Instead of filling our surface cars at Park Row with suburban passengers who occupied seats and space for one hour or more, we encouraged them to take the elevated cars where they could go more quickly, and leave the space in the surface cars for short-distance passengers. Having acquired the elevated railroads, we are endeavoring to put this policy into effect. While so radical a change must necessarily enforce some hardship, we are certain that it is to the advantage of over 95 per cent. of our patrons, and that as soon as the policy has a fair trial under favorable conditions there will be a much louder protest against the slugging of its reversal than is now heard against its adoption. But we also point out and would emphasize the fact that no change in operation of lines can afford adequate facilities for the multitudes who cross from Manhattan to Brooklyn in the evening rush hours so long as one bridge has to bear nearly the entire burden of traffic. More bridges are absolutely essential to a satisfactory solution of this transportation problem."

The Brooklyn system was not perfect, said Mr. Rossiter, but it could not be made perfect in a day or in a year. Many pieces must have patience. Nowhere that he knew of were passengers carried so many miles for five cents as in Brooklyn. The company was now carrying hundreds of thousands of people daily for five-cent fares where before they have paid 8, 10, 15 and 20 cents to go to the suburbs.

When Mr. Rossiter had concluded, the South Brooklynites all jumped to their feet and began reading affidavits and complaints to show that Mr. Rossiter was all wrong.

"Why, Mr. Rossiter ought to go to New York and see how they transfer you," excitedly exclaimed young Hanbury. "I read in a paper that a man rode all day for five cents."

"What paper was that?" asked Col. Cole.

"The *World*," answered Hanbury, and even he had to join in the boisterous laughter that greeted his announcement.

Col. Cole then went on to say that, as a Brooklyn man, he thought there had been a wonderful improvement in transportation facilities there. He asked that counsel look into the matter of the Railroad Commission's authority to compel the giving of transfers.

"The Commission has an opinion," said Col. Cole.

"What is that opinion?" asked Charles A. Collin, the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company's attorney.

"That, of course, we are not obliged to tell," answered Col. Cole.

"I would like to say to the gentlemen at the door," Col. Cole stopped to say, "that if Senator Coffey appears tell him to come in. If I have done him an injustice I want to say so. If he has done me an injustice I want him to retract his statement."

Former State Senator Reynolds, who is interested in suburban real estate companies, asked to be allowed to make a statement as he was going to take a train for Denver.

"Under oath, under oath," cried a tall, gray-haired Irishman.

"Oath, oath oath," chorused the Brooklynites.

Senator Reynolds smiled and took the oath and then went on to tell how the suburban settlements were benefited by the new transit facilities. The South Brooklyn people hooted and jeered at him and asked him if he were a railroad director. Col. Cole said that every man had a right to be heard, but the big Irishman wouldn't have it. He was shaking all over with excitement.

"They try to make us believe that this company is an octopus," said Senator Reynolds.

"Octopus, octopus," shouted the excited Irishman.

"This is not a town meeting," Col. Cole interrupted.

"Certain newspapers have stirred up this whole trouble," said Senator Reynolds. "One in particular has printed stories which we all know are false."

"What paper is that?" asked Hanbury.

"I decline to answer," said Senator Reynolds.

"Senator Reynolds has the right to be heard," again interrupted Col. Cole.

Hanbury jumped up and, waving his hand over his head, cried:

"We object to the way the chairman of this board has favored the railroad company here to-day."

Col. Cole was on his feet in a second.

"The gentleman will——"

"I desire this to be put on the record," roared Hanbury. "After what we have seen here to-day, we can understand Senator Coffey's insinuation that you were bought up by the railroad, for it is borne out by what has——No, sir, I won't sit down. You're not the whole board. You've insulted everybody here."

"You're a loafer!" Col. Cole exclaimed.

"I consider that a compliment coming from such a man as you," retorted Hanbury. Hanbury was unable to sit down and Senator Reynolds was allowed to finish his statement. When he had gone a South Brooklyn real estate man was called as a witness for the citizens. After he had told his story, Col. Cole asked:

"Can Mr. Allen be taken as representing the sentiment of this district?"

"Yes," "Of course," "That's right," came the chorus from the whole room.

"No, sir," "There are others," "Mr. Chairman," "I ask to be heard," came a second chorus as strong as the first.

"There, that's the trouble," said Col. Cole, smiling.

