on the ball in the thick of several Crimson tacklers. After that it was Coy with a few bull like rushes who tore the Harvard defence to shreds and made another touchdown, from which Capt. Biglow kicked a second goal.

Parker, the big Harvard captain, who finally was laid out so that a substitute was called in, tried to kick three goals from placement, but all were miserable failures. One of them was ineffective because of a poor pass, while the others were blocked because Parker was extremely slow in putting his toe under the leather egg. These three attempts to score may be taken as a good illustration of what Harvard did when a crisis was at hand. Bomar of Yale, on the other hand, tried a goal from placement and probably would have sent the ball over the crossbar had not the strong northwesterly wind veered it off about five yards to one side.

Harvard's supporters were probably 25,000 in number and they never stopped encouraging their men. It was a memorable exhibition of pluck on the part of the rooters as well as the warriors themselves, and when the game was over, with Yale right up against the wall and Harvard hammering away for dear life, nobody could say that the Cambridge eleven, though defeated, had been disgraced.

ELI ALWAYS ON THE ALERT.

Yale's success lay in her ability to take advantage of every little point. The whole team was on the alert from the first sound of the whistle, and while there was some ragged playing by the Blue at times, the perfect drilling that the men had received from the coaches was too evident. Coy and Tad Jones were unable to make such spectacular runs as in the Princeton game because Harvard's forwards were down the field under kicks like so many hawks. In some instances these Yale stars were actually nailed for a loss by the dexterous tackles of Macdonald and Starr.

But in general football, flawless play when the real crisis arrived and concerted action which meant beautiful team work enabled Yale to leave the battlefield the master and champion of the year. The work of the Yale eleven can be summed up in a few words. There were brilliant stars, but each man did his share in bringing the victory to New Haven.

It was a wonderful crowd that saw this stirring game, and so many and dazzling were the plays from beginning to end that not one of the 40,000 spectators who looked on under a canopy of blue and in bracing weather went home dissatisfied with what had occurred. The better team won, but the vanquished earned praise in unstinted quantities when it is considered under what handicaps the Crimson football men have labored in recent years.

SHOWN BY THE FIGURES.

In the first half Yale gained, by rushing, 102 yards to 78 for Harvard. Yale got six first downs while Harvard secured three. Yale made four forward passes which netted 28 yards, while Harvard tried three for 55 yards. Yale made three onside kicks for 55 yards, Harvard two for 30. At running back kicks Harvard gained 50 yards, Yale 33. Yale had penalties for a loss of 20 yards, Harvard three for a loss of 45.

In the second half Yale made seven first downs and gained 82 yards by actual running while Harvard scored four first downs and 80 yards. In forward passes Yale made three for 53 yards, Harvard one for no gain. Yale made two onside kicks to one for the Crimson. In penalties Yale lost 15 yards and Harvard 30. The Blue ran back kicks for a total of 50 yards, against 45 for Harvard.

On these figures it would seem that Yale was not so much the better, but touchdowns and goals, not statistics, win gridiron battles.

There was the best of good fellowship at all times. Not a player was injured seriously, and the work of the officials, particularly Referee Thompson and Umpire Bill Edwards, was excellent.

FROM KICKOFF TO WHISTLE.

Being a Detailed Account of the Big Battle in the Stadium.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Nov. 23.—The stadium was jammed with enthusiastic wearers of the Blue and Crimson, when after a singing and cheering duel between the rival undergraduates the New Haven players, muscular, speedy and grim, trotted out in full view of the vast crowd. They received an ovation from both colleges and as they ran through the signals it was seen that Congdon, who played centre in the Princeton game, was not able to line up. His weak ankle kept him out. Bobby Dumbar, a young man with flaming auburn hair, was at centre, and before the game was under way ten minutes he showed that he was well able to fill Congdon's shoes.

Exactly six minutes after Yale's appearance came the Crimson eleven.

"Here they come, poor fellows!" cried a warm hearted soul who waved a crimson flag as big as a horse blanket. "It's a shame to let them be slaughtered by this Yale crowd."

"But they may not be slaughtered after all," rejoined another Harvard man noted for his loyalty. "You know Harvard always plays better in the Yale game than any other time."

