GRIDIRON BATTLE RESULTS IN TIE

VINCENTIANS AND UNIVERSITY UNABLE TO SCORE

University Player Is Ordered Off the Field for Slugging an Opposing Player—Holmes Plays His First Team

By Edward L. Moriarty

The riot which Coach Holmes of the University of Southern California had expressed himself as anticipating in yesterday's game between the St. Vincent eleven and the U. S. C. team, materialized to a certain extent and resulted in the removal of Nicholson, the University right end, for slugging Cunningham of the St. Vincent eleven five minutes after the kick off. Umpire Traeger observed Nicholson in the act of administering no gentle face massage and the player was ordered off the gridiron.

The teams struggle to a 0 to 0 score and the St. Vincent men tossed away what apparently should have been a victory by a continual wrangling among the players as to the best manner of advancing the ball.

Time and again during the second half they rushed the ball within striking distance of the U. S. C. goal line, only to enter into a heated discussion as to what play should be attempted. Time was fleeting and the tired line men of the University team rested during the intermission to come back fresh for the fray.

Coach Homes for some reason or other experienced a sudden change of mind as regarded placing a second eleven on the field and the 'varsity team went out to battle against the Vincentians.

The game terminated with the best of feeling manifested on either side after a grilling contest in which both elevens seemed wrought to a nervous tension over the rumors of intended foul tactics.

Over anxious to an extreme, the men of either team were constantly off side, though the officials for the most part overlooked the errors. Severe penalties were meted out to the St. Vincent men for using their hands when running interference, and, coming after the longest dashes of the day, lost the Saints yards of hard earned territory.

Mainly a line plunging exhibition, players of either team in several instances found their way past the opposing ends for a swing to the side lines, where they went down under the fiercest tackling witnessed this year.

Determined not to give way without a struggle to the last, both teams fought for all that was in them, and every inch of ground was bitterly contested before the whistle sounded at the end.

First Half

The first half waxed evenly, but in the second half St. Vincent had the U. S. C. men on the defensive till the close. The right wing of the University was the most pregnable spot in the line, and the greatest gains of the S. V. C. men were netted by plunges in that direction. The U. S. C. men also made their best gains through the forwards, though they were unable to menace the St. Vincent goal.

End runs were not to the fore and when the out-riggers were circled too great a distance across field had been covered for a warranting of much gain.

In the early part of the game the 'varsity men got away with their plays in faster style and ran the St. Vincents an even race for what advantage existed, but in the latter portion were content to wage a desperate defense near their own goal line.

Wilhoit outpunted Cass and his foot work aided the Saints in threatening the varsity goal. The closest approach to a touchdown came in the last half, when, with the ball nine and a half yards from the U. S. C. line, St. Vincent's failed to make the yard needed for the third down and the ball went over. A few moments before the leather had gone to U. S. C. on the 14-yard line, after the St. Vincent men had wasted considerable time in disputing the play to be made.

The university team was unable to do much with the St. Vincent line in the way of advancement, but at critical moments, with the ball in the shadow of their goal posts, held and punted out of danger.

Ochoa, whose defensive work has been the mainstay of the university team, called off the field before the end of the second half, for the pace was swift and the fullback had thrown himself into every play.

Wilhoit and Stuart of the St. Vincent team played the strongest kind of ball throughout the game, repeatedly breaking up the opposing formations for losses.

Stuart was opposed to one of the heftiest rushes in the south and more than held his own in yesterday's game. Wilhoit's punting netted the St. Vincent men an average of forty yards a punt, which, followed by the Vincentian line-gaining ability, kept the ball in university territory during the major portion of the game.

Elliott of U. S. C., with Campbell and Grindle of St. Vincent's, were down the field in fast style under the kicks and run backs of either team, as a rule, netted very little ground.

The prettiest play of the day came off in the last half, when M. McDonald, who had taken Seeley's place at quarter, received Cass' punt while coming in fast from where he had been playing back, evading the university tacklers for twelve yards.

Jack White and Hiagler, the varsity backs, did most of the ground gaining for U. S. C., Haigler running outside the St. Vincent tackles for the greatest U. S. C. gains.

