

Curlers Are Getting Busy

AMUSEMENT FOR HARVARD

Crimson Supporters Told to Look for Good Time at Yale Game - Getting in Final Practice.

New Haven, Conn., Nov. 17.—The details of the practice were given out on the return of the Harvard team to Farmington. At the start the backfield caught punts kicked by Alcott, left guard, Potter, sub-quarterback; Patton, end; Corbett, left halfback, and Wigglesworth, quarterback. The punting was followed by drop kicking for goals from various angles by Wigglesworth, Potter, Lewis and O'Flaherty after which kicking from placement was tried by Fisher, Capt. Withington, Wigglesworth and Lewis. The latter practice was kept up for half an hour.

The kicking was followed by a half hour's signal practice, the signals being run through by the varsity, first substitutes and third eleven. There was no scrimmage. The varsity backfield for Harvard was made up of Wigglesworth, quarterback; Corbett, left halfback; Wendell, right halfback and H. C. Leslie, fullback.

The men are in excellent physical condition all the slightly injured having fully recovered. Ted Frothingham, who was detained in Cambridge by a slight illness, reported at the Inn to-night and will take part in the signal practice tomorrow. In the morning the squad will go for a walk over the hills surrounding the town and in the afternoon will hold the last signal practice of the season. The uniforms of the team were sent direct to New Haven from Cambridge and all the men have with them are their shoes and sweaters.

NIGHT OWLS ECLIPSED IN Y.M.C.A. LEAGUE

On the Y.M.C.A. alleys last night there was a game between the Night Owls and a team called the Eclipse, with the result that the Eclipse were victorious by a score of 1174 to 1167. The following is the score and players:

Table with 2 columns: Player Name and Score. Includes names like Smith, Maulechlan, Tuttle, Burham, Jackson.

RECORDS IN INTER-SOCIETY BROKEN BY H.T.

In the intersociety league on the St. Peter's alleys, last evening, the Holy Trinity quintette showed the way to the pin pickers representing St. John the Baptist, when they won out by three points to one. St. John the Baptist won the first string by a margin of four pins, but after that the Holy Trinity bowlers took a brace and landed the next two strings and the total. In the second string Holy Trinity broke the single string record for the alleys. The detailed score follows:

Table with 2 columns: Player Name and Score. Includes names like Doherty, O'Brien, Poohy, Nugent, Riley, Hennessy, Murphy, McGuigan, Ward, Littlejohn.

SPAUDLING FOBS PRESENTED.

Last night in the F.M.A. rooms the members of the baseball team were each presented with one of the Spaulding champion watch fobs. These players and the members of the St. Peter's are the champion fob holders this year.

NICKEL--"Western Farming" In Edison's Canadian Drama "An Unselfish Love". "ISRAEL IN EGYPT" "A COWBOY'S MOTHER" "COWBOYS AGAINST INDIANS" "ORCHESTRA A Great Bill For Saturday ALSO--Don't forget to fill out This Prize "TRI-LET" GIRLS SHOULD BE (Fill Out.)

Aviator's Life One of Thrilling and Constant Death Dodging

Continued from page 1. New York, Nov. 17.—Ralph Johnstone, was an altitude flyer pure and simple. He had been busy five months in the business and never competed in cross country events, speed dashes or distance flights. But he was full blooded, stoutly knit, frayed his head in good stead in resisting the cold of the upper air, and the instinctive poise of the trick bicycle rider helped him in high winds. He was full of zeal and pride, and his daily rivalries with his team mate, Arch Hoxsey, in their contest for the recent international aviation meet at Belmont Park.

"How high do you think you went?" the crowd asked him one night, when he settled on the field after sunset, numb and shivering. "I don't know," he answered, "but if I didn't go higher than that Hoxsey, I'll never trust a barograph again." It happened that Johnstone was defeated on that occasion, but by dint of daily striving he got a little higher each time until on the last day of the meet he brought back the world's record, 9,714 feet, which he carried with him in death. He had already taken the American record from Walter Brookings of the Wright team, and when F. Armstrong Drexel went him a little better he came back again with still another American record. Nothing remained for him then but the world's record, and in the end he got that too.

Money and Fame. The feat brought him \$5,000 in cash and more fame than anything else he ever did, but it was not really his most remarkable piece of almsmanship. In one flight at Belmont Park—the day he defeated Drexel—he and Hoxsey both went in a gale so stiff that for a time they hung above the field immobile in latitude, though they were steadily gaining in altitude, and then began to drift backwards. They were blown off the course out of sight and Johnstone landed fifty miles down Long Island, but it was characteristic of his pluck that he kept on climbing until his last drop of gasoline was exhausted.