And so the comment went on until Yale won the toss and decided to defend the north goal, with a pretty strong gale blowing diagonally across a gridiron which was a bit soft in spots. Harvard kicked off at 2:07 o'clock with 40,000 spectators breathless. Burr lifted the oval far over the heads of the Yale players. Tad Jones made the catch and came scuttling back like a jackrabbit for fifteen yards before Starr spilled him.

CHEER—COY'S PUNT.

Coy punted out of bounds at Harvard's 27 yard line, the kick being such a good one that the crowd cheered. Harvard's first attack then was made, but Appollonio gained a measly three yards at centre. Newhall got in a beautiful left footed punt that went far over Coy's head. Coy ran after the oval but his hands were covered with butter and the oval slipped away from him. Harvard was simply crazy with delight when Macdonald made a dive for the ball and nailed it on Yale's 20 yard line.

Nobody had looked for any such startling incident so early in the game, and the result was that the Harvard players seemed to become rattled. Appollonio was driven into Paige for two yards, but Wendell, after butting into the bulky Cooney, found that he had not made an inch, so solid was the Yale phalanx.

The ball was on Yale's 18 yard line and it was third down. Capt. Parker had an idea that he could kick a goal from placement from the 30 yard line, so the captain dropped back to that mark and the most careful preparations were made to perfect the play. But with Newhall kneeling to hold the ball in place Grant passed it back in wabbly style so that Newhall was forced to reach for it as it rolled along the turf.

Then with the Yale forwards coming like tigers, Parker kicked too far under the ball with the result that it went almost straight up in the air and when it came down Coy caught on his 7 yard line. This was Harvard's first lost opportunity and the Crimson flags dropped. Only for a moment, however, for the Yale spirit was quickly in evidence and the incident was forgotten.

BRIDES FINDS A HOLE.

Now came a cracking good play by Yale. On a fake kick Brides found a big hole in Harvard's left wing, through which he plunged for thirty-three yards before Wendell made a superb flying tackle. The same play right over Monk twice in succession, enabled Brides to gather eleven more, all through holes in the left side of the Crimson line.

Then followed fierce rushes by Bomar, Coy and Brides which landed the ball on Harvard's 50 yard line. Coy then made a neat onside kick and Alcott, who made a fine catch, was heavily thrown by Starr on Harvard's 23 yard line. Starr was knocked out for a moment but he was up on his toes in a jiffy and the battle continued to rage.

Harvard's defence began to tighten and Coy and Bomar could not gather more than four yards in two attempts; so with the ball on the 19 yard line it was decided to try a goal from placement on the 30 yard mark. Bomar took deliberate aim and Tad Jones held the ball perfectly after he caught the pass. So effective was Yale's protective formation that for a moment after the kick it looked as if the goal would be made, but the gale favored Harvard and the ball veered off just in time to miss the target by about five yards.

Burr punted from his 20 yard mark, and Tad Jones, with increasing speed, had come back almost twenty yards when Rand stopped him short with a hard fall. Coy then tried an onside kick. The drive was just a trifle too far for H. Jones's long reach and as the ball fell to the ground both Rand and Newhall made wild plunges to collar it. The ball rolled out of bounds, and in the mixup H. Jones nailed the leather amid a great demonstration on the Blue side of the field.

MACDONALD'S FINE TACKLE.

This was another sample of Harvard's sloppy work, for Yale now had the ball on the Crimson's 30 yard line. Quick as a cat Coy dashed straight through a hole between Parker and Burr for ten yards, but Yale was guilty of holding and suffered a 15 yard fine.

Tad Jones's forward pass was muffed squarely by Alcott, but the ball went back and Harvard received fifteen yards because the pass was not five yards from the centre. This made the elevens line up exactly in the middle of the gridiron. Coy, the star sprinter, took the ball for what was intended to be hair raising end run. But before he had advanced a single yard in a dash across the field Macdonald made a great flying tackle and down went Coy for a loss.

This fine play by the Harvard right end evoked loud cheers from the Crimson hosts and it was a bit of work that showed the right kind of nerve and sand. Coy then kicked down the field to Wendell. The latter, a brilliant runner, had come back fifteen yards at top speed when for some unknown reason the ball rolled out of his grasp, though not a Yale man was within ten feet of him. Tad Jones with an eagle eye made a headlong dive for the pigskin and got it on Harvard's 50 yard line.

