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GREEN EDITION.

WHAT GOV. HUGHES DIDN'T SEE AT WARD'S ISLAND

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SEE MONDAY'S EVENING WORLD.

WEATHER—Rain to-night and Sunday.

The World.

EVENING EDITION

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FINAL RESULTS EDITION

PRICE ONE CENT. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1907. PRICE ONE CENT.

YALE BEATS HARVARD 12 TO 0 IN GREAT GRIDIRON BATTLE

SLAYS HUSBAND, FIRES HOME AND KILLS HERSELF

Mrs. Nicholas M. Smith, Jr., Her Mind Temporarily Deranged, Commits Murder, Arson and Suicide in New Rochelle House.

It only took the Coroner of Westchester County half an hour to untangle the mystery of the double tragedy that came to light early to-day in an aristocratic quarter of New Rochelle when Nicholas M. Smith, jr., a rich manufacturers' agent, and Grace Bulkeley Smith, his pretty wife, were found shot to death in their burning home at No. 80 Woodlawn avenue.

It was neither a crime of burglars, as the firemen first thought, nor the deed of a depressed husband, as the police insisted.

It was not the result of a deliberate pact between the pair.

Abundant proof was found by the Coroner to show that Mrs. Smith, in a fit of temporary insanity, killed her husband as he lay in bed, and then after spending nearly three-quarters of an hour in final preparations, fired the house and sent a bullet through her own heart.

Later it developed that she was the daughter of former Lieut.-Gov. Bulkeley, of Hartford, and the niece of United States Senator Bulkeley, of Connecticut, and that she had been confined in an asylum once for lunacy.

In Mrs. Smith's room a note was found after the fire had been extinguished. At first this note was believed to have been left by Smith. A more careful reading showed that it had been written by the woman. The full text is as follows.

"Dear Minnie—I owe a small sum to E. F. Company. Please pay them and cremate me. I cut off my hair, but my head aches and is not relieved. I will be relieved in a few minutes. Lovingly,
"GRACE."

The note was written with blunt lead

(Continued on Second Page.)

EVENING WORLD RACE CHART

SEVENTH DAY AT BENNINGS.

AUTUMN MEETING.

NOV. 23 RAIN. TRACK MUDDY.

1272 FIRST RACE—Selling; three-year-olds and upward; $400 added; seven furlongs. Columbia course. Start good. Won easily. Place driving. Winner, b. or br. g., by Knight of the Thistle—Octa Reed. Time—1.31. At posthree minutes; off 2.03. Owner and Trainer—F. A. Herold.

Index.	Starters.	Wts.	St.	¼	½	¾	Fin.	Jockeys.	Open.	High.	Clos.	Pl.	Sh.
(1100)	Poquessing	107	1	3¹½	1¹½	1½	1¹	Brussel	3	4	7-2	1	1-2
1237[5]	Nancy	97	3	3¹½	2¹½	2½	2¹	Jegou	8	10	10	2	3
1246	Killochan	103	4	4½	10	4½	3¹½	Otter	7	8	5	3	1
1244[1]	Graziallo	112	5	5½	3¹	3¹	4¹	Beckman	7-5	2	3-5	7-10	1-4
*00[4]	Comilfo	107	7	7¹	8¹	8½	5¹	J. Hogg	60	60	20	4	4
1246	Jerry	107	8	6¹	5½	5½	6¹½	F. O'Brien	30	40	40	12	6
1250	Lord Badge	107	11	11	9¹	7¹	7¹	W. McIntyre	8	15	15	4	2
1246	Metover	105	10	10	4¹	7¹	8¹½	J. J. Walsh	30	50	50	16	6
1262	Countersign	105	9	12	12	12	9½	McDaniel	5	10	8	8	7-5
1262	Prisoner	101	2	2	2¹	11	10	Golmes	30	40	40	12	8
1256	Grace Cameron	97	12	8¹	7¹½	11	11	Buckley	30	60	60	15	9
1256	[illegible]	108	6	2¹	6¹	6½	12	Bergen	20	30	25	3	1-4

[illegible] Herkman, Campaigner, St. Jeanne, Fusilade, Mariposa, Little Woods, Ida Reck.

