

EVENING WORLD
YALE WINS FROM HARVARD, 12 TO 0

HARVARD AND YALE IN BIG GAME.

SPORTS EDITED BY

BURDICK DEFEATS YOUNG DONAHUE.

ROBERT GREEN BENNINGS ENTRIES.

CROWD IN FRONT OF THE PULITZER BUILDING WATCHING THE BULLETINS FROM THE GREAT GRIDIRON BATTLE.



(Continued from First Page.)
Veteran and athlete of many years ago, marched across the gridiron in solitary state. The Yale band beat time. Mr. Wendell quickened his pace. The band played a jig step. Then Harvard's instruments boomed a Harvard tune and drowned out the sounds of Yale's division.

YALE TEAM ON THE FIELD.
Silence fell on the crowd. Suddenly from under the north entrance came the sound of a muffled cheer. Ten seconds later came a swirl in the river that still poured steadily into the enclosure. A blue form, round and ponderous, burst through, and for a single instant held the gridiron alone, one spot of blue in a vast expanse of brown and sundried turf. Then the rest of the Yale warriors followed.

The roar that went up from the crowded grand-stands might have shattered the sky. The sons of old Eli trotted to midfield and began to run through formations in a business-like manner. Harvard roared the Yale yell just once. Yale cheered for Harvard, that was a matter of courtesy. Harvard yelled for Harvard only after that, Yale for Yale. The din doubled. From the same entrance burst another mass of men. Every Harvard player wore a flaming crimson blanket over his shoulders. It looked like an Apache war party on a raid. Across the field jogged the crimson team.

"When," exclaimed the Yale rooters, "did you ever see such giants?" Beside the business-like men in blue these Apaches towered like trees.
CRIMSON LINE FORMS.
The crimson line formed quickly and was snapped through a few rapid formations. Harvard was singing to the tune of "The Marseillaise."
The cheers from the Harvard hosts ring high.
While the Crimson banners stream high.
Lift the Crimson glory to the sky.
Where the sunset red is gleaming.
And our hearts beat fast for Old Harvard.
To her name shall her sons be ever true.
Long live her glorious fame!
Long live her glorious fame!
Then stand and raise your colors on high.
On, on—to Victory!

YALE ANSWERS WITH "BOOLA!"
Yale roared the rollicking chorus of Boola. No sooner had they finished than Harvard came back decisively with a counter.
See the bleachers blue turn pale with fright.
Send a cheer across to bleach 'em nice and white.
Oh, look at the way we smash and rip 'em through.
While the blue, bulldog howls—"Boola, Boola, Boo!"
Let out your voices now so loud and hale.
Oh, give us a yell—"HI! HI!" for Harvard.

Then came the kick-off. The ball sailed lightly down into Crimson territory, stopped, came back a few seconds and rested in the sawdust. The lines of blue and flaming red faced each other grimly. The real test of the day had come. Was Harvard beef or Yale brawn to rule?
The two lines suddenly boiled and churned like a breaking roller in the surf. Harvard held. Harvard rooters went stark, staring mad with joy. They yelled and they sang, and they danced up and down. The two lines faced once more.

HOGAN TEARS HARVARD LINE.
Two minutes later Harvard was yelling, "Hold 'em! hold 'em! hold 'em!" Yale was deliciously singing the undertaker's song. For a moment that crimson line held like a sieve. Hogan's tackle-back play tore it to tatters. Finally Harvard got the ball on downs and punted.
Yale battered her way back far into Cambridge territory and fumbled. A crimson streak hit that ball almost before it could touch the ground, flashed under the astonished noses of the blue jerseyed warriors headed straight down the field for Yale's goal.

Every Harvard man in the stands was on his feet tearing his throat, and with one shrill scream that resembled nothing but the raucous shriek of a circus calliope. But there was one blue jerseyed player still within striking distance. Hogan fell on the Harvard runner's heels and dragged him down.

A moment later Harvard fumbled and a Yale player was flying for the goal line. Something met him half way and stood him on his head in the sawdust. And so the ball went up and down, only once in Yale's territory. That was on a fifty-yard punt by Mills. Hoy returned it to within ten yards of Harvard's goal. Then the grim, red warriors settled down to fight their way to safety. Tripp, Yale's huge guard, was hurt, and had his blue jersey torn off.

The embarrassed giant skipped quickly to the side lines, where he was shielded with friendly overcoats until another blue jersey could be stripped from a substitute and dragged over his brawny shoulders.

HOGAN AND TRIPP BLEEDING.
Harvard kicked the ball out to midfield whenever she could get it. Yale hammered a painful pat back through the Crimson lines.
It was the fiercest kind of fighting. Tripp and Hogan were bleeding fast, their faces pained out of shape. Hurley, on the other side, was no better off.

