CORNELL VICTOR IN BIG RACE.

ITHACA OARSMEN ALSO WIN FRESHMAN TUSSLE.

Their Rowing Supremacy Reestablished on the Hudson. Although Syracuse Crew Captures Four Oared Contest and Makes a New Record—A Tangle in This Event—25,000 Persons See Collegians Measure Blades on Hudson.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., June 28.—The issue in intercollegiate rowing supremacy as between Cornell and Syracuse was definitely settled for some time to come to-day, when Cornell's crews all but swept the river. In two races, the freshman and varsity eights, Courtney's pupils came home easily first, and in the third, the four oar, only the narrowest of margins separated the two crews. For all the part that the other colleges took in the active work of the regatta, it might well have been a dual meet between Cornell and Syracuse. Cornell triumphed in the big event of the day, fairly running away with the race for varsity eights.

The freshman race, too, was a comparatively easy victory for the Ithacans, but it is a great drop of comfort and cheer in the bitterness of defeat for Syracuse that in the varsity fours, which the latter won, the record was reduced by more than fifteen seconds. In the minds of everybody who saw the races to-day, it is certain that Courtney and his rowing methods are the better.

The order of the finish, with the time in each of the three races, was as follows:

Varsity Eights—Cornell first, 20 minutes 39 2-5 seconds; Syracuse second, 21 minutes 49 2-5 seconds; Georgetown third, 21 minutes 49 seconds; Columbia fourth, 21 minutes 53 3-5 seconds; Pennsylvania fifth, 21 minutes 59 4-5 seconds; Wisconsin sixth, 22 minutes 6 1-5 seconds.

Freshman Eights—Cornell first, 9 minutes 31 4-5 seconds; Syracuse second, 9 minutes 49 seconds; Columbia third, 9 minutes 53 seconds; Pennsylvania fourth, 9 minutes 58 4-5 seconds.

Varsity Fours—Syracuse first, 10 minutes 15 2-5 seconds; Cornell second, 10 minutes 17 2-5 seconds; Pennsylvania third, 10 minutes 33 2-5 seconds; Columbia fourth, 10 minutes 45 seconds; Wisconsin fifth, 10 minutes 52 2-5 seconds.

It was a momentous struggle that was carded for to-day. Last year Ten Eyck had the gratification of seeing two crews that he had coached cross the line of victory before the Cornellians and break into a series of triumphs that threatened never to be interrupted. It was a new style of rowing that triumphed. It was the reverse of the polished, machinelike elegance and grace that Courtney had drilled into his men. The Syracuse crews rowed the "get there" method, full of power, but crude, harsh and awkward, and far from all that was believed to be the best in rowing styles. To-day, therefore, it was not only a struggle between two colleges, it was a battle of styles, and a fierce fight for justification as between two men acknowledged to stand among the highest in the profession they pursue. To Courtney—and to Cornell—a victory meant a renewal of the supremacy that long continued victory brings To Ten Eyck it would mean that rowing is not a question of skill, but of brute force applied as directly as possible. More, it would mean that he would displace the former head of college aquatics for his place, and would establish a shrine whereat all college rowing men should worship.

But it was elected that skill and strength should win over main force, as it has done almost since time has been; and so tonight the rejoicing that is going on here is being done by the Cornellians, while Syracuse, fallen from her high estate, is mum. The music of the brass band that heads a band of more than a thousand marching, cheering, singing Cornellians sounds an even worse discord in the ears of Syracuse, for it is a pæan of joy raised at the expense of her downfall.

The triumph of Cornell in the varsity race could not have been more complete and striking. From the moment the race was started the Ithacans took the lead, and increasing it literally at each stroke, went on and on, until finally so far ahead were they that no eye could get the six crews in the same range. By fully twelve lengths they rollicked across the line a winner. Syracuse, far from forcing the Ithacans hard, was in difficulties to defeat Georgetown, a trick which they accomplished only when the Washington lads had rowed themselves out and could not spurt in the last few yards of the race.

Little less easy was the freshman race, for here, too, Cornell led almost from the start, and at the end was going away. It was only in the four-oared race that Syracuse won, and it was in this race that they smashed the record. But this race left an unpleasant trail behind it. At the very start, the Syracuse crew, in trying for the lead, edged over into Columbia's course. The Syracuse oarsmen paid absolutely no attention to the New Yorkers, and finally were so close to them that, had not Columbia eased a little, a foul must inevitably have resulted. By relaxing the Columbia crew lost enough to send them back to the rear, whence they had a hard time pulling ahead of Wisconsin before the race ended.