Winner was entered for $700. No bid. Poquessing was taken wide in the stretch and was going away at the end. Nancy just lasted long enough.

1273 SECOND RACE—Eighth Hunter's Champion Steeplechase; five-year-olds and upward; $1,000 added, and plate to value of $100; about three miles. Start good. Won easily. Winner, ch. h., by His Grace—Vaseline. Time—6.33. At post one minute; off 2.29. Owner, J. Smith. Trainer—S. Veitch.

Index.	Starters.	Wts.	St.	¼	½	2	2¼	Fin.	Jockeys.	Open.	High.	Clos.	Pl.	Sh.
1243[3]	My Grace	153	2	2¹	2¹	1½	1½	1¹	M. Henderson	4	4	4	1	2-5
—	Warrenton	153	5	1¹	1¹	2½	2	2	A. Williams	7	15	15	3	1
—	Telfare	166	4	5	4	4	3¹	3	M. J. O'Brien	8-5	2	8-5	1-2	1-5
1225[5]	Flying Machine	150	3	4	3	3	4	4	Mr. Taylor	4	5-2	7-10	1-4	1
—	J. T. Morgan	150	1	3	5	5	5	5	Rider. T. Wilson	15	30	25	5	8-2

Scratched—Oliver.

My Grace caught Warrenton [illegible] the last half mile and came away leading the stretch. Telfare was leading [illegible] Marion, who was making a bad jump, and almost unseated Mr. Taylor. J. T. Morgan unseated T. Wilson on the second turn of the course.

1274 THIRD RACE—The Sixth Grand Consolation; two-year-old foals of 1906; non-winners of $10,000 at time of starting; $3,000 added; seven furlongs. Columbia course. Start good. Won easily. Place same. Time—1.30 3-5. At post two minutes; off 2.57. Winner, ch. g., by Prince of Melbourne—Homespun. Owner and Trainer—Thomas Walsh.

Index.	Starters.	Wts.	St.	¼	½	¾	Fin.	Jockeys.	Open.	High.	Clos.	Pl.	Sh.
(1244)	The Squire	107	2	1¹	1¹	1¹	1¹	Notter	2	14-5	5-2	7-10	1-4
1251[3]	Falcada	115	3	3¹	3¹	2½	2¹	McDaniel	4-5	1	7-10	1-4	—
1251	Smoker	117	1	2¹	4¹	3	3¹½	Beckman	20	50	30	7	2
1243	King Sol	110	4	4½	5¹	4¹	4¹	Brussel	8	20	15	3	6-5
1254	Live Wire	110	6	5½	5¹½	5¹	5¹	G. Swain	5	15	12	5-2	1
1251[3]	Jubilee	110	5	6¹	6	6	6	Christian	10	20	20	4	8-5

Scratched—Sanguine, Lady Isabel.

The Squire outfooted his company from the first stride and Notter took no chances, helping him all the way. Falcada was best of the others. Smoker ran an improved race.

1275 FOURTH RACE—The Eighth Bennings Special; three-year-olds and upward; non-winners of $2,500 in 1906 or 1907; $1,000 added; one mile and a half, old course. Start good. Won easily. Place same. Time—2.45. At post one minute; off 3.24. Winner—blk. h., by Rappallo—Mrs. Delancy. Owner—Sam Lazarus. Trainer—R. Minton.

Index.	Starters.	Wts.	St.	¼	½	¾	1	Fin.	Jockeys.	Open.	High.	Clos.	Pl.	Sh.
(1247)	Right Royal	110	3	1¹	1½	1½	1¹	1	McDaniel	1	13-10	1	1-4	—
(1250)	Pins and Needles	106	4	3¹	2½	2²	2²	2	Beckman	5	5	7-2	3-5	—
(1250)	Beauclere	103	2	2¹	4¹	3¹½	3¹½	3	Notter	7-5	9-5	9-5	2-5	—
(1250)	Pete Dailey	109	1	4	4	4	4	4	McCabe	60	100	60	15	5-2

Scratched—Lane Allen, Baner, Lally, Martin Doyle, Red Friar, D'Arkle, Wilton Yackeys, Economy.

