

YALE WINS

FINAL NIGHT

The

Evening

World.

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BOMB IN TOMBS COURT PART OF CONSPIRACY BY ANARCHIST GROUP

Crowd Saved From Explosion by Brave Policeman O'Connor, Who Pulls Out Blazing Fuse and Carries Bomb to Street.

CAN LOADED WITH POWDER AND THIRTY CARTRIDGES.

A bomb fashioned of an oil can stuffed with two pounds of black and smokeless powder and thirty cartridges, ranging in calibre from .32 to .44 and with a burning fuse attached, was found to-day under a bench in the Centre Street Police Court in the Criminal Courts Building. Magistrate John Logan Campbell, who has sentenced many active Anarchists to jail, had reached the court only a few minutes in advance of the discovery of the bomb.

Three days ago an attempt was made by bomb throwers to kill County Judge Louis Gibbs of the Bronx. To-day's attempt was undoubtedly aimed at Magistrate Campbell. Direct attacks on the courts and Judges form a new element in the crusade of violence preached by the Anarchists and I. W. W. leaders of this community. And to-day's outrage was unparalleled for audacity and risk on the part of the conspirators.

Patrolman George O'Connor of the Mulberry street station, who was waiting to arraign a prisoner, saw smoke ascending from under a bench on the right-hand side of the court-room in the fourth row from the rail surrounding the Magistrate's inclosure and the third rail from the rear. He made a dive for the source of the smoke and picked up a parcel wrapped in newspaper.

The free end of a fuse was sizzling and spitting and some of the sparks had dropped on the newspaper, setting it on fire. With great presence of mind O'Connor tore the fuse from the bomb. He did not know what he had in his hands, but he knew it was something that carried danger. With no thought as to his own safety he clasped the bomb to his breast and raced from the court-room, followed by other policemen, who had noticed his action.

The police court is on the first floor of the Criminal Courts Building, occupying a room in the southeast corner. O'Connor sped out into the rotunda, dashed through the great doors and down the long flight of steps into Centre street. Not until he reached the edge of the curb, clear of the courthouse property, did he let go of the bomb.

He was not gentle in ridding himself of his burden. It landed on the northbound trolley tracks in front of a Madison avenue car and rolled across the street to the opposite curb line, where it lay in the gutter.

O'CONNOR AGAIN DISTINGUISHES HIMSELF.

O'Conn. was followed to the street by scores of persons who had been lounging in the rotunda and by a dozen policemen from the police court and other parts of the building. The policemen conferred among themselves and decided to take no chances with the bomb, which was in the gutter on the east side of Centre street midway between Franklin and White streets.

Lines were formed at these two crossroad thoroughfares. No pedestrian or vehicle was allowed to enter the block. When the embargo had been in effect five minutes and the block was clear a little old Italian woman stepped out of a store just across the sidewalk from the bomb.

A hundred voices shouted a warning. The old woman became confused and edged toward the gutter, finally coming to a stop so close to the bomb she could have touched it.

Patrolman O'Connor, who had established himself on guard duty at White street, again showed himself a policeman possessed of initiative. He was afraid the bomb might go off and kill the old woman. So he made a sprint halfway down the block, picked her up in his arms and, without hesitating a moment, carried her to Franklin street, where he put her down. She was frightened half to death and scurried away toward Mulberry street.

In the mean time the tenants in the buildings along the east side of Centre street between White and Franklin streets were in an agitated state of mind. They could see the bomb down in the gutter and they didn't know what moment it might explode and blow them off the map.

In this emergency it was Claude Luckner, a clerk in the office of former Sheriff Tom Foley, who displayed initiative. Luckner appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of water and approaching the bomb with haste and resolution he couched it thoroughly. Refilling the bucket he appeared

PRESIDENT, HERE FOR REST, PLAYS ALL DAY ON LINKS

Crowds at Pennsylvania Terminal Fail to Recognize Him as He Passes.

AT PIPING ROCK CLUB.

Day So Fine He Gives Up Plan to Rest Quietly at Col. House's.

President Wilson's visit to New York to-day was just one surprise after another, and happily each one of them was pleasant. First was the fact that when he walked across the great main hall of the Pennsylvania Railroad station at Thirty-third street he was not recognized by one among all the thousands hurrying in the opposite direction to take trains for Princeton.