This action of Syracuse made those who had watched it sure the Onondagans would be disqualified. It was no surprise, therefore, when the flags that signaled the finish of the race were dropped from the bridge that Cornell, whose crew had finished second, was placed first, while the Syracuse people were shoved back to fourth, behind the Columbia crew, with which they had interfered. This order in the flags lasted only a moment, and the signals were soon displayed with the crews in the order in which they had actually finished. But the latter arrangement also lasted only a short time, and back came the flags. This time Cornell was shown first and Syracuse second, with the others in their regular order. Then came another and the final arrangement, which left the crews as they had finished, which was the way in which the judges had placed them from the start. The trouble was caused by the lack of telephonic connection between the flag raiser and the judges. The man on the bridge naturally came to the conclusion that the crew which went under the bridge in a certain course had started in it, so he nominated as winners the crews that showed in these courses.

On the judges' boat, however, there was another sort of trouble. For some reason or other the judges so mixed up the identities of the first two crews that when they had crossed the line separated by only a short part of a length they did not know which was which. Some of the judges thought Cornell had won, and some held out for Syracuse. As a matter of fact it was suspected that the final choice was made with the aid of chance. Certain it is that many thought Cornell had won, among whom was, said to be Courtney, the coach of the Cornell crews.

The times in the races, except in the four oared, were comparatively slow. In the freshman race, with a slight favoring wind blowing against the tide, making rough water, the Cornell oarsmen finished in 9 minutes 39 4-5 seconds, a performance far away from the record. The varsity race was rowed in 20 minutes 29 2-5 seconds, about seven seconds slower than the winning performance of Syracuse last year. But the Cornell crew was not forced out to win.

It had been expected that the weather to-day would be far from good for rowing, and indeed it had even been feared that a race might be impossible. The wind shifted enough, however, to iron out some of the rough spots, and the early risers this morning saw enough to reassure them as to the possibility of a race. There were plenty of early risers in town, for regatta day comes but once a year, and the local merchants have learned to take advantage of it. The horde of collegians, escorting, since it was a fair day, an equally large number of young women, made the chaffering and trafficking in rooms and meals brisk. There were nearly 10,000 persons in Poughkeepsie in the course of the afternoon, all of whom seemed to want something to eat, or else a place to bestow themselves before the races.

It was the crowd that those who have followed college athletic events have come to know well. The college lad, with the latest cry in clothing, and supported by a tan suit case, elaborately emblazoned with initials, was of course the most numerous of the types. Then there was the young woman who accompanies some of the above type, who knows nothing of boat racing, as she charmingly admits, but who is willing to learn from him, "because, all men, you know, know so much more than women about things." The old graduate, the young graduate, the dry goods clerk young man disguised as either one, all are familiar types.

But the girls were all beauties, for no man ever yet saw anything but a pretty girl at a college athletic affair. They were dressed in every conceivable variation of the costumers' art, and yet all looked alike in their extreme bewitchingness. Most of the men would not have cared if the boat races had not come off, so that they could have a chance to escort their particular fair ones about the town and make the girlless ones jealous.

Down to the ferry filed the crowd when the afternoon began, and then a pretty time was spent in patient waiting. The ferryboats took their time about going and coming, and once both were forced to wait outside the slip for a good half hour while two river boats made a landing at a dock which partly obstructed theirs. At last most of the crowd got across in safety, on the careening ferryboats or by rowboat, and took their places in the line of those waiting for the observation train. This interesting process was cut short about half past 2 o'clock by the arrival of the train filled to the guard rails with the persons who had had foresight enough to walk down the track to where it was.

The first two races out of the way, the crowd settled back in anticipation of the fine struggle that was expected from the varsity eights. The train rolled way up the line to Krum Elbow, and put in a while waiting for the crews to appear. Syracuse was the first to come along, and tied up to its stakeboat early. In fact, the Onondagas were at the post for fully seventeen minutes. The Pennsylvania eight came dashing up, with the megaphoned coxswain barking hoarsely in alternate admonitions to one man or the other. Georgetown's eight had the stroke oar on the starboard side, an arrangement which was visible in no other college crew.

"Steady now, with that long swing," came the booming voice of Cuthell, the Columbia coxswain, as the New Yorkers trimly pulled up. They got a good spirited reception from the observation train, for there was a sort of hunch that they were going to surprise some of the best on the river.

