

Edgrees COLUMN

This is Tad Jones's Day, the Haughton Jinx Having Been Routed by Yale.

"Eddie" dog has his day. For years the "Haughton system" has been Yale's bugaboo. Until Saturday Yale has almost been willing to admit that nothing could beat the Crimson as long as Haughton was coach. And now Yale, under Tad Jones, has outplayed Harvard, crossed the Harvard goal line for the first time in nine years, and has decisively won a hard-fought game.

This is Tad Jones's day. Yale can forget Haughton, and next year the Bulldogs can go out on the gridiron feeling that all men are born free and equal, and stay that way in spite of anybody's coaching. The Haughton threat no longer has Yale's goat.

HARVARD fought hard to win, and did everything that courage, strength and strategy could accomplish against the Bulldog's tenacious attack and defense. Harvard scored in the first quarter when Robinson kicked an easy field goal, moving the almost certain disintegration, letting the Yale ends get within a couple of yards before he dropped the ball and kicked it neatly over the middle of the cross bar. That play was well calculated to shake Yale's confidence. But it didn't. Yale played along at an even faster pace. From that time on Harvard had few chances to get on the field, and the range of Yale's goal line. In fact, after the first half most of the play was well down in Harvard's end of the field, and a great part of it within twenty yards of her goal line. When Harvard had the ball Yale's defense was impenetrable. The only way Harvard could drive Yale back was by punting far down the field, and even in this Haughton's men lost ground repeatedly when Yale returned the punts.

Twice Yale was within Harvard's five-yard line. The first time the Blue players had a little luck. A bad pass to LeGore resulted in a fumble, for he was barely able to touch the flying ball with the ends of his fingers. The ball rolled back under the line, where a Crimson jersey might have flopped down on it in another second but for Casey, who snatched it from the ground and dodged through the nearest Harvard players before they could lay a hand on him. Gates nearly got away, and did run for thirty yards before he was tackled on Harvard's twelve-yard line. It took four tries to get the first ten yards, and then Harvard smashed. Three Yale attempts to stop Harvard's run broke through Yale's line and seized him before he could throw the ball.

Again, later in the game, Yale reached Harvard's five-yard line and it looked as if another touchdown would surely be scored. But Harvard's desperate defense stiffened and LeGore tried a forward pass that failed to connect. It was a good strategy, perhaps, for Kilpatrick once scored the winning touchdown against Princeton in just that way. But Princeton's defense was not against either Yale or Harvard this time, and the forward pass isn't as much of a surprise as it used to be. LeGore tried another forward pass, and this time Harvard's line broke through Yale's line and seized him before he could throw the ball.

There will always be discussion when Yale and Harvard meet about the possibilities in Saturday's game. Eddie Casey made one of the most sensational runs ever seen on a football field, and that the touchdown been scored Harvard might have won the game.

Casey was given the ball for a run around Yale's left end. He got away with a few yards, and his secondary defense were well taken care of by the interference. Casey ran for about twenty yards when he was cornered by several Harvard men and driven out nearly to the boundary line. It looked as if he had been stopped entirely, and the Blue players standing in front of him motions directed to a tackle. But Casey whirled around, slipped out of the hands of the tacklers, and was off again before any one realized he was free. He dodged through a small hole, got clear and ran straight down the field to Yale's goal line, with no one within ten yards of his heels. Harvard's rosters were yanking joyfully, but in a few seconds the noise died out and the whole crowd turned to see referee Dave Fultz signaling Casey to return. Harvard had been penalized fifteen yards because a Harvard player had tripped up a Yale player when the play started. The touchdown didn't count.

This was tough luck for Casey and tough luck for Harvard. If the rest of the scoring had been the same it would have won the game for Cambridge.

But Yale men have a few arguments too. First, but for the illegal interference Casey might not have got away at all. Second, during the last period Yale played a careful defensive game, needing only to hold Harvard without any more scoring to win. If Casey had not had his hand, Yale would have played a desperate game and have taken long chances, and might have scored again.