"I guess," said Wilbur Wright, at the time, "that's the first cross-country flight ever made tail-end foremost." Maj. Samuel Reber, of the United States Signal Corps, added that nothing in aviation had gone so far to prove the worth of the aeroplane in stiff weather. He estimated the strength of the wind Johnstone then fought at 45 miles an hour and upwards.

Johnstone liked applause, but he seldom tried tricks to gain it. When it came to beam ends and pinonets Hoxsey and Brookings could always have their own way. Johnstone had only one thriller. Beginning with a gradual deflection he would dip more and more steeply until his descent became the swoop of a stooping hawk. "He's falling," the crowd would cry, just before he straightened. But today he did fall.

By Ralph Johnstone. At Belmont Park when darkness came on and caught me high in the air, I was as near getting a bad smash as I have ever had. Up where I was flying there was a regular sunset glow while folks down below were in the dark. I didn't figure on this and kept right on flying. When I tried to come down it kept getting darker and darker and I couldn't make out where I was at. There were lights all over the place, but I couldn't make out which was Belmont. Finally I caught the glare of a bonfire they had lighted outside the Wright camp and I started to plane down.

By Charles K. Hamilton. My most perilous experience came not in an aeroplane, but in a glider invented by Israel Ludlow, who a few years later was crippled for life by a fall from a similar contrivance. I was employed by Ludlow to test out his gliders and the first trial was made on the North river, New York. The glider was hitched by a long rope to a tug. The idea was that the tug would tow the glider through the air and that as it ascended it was a gusty wild day and the glider swung terribly. I signalled the men on the tug to let out more rope and suddenly the rope broke, the glider turning over and over and finally flopping down into the icy cold water. In my fall I almost hit a beam on the end of the wharf.

By Walter Brookings. Aside from my fall at Belmont, my most thrilling experience was at Atlantic City last year when I reached the altitude of 5675 feet and then found myself without a drop of gasoline.

I had started out to smash the altitude record and I knew I was higher than I had ever been before. The cold bothered me quite a little. The crowds of people were just a blur, and the ocean was just a bowlful of blue water. Suddenly my motor began skipping.



Top row from left to right—Hampton, De Lesseps and the late Ralph Johnstone. Second row—LeBlanc, Brookings and Herbert Latham.

ROLL OF THE AIR

The fascinating death lure of the air has crushed the life from 27 sky-men in two years, not including several deaths among spectators and the suicide of one disappointed inventor. With machines and flights daily becoming more plentiful, the toll increases rapidly. Here it is:

- Sept. 17, 1908—Lieut. Thomas A. Selfridge killed at Ft. Myer, Va., while flying with Orville Wright. Latter recovered.
Sept. 17, 1909—Enea Rossi, Rome; machine of his own invention collapsed.
Sept. 22, 1909—Capt. Louis Perrier, Bourdeaux, France; wing of motor struck the ground and threw him out on his head.
Dec. 5, 1909—Antonio Fernandez, Nice, France; motor exploded, fell 1,000 feet.
Jan. 4, 1910—Leon DeGronche, Bourdeaux, France; wing of motor struck the ground and threw him out on his head.
April 2, 1910—Hubert Latham, San Sebastian, Spain; fell on harbor rocks when machine turned turtle.
May 2, 1910—Chauvette Michelin, Lyons, France; lost control of monoplane and struck a pylon.
June 2, 1910—Mons. Zogly, Budapest; machine collapsed 800 feet up.
June 12, 1910—Eugene Speyer, San Francisco; fell from a glider towed by automobile.
July 18, 1910—Herr Robt. Stettin, Germany; aeroplane collapsed 300 feet up.
July 2, 1910—Charles Wachter, Rheims, France; Antoinette monoplane fell from great height.
July 2, 1910—Al. Popoff, aviation instructor Russian army, killed when Wright machine fell at Catiche, Russia.
July 12, 1910—Charles S. Ruffell fell 100 feet in modified Wright machine at Bournefield, England; aeroplane wet by rain, dried out brittle and collapsed.
July 15, 1910—Charles Kinet, Brussels; hurt by fall, died three days later.
Aug. 2, 1910—Nicholas Kinet, Brussels; fell 600 feet; died three days later; brother of Daniel Kinet killed three weeks before.
Aug. 29, 1910—Lieut. Vivaldi of Italian army fell 1,000 feet on flight to Rome; gasoline gave out.
Aug. 29, 1910—Mansdyk, near Arnhem, motor stopped.
Sept. 25, 1910—Herr Ploemann, Muhlhausen, Germany; fell 100 feet; died next day.
Sept. 25, 1910—George Chavez, after flying over Alps from Brigas to Milan, rising at times 2,000 feet, fell 20 feet; died five days later.
Oct. 7, 1910—Capt. Macleloch of Russian army lost control 2,000 feet up; fell broken bones in every limb.
Oct. 25, 1910—Capt. Madot, French army, killed while flying near Magdeburg.
Oct. 26, 1910—Lieut. Membe, German army, killed while fighting near Magdeburg.
Oct. 28, 1910—Fernand Blanchard, killed when machine fell short distance, after flying from Lyons to Paris.
Oct. 27, 1910—Lieut. Sagliette, French army, killed while gliding to ground at Geneside.
Nov. 16, 1910—Ralph Johnstone, killed in sensational dip, Denver, California.