But those who knew that Cornell on a certain Friday had rowed four miles in a time trial in 18 minutes 24 1-5 seconds and later had done 18 minutes 34 seconds under less favorable conditions pinned their faith to the Ithacans. They said with Courtney: "I don't see how any crew on the river can beat my boys and if any crew does I want to be there to see every inch of that race." So before the race, it was known that Cornell twice had rowed faster than the record, and the fact that the Ithacans were favorites was based on this and not hearsay or hunches.

The crews lined up for the start, and 25,000 pairs of eyes all told were upon them. To each in turn, the referee called out his warnings, and at last there was nothing to do but send the men away.

The crack of the gun and the answering roar of voices from the observation train were almost simultaneous with the first dipping of forty-eight oars in the water. Three fast, snappy strokes, and Cornell was in the lead by only a foot, it was true, but never to be headed. The Ithacans were whipping down the Hudson at 34 strokes to the minute, while Wisconsin, striving to keep alongside, was doing 30 strokes. Syracuse was right at hand, Georgetown was fifth, and Columbia, off poorly, apparently, was last. There was a sort of groan from the Columbia men, for they had hoped to see their crew shoot right out with the leaders and make the racing from the flash of the gun. Frazer, the diminutive stroke, had his own notion of the pace that four miles requires, and he was not going to burn up his energies in a quarter of a mile.

It was not the Syracuse of old that made play after the fleeing Cornellians. There was not the aggressive style that had given the victory to Syracuse the year before. It was a crafty, waiting Syracuse, content to follow for a time instead of lead, and rowing with an approach to symmetry and perfection that only emphasized the difference between this crew and that of last year. But the fates that govern rowing had decided that there was to be no toilsome, nerve racking struggle in this race with the lead ever shifting from one crew to another.

Every stroke that Cornell took carried the Ithacans farther away from their rivals, and every time that "Greyhound" Foote swung on his stretcher, it meant that Cornell was being revenged. Cruelly, with the cold perfection of the past master, those Cornell oarsmen rowed. There was an icy composure in their style that deadened enthusiasm. They were going to win, and they let it be known from the start that they would have no mercy.

And so from the time the first half mile mark had been attained and left behind the compelling cry of "Cornell wins!" broke from the throats of the 25,000 persons who from the observation trains and the hills about could feel that even thus early the race, barring accident, was as good as over and done. Lower sank the stroke, and further away sped the shell. Every man could feel the vibrant sentiment of response in the boat, whose nose pointed so truly toward the haven that only time alone could prevent it from reaching.

At one mile it was three open lengths; at two miles it was six; at three, eight, and at the finish a slight spurt made it an even dozen lengths—the margin of Cornell's victory and vindication. When the guns that cracked and boomed and roared were sending their first shots echoing across the narrow lane that leads to victory to signify that Cornell might rest from the labor of the day far back up the river there was still a bitter struggle among the other crews to see which would be the first to cross the line in the position of runner-up.

Syracuse, last year honored as the winner, had fallen so far from the plane of that victory that it was a struggle for nearly the whole distance to conquer Georgetown and slide across the line second. Columbia, using good headwork, all but caught Georgetown at the very end and just four seconds marked the difference in ability of the two crews.

And yet it was not a tame race, nor one that any man might not have rejoiced to see. The sun gleamed brightly down upon the crews, as they swung along, each man's body bronzed with the tan of the six months' steady work in the sunlight, turning almost to gold in the sunshine. Muscles rose and fell powerfully as the oars dipped in and out and left a silver sheen of spray dancing in the wake. It stirred to the core those who sat in the cars to realize that there on the river were forty-eight men who were tearing their hearts out that their colleges might come honorably out of the fray. It was the culmination of months of exercise and self denial and work and devotion to an ideal ending in a struggle of twenty minutes—not merely a boat race.

When Cornell led off, with Syracuse, Wisconsin and Georgetown in close attendance for the moment, those on the cars leaned forward and watched the race as eagerly as if it had been the closest that could be. At the first mile Cornell was stealing softly away, well out toward the middle of the river, with the full advantage of perfectly smooth water, albeit dead. They were leading by a big margin, and apparently sure of the race. It was the first time that the ease of the victory had caught the Ithacans' adherents, and they phrased their joy in the barking cry, which echoed back as sharply from the hills.

"Cornell, I yell, yell, yell, Cornell!" roared the trains, and, nothing daunted, the other collegians set up their cries in return. The weird exulting shout of Wisconsin, the simple call of Georgetown, and the more involved cheers of the other colleges, mingled in so vast a turmoil of sound that the men striving on the river must have heard and understood.