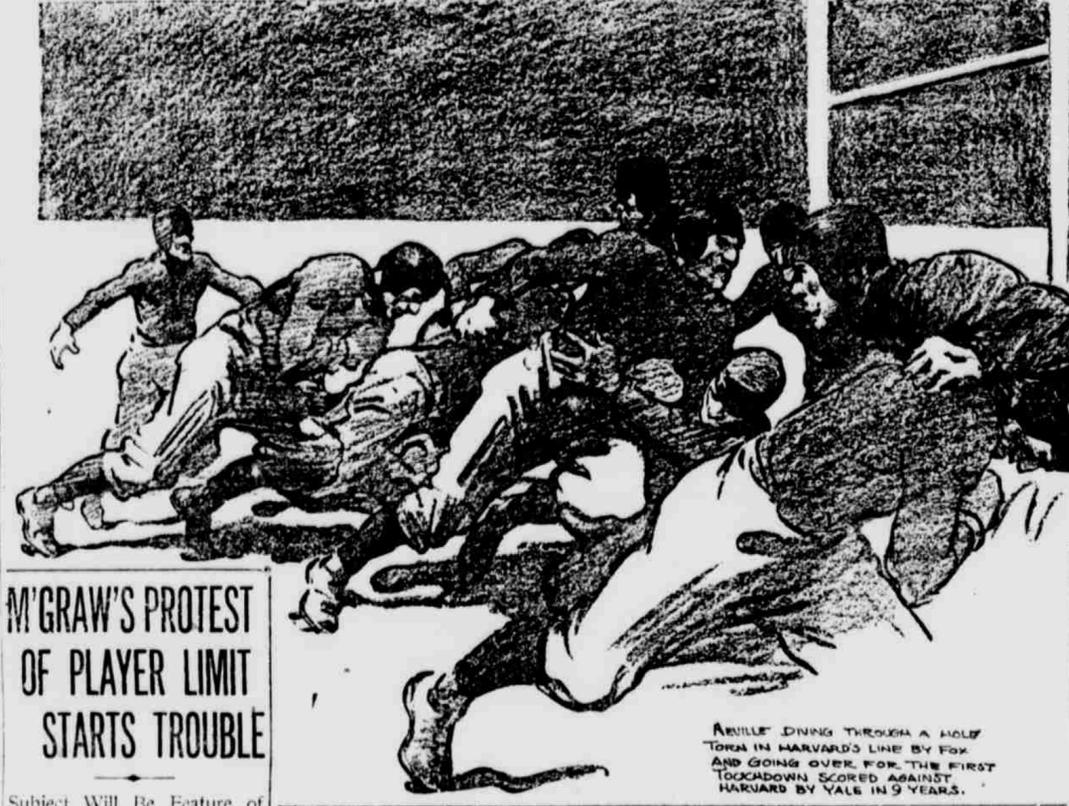
The improved Harvard defense was shown in the careful and efficient handling of punts. There were few fumbles—and these few were nearly all Harvard's. La Roche, for Yale, seemed to have given on his hands.

Yale's line, as in the Princeton game, showed great strength. From end to end there wasn't a weak spot, and the end game was a good one. Yale ever owned. Neither was there any weak spot back of the line. It was a perfectly balanced team, at least about as good as any team in the country, and superior in power. This year Yale has the better team, and if Harvard and Yale played again the result would undoubtedly be the same.

BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

THE BEST TWO PLAYS IN YALE-HARVARD GAME

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M'GRAW'S PROTEST OF PLAYER LIMIT STARTS TROUBLE

Subject Will Be Feature of National League's Annual Meeting.

By Bozeman Bulger.

IF the National League at its annual meeting next week does not rescind its rule limiting the teams to twenty-one players there will be an upheaval among the managers such as the old circuit has not seen in many years.

And the leader of the protesting managers is John J. McGraw, which is interesting in view of the fact that never before has he paid any particular attention to these winter meetings of magnates. In the past McGraw has been content to run the ball club and that alone. But they have decided to ask the Giant manager some questions about his now famous utterances about the last two important games in Brooklyn and he thinks it a good time to bring up the subject. He has given his views to President Hempstead and they will be presented with vigor.

"Mind you," said McGraw while discussing it, "the limit will not affect me one way or the other during the coming season, because my team is complete and there will be little room for youngsters. But I think this twenty-one player limit a detriment to the league. It gives the American League with its twenty-five limit a decided advantage over us in the World's Series.

"The rule also prevents a manager from keeping young players on the bench for development. They must either show themselves ready for the major league the very first year or go back to the minors. The National League will lose many promising stars by the enforcement of this rule."

With McGraw in this move are Jimmy Callahan, Joe Tinker, Wilbert Robinson, George Stallings and Pat Moran.

They point out that many such players as Ty Cobb, George Burns, Ferdie Schupp and Eddie Collins would never have been in the line-up had they been deprived of the opportunity of sitting on the bench and taking observations for a season or so.

Another important thing for which the magnates must prepare themselves is the plan of the Players' Fraternity to prevent players from signing their 1917 contracts unless their demands, especially on the minor leagues, are granted.

There is no doubt that the owners had considered a general cutting of salaries, now that the wartime contracts have expired, but this threat may stay their hand.