"And you can see, Mr. Commissioner," interrupted Mr. Rossiter, "what my troubles are with thirty-one wards."

"Well, if the representatives of this railroad here," called out Walter L. Durack of the Thirtieth Ward Improvement Association, pointing to Mr. Rossiter, Mr. Collin and former Lieut.-Gov. Sheehan, "will give us the option of taking either the surface or the elevated at Sixty-fifth street and Third avenue we'll clear the room at once."

"That's the question, that's what we're here for," shouted the South Brooklynites.

"I protest," cried Hanbury. "That isn't the question."

So more witnesses were called, and after five hours of heated discussion Col. Cole said he thought there ought to be another day's hearing.

"Where shall we hold it?" he asked.

"In Brooklyn," was the shout that greeted him, "and then everybody in Brooklyn can come."

Col. Cole said the Commission would meet next Saturday morning in the Brooklyn City Hall.

The morning session of the committee was devoted to a hearing in the matter of extending the elevated road into the Borough of The Bronx.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR SOLDIERS.

How to Have Them Carried Free on Army Transports.

The United States transport Logan is scheduled to sail from Pier 22, South Brooklyn, for Manila to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. She will be the last transport sailing from New York to carry Christmas boxes to the officers and men serving in the army in the Philippines. If the time limit for the reception of boxes is strictly observed, none will be received aboard the transport after midnight to-night. It is quite possible, however, that, if some best girl or mother or sister did not reach the pier with a box that really had to go to Manila, you know, before to-morrow noon, she would be able to have it stowed away on the transport. It will be impossible, however, to handle any great quantity of goods which reach the pier after midnight to-night.

Major Jones yesterday gave out the following statement in reference to sending Christmas boxes to the officers and men of the army stationed in Cuba and Porto Rico, the first transport to carry which will sail this week.

"The Secretary of War has instructed the Quartermaster-General to forward from New York city any Christmas boxes which may be delivered there prior to Dec. 15, 1899, for officers and soldiers in Cuba and Porto Rico. Such boxes should be consigned to Major F. B. Jones, General Superintendent Army Transport Service, Pier 22, Columbia Docks, Brooklyn. All boxes above mentioned should be plainly marked with the name of the officer or soldier for whom they are intended, giving the company and regiment or other organization to which he belongs, and should be further marked 'Christmas box.'

"All freight or express charges on these boxes to New York must in every case be prepaid by the senders to Pier 22, Columbia Docks, Brooklyn, the maximum weight of boxes to be about twenty pounds. They should contain no perishable matter. The Quartermaster's Department assumes no responsibility for the condition of these boxes when delivered, but will exercise every care to deliver them safely and in good order.

"An army transport sails from Pier 22, Columbia Docks, Brooklyn, every Wednesday at 2 P. M. for San Juan, Porto Rico, and Santiago, Cuba; for Matanzas, Havana, and Cienfuegos, Cuba, sails every ten days, usually the 10th, 20th and 30th of the month. Boxes consigned to the last named ports should be delivered in New York not later than Dec. 10 to ensure their delivery by Christmas Day."

Told Him He Could Vote on His Father's Papers.

Leon Somenschein, 23 years old, of 97 Stanton street, who was arrested on Friday night by one of Superintendent McCullagh's deputies on a charge of illegal registration, was held for examination yesterday in the Essex Market Court. Somenschein, when registering in the Eighth Assembly district, displayed his father's naturalization papers, and declared yesterday in court that when he informed the registration clerks that he came to this country when 14 years old, they told him that he could vote by producing his father's papers.

Pandora, so runs the myth, let all the ills of life out of her box to prey upon mankind, but shut the cover soon enough to prevent the escape of hope. Hope remains to every sufferer but it is only an ignis-fatuus unless it takes on some tangible form. The hope of recovery is treasured by every one who suffers from weak or bleeding lungs, obstinate and lingering cough, bronchitis or similar ailments, which, if neglected, or unskilfully treated lead on to consumption. That hope becomes a practical and tangible thing when it is based on the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Such a hope is reasonable because thousands of men and women emaciated and weakened by disease have been made sound and well by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery."

Sick people are invited to consult Dr. R.V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y., by letter. All letters are carefully and considerately read and answered. Each letter is held as a sacred confidence and every answer is mailed in a plain envelope without any printing upon it. Write without fear and without fee.