Right Royal was easily best, and, cutting out all the pace, had ample left to withstand the stretch challenge of Pins and Needles. Beauclere quit badly on the end.

HELD AS A SUSPECT.

Frank Moore in Tombs Pending Inquest Into Hussey's Death.

Frank Moore, twenty-four years old, of No. 318 East Eighty-first street, was to-day sent to the Tombs by Coroner Dooley to await an inquest into the death of Michael Hussey, of No. 344 East Seventy-sixth street, who died yesterday in the Presbyterian Hospital from fracture of the skull, the result of an alleged attack by Moore.

Patrick McKiernan and his wife, of No. 346 East Seventy-ninth street, were sent to the House of Detention as witnesses.

Hussey and his wife were visiting friends at No. 305 East Seventy-ninth street last Monday with Mrs. McKiernan. She fell and sprained her ankle, and Hussey volunteered to help her home. At the McKiernan house a row [illegible] Hussey was injured. [illegible]

CLERK'S DEATH LAID TO CANNED LOBSTER.

New York Central Employe Dies in Hospital of Ptomaine Poisoning, It Is Believed.

William E. Keating, fifty years old, a freight clerk employed by the New York Central Railroad, and living with his wife and six children at No. 600 West One Hundred and Thirty-fourth street, died in the J. Hood Wright Hospital to-day, probably from ptomaine poisoning.

An autopsy will be performed to ascertain the cause of death.

Keating's daughter says he was very fond of canned lobster and often partook of it on Thursday and again Friday morning. It is thought that the [illegible]

INDIANS TAKE GOOD LEAD ON CHICAGO TEAM

Carlisle Gets Two Goals from Field in First Half of Game.

First Half: Indians, 8; Chicago, 0.

THE LINE-UP.

Chicago.	Position.	Carlisle.
Page	R.E	Exendine
Falk	R.T	Lubo
Harris	R.G	Aiken
Anderson	Centre	Little Boy
Jones	L.G	Afraid-of-a-Bear
Dowe	L.T	Wauseka
Hewitt	L.E	Gardner
Steffen	Q.B	Balenti
De Tray	L.H	Payne
Lidinger	R.H	Hendricks
Merriam	F.B	Rouser

Officials—Referee, McCormack, Dartmouth. Umpire, Wrenn, Harvard. Head Linesman, Gardner, Pennsylvania. Field Judge, Starbuck, Cornell.

CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—With to-day's game between Chicago and the Carlisle Indians the greatest inter-sectional football battle since the historic game of 1899, when Chicago and Pennsylvania played their famous 5 to 5 tie, took place on Marshall Field. A crowd which easily surpassed the attendance at any contest on this battle-scarred field watched the game, as every available seat was sold.

The attendance was estimated at 27,000. Chicago won the toss and chose the north goal, with advantage of a slight wind. Houser kicked off. The ball rolled over for a touchback. Steffen returned to Houser, who came back fifteen yards. Penalty took the ball back to the centre and a forward pass hit the ground and lost fifteen yards more. Steffen caught a punt and came back ten yards.

ROOSEVELT IN LETTER FORBIDS THIRD-TERM BOOM

An Act of Official Impropriety and Discourtesy, He Tells His Cabinet.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—President Roosevelt has addressed a letter to members of his Cabinet requesting them to inform Federal employees under their jurisdiction to refrain from political activity with the object of the renomination of President Roosevelt. The text of the letter has not been made public, but its contents are substantially as follows:

"I am informed that certain office-holders in your department holding various positions throughout the country contemplate attending Republican conventions in their respective States and urging the indorsement of myself for the Presidential nomination. I wish that you would direct Federal office-holders in your department who have such a thing in view that I would regard it as an act of official impropriety and discourtesy."