The midnight train from Washington, on which the President and his party travelled in his favorite car, Ideal, arrived at 5.58 A. M., two minutes ahead of time. The President ate an abundant breakfast, and it was not until 7.35 A. M. that he was ready to leave the train. Then he came up in one of the elevators, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Margaret Wilson; by Dr. Cary Grayson, the White House physician, and by Secret Service Agents Sloan and Callahan, who were joined by three more agents from the New York office.

At the Thirty-third street exit Col. E. M. House, the President's host for the week-end, greeted them. The party entered motor cars to go to No. 118 East Fifty-third street, where Colonel and Mrs. House have taken an apartment. The programme was that the President should remain right there until Sunday night, enjoying the complete quiet and rest which the Grayson had prescribed. But right here another surprise occurred.

"Glorious day, isn't it!" the President exclaimed as the cars rolled up Fifth avenue.

"Yes; a perfect day for golf," replied Dr. Grayson.

"Well, I know a member of the Piping Rock Country Club at Locust Valley, Long Island," said Col. House, "and I have some bags of golf clubs at home."

"Fine!" said the President, his eyes dancing. "What a day we'll have!" So the two cars stopped for a few moments in front of Col. House's home. A man took the baggage into the house. In a jiffy he reappeared with two bags of golf clubs.

The party arrived at Piping Rock at 9 o'clock, and fifteen minutes later the match was under way. Miss Wilson had remained in town with Mrs. House and Col. House did not care to play. Gordon Auchincloss was his friend in the club, and Mr. Auchincloss played in a threesome with the President and Dr. Grayson.

Frank Boyd, a youngster in knickerbockers, noted for never having "lost" a ball, has the honor of carrying clubs for the President.

On the home nine holes Mr. Auchincloss struck his true gait, while the President had a great deal of trouble with a stance putter. The ball simply would not go into the cup. Therefore he was six down to Mr. Auchincloss at the finish, though he had the satisfaction of beating Dr. Grayson two down.

TURKS CLAIM TO HAVE DEFEATED A WHOLE RUSSIAN ARMY CORPS.

BERLIN, Nov. 14 (By Wireless to Saville).—An official Turkish communication received here and given out to the press describes the final defeat of a Russian force consisting of an entire army corps, on the Caucasus border. This engagement occurred Nov. 12. The Turkish report says that the forces of the enemy were so shattered that they were unable to offer any further resistance.

Bomb Picked Up in the Tombs Court, Policeman Who Found It and Magistrate Presiding



FRANK LOSES PLEA FOR A NEW TRIAL IN PHAGAN MURDER

ATLANTA, Nov. 14.—The State Supreme Court to-day refused a new trial to Leo M. Frank, convicted here Aug. 25, 1913, for the murder of Mary Phagan.

Frank's motion for a rehearing was based on the ground that his constitutional rights had been violated by reason of his absence from the courtroom when the jury returned its verdict.

Following announcement of the ruling, Frank's attorneys declared an appeal would be taken to the United States Supreme Court.

FOOTBALL RESULTS.

At Cambridge—First period, Harvard, 0; Brown, 0. Second period, Harvard, 0; Brown, 0. Third period—Harvard, 0; Brown, 0. At Philadelphia—First period, U. of P., 0; Dartmouth, 0. Second period—University of Pennsylvania, 0; Dartmouth, 14. At Annapolis—First period, Navy, 3; Colby, 7. Second period—Navy, 7; Colby, 14. At West Point—First period, West Point, 0; Maine, 0.

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DREADNOUGHT AUDACIOUS SENT TO BOTTOM BY GERMANS; 800 SAVED BY THE OLYMPIC

Great British Battleship Blew Up After She Had Been Hit by a Mine or Torpedoed Off Irish Coast.

Rumors of disaster to the British superdreadnought Audacious, which have persisted ever since the White Star liner Olympic, diverted from her course, arrived at Lough Swilly on Oct. 29, are confirmed in mail advices received by the Associated Press from a point in Ireland.

After a career of less than two years, the Audacious, of the King George V. class—third in tonnage and armament of His Majesty's warships—lies at the bottom of the ocean off the north coast of Ireland. She was hit by a torpedo or disabled by a mine just before 9 o'clock on the morning of Oct. 27.

