COCHERITO ON THE JOB AGAIN TODAY

WILL ALTERNATE WITH MANOLETE AT FIGHT TODAY.

MARINERTIO WITH THE BANDERILLAS, AS USUAL.

Mr. Castor Ibarra, who slaughters battling bulls under the monnicker of Cocherito de Bilbao, is on the bills to make his second appearance of the season at the big bull arena this afternoon. Castor—my, what a handle!—made good when he horned himself in on the occasion of his debut and the stable information is that he will run back to his race today. Castor—sounds as if they had put rollers under him—isn't the handsomest bull sparring gent in the business and as long as he doesn't have his map switched back into line, Segura, Vasquez, Bombita, Bienvenida and the bunch of nice looking birds may rest in peace. In fact, the only person who envies Cocherito and his frontispiece is Saleri, who features a map that resembles a frozen beet.

But, anyhow, good looks do not get a bull assassin much once he gets on the murdering job. If they did, Cocerito wouldn't be one of the finest little matadores.

With Cocherito will be Manolete, who debuted last Sunday. Owing to the tameness of the bulls, the newcomer from Madrid had no chance to show his speed. The crowd was peeved before he started, and it would have been necessary for him to have climbed up on the roof and leaped down and winged the bull on the fly to have aroused the enthusiasm of a public which was so busily saying things to the judge and heaving movable objects at his steeple simultaneously that it had little time to observe the efforts of a matador to make good.

Marinerito, as usual, will be the principal banderillero, as well as sobrasoliente or understudy, while Far Fan will be the headliner among the picadores.

The always valiant Piedras Negras bulls will furnish the slaughtering portion of the entertainment, and as these Mexican Miuras invariably give satisfaction, it is up to the toreros to furnish their best goods.

WE CAN'T STRING ALONG WITH THIS ALL-AMERICAN.

A Detroit writer, in selecting an all-American team, is modest enough to name six Tigers. Here are his selections: D. Jones, left field; Crawford, center field; Cobb, right field; Lajoie, second base; Mariarty, third; Bush, shortstop; Chase, first base; base; Sullivan, catcher; Mullin, Joss, and Plank, pitchers.