The struggle for second place was the most interesting. At a mile and a half, Syracuse was half a length in the van of Pennsylvania, the Quakers being in turn three feet of open water in front of Georgetown. Stroke Fraser, who knew what he was about when he had started out to set the pace for Columbia, had picked up Wisconsin, and the Badgers were nowhere. They were nearly a length away and falling back rapidly.

"Look at Columbia come up," was the cry of the New Yorkers at the two mile mark, just above the Pennsylvania boathouse. "Look at 'em. They'll catch Syracuse." Columbia, indeed, was rating along merrily. Wisconsin once broken off, they had set out after Pennsylvania, whom Georgetown had apparently left behind for good and all. The plucky Washington lads, who always row best apparently when under great disadvantages, did not look or row like a crew that had two sick men in it. They were fighting tooth and nail with Syracuse, which at the half distance was just a length to the good, and no open water between the shells.

Pennsylvania, hoist by her own petard of setting a pace faster than the crew could live through, was coming back to Columbia stroke after stroke, and it was only a question of a few moments when they should be outstripped. From three-quarters of a length at the boathouse they had so lately left the Quakers lost their lead bit by bit. At the bridge—the scene of many a fatal move—Columbia spurted. That settled Pennsylvania, and Columbia was nearly two lengths ahead passing under that mark.

"Georgetown! Go on, you Georgetown!" was the cry when the last mile began. The Washington lads had fought the whole distance and were now almost on even terms with Syracuse, and looked to be better than the quondam champions, who were even then in the process of being stripped of their titles. There is a limit to human capabilities, and the older men of Syracuse stood the strain better than their boy rivals.

"Oh, poor Georgetown, they're beaten," wailed a pretty maiden, whose eyes were as divinely blue gray as the colors of the college she sported. It was so. The boys had done what they could and were pumped out. Less than a quarter of a mile before the end of the race they seemed to be almost stopping. Syracuse, deathly tired too, could still row on a little faster.

"Columbia's going to be third," announced a youth whose excited voice ended in a perfect shriek of excitement. Little Frazer was hitting up the stroke, and every stroke meant a gain. But there was not time enough. Georgetown made a few last efforts and reeled across the line a length and a quarter behind Syracuse. Columbia was less than half a length behind Georgetown. Pennsylvania, three and a half lengths behind Columbia, was still nearly that much ahead of Wisconsin. The unfortunate Westerners finished last in both the races in which they started.

There was a lot to interest the casual observer over on the Highland side before the regatta began. There was every sort of faker with things to sell, and behind the high board fences in some places shell games and other familiar amusements were to be had. It was a long time before the observation trains were got going, and the amusements served to while away the time.

The long train finally woke into life and shrieked and clanged its way up the track to the station. The final rush for seats was made and an ironic farewell was waved to those who came in on the ferry too late to secure their places. Snakily the cars, no longer a barren pine wilderness of seats, but a vivid, gleaming ribbon, bright with colors of every hue, whipped around turns and rolled up to the start of the two mile race. All along the line, the pedestrians waved flags and handkerchiefs at their huckier brethren who "had the price" and sat enthroned in majesty on the heights.

"There's Pennsylvania!" cried the informed as they caught sight of the red and blue banner, which waved over the low boathouse, half a mile below the start of the four oared race. Then there were more wavings, and friendly greetings in return from the two negro helpers of the Quakers.

"Penn's going to win," cried a Philadelphia damsel, garbed in blue, and bedecked with cerise ribbons, as she shook her pennant at the grimy boathouse. "Dat's right, miss," cried back the darky, his every tooth gleaming in a happy smile.

"Here comes Syracuse!" broke in some one else, and attention turned to Ten Eyck's oarsmen, who came shooting up the stream to the mark. The Orange four yanked the shell through the water in jig time, as they swept up in dress parade style to take their place at the stakeboat. Carefully they backed their craft to the rowboat decorated with their flag of orange, and then fidgeted about waiting for the others to arrive. Pennsylvania's oarsmen did not take long to get into place, and Columbia came speeding down stream from the boathouse at Krum Elbow.

A long wait, and then the Wisconsin crew hove in view. The dashing "yara-yara" stroke of O'Dea's lads never looked prettier and snappier as the shell slapped over the tiny rollers and wheeled into place. Then Cornell, the mighty, arrived and the tale was complete.