This sudden shift was a delightful thing for the Yale army and when Tad Jones made an accurate forward pass to H. Jones which netted six yards there was more hilarity in the Yale stand. However, Harvard's defence was bracing again, so on the third down Coy punted to Newhall, who dodged Alcott, but could not escape from the iron grip of H. Jones.

WENDELL ON THE TRAIL.

The Crimson men could do nothing in attacking the Blue line, so Newhall punted to Tad Jones. Wendell was down the field like a racehorse and made a tackle on Harvard's 47 yard line that jarred Jones from head to heel. A fake goal from placement was tried by Yale. Tad Jones, after touching the ground with the ball, passed it deftly to Coy, who hurled it over the heads of the struggling forces to Alcott. But in spite of all this action only ten yards were gained.

After Yale had been penalized fifteen yards Coy punted to Wendell, who, full of fight and ginger, made the catch under full headway, and back he came at a great rate to Harvard's 36 yard line, where H. Jones put him away. After both teams had been penalized for repeated offences the Harvard men on their 25 yard line tried an ineffective assault which ended when Burr punted. Tad Jones was on hand to make the usual catch, but before he could get a good grip of the ball Fish grabbed it out of his hands.

Running like a deer, with fine interference which completely shut off Yale's right wing, Wendell now electrified the crowd with a sensational dash of twenty-four yards. He dodged one of the Yale backs, but ran out of bounds at the Blue's 45 yard line. But as Harvard was penalized fifteen yards for holding this achievement was practically nullified. Harvard could not do much with the Yale centre so Newhall kicked and Coy was the victim of Starr's terrific tackle on Yale's 30 yard line.

Right here Macdonald made another superb tackle. On a fake kick Tad Jones started for the Crimson's right end, but Macdonald gave him the hook in such a manner that several yards were lost. With the ball on Yale's 20 yard line it was up to Coy to punt. Newhall made a square muff of this kick. He scrambled after the ball with H. Jones at his elbow, and when both juggled it Alcott came to Yale's rescue and nipped the leather on Harvard's 40 yard line.

WENDELL AGAIN TO THE FORE.

Another rattling run of twenty yards behind good interference around Yale's left end made Wendell's stock soar to the skies. A double pass availed nothing because Yale's rush line broke up the play with quickness and despatch. Newhall punted to Coy, who made a fair catch just as Starr tackled him fiercely. Coy's headwork produced a 15 yard penalty against Harvard, but there was no attempt to attack the Cambridge line. Coy on the next play kicked in beautiful style to Newhall, who was knocked flat on his 30 yard mark.

After several weak attempts to cut through Yale's powerful defence Burr finally kicked to Coy, who made a fair catch on Yale's 45 yard line. This was the beginning of an attack that made the Crimson line crumble from end to end, for when Bomar, Brides and Coy had gathered nearly fifteen yards in quick, relentless smashes, Tad Jones tried a well placed onside kick. The ball sailed through the air as if in a groove and H. Jones did not have to move out of his tracks to collar the oval when it descended. Newhall, however, threw the Yale end on Harvard's 20 yard line, where it looked as if the Blue eleven would surely score within the next minute or two.

Bomar was hurt and Philbin, a dashing player, was called in. It was a timely shift. The first rush Philbin made was good for ten yards straight through a hole between Parker and Burr. But for a hard tackle by the alert Wendell, Philbin probably would have scored then and there. Philbin found Grant a stone wall in his next try, in which there was such a mix up that Parker, the Harvard captain, was knocked clear out.

AND THEN A TOUCHDOWN.

Play was resumed in two minutes with Yale grim and determined. Coy smashed his way up to the 2 yard line, where the Cambridge men put up a remarkable defence. Another terrific plunge by Coy, pushed by the other Yale gladiators, worked the ball to within a foot of the goal line. Harvard did not quit even then, but in spite of all that the Crimson battlers could do in the way of checking the next onslaught Coy was jammed over for a touchdown.

In an instant 15,000 Yale followers leaped up with a forest of blue flags. The Yale band played and the Yale chorus sang, but when Biglow kicked the goal by a narrow margin there was another outburst which beggars description. The score was, Yale, 6; Harvard, 0.

Still the Harvard rooters were filled with hope. The eleven had done so well that the enthusiasm in the Crimson crowd was wonderful. Burr at the kickoff drove the ball clear over the goal line, but Tad Jones after fumbling it ran it back, Starr toppling him on Yale's 8 yard line. Coy kicked out of bounds at Yale's 35 yard line.