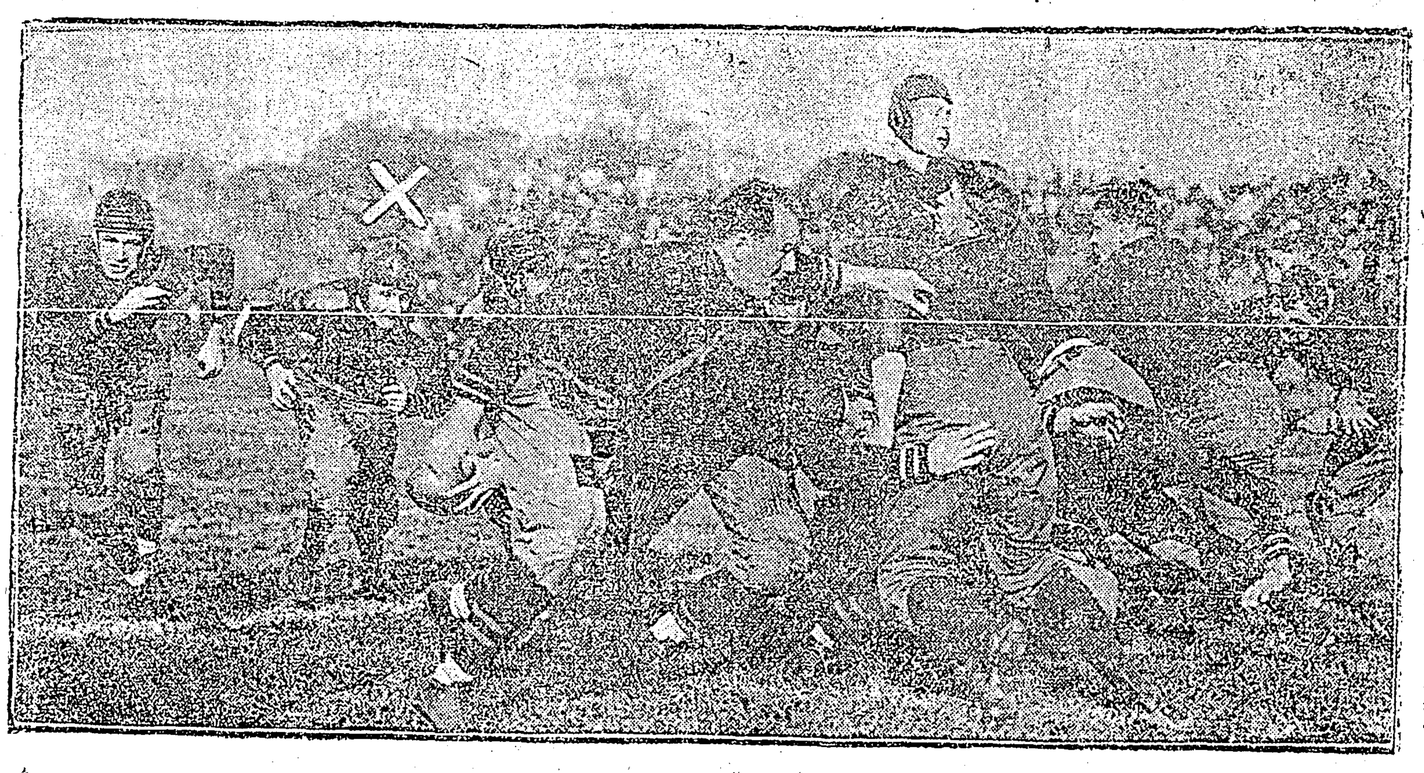
That's a right strong ball team, but Speaker looks better to us than Davy Jones. Lord is surely a more finished performer at third than Moriarty, and a better hitter, while the veteran Bobby Wallace is just as good as Bush, and his experience would steady up the infield.

AND STILL THEY SPAR.

Miss Cutter—Her dress fits her like a glove.

Miss Snipper—Yes, like a boxing glove—Puck.

SCENE IN FATAL WEST POINT-HARVARD FOOTBALL GAME FEW SECONDS BEFORE CADET BYRNE WAS MORTALLY HURT



This—one of the most remarkable photographs ever made—was taken a few seconds before Cadet Eugene A. Byrne received a mortal injury in the contest between West Point and Harvard on the academy field, a tragedy which stopped football at West Point and gave the game the hardest blow of its history. Byrne, who was playing left tackle on the Army team, is indicated by an X in the photograph. A few minutes before the fatal scrimmage Byrne was injured in tackling Fish, the giant Harvard captain. Harvard had the ball in about the center of the field and tried a forward pass to Fish. The Harvard captain made a high jump into the air to catch the ball, and Byrne rushed to prevent him. As the Harvard man came down the two players collided with a shock that could be heard away across the field, and both fell, with Byrne underneath. The breath was knocked out of him, and for more than a minute he was unable to move. Then he staggered to his feet, shook himself and indicated that he was ready for the game to go on. Both Harvard and the Army were still cheering the plucky tackle when the team lined up for the next play. Withington, Harvard's center rush, snapped the ball back to O'Flaherty, who passed it to Minot, the fullback. Minot plunged between the Harvard right guard and tackle and was going ahead, with the whole weight of his team behind him, when Byrne, whose business it was to lead the defense, got caught in the rush and went down. The injured man ran into the scrimmage crouching low, but his head was up to see which way Minot was going to Dodge, and it is supposed that he went down in that position when the Harvard rushers felled him. Byrne's neck was dislocated at the second vertebrae, and he never recovered consciousness, dying in the post hospital several hours afterward. He was a fourth year man, and his home was in Buffalo. Colonel Scott, commandant of the Military academy, at once canceled the rest of the football games scheduled for the cadet team and so wired to Annapolis. The injury to Midshipman Wilson at Annapolis, coupled with the West Point tragedy, probably will move the war department to stop the game at both the government schools.