The impressive moment that sets hearts leaping arrived. The referee asked his question "Ready?" in a silence deepened by contrast with the gigantic choruses of mixed college cheers which greeted the report of the starting gun. But the first volume of cheers crystallized into a roar of "Syracuse-cuse-cuse," and the Onondagas clipped out from their inshore position and led at the first 100 yards.

Cornell and Columbia were together less than ten feet behind, while Pennsylvania and the Badgers fell back at once to places that promised that they were likely to be of only little importance.

"They'd better look out where they're going," muttered one rowing sharp, as he glued his glasses on the Syracuse boat. "Why, they're bearing right in on Columbia." And so it was. With as great indifference as if a course had not been allotted to Columbia in the race, the Syracuse bow bore his crew right into their water. Across the stem of the New Yorkers' craft the Onondagas ran their boat, and in their search for better going made the Columbia men falter and ease up. What small chance Columbia had was gone, for they lost a half dozen sturdy strokes and fell way back. At the half mile Columbia was last, a half length behind Wisconsin. Syracuse led by five yards of their shell over Cornell, who had twice as much on the Quakers.

Serenely unheeding, Syracuse kept on and moved across alongside Cornell. But the Ithacans could not be caught as was Columbia. Courtney's lads hit it up a notch, going about 35 to the minute, and drew away from their aggressive rivals. At the mile mark Cornell led by a quarter of a length of open water. Syracuse had half a length on the Pennsylvanians, of whom much was expected. Columbia had crawled up and was fighting on even terms with Wisconsin.

But Syracuse, once freed, was not to be denied. Little by little the Ten Eyck oarsmen came up, and every yard advance cut down Cornell's advantage. This advantage was less than a length a half mile from home, and with a quarter of a mile to go Syracuse was on even terms. Cornell fought hard, but was fairly rowed down. Rapid, jerky strokes, 36 to the minute, carried the Onondagas over the line first by three-quarters of a length. Pennsylvania was third, three lengths back, and a similar distance ahead of Columbia, whose men had the satisfaction of trimming the Wisconsin crew.

"Wow, that's one. Now for three straight," yelled exultant Syracuse. "Don't be in such a hurry!" cried the Cornell men. "You haven't won this race yet." Even as they spoke down fluttered the flags showing the finish from the bridge. At the top was Cornell, with Pennsylvania second and Columbia third and Syracuse fourth.

"What's up?" was the dismayed Syracuse query.

"Disqualified and put behind the crew interfered with," was the reply. But the flags came up suddenly and were let down with the order the same as that in which the crews finished originally. The Syracuse bettors breathed easier, but it was only for a minute. For the third time the flags were shot up and back, and it was indicated that Cornell was placed first, with Syracuse second. Later it came to light that Syracuse was decided on as the winner of the four oar. The final decision of the officials was: Syracuse first, Cornell second, Pennsylvania third, Columbia fourth, Wisconsin fifth.

The time of 10 minutes 15 2-5 seconds made a new record for the course, displacing the figures of 10 minutes 31 1-5 seconds made by Pennsylvania in 1901.

"Two anyhow for us now," cried the Cornellians, as the train pulled back to the two mile mark, to wait for the freshman race. Pennsylvania was the hot tip in this race. The Quaker freshies were known to have beaten their varsity eight time and again in two mile trials and even to have defeated them in a four mile race. The Syracuse "oldsters" were fancied a great deal, mainly because of their age and consequent hardihood and incidentally because it was known that they could row fast.

The way in which Cornell's four had succumbed to the finishing sprint of the Syracuse boat also taught the Ithacans' adherents that their neighbors up the State were to be feared. Cornell's '08 boat, made up of a game, fighting lot of sturdy lads, depending not so much on age and maturity as on splendid style and clear clean grit, were unawed by the past performances of their rivals.

Very deliberately the Ithaca youngsters pulled into line with their three rivals. They were furthest from the west shore, with Columbia, Syracuse and Pennsylvania in that order inside. The referee's boat glided up just behind the Syracuse freshmen, while Mr. Eustis cautioned the oarsmen against a repetition of the performance of the four. Then the pistol cracked, and the second race was on.

True to their supposed strength, the Pennsylvanians lost no time in going to the front. All the boats rowed a terrific stroke, the Quakers' 38 to the minute being only one notch higher than the other three. Cornell and Syracuse were in close attendance, but Columbia was a little behind. The Red and Blue did not last long, however, in its position as pacemaker. As soon as the stinging spurt had died down, Pennsylvania and Syracuse relaxed their stroke, but Cornell and Columbia kept it up. At the half mile the Ithaca freshmen showed in the lead by half a length.