Andreas, Acker and Cunningham found the university line open to attack and made successive marches toward the goal line, only to lose the ball when a touchdown seemed imminent.

Seeley, who entered the game at quarter, outplayed himself and was forced from the contest before the call of time.

But one place kick was attempted during the game, and that by Grindle of the St. Vincent eleven, near the close of the last half. The ball went to the left of the goal posts and fell in the one-yard line, from where the university men punted out of danger.

The field was in poor condition as a result of the recent rains, and there was little opportunity for fast work, the men losing their feet as they ploughed through the heavy soil.

St. Vincents won the toss and defended the west goal. At 2:45 Best kicked thirty yards to Seeley, who tried for a fair catch on the twenty-yard line.

U. S. C. was penalized fifteen yards for interfering with the catch and Wilhoit twice plunged through the right wing of the university line for the distance.

Acker made one in the same place and Wilhoit made three more. Cunningham failed at circling the U. S. C. left end and S. V. C. was penalized fifteen yards for holding.

Wilhoit punted forty yards out of bounds to the twenty-five-yard line. Haigler went through the left wing for four yards. Cass was unable to gain and punted twenty yards to Seeley, who held for a fair catch.

Andreas was thrown back as he tried for center and Acker got around the U. S. C. right end for five yards. Seeley circled the same end for a pretty run of thirty yards and was downed by Best as he ran out of bounds.

The gain went for naught, as the referee brought the ball back and penalized the Saints fifteen yards for holding. Mounier failed to gain and Wilhoit punted forty yards to Best, who fell under Andrea's tackle.

Haigler fumbled, but Best regained the ball and made one yard. Ochoa gained one more and Cass was forced to kick, Seeley being tackled in his tracks.

Acker went over center for three and Wilhoit punted forty-five yards, the ball rolling over the goal line.

Cass kicked from the twenty-five-yard line to Andreas, the ball coming back for ten yards.

Acker and Wilhoit netted St. Vincent seventeen yards in three plunges through the U. S. C. right wing.

McDonald, the Saints' right tackle, was forced to leave the field with an injured shoulder and Phelps took his place.

Cunningham found the weak spot again for four more. Wilhoit's fumble gave the ball to U. S. C. men on their thirty yard line and Jack White gained four through the S. V. C. left wing.

Ochoa went over center for five more, Haigler was thrown back by Phelps and fumbled, regaining the ball. U. S. C. forced the ball down the field and when held for downs punted to Campbell on the twenty-yard line. The game ended on the forty yard line with the ball in U. S. C.'s possession.

Second Half

Andreas kicked to Cass on the fifteen yard line and the leather was brought back five yards. Ochoa made one and Cass punted fifteen yards out of bounds.

S. V. C. fumbled but U. S. C. was again forced to kick, the ball going twenty yards, Seeley being downed in his tracks.

St. Vincent tried a double pass, which resulted in a fifteen yard penalty, as Acker was ahead of the ball when receiving. The gain was fifteen yards, but the penalty carried the ball ten yards behind the starting place.

Seeley failed to gain on a quarter back run and Andreas punted thirty-five yards to White. Ochoa made five. At this juncture Seeley left the field and M. McDonald was substituted.

U. S. C. lost on downs. On the thirty-five yard line Cass punted to McDonald, who received the ball on the run, bringing it in twelve yards in fast style.

On the thirty yard line Grindle tried for a place kick and the effort went wide. U. S. C. punted from the one yard line. St. Vincent brought the ball back to the ten yard line and on the third down Andreas failed to make the distance. In the approach to the ten yard line, time was lost in deciding what play should be used and the delay favored the U. S. C. line men.

Haigler, White and Burek forced the ball to the twenty-five yard line as time was called.

The line-up:

U. S. C.		S. V. C.
Elliott	l. e. r.	Grindle
Chritton	l. t. r.	Phillips
Bockman	l. g. r.	McDonald
C. Haigler	c.	Stuart
Lane	r. g. l.	Mounier
Cass	r. t. l.	Wilhoit
Nicholson	r. e. l.	Campbell
Best	q. b.	Seeley McDonald
White	l. h. r.	Acker
Charles Haigler	r. h. l.	Cunningham
Ochoa, Burek	f. b.	Andreas

Hamilton, referee; Traeger, umpire; Hagerman, head linesman; Bickford and Dyas, linesmen; Hamilton and Peck, time keepers; time of halves, twenty-five minutes.