"I was taken sick in July last year, and was not able to do any kind of work until November," writes Mr. Noel W. Orvin, of Langley, Aiken Co., S. C. "Had been coughing up small, hard lumps of phlegm for about a year before I was taken down. I then called on a doctor, who attended me for two months, and said that one-half of my left lung was gone, and advised me to leave my home (Charleston, S. C.), and go to the country, but did not say what sort of disease I had. I thought it was consumption, and wrote to you for advice. I took four bottles of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which I sincerely believe has done me more good than all the other medicines I have ever taken."

The use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets does not beget the pill habit.

CAVALRY'S HOT PURSUIT.

TWO TROOPS HUNTING AGUINALDO TOWARD POZORRUBIO.

Rebels Offer Some Resistance to Major Swigert's Advance—Gen. MacArthur to Hurry His Infantry Along by Rail—Weather Still Disagreeable in the North.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.

MANILA, Nov. 18.—Capt. Slavens, with Gen. MacArthur's scouts, reached Panique this morning. He found four locomotives, partially wrecked, and thirteen cars in good condition. The railroad track was in first-class shape.

Gen. MacArthur's troops occupied Panique shortly afterward. The General now telegraphs that he is preparing to take men on trains as far as the track is good. He knows he can reach Bayambang and possibly Dagupan and will only stop when compelled to. Gen. MacArthur reports that the soldiers were received with marked cordiality by the people of Panique, who declared they were glad to see the American troops.

Gen. Lawton is now west of the Agno River near San Manuel, but the high water in the river has prevented him from joining Gen. Wheaton.

Major Dallance's battalion of the Twenty-second Infantry occupied Rosales after a skirmish at the Matablan Bridge. The people of Rosales appeared to be very glad of the appearance of the Americans, and declared that they were tired of the insurrection.

Gen. Young reports from Santa Ana that Capt Wessels had a skirmish with a battalion of rebels on the afternoon of Nov. 16, near Manaog.

The rebels scattered in every direction, leaving four dead on the field. Fifteen insurgents were captured. The Americans suffered no loss.

Major Swigert's two troops of the Third Cavalry took the road to Pozorrubio, twenty-five miles northeast of Lingayen, on the morning of the 17th and met with heavy resistance. Major Swigert thinks Aguinaldo is at Pozorrubio.

Gen. Young captured a quantity of uniforms and other supplies near Santa Ana. He also found twenty-nine Remingtons, two Mausers and a lot of ammunition.

The weather has been clear and pleasant in Manila for the last two days, but up in the country to the north where the troops are fighting the conditions are extremely disagreeable and the officers find it extremely difficult to push forward.

Pozorrubio, where Aguinaldo is now reported, is north of and connected by road with Widaneta where the rebel leader was previously reported with 1,500 men.

MACARTHUR'S ADVANCE.

He Finds the Railroad Track Covered with Cars Wrecked by the Rebels.

Special Cable Dispatch to THE SUN.

MANILA, Nov. 19, 10:10 A. M.—Gen. MacArthur, with two battalions of Col. Bell's Thirty-sixth Regiment and one battalion of the Seventeenth, on an improvised train, left Panique last night and went to Moncado, eighteen miles from Tarlac, where they found the railroad track covered with the wreck of four locomotives and fifty-four cars. They are clearing the track as rapidly as possible.

Gen. MacArthur has information that the rail road track is all right beyond Bayambang except for a few wrecks. He thinks, however, that three-fourths of the rolling stock has been destroyed. He expects to reach Bayambang or possibly further to-night.

So far he has encountered no armed insurgents. The inhabitants along the road appear to have been thoroughly terrified by Aguinaldo's rebels and were even afraid to cut their rice. Gen. Otis has telegraphed the commanders at the front to tell the people that there is no objection to their harvesting their crops.

The transport Brutus sailed this morning for Lingayen Gulf with reinforcements, guns, mules and supplies for Gen. Wheaton.

The dynamite guns were left behind because the ammunition for them failed to arrive in time.

There were two reconnoissances south of Imus yesterday by the American troops. The insurgents offered slight opposition. Six American soldiers were wounded.

DESPATCHES FROM GEN. OTIS.