Lapped on the Cornell craft was the pride of the Onondagas, who at that juncture were in difficulties to maintain a five foot vantage over the Quakers. Opposite the Cornell coxswain sat the descendant of a race of fighters, Chris Cox, and he was driving his classmates at a pace that signified that either his boat or the other must soon give up. It was the other that could not stand the strain. Back and forth with a hammering persistency Cox swung, striking 37 to each minute, which brought the race nearer and nearer to an end, with Syracuse reaping the discomfiture.

At a mile it was Cornell by a length. A half mile further on there was a good bit of open water between the shells. In the last quarter of a mile the Syracuse rooters fondly hoped that their freshmen would spurt and win, as their varsity had done. But it was not to be. "Fighting Cox" saw to it that two lengths worth of daylight separated his boat from that of the Ten Eyck contingent when the line was crossed and the winning had been done. Columbia, despite a bad start, had pulled up well and finished third, a length of open water behind Syracuse and twice that much ahead of Pennsylvania.

The make-up of the crews follows:

Varsity Eights.

CORNELL.

Pos.	Name and Class.	Age.	Ht.	Wt.
Bow	W. S. Stowell, '07	21	6 1	174
2	R. C. Barton, '06	24	5 10	174
3	C. E. Boesch, '05	22	6 1	169
4	J. P. Dods, '08	23	5 10	178
5	G. W. Foote, '05	24	6	179
6	H. E. Fernow, '06	22	6 1	184
7	W. F. Lee, '06	20	6	170
Stroke	E. T. Foote, '06	20	6	165
Averages		22	5 11⅞	174⅛
Cox'n	W. G. Taylor, '07	21	5 1	94

SYRACUSE.

Pos.	Name and Class.	Age.	Ht.	Wt.
Bow	A. J. Squires, '06	21	5 11¼	160½
2	J. W. Salisbury, '06	20	5 10½	160
3	W. W. Andrews, '07	24	5 11¼	172
4	R. Anderson, '06	26	5 10¾	158
5	C. B. Dempster, '05	28	6 02	181½
6	A. L. Hale, '07	23	5 11½	163½
7	S. F. Rice, '06	23	6 1¼	176
Stroke	E. N. Packard, Jr., '06	22	5 10	153
Averages		23½	5 11½	166¼
Cox'n	C. E. Miller, Jr., '06	21	5 3	110

GEORGETOWN.

Pos.	Name and Class.	Age.	Ht.	Wt.
Bow	W. R. Rice, '08	20	5 11	164
2	E. H. Backes, '05	22	5 11	150
3	W. H. Graham, '05	22	5 11	155
4	J. M. Stuart, '07	19	5 11	157
5	N. E. Mudd, '06	20	6	163
6	L. V. Canario, '05	21	5 10	160
7	T. E. Neill, '08	24	6 2	190
Stroke	H. W. Barber, '07	22	6	158
Averages		21	5 11	161½
Cox'n	J. N. Shriver, '06	19	5 6	180

COLUMBIA.

Pos.	Name and Class.	Age.	Ht.	Wt.
Bow	R. S. Pierrepont, '05	22	5 8½	158
2	M. L. Cornell, '05	21	6 1	162
3	J. N. Boyle, '06	21	5 11½	171
4	H. B. Post, '06	20	6	164
5	C. E. Whitwell, '05	22	6 2	179
6	J. Miller, '05	20	5 11	170
7	G. S. O'Loughlin, '06	22	5 10½	170
Stroke	A. J. Fraser, '05	22	5 8½	132
Averages		21¼	5 11⅛	163
Cox'n	C. W. Cuthell, '05	21	5 2	120

PENNSYLVANIA.

Pos.	Name and Class.	Age.	Ht.	Wt.
Bow	L. J. Shoemaker, '06	20	5 10½	158½
2	H. E. Roberts, '06	20	6 1½	190
3	S. S. Herman, '05	22	6	165
4	J. A. Brown, '05	20	6 3	171
5	T. F. Gleason, '07	20	6	163
6	E. S. Stevenson, '05	24	6 1½	168
7	J. D. Taylor, '06	23	5 10½	167
Stroke	H. B. Atkin, '07	19	5 8¾	140
Averages		21	6	161
Cox'n	W. H. Lamb, '06	20	5 4	112

WISCONSIN.