Here was a royal chance for Harvard, and without delay Wendell made a long forward pass. Three Harvard men got their hands on the ball, but could not hold it, Starr finally making a lucky fall on the leather on Yale's 20 yard line. Could Harvard score? Thousands with crimson flags believed this feat was possible, but instead of rushing the ball or attempting another forward pass Capt. Parker concluded that a goal trial from placement was the proper caper. The attempt was made on Yale's 35 yard line, but Parker was so slow in making his kick that Biglow was there in time to block the ball.

YALE BLOCKS KICK AGAIN.

In a wild scramble MacDonald recovered the leather, whereupon Parker again saw what he thought was a chance to score. It was another attempted goal from placement on the 30 yard line, but as in the previous attempt the kick was blocked, this time by Goebel. Newhall, however, was so fast on his feet that he seized the ball for Harvard, who were then on the 30 yard line.

Here was one more chance for Harvard. A forward pass was made by Newhall, but he threw the ball about ten yards too far. Tad Jones snatched it, in dodged both of the Harvard ends and rushed back in brilliant style for twenty yards. A swift run by Coy for twenty more around Harvard's right end landed the ball on the Crimson's 25 yard line, when time for the first half ended.

THE SECOND HALF.

After the usual rest of ten minutes, in which the crowd had a merry time, the teams came back simultaneously. Capt. Parker was not in the lineup. His place was filled by Hoar. It was Yale's turn to kick off, and Biglow sent a booming drive to Burr, who was dropped heavily on his 15 yard mark. But a Yale man was off side, so the ball had to be kicked over, the Blue suffering a five yard penalty. This time Biglow's drive resulted in the tackling of Newhall by Dunbar on Harvard's 20 yard line. Apollonio made a couple of yards through Cooney

In an instant there came an electrical run by Wendell that set the Harvard crowd of 25,000 half crazy with joy. With a wall of intereferers Wendell came around Yale's left wing running like a greyhound. Not a Yale grappler could get a finger on him, but his run was cut short as he went out of bounds after making twenty-five yards.

Newhall then tried an onside kick, but Macdonald missed the ball, and Tad Jones, who caught, was dragged down by Fish on Yale's 13 yard mark. A well executed double pass, which completely fooled the enemy, enabled Philbin to run sixteen yards before Starr dropped him. Ten yards were added by Brides and Philbin on fake plays which seemed to have the Harvard men in the air. Paige was all in at this point and Foster was sent in to play left tackle for Yale.

Suddenly shifting the plan of action, Coy punted and Brides nailed Newhall on Harvard's 30 yard line. No sooner had Wendell made a run around Alcott for eight yards than Harvard was penalized fifteen yards for holding, which was followed by a punt by Newhall to Tad Jones. Starr was right there with the ball and was in the act of tackling Jones when the latter passed the ball to Coy, who was upset in midfield by Burr.

Sharp rushes by Brides and Philbin for about fifteen yards were followed by an onside kick by Tad Jones. But Rand gathered in the ball for Harvard on his 30 yard line, which cut Yale's attack short for the time being. The Harvard backs could not dent the Yale lines at all, so Newhall made an onside kick.

A HARVARD CRISIS.

Here was a Harvard crisis. As the ball sailed too far away for the Crimson forwards to get it Coy made a stab for it, missed it and then juggled it as he tried to pick it up. Macdonald, Starr and Burr were all within reach of Coy, and all of them were soon in a frenzied scramble for the pigskin.

H. Jones dashed up just then, made a daring headlong dive along the ground and gathered the much abused leather to his heart with an affectionate embrace.

If that was not hard luck for Harvard it was bad football, and groans were heard from many Harvard throats, the unhappiness being intensified when oh a double pass, Philbin to Coy, the latter skirted Starr's end for twelve yards. Coy probably would have been running yet but for a deadly tackle by Wendell, who was all over the field at this period.

Slam-bang into the centre of the Harvard line went Philbin for six yards. With a rip and smash Coy bowled through Burr for four more, while Philbin also hit the same place for five. Then came a forward pass by Tad Jones, but his arm was too strong, for the ball sailed over Alcott's head and rolled out of bounds. Two Harvard men with butter fingers made pathetic grabs for the ball as it rolled over the side lines, but Alcott was there with real grappling tools, so that when the teams lined up again it was Yale's ball on Harvard's 35 yard line.