With the possible exception of one or two men the whole crew of 800 officers and men was rescued by small boats from the Olympic.

The rescue was made in a rough sea through brilliant and daring seamanship on the part of the White Star crew.

The battleship's cry for assistance was caught by the wireless operator of the Olympic, which was only about ten miles distant. The steamer rushed forward at full speed while her crew made ready for their work.

Volunteers were called for and double the number necessary to man the lifeboats responded. The crippled battleship was reached a few minutes after 9 o'clock, and before noon all but 100 of her men had been transferred.

ONE ENGINE PUT OUT OF COMMISSION.

By this time the battleship had a scalded list at the stern where, just below the water line, she had received her wound. Two of her engines were unharmed, but the one aft was put out of commission.

After taking off all the officers and crew who would leave their ship, Capt. Haddock of the Olympic turned his attention to an attempt to save the warship. A cable was fastened to her, but it snapped as it tightened. The bulkheads began to give way and it was soon apparent that it would be impossible to tow the ship or keep her afloat.

The cruiser Liverpool and several other warships which had come up stood by. Later in the afternoon it was decided to abandon the Audacious and the officers and men who had remained aboard her reluctantly left her. The flotilla of rescue ships continued to stand by until 9 o'clock that evening, when a terrific explosion occurred on board and the Audacious plunged stern first and in a moment disappeared.

The explosion is supposed to have been caused by shells set loose by the listing of the battleship. A bit of armor plate, torn from

LE GORE YALE'S HERO IN THE EARLY SCORING AGAINST PRINCETON

Eli's Full Back, Aided by Ainsworth and Brann, Put Through Trick Plays for Two Touchdowns in First Half.

SCORE BY QUARTERS

	1st Qr.	2d Qr.	3d Qr.	4th Qr.	Total
Princeton	0	0	0	14	14
Yale	6	7	6	0	19

HOW THE TEAMS LINED UP.

Princeton.	Position.	Yale.
Higley	Left End	Brann
McLean	Left Tackle	Talbot
Shank	Left Guard	Conroy
Gannett	Center	White
Trumbull and Boland	Right Guard	Walters
Balla	Right Tackle	Balla
Brown and Hill	Right End	McLean
Ames	Quarterback	White
Tibbott and Bakerman	Left Halfback	Knowles and Swift
Glick	Right Halfback	Ainsworth
Driggs	Fullback	Le Gore

Official Referee—Nathan Tuffa. Umpire—Carl Marshall. Harvard. Field Judge—G. N. Bankart. Dartmouth. Head Lineman—Fred Burleigh. Exciter.

BY ROBERT EDGREN. PALMER STADIUM, PRINCETON, N. J., Nov. 14.—Yale and Princeton met in the new stadium to-day with a summer's day overhead and fresh green turf underneath. For all the predicted rain there wasn't a cloud in the sky. It was baseball weather.

At the north end of the new stadium are two tall flagpoles. On one hung a flag of Yale blue, on the other the banner of orange. At times they fluttered to east or west in a light, shifting breeze. All around the stadium a dusty haze hung over the landscape. Princeton town was jammed with autos. The fields were full of them. Under every shade tree outside the town auto parties lunched while waiting for the great event.

Inside the stadium rose mountain walls of gray concrete. Gradually, as the crowd of 4,000 came streaming in, the gray expanse was dotted with color. The color spots spread until at last the warm yellowish gray had disappeared; instead the eye saw only a great horde of violet, blue and orange color, absolutely vibrating under hot rays of the Indian summer sun.

Off in the distance sounded a brass band. Five minutes later a marching column of two thousand Princeton men tramped into the opening of the south end and circled the field. A cub tiger went ahead.

"We're here—the gang's all here!" sang the rosters. Yale came out for position, blue-jacketed, beaky. Up went a great Yale cheer. Then out came the Tigers, swift and eager as they warmed up.

As they moved, up stood every Princeton man in the great stand and for once "Old Nassau" boomed before the game. If anything can put fight into a team it's that song. Until the last magnificent chord had echoed from the canyon walls the crowd kept silence.

Then out rolled the long, rhythmic cheers of the rival rosters—first Yale for Princeton and Princeton for Yale, then each for its own team.

Princeton won the toss and took the south goal. The image-eyed nation

(Continued on Second Page.)