WAS STOOD ON HIS HEAD

Then the Man in the Box Had to Cry Out for Help and Was Caught

Special to The Herald.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Dec. 2.—Ben Brumley a convict from St. Louis, was working in the shipping department of a shoe factory today and was ordered to fix up a lot of kindling to be sent to the home of the manufacturer. He put a partition in a shoe box. On one side he put the kindling, and on the other he prepared a place for himself.

Brumley packed himself in the box and was put in a wagon with a consignment of stuff for outside the walls. After the wagon had got on the outside it was found necessary to change the boxes around, and the box in which Brumley was secreted was placed in such a way that he was stood on his head and had to cry out for help. He was taken out of the box and placed in his cell.

"CORPSE" ABLE TO TALK

Supposed Dead Man Knocks Coroner Out of the Wagon and Calls Him a Liar

Special to The Herald.

STILLWATER, O., Dec. 2.—The body of a man, supposedly dead, was found in a field along the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad tracks today. Coroner Kline and a party went out to investigate. They lifted the man into a wagon and started for Stillwater. Farmers came from all around. One of them asked: "Is he dead?"

"Quite dead," answered the coroner, who was sitting on the tailboard of the wagon. The next instant he was sprawling on the ground.

"You're a liar!" shoulted the "corpse," who had knocked the coroner off the wagon. The crowd made a rush for him, but he escaped. In his wake he left a well-defined odor, which explained all.

A Woman Oil Operator

Mrs. Mae Ora Hood Russell of Bloomington, Ill., is the only woman oil operator in Kentucky and perhaps in the United States. Since the discovery of oil there have been but one or two women who ventured into the business on a large scale, and so far as is known this young woman of some 28 years is the only one to make a success of the business and today she is rated as among the largest operators in the country.

HERALD TEAM'S RECORD

The Herald Y. M. C. A. membership team made a record for itself yesterday in securing new members. It now has 309 points to its credit. Capt. Oscar B. Smith is actively engaged in the campaign for members. He is being ably assisted by the members of the team, who are among the most prominent young men of the association. Capt. Smith feels confident that his men will win, and his enthusiasm wins many members for the association.

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ARMY AND NAVY PLAY TIE GAME

CONTEST ENDED BECAUSE OF DARKNESS

President and Mrs. Roosevelt and Many Other Distinguished Personages Witness Exciting Gridiron Struggle

By Associated Press.

PRINCETON, N. J., Dec. 2.—While the army-navy football game today was probably one of the most exciting ever played between the two institutions, it was simply a sideshow to the social football event of the season.

Twenty-five thousand persons witnessed the game. From all sections of the United States came spectators who ordinarily would not travel a score of miles to see a football contest. All this was doubtless brought about by the fact that President Roosevelt was to be present.

Seated in the east and west stands were the genuine football enthusiasts. Every play made by their respective teams was eagerly watched. There were uproarious cheers for the quick dashing runs and sighs for the attempts which failed. But the dashing runs were few.

Once Torney got away for a pretty run of thirty-six yards which brought the army supporters to their feet and Decker, on one occasion, electrified the navy rooters by almost getting away from the army eleven.

Only the slippery condition of the field prevented Decker from doing some remarkable work. He frequently got beyond the line, but as he turned to circle the end, the treacherous turf played an important part for the army and Decker was pounced upon before he could get a foothold.

Wind Aids in Score

Near the close of the first half the army got the ball on the navy's thirty-five yard line on an exchange of kicks. Howard, who kicked brilliantly for Annapolis, sent a spiral high in the air.

The easterly wind carried the ball back toward the navy goal, so that in distance it had not traveled more than five yards.

From this point the West Pointers carried the ball over for a touchdown, Weeks, Smith, Hill, Christie and Torney carrying the ball.