The hearing of the charges against McGraw will not be serious. He has expressed a willingness to repeat what he said and to explain what he meant, and they know pretty well what that will be. He did not accuse his men of "playing down," but the still insists that they played the kind of careless ball that disgusted him.

YALE ANNOUNCES CHANGE OF ITS ROWING COURSE

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Nov. 27.—Official announcement is made today of the adoption by the Yale Rowing Association of the course on the Housatonic River above Derby for the spring and fall regattas. Negotiations are under way with Princeton and Cornell. The announcement says, to establish the Housatonic River as one of the courses for the yearly triangular race between the three universities. If Princeton and Cornell agree the race will be held next spring and every third year thereafter.

South of New Haven about the water front and increasing shipping on the harbor are given as reasons for the change as practice on the harbor under present conditions is considered undesirable.

The announcement adds: "The Rowing Committee wishes to contradict as absolutely preposterous the rumors that have spread that Yale wished to change the Yale-Harvard race from New London, Yale is satisfied in every way with the New London course."

Golf Notes

A longer and better Salisbury golf course to take the place of the links that was the "home course" to a large portion of New York's unattached golfers is being built at Garden City and will be ready in May, 1917.

There is some very promising golfing material among the youngsters at Cambridge this year. James Malone, the fourteen-year-old son of W. G. Spaulding of Detroit and a nephew of Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hark, played a 90 yard par four hole the other day in a drive, an iron shot and a short putt. This has not been equaled by Lemmie's "hooded" boy, Athel Denham, also ten, who, under the watchful eye of his sporting opponent and administrator, A. A. Collins, made the thirteenth hole on the No. 1 course in one. This hole, now made in one for the first time, is par 3 and takes 4.

With clubs in the Metropolitan Philadelphia and Boston districts in line for the event, a fine tournament is being planned for next year's national open golf championship. Arrangements are being received by Howard F. Whitney, secretary of the United States Golf Association, are from Fox Hills, Whitehaven Valley and Bear Barn Country Club, organizations which are representative respectively of the three sections mentioned above.

RUTGERS VS. W. & J.

Not the least important of the inter-collegiate games between the East and West in football will be that of next Thursday afternoon at the Polo Grounds between Rutgers and Washington and Jefferson. Each eleven has a distinct style of its own and both are coached by men who stand very high in the power football strategy.

BUGS BAER AT ARMY-NAVY GAME

The Army Football Sharks Fined in at the Opening Chorus and Gulped the Navy at One Gulp, Bones and All and the Sharkiest of the Sharks Was a Fish Named Oliphant.

By Bugs Baer.

WHEN a flock of sharks go after a meal they don't wait for knives and forks. They don't even yodel for a menu. Anything they lamp is their menu. And they don't squawk for spoons. A shark tears right in after his biscuits and oats with his fingers.

Which is easily the way in which West Point took Annapolis on Saturday. The Cadets had the Middies in their pocket before the Middies knew they had been bit. The Army football sharks fished in at the opening chorus and gulped the Navy at one gulp, bones and all. Then they wiped their chins on the back of their hands and went home.

Army had the appetite and Navy paid the check. And the sharkiest of the sharks was a fish named Oliphant. He took a nibble at the first ball pitched and before he was harpooned his dorsal fin had cleaved the field for 87 yards and the game was over before it started. All of which eradicated the romance for the tournament for the marine folks.

The only difference between Oliphant and a one-man orchestra is that nobody ever plays second fiddle in a one-man orchestra. And quite a herd of geni were playing second fiddle on Saturday.

This Oliphant led is built on the same delicate lines as a B. and O. horn-car. He is as fragile as a stevedore, has a waist line like a safe, about as much neck as a bass drum, and is harder to stop than a habit. Even a private detective would suspect that Oliphant was some football player. And Elmer verified the rumor easily. He galloped around like a perplexed rabbit. Sometimes he impersonated an ant on a hot rock. The Navy tacklers couldn't decipher him at all. He might as well have been deeper than Elmer.

Oliphant's style of broken field running is the best since Eliza crossed the ice a jump ahead of a fit and two bloodhounds. His ankle technique is rather bizarre. Something like waltzing to fox trot music. But he keeps on going, which is all that can be expected of a football player or a dollar watch. And after he pulled a few stunts of ankle legerdemain the Navy stands were about as noisy as a turtle.

Any football coach would like to have a white Oliphant on his mitts. As far as the game itself was concerned, there were a lot of influential people in the stands. Everybody hitting .300 or over in the American edition of the Almanac de Gotha was there and every thermos bottle didn't contain coffee. They say that one swallow doesn't make a summer, but it helps in winter, and the day was almost as raw as an umpire's decision looks to a home fan.