First two cylinders stopped sparking. I thought the spark plugs were missing, but suddenly a thought froze my blood. I had forgotten to fill my gasoline tank before we started. I was trapped in midair with a helpless motor. Then the engine stopped altogether. I began to vibrate down in long circles. I took great dives that made my hair stand on end, but I knew that I would have to keep cool if I came out alive. I seemed to me I was shooting down at a rate of 95 miles an hour. All at once the long million-dollar pier loomed in front of me. If my machine wouldn't rise and clear it I was a goner. I set my rising planes, and the gallant little Wright roadster rose and cleared the obstruction like a hare taking a hurdle and I landed safely on the sandy beach.

By Hubert Latham. My second attempt to cross the English channel in a Blériot furnished the biggest thrill of my life. I started in the morning from Calais cliff, followed by a torpedo boat. The sea was smooth and gray. On and on I drove, when suddenly, to my horror, my engine began missing fire. I knew I would have to come down. There was no help for it, and down I plunged into the sea. As I struck the cold water I felt myself wondering if I was due for the bottom. But the aeroplane righted itself and floated perfectly. I clambered as far out of the waves as I could and resolved to take "things" coolly. My aeroplane might sink at any moment, or I might be swept out to sea. The torpedo boat was not in sight.

By Alfred Le Blanc. My most thrilling experience in the air came at Belmont Park, when I got my bad fall. My 100 horsepower Blériot is almost unmanageable without its full power. Suddenly, high in the air, my gasoline pipe jarred loose from the motor, and I was absolutely bereft of power, a plaything for the high wind. I sat tight through a few terrible seconds, realizing that I had to fall, but hoping that I might fall on some soft turf. Then a gust for the high wind I sat tight through a few terrible seconds, realizing that I had to fall, but hoping that I might fall on some soft turf. Then a gust for the high wind I sat tight through a few terrible seconds, realizing that I had to fall, but hoping that I might fall on some soft turf.

THISTLE CLUB CHOOSE THEIR COMMITTEES. There was a general meeting of the Thistle curling club in the club rooms last night with the president, Ald. J. A. Lively, in the chair. The following were chosen as the managing committee: J. W. Holly, George Warwick, Frank Brady, Joseph Cameron. The match committee appointed were D. McCallan, A. D. Malcolm, George S. Bishop, R. S. Orchard and J. A. Sinclair.

ROVERS WIN FROM GULLS AT Y. M. C. A. In the Y. M. C. A. Gym last evening the first game was played in the business boys basketball league when the Ravens defeated the Gulls by a score of 19 to 7. The teams lined up as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Team Name and Player Name. Ravens: Myles, Kerr, Dalzell, Wood, Myles, Maguire. Gulls: McKell, Lobb, Klrk, Guards, Thome, Folkins, McNeil, Wood, Myles, McKell, Maguire.

YANAGANS AND I. C. R. VICTORS

Smashing Defeats Administered to Pirates and T. S. Simms' Teams in Black's Leagues Last Evening.

There were two games on Black's alleys last night. In the Commercial League the I. C. R. team won four points from the T. S. Simms Co. team by a total score of 1228 to 1140. In the City League the Yanagans won four points from the Pirates with a total score of 1281 to 1179. The following is the score and the players:

Table with 2 columns: League Name, Team Name, and Score. Commercial League: I. C. R. (1228) vs T. S. Simms and Co. (1140). City League: Yanagans (1281) vs Pirates (1179).

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