SMART SET BALL.

One of the biggest social events of the upper west side will be the sixth annual masque ball of the Smart Set Social Club, which takes place on Thanksgiving eve at the Manhattan Casino, One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street and Eighth avenue.

Sunday World Wants Work
Monday Morning Wonders.

RIGHT ROYAL WON FEATURE RACE AT BENNINGS TRACK

Electioneer's Owner Bet $5,000 on the Winner at 6 to 5.

BENNINGS RESULTS.

FIRST RACE—Poquessing (7 to 2 and even) 1, Nancy (4 to 1 for place) 2, Killochan 3.

SECOND RACE—My Grace (4 to 1 and even), 1; Warrenton (8 to 1 for place), 2; Telfare, 3.

THIRD RACE—The Squire (5 to 1 and 7 to 10) 1, Falcada (1 to 4 for place) 2, Smoker 3.

FOURTH RACE—Right Royal (even and out) 1, Pins and Needles (3 to 5 for place) 2, Beauclere 3.

FIFTH RACE—Goshen Chief (8 to 1 and even), 1; Tenakoe (4 to 5 for place), 2; Wonder Worker, 3.

(Special to The Evening World.)

BENNINGS RACE TRACK, Washington, D. C., Nov. 23.—Right Royal won the Bennings Special, the feature of the card here to-day. The original field of twelve was scratched down to four—Beauclere, Pins and Needles, Pete Daily and Right Royal. The track was sloppy and rain fell.

Right Royal was always the favorite, 6 to 5 being obtainable. Curtis Van Ness, the owner of Electioneer, bet $5,000 at 6 to 5 on Right Royal. The race was a procession. Right Royal led all the way and never was in trouble.

Notter sent Pins and Needles up to the leader on the far turn, but could not get by him. After that Notter was content to be second, where Pins and Needles finished. Beauclere did not appear to like the mud and was third. Pete Daily was far back at the end.

First for Poquessing.

Poquessing, second choice in the betting, was the opening winner. He followed the pace closely to the stretch and then came away to win in a mild drive. Nancy was second, a head in front of Killochan. Notter's mount, Comilfo was plunged on as a good thing, his price being forced back from 60 to 20. He led for a while, only to drop out of it in the stretch.

Geraldine, the favorite, ran well up all the way, only to tire in the last sixteenth. There was a bumping match in the stretch, and for a few minutes, while the stewards deliberated, it looked as if the winner would be disqualified. The race was allowed to stand, however.

Two Fell in the Chase.

The ninth Hunters' Champion Steeplechase brought out five starters. Telfare was the favorite and doubtless would have won but for falling early. J. O'Brien, his rider, was slid along through the mud and stood on his head. Still he got up, caught his horse and remounted. J. T. Morgan fell after this and this enabled Telfare to come on and finish third half a length in front of Flying Machine.

My Grace won the race after following Warrenton all the way. Those who backed My Grace got a scare when on the second circuit of the field, he stumbled and all but unseated Henderson.

The Squire Won Stake Race.

Falcada, at 4 to 5, was backed for thousands to win the sixth Grand Consolation stake for two-year-olds. The New Yorkers at the track, and the Washingtonians, too, thought the Wilson horse could not lose. He did lose, however, and to The Squire—Notter combination.

The Squire was at the good price of 2 1-2 to 1, but the wise men thought he would not last the seven furlongs. Notter beat the barrier with him and inside an eighth of a mile he had opened up a gap of five lengths. Smoker chased him for a while, but soon gave way to the favorite, Falcada. The Wilson colt, however, never could close a yard on The Squire, and won as he pleased.

Falcada was just as easy a second, and Smoker held on long enough to be third. Brussel got King Sol off in a tangle and never got the colt in his stride until too late. The ring, from heavily on the [illegible]

Forty Thousand Enthusiastic Football Devotees See Yale Gridiron Stars in Battle Against the Crimson Eleven.

INVINCIBLE COY GETS THE FIRST TOUCHDOWN.