Pos.	Name and Class.	Age.	Ht.	Wt.
Bow	B. B. Burling, '06	21	5 9	162
2	P. E. Johnson, '06	20	5 11	164
3	T. E. Van Meter, '06	22	5 10	176
4	B. F. Davis, '07	20	6 2	160
5	D. W. Miller, '07	24	6 1	187
6	G. G. Ryder, '07	27	6	170
7	A. H. Miller, '05	21	6	179
Stroke	R. W. Lea, '07	20	6	162
Averages		21⅞	5 11⅝	173¾
Cox'n	T. L. Burke, '07	23	5	82

Varsity Fours.

SYRACUSE.

Pos.	Name and Class.	Age.	Ht.	Wt.
Bow	A. M. Armstrong, '07	23	5 10¼	152
2	C. E. Cummings, '07	23	5 11	162½
3	D. G. Stone, '07	22	5 10½	160
Stroke	D. A. Davis, '07	22	6 00½	165½
Averages		22½	5 11 1-16	160

CORNELL.

Pos.	Name and Class.	Age.	Ht.	Wt.
Bow	F. D. Hooper, '07	21	6	175
2	C. D. Barnhart, '05	22	6	175
3	M. Acklin, '06	21	6	170
Stroke	C. J. Goodier, '07	21	5 10	172
Averages		21¾	5 11½	173

PENNSYLVANIA.

Pos.	Name and Class.	Age.	Ht.	Wt.
Bow	F. H. Galey, '06	22	5 10	160
2	T. Kelly, '06	21	6 3	180
3	W. B. Watkins, 3d, '07	21	5 11	160
Stroke	F. W. Marshall, '05	23	5 10	160
Averages		21½	5 11½	162½

COLUMBIA.

Pos.	Name and Class.	Age.	Ht.	Wt.
Bow	G. Norris, '07	20	5 8	147
2	E. H. Updike, '06	22	5 11	140
3	A. Mackenzie, '05	21	5 11	167
Stroke	M. D. Ferris, '05	20	6 5	200
Averages		20¾	5 11¾	165¾

WISCONSIN.

Pos.	Name and Class.	Age.	Ht.	Wt.
Bow	G. S. Hine, '07	20	6	158
2	A. C. Boyle, '06	22	5 10	160
3	G. G. Wilder, '08	19	6	163
Stroke	C. S. Reed, '06	21	5 11	152
Averages		20½	5 11¼	158¼

Freshman Eights.

CORNELL.

Pos.	Name.	Age.	Ht.	Wt.
Bow	T. Earle	20	5 11	162
2	A. A. Allen	20	5 11	155
3	G. C. Hansen	21	6	167
4	S. C. Nedham	19	6	165
5	L. W. Gavett	18	6	175
6	J. W. Holt	19	5 10½	163
7	T. W. B. Welsh	19	5 10½	169
Stroke	C. P. Cox	22	5 10½	175
Averages		19⅝	5 11	166⅜
Cox'n	G. D. Ellsworth	19	5 1¾	105

SYRACUSE.

Pos.	Name.	Age.	Ht.	Wt.
Bow	D. T. Corp	22	5 10½	155½
2	C. E. Butz	24	5 7	148½
3	H. J. Shiefer	22	5 9½	146
4	H. S. Duvall	19	5 8	174
5	A. L. Blocher	25	5 11	172½
6	M. S. Whitney	21	5 10¼	156
7	O. B. Heath	23	5 9	158½
Stroke	A. E. Paddock	21	6	177
Averages		22⅛	5 9⅝	161
Cox'n	A. R. Decker	18	5 5¼	125

COLUMBIA.

Pos.	Name.	Age.	Ht.	Wt.
Bow	R. L. White	18	5 11½	146
2	H. Holbert	20	5 11	152
3	P. W. Wilcox	21	6 1	154
4	B. Osterhout	18	5 10	161
5	M. L. White	20	6 1	156
6	G. L. Heinrich	20	5 10½	167
7	G. L. C. Farie	20	5 11¼	146
Stroke	G. M. Mackenzie	18	6	157
Averages		19⅛	5 11 1-8	155¼
Cox'n	W. S. Winslow	18	5 5	106

PENNSYLVANIA.

Pos.	Name.	Age.	Ht.	Wt.
Bow	W. H. Doering	19	5 10½	165
2	H. H. Dodge	19	6 3	160
3	H. C. Dean	20	5 11	170
4	G. L. Scheling	19	6 2	170
5	R. M. Philler	18	6 1½	167
6	D. Shoemaker	18	6 2½	175
7	W. M. Hess	18	5 11½	180
Stroke	H. A. Emig	19	5 11½	165
Average		18½	6	167¾
Cox'n	C. A. Moore	18	5 3	110

SUSPECTED WAITING MAN.