NO MERCY IN YALE'S ONSLAUGHT.

There was no mercy in Yale's onslaught now. Harvard was on the run it seemed, and the Blue champions were hammering away for all they were worth. Brides, Philbin and Coy cleaved their way to Harvard's 23 yard line, where Tad Jones made a forward pass to Brides. This time Brides had slippery fingers and the ball fell to the ground on the 15 yard line directly in front of the Harvard goal posts.

Where was Harvard? Here was still another opportunity to stem the tide; but not a Crimson player was within reach, consequently it was an easy matter for Brides to recover the ball.

"Stop them, Harvard!" cried thousands of men and women who saw the Crimson's predicament.

"Tear 'em up, Yale! Touchdown! Touchdown!" roared the Yale hosts. And while both sides roared and rooted and the stadium was a mass of blue and crimson flags the young men battled to the last ditch. Yard by yard Harvard was beaten back, first by the dogged Brides then by the snappy Philbin and afterward by the powerful Coy. Harvard's heroes fought as if grim death was at hand. It was a merciless struggle until Coy landed the ball three yards from the goal line.

The Yale men held a confab and then came back with another mighty onslaught. Harvard met it with great courage and with all the physique that was at the command of the men in crimson. As the young giants came together with a crash a heap of arms and legs swayed back and forth, then there was another superhuman effort by Coy and the ball was found to be about three inches from the goal line. This gameness by Harvard was one of the features of the battle and while the resistance was hopeless it was a memorable event.

THE SECOND TOUCHDOWN.

Another grinding rush with Coy at the apex and the formation swept Harvard off the earth for the moment and Yale had another touchdown. Biglow kicked another goal, making the score 12 to 0.

In describing the scene that followed it is merely necessary to say that the Yale crowd had a corner on all the noise in the world, while the Harvard sympathizers joined in the demonstration, to let their kickers know their friends had not deserted them.

The Harvard men had not lost heart by any means. On the contrary, they were resolved to fight on to the last minute with the hope that they might be able to escape a whitewash. Rand, Harvard's plucky halfback, now came off the field bleeding from the nose and mouth and Lockwood was substituted.

It was Harvard's kickoff and Burr's drive, a fine one, was collared by Tad Jones, who got back to his 25 yard line before Grant put him down. All this business, however, went for nothing, as a Harvard man had been off side and the ball had to be kicked over, the Crimson suffering a five yard penalty.

Before the ball could be brought back a woman who had fainted was carried along the side lines at the foot of the Yale section by two policemen, who sent her away in an ambulance. Tad Jones's breeches had been ripped in a scrimmage, and there was a further delay while a handy man with needle and thread sewed up the break. Then came the new kickoff, and this time Burr's drive settled in Biglow's grasp, the Yale leader being downed by Fish on Yale's 30 yard line.

HARVARD STOPS THE ADVANCE.

After Brides and Philbin had made eleven yards through the tackles Harvard held and Coy kicked on a third down. Biglow was down the field under this drive like a flash and nailed little Newhall in his tracks on Harvard's 28 yard line. A revolving play was tried by the Crimson and Apollonio got four yards. An onside kick by Wendell was grabbed by Alcott on Harvard's 50 yard line, whereupon Yale got busy with a fresh assault.

A forward pass by Coy was so long that three Yale men just grazed the ball with their uplifted hands, and Dunbar finally made a splendid catch and was thrown on Harvard's 20 yard mark. Brides made but two yards on a plunge through the left wing, so Tad Jones executed a long forward pass that unluckily had too much momentum. Wendell was on the alert for it and had a chance to do something sensational, but, sad to relate, he muffed the ball. Grant, however, saved it for Harvard on the 28 yard line.

So quickly did the Yale forwards break through that Lockwood fumbled a pass, but Newhall earned a cheer by recovering the ball. Then the little Harvard quarterback kicked to Tad Jones, who was so firm on his feet that it took the combined strength of Fish and three other Harvard men to bring him to grass on Yale's 42 yard line. Coy lost no time in punting back to Newhall, who dodged Alcott, Biglow and H. Jones, and then scooted back to his 45 yard mark, where Dunbar made a terrific tackle.