Crowd in Cambridge Stadium Gives Crimson Team a Great Reception, and Latter Spring Early Surprise on Blue by Showing Great Power.

BY ROBERT EDGREN.
(Special to The Evening World.)

SOLDIERS' FIELD, Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 23.—In the presence of 40,000 enthusiasts Yale defeated Harvard this afternoon by a score of 12 to 0. In the last minute Harvard carried the ball to Yale's one-yard line but failed to score.

Yale and Harvard must have a pull with the weather man. Of all football days this fall to-day is the brightest and best. The sky is clear and the dry air has made the gridiron as hard as a cinder path. This is just what Harvard has been hoping for, as the Crimson team weighs exactly nine pounds to a man less than the blue, and a hard, dry field favors speed. On it Harvard's backs, averaging eighteen pounds less than Yale, will have a chance to work.

At Yale last week it was too warm, and under their moleskins the Princeton warriors became exhausted from the swift work. To-day's conditions are just right for the most swift and gruelling style of play, and Harvard's desperation will not melt like Princeton's under the rays of a summer sun.

This huge stadium, with its grim gray walls rising to the sky, went through a kaleidoscopic series of changes during the noon hour.

Marching Army of Spectators.

At 12 o'clock there was nothing in sight but a vast expanse of cement bleachers extending in a wide horseshoe around the field. The open end of the horseshoe faces out over the Charles River. Only a hundred yards away is a wooden bridge, and over this bridge at 1 o'clock the advance guard of the on-marching army appeared.

At first there was a mere scattered skirmish line, a few fluttering flags of blue and crimson, a flash or two of color. But on the heels of the skirmishers tramped a solid mass of the coming spectators. Across the bridge it pushed steadily. The swift march became a slow-moving crush, and across the bridge the town poured out thousands and thousands and more thousands still.

A scattered patch of color appeared in the gray expanse of the grand stands. In the middle of the east side the Yale band bunched like a bed of violets.

Ladies in hats of blue, dresses carrying parasols and flags of blue, were escorted to their seats by Yale students and graduates who showed Yale's color at every available spur and angle.

Defiant Battle Songs.

Then came the first sound, the first battle cry. Harvard rooters, a thousand strong with red chrysanthemums in their buttonholes, headed by a crimson-coated Harvard man, marched into the inclosure and with a yell made a rush for their reserved section. Across the way the Yale band struck up a lively Eli marching tune.

The scene was changing fast. Where only gray walls and bare boards had shown a little while before blossomed a bed of mingled violets and carnations as wide as a mountainside. On the west Harvard was banked solidly. Out in front of the crimson stands a white sweatered yell leader rose and swung his arms. Harvard's band broke out with a crash.

All was ready. The chalk-marked gridiron, a huge naked spot in the centre of the teeming grandstands, was patrolled and kept clear by a squad of Boston policemen, all in queer, antique long-tailed coats and high helmets, surmounted by gilt topknots. The rival bands began a drill of the sort the savage breast. It was like the music at a bull fight, with an undercurrent of defiance.

Harvard began the singing in a great rolling roar of sound. As soon as the song was finished 10,000 Elis across the way clapped their hands. Then Yale sang "Boola," and followed with a Yale yell and a long yell for Harvard. Harvard answered with a jolly song and a chorus that wound up with "Fight, fight, fight. We'll fight for Yale."

Sang the Blue rooters across the canyon, "Harvard's team may fight to the end, but Yale will win." And then came the roaring Yale Brek-a-co-ax yell. Harvard sang a little ditty entitled "Fight to win."

Air Full of Fight.

The air was full of fight. To give it the proper fill Harvard rooters, a thousand strong, suddenly produced megaphones and roared an earsplitting Harvard yell, ending with three cheers for Yale. Then Yale clapped and cheered and all the social pleasantries having been completed, both sides settled down to a general singing and yell fest while waiting for the thrilling moment when the two warring teams would appear.