It was the usual football game, all the traffic regulations being handled by both teams. Knuckles were parked on chins with charming candor. Ears were grubbed like subway straps on a curve. It was about as formal as a fishing trip. Oliphant was the works, and when he graduates the ocean won't get any deeper from tears shed by Uncle Sam's ocean clerks.

The Annapolis pitchers were instructed to keep the ball away from Ollie with men on base, but somebody pulled the wrong lever. The game is just as much history now as Mr. Hughes's telegram, and we can hardly wait to see the number's magazines. Then we can find out what brand of cigarettes Ollie smokes on his end runs and what safety razor he kicks his field goals with.

It was a cold day and now that it's over everybody is glad that they were there.

President Wilson wired at the last minute that he was able to be absent. Woody was too busy to arrive. He hasn't sent that congratulatory telegram to Hughes yet.

The New Haven isn't the only road where they pull the wrong levers. The bird who booted that first ball to Oliphant is about as popular as a worm in a chestnut.

Fortunately it's winter. Otherwise the middies' entire summer would have been spoiled.

Navy went Democratic in the last half, but the biscuits had been burned by then. Like the bird whose alarm clock sprung a tendon, they woke up too late.

The amount of mileage consumed in a football game without the inhabitants arriving anywhere is tremendous. Straightened out, a football game would stretch from Kokomo to Korea.

Ten cops marched across the field between halves. Sec Daniels chaparral sent very effectively. They met two more cops surrounded by Sec Baker. They stood on their hind legs for the movie men and performed a few similes. Then the movie men asked for waivers on 'em.

Navy never had a chance. Army was dealing all the time.

Haughton May Spend All His Time With Harvard Eleven Next Year

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Nov. 27.—It is reported here that Percy Haughton, head coach of the Harvard football team, will retire as President of the Braves and devote all his time next year to planning for and coaching the Crimson gridiron squad. He didn't report until late in October this season, which, it is said, handicapped the team, as it got them off to a late start.

Percy will have his backfield intact next year with Robinson, Thatcher, Horworn and Casey, and with Wheeler and Snow for the basis of the rush line. The regulars who will be graduated next spring are Padmun, Harris, Coudler, Harris and Cramer. Of the ten substitutes used in the Yale game, all except Wilcox, Sweetser and Minot will be on the squad next fall.

Harvard came through Saturday's game in good shape. Eddie Casey's nose was not broken, as was first supposed. It was badly bruised, however. The election of a captain for next year will be held within the next two weeks. Robinson, quarterback, whose field goal gave the only points Harvard scored against Yale, and Horworn, are favorites. Captain Padmun of the Harvard eleven makes the following rather sensational statement: "The idea that we didn't expect such a fight from Yale is foolish, for we did. Yale's whole team played well and as usual were ready for any break in the game. This was one of the games that you can count as having been won on your own misplays and, of course, you know what I mean. The Harvard team played a hard game and we could say a great deal about Casey's being called back, but we won't. I do believe, though, that the officials should have been able to point out the man who was said to be the quality of the holding which cost us a touchdown. He couldn't do it when I protested and, of course, it was disappointing."

Fistic News John Pollock and Gossip

Tex Holman, who promoted the Willie Moran match here, left this city yesterday for Chicago, where it is understood he will endeavor to sign up the heavyweight champion for another engagement today. Tom Andrews, the Milwaukee promoter, is also reported to be trying to secure Willard to box Fred Fulton. It is not known what amount Rickard has in mind for Big Jess.

Champion Johnny Kettle will have a tough opponent tonight when he meets Dick Laddigan in a fifteen-round bout at Baltimore. Kettle is expected to have Eddie and Kid Williams look in Baltimore before the first of the year.

Frankie Burns, the clever Jersey City kid who has been more champion than any boy in the business since, to knock out Joe Lopez, the rising star here, at the Philadelphia Club tonight in the ten-round semifinal bout McDonald and Battling Bobby, two other good bantams, will enhance values.

Jack Britton, welterweight champion, has been booked for three bouts by his manager, Danny Moran. At Willow Grove, Pa., Britton is scheduled to meet Mike McHugh on Dec. 12. He will take on Ritchie Mitchell, while at Kansas City on Dec. 11 he will again meet Ted Lewis over the fifteen-round route to a decision. Britton also is scheduled to meet Joe Young, Heavyweight of Lockport at Buffalo New York.