Jeweler Causes Arrest of Woman Who Begged for $3—Man Locked Up, Too.

Herbert Ballou, a jeweler at 499 Fifth avenue, seldom turns down an alms seeker. A neatly dressed little woman went into his place yesterday and told a hard luck story. She said she was Mrs. Dora Scheffler, a widow, living at 76 Richmond terrace, Staten Island. She was badly in need of $3 and had heard of Mr. Ballou's generosity.

The jeweler told Mrs. Scheffler to apply for assistance at the headquarters of St. Bartholomew's Church Guild, which isn't very far from the store. In case she secured no aid there, Mr. Ballou told her to come back and see him. Half an hour later she returned. The jeweler was standing in front of the store and saw her coming. He particularly observed that she was accompanied by a well dressed man, whom she left waiting in a nearby doorway.

Mr. Ballou questioned her concerning the man. Mrs. Scheffler became very nervous and started for the door. Ballou was there ahead of her and called Policeman Gargan of the traffic squad, who was policing the crossing at Forty-second street. While Mr. Ballou held the woman the cop nabbed the man in the doorway. He said he was John Noack, a clerk, living at 800 Garden street, Hoboken. He said he didn't know the woman, but that she had spoken to him on the street.

Gargan took the pair to the Tenderloin police station, where they were locked up on the charge of vagrancy. The Charity Organization Society was notified.

FOUR HURT BY BIG BLAST.

Whole Row of Harlem Houses Bombarded With Fragments of Rock.

Four persons were injured yesterday by a heavy blast in 101st street between Lexington and Third avenues and there was a shower of rocks that sent nearly all the tenants on the block running from their homes in alarm. The injured are: Mrs. Delia Highlands, 194 East 101st street, right shoulder dislocated; Edward Johnson, 5 years old, 188 East 101st street, scalp wounds and bruises; Ella Griffin, 190 East 101st street, scalp wounds and contusions of the body; Nathan Eickhorn, 196 East 101st street, cuts on face and right side.

The blast shook the buildings for two hundred feet. Those who were injured were across the street from it. They were hit by pieces of rock and knocked down. Mrs. Highland was standing on the stoop in front of her home and was almost buried by a shower of small stones. A number of windows in her house were shattered.

Frederick Lamura, the contractor, and his foreman, Vincenzo De Pedro, were arrested and held for examination before Magistrate Mayo in the Harlem court. A Harlem Hospital ambulance surgeon took care of the injured.

Maybe He Has Found Annie Now.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 28.—The leading figure in a case like that of Charlie Ross died yesterday. He was James E. Mooney, who spent a fortune durng the last twenty-three years in a vain search for his little daughter Annie, who disappeared at a picnic at Belmont, near this city. The child was only 4 years old and at first it was thought that she had wandered away from the grounds, but when a careful search showed no trace of the little one it was concluded that she had been kinnaped and was held for ransom. Mooney offered rewards year after year, but in vain.

Distinct character and superior make are proverbial features of the

KNOX HAT

The genius of hatcraft has never evolved anything to equal the featherweight bamboos, superior straw hats and Panamas. All the becoming shapes and braids.

Agencies in all the principal cities in the world.

Keep Bright Brains Clean BY POSTUM FOOD COFFEE in place of ordinary coffee.

Going Away Clothes.

Don't let a lack of the proper sort of clothes mar your jaunt to the country. Here's the proper suit—a worsted or a serge in any of the new grays or blues—as fashioned with our "Concave" shoulder and "Closefitting Collar" in conservative or the new long single and double breasted models.

Every other vacation need — negligee shirts, low shoes, straw hats, scarfs, gauzy underwear, half hose, belts, bathing suits, etc.

WM. VOGEL & SON

Broadway, Houston St.

On a Summer Evening try a lemonade made of

Londonderry LITHIA WATER

A glass of plain Londonderry is sufficient to many because of its own delicious flavor.

JURY FINDS WOOTEN GUILTY.

ARMITAGE MATHEWS IN THE SAME CATEGORY, SAYS JUDGE.

But It Is Not on This Charge That the Secretary of the County Committee Is to Be Tried—Jury Calls $750 Agreement a Genuine Document.

John W. Wooten, who was counsel for David Rothschild while Rothschild was wrecking the Federal Bank, was convicted yesterday before Justice Davy in the Supreme Court, Criminal Branch, of grand larceny in the