The canyon walls of the stadium were solid masses of waving color, not a bare spot to be seen. The marching army crossing the bridge dwindled to a few scattered groups. Then a squad of Yale men suddenly trotted out upon the field. In a single instant Blue and Crimson rooters went riproaring, yelling mad. The sky overhead quivered in that cataclysm of sound. The solid stands seemed to rock as in an earthquake. Silence followed.

Teams Warming Up.

Edwards, Thompson and the other officials walked across the field. Yale sang. Harvard waited. The Crimson team was late in appearing. But they came at last. Both teams warmed up, while the bands played and everybody sang and cheered. In the Harvard rooters' stand some one sent up a bunch of crimson confetti and it streamed out across the field on the wings of the north wind.

Harvard won the toss and chose the south goal as the teams lined up. It was easy to see how light Harvard really was. Opposed to the Yale bulldogs, they looked like a herd of slim-limbed deer.

FIRST HALF.

Dunbar was in centre for Yale instead of Congdon.

Burr kicked off for Harvard. The ball sailed down to Tad Jones, who brought it back 15 yards. Newhall punted to Yale's 30-yard line. The ball was fumbled and Harvard got it. Yale held. Twice Yale plunged through for 8-yard gains. Coy got two yards more through right end. With the ball in mid field Yale bunched for consultation. There was a long delay. Yale then kicked 30 yards and Jones recovered the ball. Another was counsel was held.

Yale Misses Field Goal.

Coy plugged centre for only one yard. Bomar got two yards through right tackle. Bomar and Jones fell back and Bomar tried for a field goal, but failed.

Burr kicked out into Tad Jones's hands. He came back ten yards and was downed in midfield. Rand was knocked out, but recovered in a half minute.

Yale tried a short kick and Rand lost the ball on Harvard's 33-yard line. Coy tried to go around Harvard's left, but was pulled down by Apollonio. Coy plunged through left guard for ten yards. Only twenty yards from her own goal, Harvard grew desperate and held Coy's next plunge for no gain. Yale was penalized fifteen yards for offside play.

Then came the first forward pass of the day. MacDonald missed the ball entirely, and the penalty brought the ball back to the 55-yard line. Coy went back for a fake kick but was forced to run back and was thrown for a fifteen-yard loss. Wendell on a punt got the ball, and after running ten yards fell and fumbled it.

Yale gained twenty yards on a forward pass. There was no Yale man under the next attempt, and the penalty brought the ball back on Harvard's forty-yard line. Coy punted to Wendell and came back twenty yards. Then came along series of plunges. Apollonio got through for seven yards. Coy punted down nearly to Harvard's goal line.

Wendell Makes a Gain.

Wendell got the ball, and coming back with a rush straight through Yale's team, nearly got free, but was downed with a gain of thirty yards. Harvard punted into Coy's hands on Yale's thirty-yard line. A series of punts and returns left the ball lying on the chalk line in mid-field.

Apollonio went through for three yards. Newhall punted to Coy on Yale's thirty-three-yard line. Coy held but was tackled. Harvard was penalized ten yards. Coy made a fifty-five yard punt. The ball fell into Newhall's hands and he came back to Harvard's thirty-two-yard line before he went down.

On the next play Newhall was thrown for a loss of seven yards. Wendell ripped off five yards through right tackle. Again the ball was lying on the dividing chalk line. Harvard, poor crippled Harvard, was fighting Eli on absolutely even terms.

Over in the Blue stands there was very little to yell. Twice the Crimson line held like a New England stone wall. Yale had to do something desperate. Jones made a beautiful short kick. Bomar got the ball and fell on it safely, but he was hurt and limped off the field, while Philbin took his place. For the first time Yale gained their distance.

Harvard held the next plunge desperately for only a yard gain, and Parker was badly knocked out. Then the great Coy was driven into Harvard, but Harvard stopped him short.

Yale Scores Touchdown.

Bomar made seven yards. Coy took a yard more, and when that tangled heap disintegrated the ball lay a scant foot away from the Harvard goal posts. Coy was sent in like a bullet, and the whole Yale team swept over the line for a touchdown. Score—Yale, 5; Harvard, 0.