A West Point player was responsible for the tie game. On an exchange of kicks within ten minutes of the close of the game, the navy had the ball near midfield.

Howard sent a beautiful punt back of the West Point goal. As the navy eleven started down the field an army man was detected by Umpire Wrenn holding one of the navy.

As a penalty the ball was brought back and given to the navy on the army's thirty-yard line. In a last desperate effort, the Annapolis boys placed the ball on West Point's fifteen yard line.

They lost it, but the army was forced to kick again. The navy got the ball on the army's 40-yard line and carried it back twenty yards. Here they kicked and Johnson fumbled. An Annapolis boy was on the pigskin in a flash.

Substitutes Sent In

At this point Douglas was sent in at left halfback and Smith at full back for Annapolis. The change had a bracing effect on the navy eleven.

With renewed fierceness and a determination that would not be denied, they carried the ball over for a touchdown. Norton, who had replaced Decker, kicked the goal. It was so dark that only the players and the referee could see where the ball had gone between the posts. When the Annapolis boys were assured that the score had been tied, their enthusiasm was unbounded.

They threw their caps, flags and anything that they could grasp that was movable into the air. They did not cease their jubilation until the result of the conference between captains, referee and umpire announced the conclusion of the game.

The game had been called four minutes before time was up, a most unusual occurrence, but the fast gathering darkness made this necessary.

During the excitement incidental to the navy's touchdown, the president, who had kept his eyes riveted on the game from the beginning, left his seat in the army stand, accompanied by President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton, secret service men, Secretary Loeb and a half dozen policemen, and walked briskly from the grounds.

President Gratified

The president was apparently gratified with the hearty reception. From the time he entered the grounds at the southwest corner of Osborne field until he reached the box in the navy's section the cheering was continuous and he received a similar greeting as he crossed to the east stand.

President Roosevelt's day in Princeton was a very enjoyable one. From the moment he stepped from his train until he departed for the capital he was cheered by the football spectators.

The president's train arrived at the little Princeton station at 12:22 p. m. and was greeted by 2000 persons who had assembled on the edge of the campus.

The president and Mrs. Roosevelt were welcomed by President Woodrow Wilson, and after the greetings the party entered carriages and started for the home of Dr. Wilson.

Four mounted guards surrounded the carriage in which were the president and Mrs. Roosevelt, Secretary Root and Dr. Wilson. In the carriages following were Mr. and Mrs. Cowles and Secretary Loeb. The party remained at President Wilson's home until 2 p. m.

Secretary Taft, Assistant Secretary Newberry, Theodore Roosevelt, jr., Miss Ethel Roosevelt and other members of the party on the president's special had luncheon on the train.

After the president left the football field, he entered the club house of the Princeton Athletic association, where he remained about twenty minutes.

It was 3:27 o'clock when the president's party boarded the special train, but owing to the heavy travel the special did not leave here until 6:15.

Among those who saw the game were Mrs. Grover Cleveland, J. P. Morgan and former Secretary of the Navy Paul Morton. Mrs. Cleveland occupied a seat in the president's box on the navy side of the field. Mr. Cleveland did not attend the game.

The line-up follows:

WEST POINT.		ANNAPOLIS.
Rockwell	l. e.	Howard
Erwin	l. t.	Pierson, Northcroft
Weeks, Morse	l. g.	O'Brien
Abrahams	c.	Causey, Reese
Christie	r. g.	Shaffroth
Mettles	r. t.	Grady
Gillespie	r. e.	Woodworth
Johnson	q. b.	Decker, Norton
Smith	l. h. b.	Spencer, Douglass
Hill	r. h. b.	Doherty
Torney, Watkins	f. b.	Ghormley, Smith

Touchdowns—Torney, Douglass.
Goals from touchdowns—Weeks, Norton.
Referee—W. Righton, Harvard.
Umpire—Wrenn, Harvard.
Linesman—Roper, Princeton.
Time of halves—35 and 31 minutes.

LIFE AS IT IS LIVED IN AMERICA'S METROPOLIS

Father Knickerbocker's Big Realty Holdings—A Trip Along Petticoat Lane—Condemned Gambling Room—High Living

Special to The Herald.