JAWN AND TONY BOX FOR SWEET CHARITY

MILLIONAIRE AND PUG GO FIVE ROUNDS IN EVENING TOGS.

Associated Press Dispatch.

Centralia, Pa., Nov. 5.—Anthony Drexel Biddle and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien boxed five rounds on the stage of St. Ignatius hall here last night for the benefit of a fund to be devoted to the construction of a new fence about the parish cemetery which contains the body of a sister of O'Brien, who was a nun. Following the benefit the millionaire society-athlete and O'Brien each donated $100 to the fund. They boxed in evening dress.

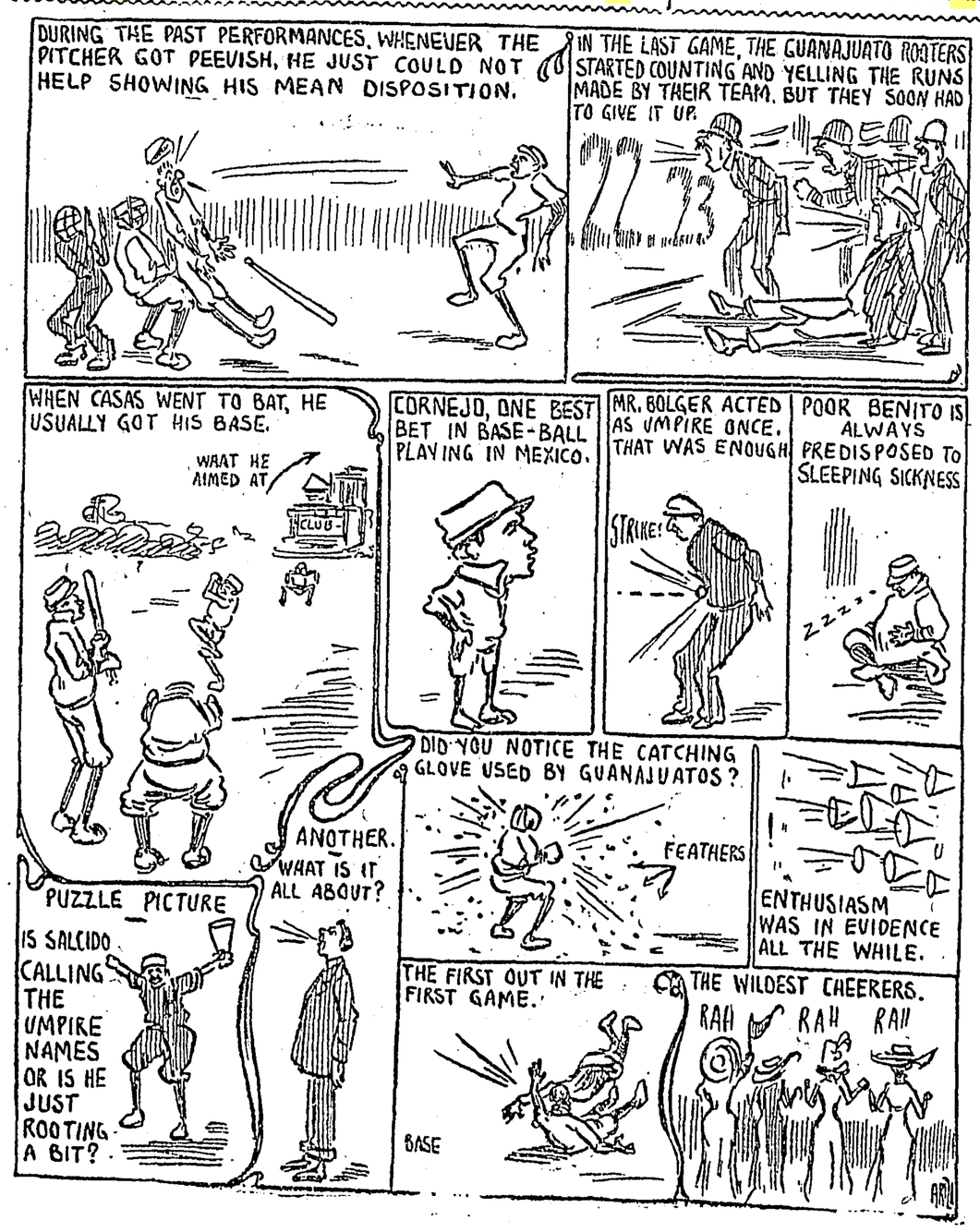
Herald cuts and Good cuts will become synonomous terms yith you after you have placed an order with The Herald Photo-Engraving plant.