Bigelow kicked the goal.

Score—Yale, 6; Harvard, 0.

Harvard kicked off to Yale's five-yard line. Burr punted back to midfield. A return left the ball on Yale's twenty-yard line in Starr's hands. And twice Yale blocked it. But both times a Harvard man fell on the bounding leather.

Coy ran around MacDonald, bowling him over with a straight arm and slipped away from three other Harvard tacklers before he went down.

And then with the ball on Harvard's twenty-yard line time was called.

Not as Fast as Princeton Game.

The play, taken all around, was not as fast as in the first half of Princeton's game. There was very little difference between the teams, either in the line or the back field.

Yale's single score came only two or three minutes before the end of the first half.

Harvard started again with undiminished aggressiveness. During the ten minutes interval the Harvard rooters sang much more cheerfully than they did before the game started.

The Blue landslide had failed to materialize. There was still hope for Harvard.

SECOND HALF.

The Yale line was unchanged, but Hoar took Parker's place at Harvard's left guard. Bgelow kicked off for Yale at 3.08 P. M.

Bigelow kicked off for Yale to Burr on Harvard's 5-yard line. Yale was offside and was brought back with a 5-yard penalty.

The Yale kick-off was caught by Newhall, who was downed on Harvard's 33-yard line. Apollonio made five yards through centre. Wendell on a fake kick with magnificent interference made 15 yards around Yale's left. Newhall kicked to Jones, who was thrown for a loss only 12 from Yale's goal.

On a fake kick Philbin went through for 15 yards, but was pulled down by Starr when nearly clear. Philbin took five yards. Foster went in for Paige. Coy kicked to Harvard's 35-yard line.

Wendell made six yards around Jones, but Harvard was penalized 15 yards for holding.

Harvard tried the line, but could not gain an inch.

Newhall punted to Jones in mid-field, who passed the ball to Coy. Coy was downed without a gain. Foster went through right for nine yards, and Brides made it first down.

Harvey threw Yale back and the Crimson rooters sent up a long cheer. Jones tried a short punt, and Harvard got the ball on her 30-yard line. Newhall punted to Coy on Yale's 40-yard line. Coy fumbled and Harvard recovered the ball. On a fake kick and a double pass, the first of the game, Coy made twelve yards. Brides, with the tacklers hanging on, walked through Harvard for nine yards. Coy made it first down.

Jones's forward pass failed, but a Yale man fell on the ball. With thirty-five yards to go the Yale team stopped for another war council. The Yale rooters began to sing. While the Yale warriors were gathered in a little knot Harvard drowned out the Eli song with a long Harvard battle cry.

Yale Hammered Away Steadily.

The result of the council showed when the whole Yale team walked through Harvard's centre for eight yards. Yale was hammering the Crimson line steadily back. In every plunge the whole Yale team passed and went forward like an avalanche.

Then came a forward pass. Harvard fumbled and Yale recovered the ball on Harvard's 12-yard line in front of the post. Newhall went through right for seven yards.

Again the whole Eli eleven was called back for a council. Gathered in a bunch that a blanket could cover, they planned Harvard's rout. There

(Continued on page 2.)

YALE AND HARVARD AS THEY LINED UP.

Harvard.	Weight.	Position.	Weight.	Yale.
Starr	160	L.E	167	H. Jones
Burr	194	L.T	197	Paige
Parker	233	L.G	265	Cooney
Grant	178	Centre	178	Dunbar
Pierce	198	R.G	212	Goebel
Fish	191	R.T	189	Biglow
MacDonald	170	R.E	176	Alcott
Newhall	148	Q.B	174	T. Jones
Wendell	175	L.H.B	186	Brides
Rand	170	R.H.B	169	Bomar
Appolonio	192	F.B	193	Coy
182 pounds		Averages	191 5-11 pounds	
	Pounds.			Pounds.
Average Harvard Line	187¾	Average Yale Line		197¾
Average Harvard Backfield	170	Average Yale Backfield		180½