Our Troops Pushing Forward—Lieut. Luna Drowned—Lieut. Thayer Missing.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18.—Two despatches from Gen. Otis, telling of the progress of the Luzon campaign, were received at the War Department this morning. Young's Cavalry column is pushing forward rapidly and the insurgent troops are scattering. Among the prisoners taken is Aguinaldo's Secretary of the Interior. Lieut. Thayer and ten men who were sent out by Lawton to communicate with Wheaton are missing. The despatches follow:

"MANILA, Nov. 18.—Gen. MacArthur entered Gerona yesterday and pushed a ivance to Panique, four miles beyond. Inhabitants remained in houses, receiving troops hospitably; first instance during entire advance from San Fernando. Railroad intact from washout north of Tarlac to Panique, but engines and cars partially destroyed by insurgents on retreating. Sufficient rolling stock can be repaired to insure railroad service. Nothing from Gen. Lawton, as telegraph line only working to San José, south of Farmanglan and thirty-five miles east of Tayug. His cavalry reported yesterday at Bayambang railroad station, south of Dagupan. Re-inforcements and supplies leave here for San Fabian, Wheaton's headquarters, to-night. Indications are that insurgents troops widely scattered and will retreat into the western Luzon province of Samboles. OTIS."

"MANILA, Nov. 18.—Dispatch from Gen. Lawton, dated on road between San Nicolas and San Manuel, 10:15 A. M., 18th inst., transmits dispatches from Gen. Young and Major Bellanca, at Asingan and Rosales, of Nov. 15 and 16, former moving on Pozarrubio, about twelve miles east of San Fabian and twenty-five miles west of San Nicolas, where Major Swigert finds enemy strongly intrenched. Young and Bellanca have had several skirmishes with enemy, driving them northwestward, capturing prisoners, guns, and large amounts of property. Troops have subsisted on country; cordially received by inhabitants. Would appear that insurgents are driven northwestward off road to Bayombong, their mountain capital. Lawton reports drowning of Lieut. Luna, Thirty-fourth Infantry, his aid and two men of his escort, in crossing Agno River; also reports still missing Lieut. Thayer and ten men sent to communicate with Wheaton. He says must again recur to fortitude, endurance and cheerfulness of command. Has just telegraphs from San Isidro that he holds Aguinaldo's Secretary of Interior. Indications now of good weather. OTIS."

Lieut. Maximilian Luna, reported drowned, had an enviable military record. He was born of Mexican parentage and resided in Santa Fe, N. M. When the war with Spain began he organized Troop D of the First Volunteer Cavalry, better known as Roosevelt's Rough Riders, and became its commander. He early attracted the attention of Col. Wood and Col. Roosevelt and the latter speaks highly of him in his history of the regiment. His gallantry was particularly mentioned by Roosevelt. On being mustered out in the volunteer service in Sept. 1898, Capt. Luna returned to his home in Santa Fe. On the organization of the new Volunteer Army he was appointed a First Lieutenant in the Thirty-fourth Infantry and had only recently arrived in the Philippines. He was a Spanish scholar, and his services were particularly valuable in the Santiago campaign on that account. Capt. Luna was particularly anxious to participate in the Spanish-American war to show that the men of Spanish descent in the Southwest were in thorough sympathy with the United States.

Lieut. Arthur Thayer, reported missing, was First Lieutenant of Troop A, Third cavalry, and acting Captain of that troop. He was appointed a cadet at the Military Academy from Indiana in 1882, became a Second Lieutenant in 1886 and a First Lieutenant in 1892. He was an instructor at West Point for a while. His relatives are supposed to reside in Brownsville, Tex.

WEATHER CLEARING IN LUZON.

Gen. Corbin Says the Filipino Rebellion Will Be Over by Jan. 1.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18.—"The best news that we have heard in a long time from Gen. Otis is that the weather is clearing," said Adj.-Gen. Corbin to-day. He referred to a brief reference to weather conditions in one of the despatches received from Gen. Otis this morning. "With no more rain the greatest difficulty of the Luzon campaign will cease. I have said that the insurrection will be over by Jan 1. I stick by that prediction, but I am inclined to believe that less time will be required to suppress the Filipinos. It would not surprise me if the rebellion was practically over in two weeks."

COURTS MARTIAL IN MANILA.

Two Regular Officers Tried for Looting in the Luzon Campaign.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18.—The War Department has received from Major Gen. Ot