MOST ENTHUSIASTIC SERIES OF GAMES EVER PLAYED HERE

THE GUANAJUATO TEAM.

While the errors of commission and omission may have almost reached the gigantic total registered by runs, hits and stolen bases, and while the games may be described as "ragged," nevertheless the series with Guanajuato was the feature of the season. It was the enthusiasm which stood out even above the mere results of the game. Guanajuato came down en masse to cheer for their pets, and the fans and fannettes from the mining camp certainly showed remarkable lung power as well as a concerted effort when it came to making noise which would do the "yell mob," of a college plenty of credit. They varied the yelp with buzz-zaws, ye-hips, raw-raws and otherwise unearthly and thrilling threatened to shatter the windows for miles around.

And the Juniors were also among those present—and heard. Headed by a yell tribe with voices ranging from a childish treble to a High C shriek worthy of Ellen Beach Yaw and from a basso profundo to a counter-tenor, they caused a din at times which caused one to think a tribe of Piutes had innoculated themselves with turpentine labelled booze and started on the warpath.



Biographical Sketch Of Lec's Surgeon

Dr. Uzeta took his M. D. in the capital of the republic in the year 1894. He was an alumnus of the Escuela Práctica Médico-Militar and assistant surgeon of Drs. Fernando López and Rafael Caraza; also assistant surgeon of the Hospital of the Spanish Benevolent Society.

After obtaining his degree he started practice in San Luis Potosí, where he was assistant surgeon of Dr. Gustavo Pagenstecher in the Consultorio Quirurgico.

He assisted in the operation on the torero Villita, of the cuadrilla of Mazzantini, when he was so severely wounded in a bullfight at San Luis.

At present he has charge of the Consultorio Quirurgico at San Luis. He is also professor of Surgical Anatomy and Surgical Therapeutics at the San Luis Potosi school of medicine.

He was one of the attending physicians of Governor Espinosa y Cuevas during the serious recent illnes of that functionary.

The doctor is an able linguist, reading and speaking French and English perfectly.

Last year he spent three months in the United States, visiting Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, attending clinics in all of those cities and giving especial attention to surgery.

The Consultorio Quirurgico of which he has charge dispenses much free treatment; the poor are admitted gratis. The doctor's bills for medicines run into the thousands, which he meets out of his own pocket. Of course this is not done without aid. The wealthy patients pay and contributions are made by citizens who appreciate such acts.

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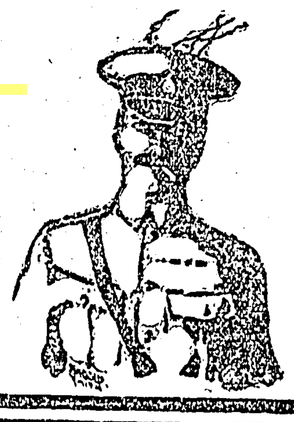

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