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—The city of New York is paying a pretty penny for the downtown property which it simply must have for its public buildings. One plot alone of less than half an acre cost $5,000,000—the price paid for the great Central park site about 70 years ago. Yet, in the matter of buying real estate for public purposes, the early doges of New York seem to have been far-sighted. When Father Knickerbocker first began investing in park property on the Island of Manhattan in the early part of the last century he probably had no idea that before another hundred years rolled over his head his holdings in that particular kind of realty would make him a richer old man than any of the Astors, or all the Astors together, in fact. As an instance of his unconscious foresight his fine exhibit as a real estate speculator is shown in Central Park, which, with the adjoining Manhattan square, he bought in 1839 for $5,000,000. When he made this purchase and proposed walling the property in for the purposes of a breathing place and pleasure ground for his sons and daughters for all time the idea was ridiculed by many of the townsfolk, who looked upon what is now Fifty-ninth street as a distant country or, at least, a rural district too remote to be of any immediate concern to New Yorkers.

In Petticoat Lane

All the beautiful women in New York seem to take their exercise in Fifth avenue; no other street can show so many in such smart attire and of such obvious breeding at any time of day. Gowned in the richest of silks and velvets, they lean back luxuriously in their handsomely appointed victorias; wrapped in costly furs and swathed in veils they dash by in their swiftgoing motors; in the smartest of tailored suits, with every hair of their heads brushed and waved to perfection, they parade on the sidewalks with a smart looking Boston terrier or a fluffy Pomeranian on a string. They are all alert, busy and intent on something, whether it be attendance at a charity meeting or an appointment at the dressmaker's.

Now and then comes a group of girls, safely chaperoned, from some school. They swing along in twos, full of delight at all that is going on and not missing anything. In contrast to them are the little errand girls with whom Fifth avenue habitues are familiar. They climb in and out of the stages or trudge along carrying big boxes from the dressmakers' to the homes of wealthy patrons. There is not much joy in their faces, and little wonder, for they know that their burdens contain more money represented in a dress than they can earn by a year of hard work.

Passing of Big Suds Parlor

At the Manhattan end of Brooklyn bridge there is a saloon which averages a sale of 90 barrels of beer a day. It is probably the greatest suds parlor in the world. The yearly profits are $75,000. These facts are stated preliminary to the more important one that the saloon is soon to vanish. The city needs the room for an extension of the terminal facilities. Probably no other saloon in New York does so big a business as Andy Horn's. It is really a hotel, but not one customer in a thousand guesses that. In hot, dry weather it is no uncommon thing for 3000 thirsty souls to cross its threshold during the day—parched and anxious going in, moist and joyous going out. On a mild, sunshiny, mellow day, like today, with just a hint of autumn coolness in the air, not more than 75 barrels of beer are sold; but on a scorching day in August more than 100 barrels float across the bar in schooners, schoppens, seidels, steins, shells, stangels and prominentes. Lashins of whisky, too, are consumed on the premises every day. And at least four cases of champagne are sold every 24 hours. The total draught of moist joy sold at Andy Horn's every day is enough to float a steam yacht of six tons' displacement.

Women Paid for Ideas

The old superstition that women do not possess the inventive faculty has been pretty well exploded. It is true that all kitchen utensils have been invented by men, yet in the field of business, and particularly the advertising business, women are doing the best work today in New York. It was a woman who invented "Jim Dumps" and "Spotless Town." Another woman has recently devised a calendar, at the top of which she placed a large painted pansy. By a little sliding arrangement the pansy pulled down reveals a packet of court plaster. Under the court plaster was the legend, "I'll stick to you when others cut you." Below was a space for an advertisement. She took this model to a brewing company. They bought it and paid her $100 for the idea. Since then she has not worked any more for $6 a week.