CRIMSON WAKES UP.

With unexpected strength Harvard began an attack here that awoke the crowd all over the arena. Lockwood banged into Biglow for five yards. Apolonio cut through Dunbar for eight after which Wendell gathered in six more. The New Haven men put a stop to this good playing by a sudden brace.

Newhall's punt was caught by Tad Jones on Yale's 15 yard line. Starr was used up and Brown was substituted for him. Starr's eye was troubling him and he could scarcely see. Coy kicked to Wendell, who fell in the clutches of Alcott on Yale's 48 yard line. Wendell got around Alcott's end the next moment for three yards, when play was stopped to allow Inches to take Fish's place. Then came a great plunge that netted twelve yards for Apollonio. This advanced the ball to Yale's 35 yard line.

WENDELL'S GREAT DASH.

With a rapid shift the Harvard interference was formed and Yale's entire left wing was boxed. Wendell had the ball under his arms and was running so fast one could not count the strides. As Wendell swept on it looked as if he would score a touchdown. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five yards he covered with the speed of a racehorse. When he reached Yale's 5 yard line he was forced out of bounds. He had carried the ball thirty yards.

There was about a minute left to play, and Harvard lined up quickly. The Yale coaches had their heads with them, for in order to bolster up the Blue's defence they took the tired Coy, Brides and Tad Jones out, substituting Wylie, Beebe and Dines respectively.

It was a desperate moment for Yale and when Wendell battered into the centre of the struggling mass he got the ball to the one yard line. Like a shell from a 12 inch gun Apollonio was fired into the maelstrom. There was a terrific smash and both teams were piled up like a mountain. They dug Apollonio out of it at last and the ball was just three little inches from the goal line.

LAST CHANCE GONE.

It was Yale's ball on downs and Harvard's last chance had gone. Wylie tried to run the ball out on the next play but he dropped it. There was a bitter fight, but again Yale had the alacrity and kept the ball. Then time was up and the crowd swarmed on the field, where the frantic Yale men, headed by their band, did the usual serpentine march and dance, stopping before the Harvard section to give a generous cheer for the Crimson.

THE LINEUP AND SUMMARY.

Yale.	Position.	Harvard.
H. Jones	Left end	Starr
Paige	Left tackle	Burr
Cooney	Left guard	Parker
Dunbar	Centre	Grant
Goebel	Right guard	Peirce
Biglow	Right tackle	Fish
Alcott	Right end	Macdonald
T. Jones	Quarterback	Newhall
Brides	Left halfback	Wendell
Bomar	Right halfback	Rand
Coy	Fullback	Apollonio

Score—Yale, 12; Harvard, 0. Touchdowns—Coy (2). Goals from Touchdown—Biglow (2). Substitutes—Yale, Foster for Paige, Dines for T. Jones, Beebe for Brides, Philbin for Bomar, Wheaton for Philbin, Wiley for Coy; Harvard, Brown for Starr, Hoar for Parker, Inches for Fish, Lockwood for Rand. Referee—Thompson, Georgetown. Umpire—Edwards, Princeton. Field judge—Hackett, West Point. Linesman—W. S. Langford, Trinity. Time of the halves—35 minutes. Attendance—40,000.

LABOR ATTACK ON TAFT.

A. F. of L. Refers the Matter to Gompers —All the Officers Reelected.

NORFOLK, Va., Nov. 23.—A resolution came up to-day at the convention of the American Federation of Labor expressing "the profound conviction of the convention that a great political party could not more wantonly affront and outrage the organized toilers of the country than by nominating William H. Taft for the Presidency" and also declaring the Secretary to have been the chief backer of the Federal Judges who promulgated "government by injunction, that great crime against the human and civil rights of the American workingmen."

The resolution was not adopted by the convention, because the committee on resolutions did not think the matter one proper for the convention to handle, but it did recommend that it be referred to President Gompers, who will dispose of the matter for the federation and himself in the columns of the *American Federationist*, the official organ of the Federation of Labor.

The convention formally adopted to-day the resolution providing for the taxing of every member of organized labor under the jurisdiction of the federation one cent a month to finance the fight against the open shop in Los Angeles.

Samuel Gompers, president, and all other officers of the federation were reelected without opposition for another year. Victor L. Berger, Socialist, of Milwaukee seconded the nomination of Gompers.