Rockwell, fighting like a red-topped demon, was in every place, but, tough as rawhide, came through untouched. Squires, of Harvard, carried crimson that did not come from his college colors.

Yale began smashing into the wearying Harvard line time after time, steadily, relentlessly. Shevlin was hurried against the tackles and Hogan ploughed through for yard after yard.

The crimson team, hammered to a standstill, fought desperately. At last the two teams were nearly over the fatal line. Harvard's men dug their heels into the last chalk mark. Their faces, covered with sweat and blood and dirt, were set in grim determination.

The Harvard backs huddled in close, with the ball. He was tackled so hard that the plakin flew from his arm, but a Yale man got it. Another fumble was picked up by an agile man in blue. Harvard began her hammering tactics again and Harvard's backed up rooters sang while the shirt-telved leaders waved their red megaphones in unison.
It was the parody on a pool. The red Boala rose from the blue canon wall across the way in a roar. Harvard's line was downed like a whipper in a cyclone. The crimson brass band reinforced the singers. Back across the field, Harvard again dug her heels into the underkicker's gun as the blue line slowly pushed the crimson back across the chalk lines.

Still the blue advanced in steady plough. The Cambridge rallying song sang again like a whipper in a cyclone. Harvard again dug her heels into the underkicker's gun as the blue line slowly pushed the crimson back across the chalk lines.

Negro Knocked Senseless.
After one of Yale's fierce attacks, Matthews, the dusky Harvard player, lay stretched senseless.
The water bucket came out quickly from the side line. Matthews came to and reeled back in his place. Yale tackled again. Three times Bloomer took the ball forward for three and four yard gains.

Yale's ball on Harvard's 25-yard line.
Britt of Harvard was hurt but not knocked out. He was tackled by a Yale man. Matthews came to and reeled back in his place. Yale tackled again. Three times Bloomer took the ball forward for three and four yard gains.

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Mills punted the ball out for nearly forty yards. Rockwell heeled and caught it. Every eye was on the great Yale quarter-back. Few saw the dark object that was shooting straight toward him like a bullet from a gun. That was Matthews, the black man, head down, running as fast as Arthur Duffy ever did on the cinder path.

As the ball headed into Rockwell's arm she bullet head of Marshall struck him squarely on the short ribs.
Rockwell was thrown violently backward toward the ground. The ball flew from his arms and Hoyt fell over it. Marshall went straight over Rockwell and lay where he fell unconscious. Rockwell half sat up, waved one hand and then collapsed. It was two minutes before either player could rise. Rockwell was up first.

Another Yale Touchdown.
A ten-yard penalty took the ball back toward Harvard's goal again. After that the fighting was all down in the Harvard corner of the field. Once King-kney looked a kick and Bloomer broke through and fell on the ball. A series of heart-racking plunges, and the blue team went over. It was a touchdown. It was Phil's honor this time. Hoyt stepped up and kicked another goal in his offhand manner, sending the ball clearly through the middle of the space between the posts. Score—Yale, 12; Harvard, 0.

Hoyt doesn't step up to the ball. He simply draws his right leg deliberately back and kicks gently. Then the ball sails slowly up into the air like a kite and drops just over the bar.

The full moon was in the sky when Harvard kicked off. The sun had dropped below the earth's rim, and 300 spectators kicked their toes against the hard boards to keep warm.
In Yale Territory.
For the first time in the game Harvard drove the blue team into its own territory and kept it there. Yale's defense was tested to the limit. With all his desperation of defeat that great crimson line hurled itself a score of times against the Yale line, bending it, giving it back, but never breaking it. Finally Harvard's ball was kicked back to Harvard's 25-yard line.

Harvard tried sending her runners around in the hope of clearing Yale's ends. Two runners were carried back for a loss. Then the final whistle blew. The game was over.

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Table listing football teams lined up on the new haven gridiron, including names like Shevlin, Bloomer, Kinney, Roraback, Tripp, Hogan, Neal, Rockwell, Veeder, Morse, Flinn, and Yale.

tried a goal from field. Huzard made a bad catch of the muddy ball and fell on it on the New York second mark line.
Harvard got thirty yards on a trick play. Union solved two tricks and held for downs. A poor kick gave Union the ball in mid-field. The visitors crashed through and Moore scored over the right wing of the locals. Von Danburg failed at goal. Score, Union, 5, N. Y. 0.
Union got the ball on an exchange of kicks and rushed the ball from the visitor's forty-five-yard line to New York's fifteen-yard line, gaining five yards at a clip. The half ended with the ball in Union's possession, twelve yards away from a touchdown. Score, Union, 5, N. Y. 0.