The Noise Evil

All the laws against noises in New York city sem to operate against the poor hucksters, but none is in working order against big corporations and contracting companies. Should a peddler appear in one's backyard and begin bawling, "Put up yer clo' lines. Put up yer clo' lines," he would be disturbing the peace of the neighborhood in a way which should cost him a $10 fine. On a proper complaint the police could arrest him. Such soliciting of business by clothes-line hangers is expressly forbidden. The exact letter of the ordinance reads: "The peddler of clothes lines shall abstain and refrain from all shouting and crying out of his wares and occupation in the backyards of residences." He may advertise himself in the street during peddling hours, or from 8 a. m. to 9 p. m., as much as he pleases, but he has no right to yell into rear windows. No account is taken of the outrages of the elevated and surface car lines. Since the electrical equipment was put in on the elevated roads and the heavy motors in the surface cars there is no living along Third or Sixth avenues. Rents have fallen and merchants find it impossible to keep female help. The noise is intolerable. Yet no police interference has been rported.

Long Hours for Bankers

Bank officers of New York have a long day stretching far beyond the hour when the bank doors are closed. Many banks are not actually deserted until after 5 o'clock, and most bank employes report for duty soon after 8:30 in the morning. The luncheon hour for bank officers is notably short, and in some banks the whole body of employes, from president down, take luncheon on the premises. The chief officers are apt to take the opportunity of this gathering to discuss details of business, for the heads and the subordinates take luncheon in different parts of the building.

Condensed Gambling Room

In these modern days of condensed living in collapsible flats, with compressed parlors, accordion bedrooms, invisible dining rooms and self-rising kitchens, a collapsible poolroom should be nothing odd. The New York gambler is nothing if not up to date. The latest fire escape, the newest steel door, the most modern alarm for this. Hence the "folding gambling den." The police of the Mercer street station raided a place suspected of being a gambling house. They found no trace of the usual implements of the game, and were about to depart when the captain paused and propounded this conundrum: "What has four legs and feathers like a chicken?" Then all the eyes turned upon a folding bed. This was quickly let down. In the bed, instead of bedclothes, were a roulette wheel and a sweatboard sleeping peacefully, while a faro box and 2000 chips had been hastily spanked and put to bed. An inoffensive looking, little, upholstered tabourette, with fancy scroll work and jeweled sides, was found to contain an electrical key to control the game. It was a "brace."

Chinese in New York

Chinamen in New York are constantly broadening the field of their activities. Already many of them are employed as household servants and valets and a few days ago one of them opened up an American tailor shop. Not a few have gone into the stationery and tobacco business in a small way. The first Chinese tailor to open an atelier in New York is Yum-Chuun, originally of Fu-Chau and latterly of San Francisco. "I like not that Pacific so much as that Atlantic," he said confidentially to the oriental traveler who met him in Chinatown the other day. "They no like Chinamen in Cala, no matter if he high or low caste. I meet one rich Joss man, him bishop you call, and he say come along New York with me; you no like this place. So I come by me by."

High Living Indeed

The quietest place in the whole world at night is Wall street. Many of the big financial magnates have found this out and they have fitted up sleeping apartments on the top floors of the big skyscrapers. A whisper may be heard a block in this quarter after nightfall, and at midnight there is no spot on the western plains half so lonely and deserted. Roof restaurants in the financial district are becoming popular for the same reason. There is an air of quiet about these places 200 feet above the street level which attracts the man who has been in the hum of the street all morning. There will be a downtown Waldorf or St. Regis one of these days, and it will have no sleeping rooms below the tenth floor. About the only noise heard in Wall street after 6 o'clock is the distant toot of whistles in the harbor, and on foggy nights the dreary drone of the ferryboat horns.

Tests for Policemen

An almost devilish ingenuity is exhibited by the men who make tests among roundsmen and patrolmen for promotion. One of the most diabolical schemes to disqualify fat and pudgy policemen is called the "peanut test." The competitors for promotion are obliged to run past a small peanut stand and grab a handful in their flight. The man who shows the largest number of peanuts gets the highest mark. At a recent test climbing a rope hand over hand was one of the stunts. Another extremely interesting feature was called "cheese it, the sarge." All the men took part in this and the results were very close. The men worked in relays here. Fifty roundsmen were placed in comfortable positions about the room, most of them reclining and feigning sleep. A trolley car going at one end of the room was suddenly rung announcing the coming of a sergeant. The winner of this contest had strapped on his belt, placed his helmet on his head and begun his patrol in four seconds; the loser did the same thing in six, which gives a fair idea of the closeness of the contest and the skill of the men taking part in it.