James Creamer of Richmond and Andrew Turnseth of San Francisco were elected fraternal delegates from the federation to the British Trades Alliance. Hugh Trayle of Milwaukee was elected delegate to Canada.

AUTO THROWN UPSIDE DOWN.

Axle Breaks and Car Swerves and Hits a Pole—Three Persons Hurt.

ROSLYN, L. I., Nov. 23.—William N. Nichols, Jr., and his wife of 361 Clinton avenue, Brooklyn, narrowly escaped death on the Guinea road, near the Bull's Head turn, this morning, when their machine turned over with them.

With their chauffeur they were on their way to the Country Club at Glen Cove when the accident occurred. The machine was going at a lively clip when it struck a hole. The rear axle broke and before the chauffeur could stop the machine it crashed against a telegraph pole on the side of the road and turned clear over, throwing the three occupants into the road. Mrs. Nichols apparently was severely injured and she was placed in another automobile and hurried to the Nassau County Hospital at Mineola, where it was found that although badly cut and bruised she would recover. Mr. Nichols was but slightly hurt.

The chauffeur was cut about the face and hands, but not seriously enough to cause him to go to the hospital.

3 COPS GET 3 BURGLARS.

Catch Them Packing Up Stuff in a Jersey City Grocery Store.

Policeman Mike Dundon of the First precinct, Jersey City, surprised three burglars at work early yesterday morning packing up cigars and merchandise in William J. Cussen's wholesale grocery store at 412 Grand street. The cop blew his call whistle and a negro lookout ran away.

Policemen Tim Murphy and Joe Martin hurried to the store from adjoining posts and the three officers with pistols drawn caught the three burglars. The prisoners described themselves as Peter McDonald, Edward Cumesty and William Bowden. All are teamsters. They were held in $1,000 bail for the Grand Jury in the First Criminal Court.

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MARRIED.

McCABE—PIERCY.—On Saturday evening, November 23, 1907, at the residence of the bride's father, 304 West 89th st., by the Rev. David James Burrell, Harriet Virginia Piercy, daughter of Zachary Taylor Piercy, to Dr. John McCabe.

DIED.

DAY.—Suddenly, at Daytona, Fla., on Thursday, November 21, George Herbert Day, in his 57th year.
Funeral services on Monday, November 25, at 2 P. M., at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Hartford, Conn.

DENSLOW.—At her residence, 6 East 29th st., on 22d day of November, 1907, Marie C. C. Denslow, daughter of the late Henry L. Clarke, Esq.
Funeral at the Church of the Transfiguration, Monday, November 25, at 10 A. M.

DOREMUS.—On November 22, at the Hotel Majestic, Henry P., beloved husband of Alice Still Doremus, in the 63d year of his age.
Funeral services at St. Andrew's Methodist Episcopal Church, 122 West 76th st., Monday evening, 7:30. Relatives and friends kindly attend without further notice. Interment convenience of family. Passaic Daily News and Asbury Park Daily Press please copy.

GEISSENHAINER.—On Thursday, November 21, at Freehold, N. J., Susan Havemeyer, wife of Jacob A. Geissenhainer and daughter of the late Charles and Anna M. Burkhalter.
Funeral from her late residence, 231 West 14th st., on Monday, November 25, at 11 A. M. Interment private.

IVES.—On November 23, Susan Farnum Ives, wife of H. Davis Ives.

KLEMANN.—At the Wilmot, on November 21, Charles L. Klemann.
Funeral from the Church of the Transfiguration, 29th st. near 5th av., on Sunday, at 1 P. M. Interment at Greenwood.

ROBINSON.—On Friday, November 22, Cyrilius L. Robinson, aged 75 years.
Funeral services Monday evening, November 25, at 8 o'clock, at his late residence, 28 West 33d st., Bayonne, N. J. Interment at Woodlawn, N. Y., Tuesday.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, Stuyvesant Square. The Rev. Hugh Birckhead, rector. Sunday Evening, Nov. 24, at 8 o'clock, Spohr's oratorio "The Last Judgment." Miss Anna Roth, Miss Myra Armstrong, Mr. H. T. Burleigh, Mr. John Price and chorus of eighty voices assisted by Mr. Royal Fisk, tenor, Homer Norris, choirmaster and organist, Raymond Nold, assistant organist.