DICKINSON LED URSIMUS IN THE FIRST HALF.
FIRST HALF.
Dickinson, 5.
Ursimus, 0.

Table titled 'THE LINE UP' showing player positions for Dickinson and Ursimus, including names like Dickinson, Ursimus, Price, Hartman, Smith, etc.

(Special to The Evening World.)
LATONIA RACE TRACK, Latonia, Ky., Nov. 18.—The winners of the races run here today are as follows:
FIRST RACE—Seven furlongs; selling—(Gridle, 106 (Trebble), 1 to 1 and 5 to 2, first; D. L. Moore, 102 (Seamster), 2 to 1 and 7 to 10 second; Showman, 109 (Minder), 7 to 1 and 5 to 2, third. Time—1:27. Athlete, Determination, Red Hawk, Thistle Do and Maggie Leebler also ran.

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CARLISLE, Pa., Nov. 18.—Ursimus met Dickinson College on the Dickinson Field this afternoon. The contest was expected to be the closest waged here this year. The teams were about equal weight, and Ursimus had strengthened her team by the change of several line men since she was defeated by the Indians by a score of 28 to 6.

NAVY AND VIRGINIA PLAY AT ANNAPOLIS.
THE LINE-UP.
Virginia. Position. Navy.
Shoey (Capt.) L. E. Farley (Capt.)
McCallum (Lieut.) G. J. McCallum (Lieut.)
Stevenson (Lieut.) J. H. Stevenson (Lieut.)
Harris (Lieut.) R. H. Harris (Lieut.)
Nutter (Lieut.) F. B. Nutter (Lieut.)

(Special to The Evening World.)
ANNAPOLIS, Md., Nov. 18.—Annapolis ended its season on the home grounds this afternoon by playing the team of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, by which it was defeated last season by a score of 6 to 5. The visiting team was not as strong this year, being without the services of its star back, Carpenter. The Navy used the same line-up which will be used against West Point next Saturday.

WILLIAMS VS. WESLEYAN ON THE GRIDIRON.
LINE-UP.
Williams. Position. Wesleyan.
Wright (Capt.) L. F. Wright (Capt.)
Murray (Lieut.) L. F. Murray (Lieut.)
Hobbs (Lieut.) L. F. Hobbs (Lieut.)
Marking (Lieut.) R. E. Marking (Lieut.)
Waters (Lieut.) Q. B. Waters (Lieut.)
Watson (Lieut.) R. H. Watson (Lieut.)
Judson (Lieut.) F. B. Judson (Lieut.)

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WILLIAMSBURG, Mass., Nov. 18.—New England is cut in force here today to witness the battle between Wesleyan and Williams. Both teams were in superb condition and a great contest was looked for.

3,000 WATCH N. Y. U. AND UNION PLAY.
THE LINE-UP.
N. Y. University. Position. Union.
Hobbs (Capt.) L. F. Hobbs (Capt.)
Murray (Lieut.) L. F. Murray (Lieut.)
Hobbs (Lieut.) L. F. Hobbs (Lieut.)
Marking (Lieut.) R. E. Marking (Lieut.)
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MORRIS HEIGHTS, N. Y., Nov. 18.—Before a crowd of more than 3,000 persons New York University and Union met here at football this afternoon. The visitors were far the lighter team, and there seemed good reason for the general expectation that New York would win by a comfortable margin.

Two Shoplifters Held.
The department store detectives spurred to make more arrests.
The edict of the Justices of Special Sessions declaring that would send all convicted of shoplifting to the reformatory, has spurred the department store detectives on to do better work, and today, in the Jefferson Market Police Court, two persons were arraigned before Magistrate Whitman, on such a charge and held in \$500 bail each for trial.

Over 800 Houses, Flats, Apartments, Rooms & Board Ads.
will appear in the great SUNDAY WORLD WANT DIRECTORY—THE HOUSE AND HOME GUIDE AND BOARDING DIRECTORY of Greater New York.
What you want will be found there.

Table titled 'BENNINGS ENTRIES' listing various horse races and participants, including names like Arrahgowan, Pat Burger, Queen Belle, Sound Brook, etc.

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Advertisement for 'Warmed Gas' as an auxiliary heater, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing its benefits for homes.

Advertisement for 'DR. WILLIAMS' CURES MEN' featuring a portrait of a man and text about various ailments and treatments.

Advertisement for 'DR. EGAN' featuring a portrait of a man and text about medical treatments for various conditions.

Advertisement for 'OLD DR. GRINDLE' featuring a portrait of a man and text about his long history of medical practice.

Advertisement for 'ELIXIR OF LIFE' featuring a portrait of a man and text about its health benefits.