Old Blind Billy Gone

William Fitzpatrick died at 333 Broome street yesterday. He was one of the Bowery's famous characters. He was known as "Old Blind Billy," and as far as the memory of the Bowery's oldest habitue goes back he has been peddling handkerchiefs there.

Billy was one of the few survivors of a fire in a Salvation Army lodging house on the Bowery some fifteen years ago, and many times was he called upon to tell the story in various barrooms. He was always able to furnish additional details, and at last the conflagration, according to Billy, far surpassed the great Chicago fire.

He was taken sick some time ago, and although he had an inherent distrust of doctors he was finally forced to go to Gouverneur hospital for treatment. The hospital surgeons found his lungs all but gone and discharged him as incurable. A week ago he had to give up the struggle and took to his bed, where he was found yesterday dead.

Policeman Frank Flanders, who has patrolled Billy's post for many years and helped him across the streets many times, reported his death.

Pajamas Are Georgeous

The old, dull, blue pajamas, which looked like Labor day suits, have gone out of style, and these days the haberdashers are offering strange and wonderful colors and designs. The inevitable joke about their being so loud as to wake a man up is sprung every day, yet they are selling like red-hots in season at Coney Island. Brilliant red bedroom slippers and blinding bath robes go along with the new fad.

A King's Letter

King Edward's letter to Lilly Langtry sold for $25 today at an auction in East Twentieth street. It is a simple royal screed and runs as follows: "Saturday. Dear Mrs. Langtry: Should you be sitting to Mr. Pennington at 1 tomorrow I should be delighted to come and see the picture. Will you kindly let me have a line by bearer if that day and hour would suit you? From yours very sincerely. A. E."—Gothamite.

SQUAW DROPS PAPOOSE

Infant Slips Into Lake and Drowns Before Its Mother Misses It

Special to The Herald

WALKER, Minn., Dec. 2.—As one of the results of the distribution of annuity checks among the Indians last week, most of the proceeds of which was spent for liquor, a four-months-old Indian baby was drowned in Leech lake in a peculiar manner.

The mother had the papoose swung on her back, and was crossing the lake in a rowboat on her way to the agency when the child slipped down and disappeared in the lake, never to be seen again. Such was the mother's condition that she did not notice that the child was not on her back for some time and was not able to locate it.

The body has not yet been recovered. This is the first accident of any kind traceable to the annual payment.

BEAR TREES THE DOCTOR

Pennsylvania Physician Has a Lively Time Trying to Rout a Chicken Thief

Special to The Herald.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., Dec. 2.—Dr. Thomas O'Reilly of Damascus, Pa., told today of an exciting adventure he had on Sunday evening. Hearing a commotion in his hennery he took his shotgun and went out to investigate.

Dr. O'Reilly found a bear "with the goods on," and fired as the bear started for him. The bear stopped to lick the wound, then charged again. The doctor just had time to shin up a tree, but the animal stood guard at the bottom. The treed man yelled for help and soon neighbors arrived, when the bear ran into the woods. He had killed a pig and several chickens.

2 PITCHFORKS FOR 1 BULL

Desperate Animal Overpowers Farm Hand, When Employer Comes to Rescue

Special to The Herald

OXFORD, Pa., Dec. 2.—For ten minutes Harry Chapman battled with a mad bull which attacked him while he was at work in the barnyard of Walter Reburn, near here. Twice he was knocked down by the charging animal. He was rescued by Mr. Reburn, who drove a pitchfork prong deep into the frenzied animal's nose.

Chapman had been in the barn making up beds for the stock. As he stepped into the yard the bull charged him. He received the charge with his fork, catching the bull on the shoulder. The force of the rush knocked him down, and the bull tried to gore and trample him to death. He managed to get up, only to be knocked down again.

Mr. Reburn ran to his assistance and ended the desperate struggle. Chapman was pretty badly frightened, as well as bruised and batterd.

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