The Fairmont A. C. has arranged a good card for Saturday night's show. In the main event Willie Jones of Brooklyn and Billy De Fox of the Bronx will appear, while in the ten-round semi-final Jimmy Flynn of Long Island City and Eddie Kelly of the Bronx will furnish action.

Pat Moore, the crack Memphis bantam who has been fighting in Brooklyn to-night, will meet Mike McHugh in the ten-round main event at Providence on Wednesday night. Moore beat Willie Brown there last week.

The Olympic A. C. officials expect to have their difficulties with the Boxing Commission straightened out in time to conduct their show tonight, in which they have Bill Ketchum and Vic Hard and Joe Smith and Harry Kalar matched for ten-round bouts.

As Bob Meek is not ready to box Jack Dillon at the Broadway Sporting Club to-morrow night, Jimmy O'Hagan of Albany and Jack Herick of St. Paul, will substitute for them. The rest of the card will be Jack Teal, Joe Young, Dave Burns of Newark, and Joe Sawyer, the common kid.

Because of his sensational showing against Joe Teal when he was knocked out, young Sole long, the Brooklyn bantam, is anxious to box both Jimmy Kite and Kid Williams. His manager, John Reiser, says he'll put up \$1,000 to find a match for a \$10,000 side bet for a twenty-round bout between Sole and Kite. Reiser says that should Sole and Kite he'll make the same proposition to Williams, so the banana title won't be closed.

"The already boxed Charlie White (sic)," said Stanley Ketchum, the Denver lightweight who made the Chicago knockout artist at the Harmon Sporting Club Friday night. "The first time I took White nineteen rounds to stop me and the other battle I went his limit in ten rounds and him at Ketchum. No, sir, he'll not stop me Friday night."

A heavy for the contest of boxing in Madison Square Garden, will probably be found to Johnny White and Billy Long at the Boxing Commission's meeting today. Freddie Walsh and Johnny Dunne will occupy the big amateurize Thursday night of the new club's application is (to-morrow) will hold.

Mary Cook, the local welterweight, hurt her hand in her bout with Billy Kramer in Philadelphia last night and will be able to fight at the Fairmont at the Empire A. C. to-morrow night. Cook has a record of one win and one loss, and she gave the European champion a rough match.

Football Notes

WEST POINT, N. Y., Nov. 27.—Although some of the players exhibit unmistakable signs of rough play, all are in good condition physically. On the way home the cadets elected Lawrence McConey Jones of Washington, D. C., as Captain of the Army eleven for next year.

ITHACA, N. Y., Nov. 26.—Plans are completed for the Cornell's departure for Atlantic City today enroute for the Pennsylvania game at Philadelphia on Thanksgiving Day. The Cornell team is in fine physical condition. Dr. Sharpe said, and the two days' rest and recreation at the sea shore is expected to put the men in top form for their final battle. Cornell men here ask odds of 10 to 6 on the game.

CHICAGO, Nov. 27.—Capt. Paddy Driscoll of the Northwestern University football eleven has been re-elected to pilot the team in 1917.

TO-NIGHT—Sponsoring Sporting Club, Frank Burns vs. Joe Lynch. Adm. 50c.

FRIDAY NIGHT HONORS POINT SPT. CLUB Joe Seem-Johnny Williams, Johnny Harv-Joe Paul

THE SELF-CONTROLLED MAN IS POISED, SQUARE LIVING MAN WHO DOES EVERYTHING IN MODERATION.

He knows exactly what he wants and quickly insists upon getting it.

Most times his whiskey is Wilson—a wonderfully mild and mellow Whiskey—That's All!

The Whiskey for which one invented the Non-Refillable Bottle

FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 311 Fifth Ave., N. Y. That's All!

PUTTING 'EM OVER With "Bugs" Baer

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RADIO RUDOLPH SAYS

A GROUP Picture of the Army Team Would Be a Good Portrait of Oliphant.

The biggest surprise in the Yale-Harvard game was a bird who got a two-dollar seat for two dollars, dollars.

A good football game is one place where you can forget the price of seats.

FOR SALE. Set of Football Rules Employed During Army-Navy Game. VERY LITTLE USED.

That Chicago dirt squad is getting along very well, but wait until they have to read the All-American guffin.

A few Harvard players may be able to make the Woolworth edition of the All-American team.

Loomis did well in Sweden. That boy runs neatly in any dialect.

Hard to realize that golf is only twenty-eight years old in America. Must be some of the original players still out on their first rounds.

The gridiron season is done. The war is over on one side of the Atlantic anyway.

A clever All-American team would consist of Elmer Oliphant and somebody to pass the ball to him.

While a more concise All-American outfit would be young Mr. Pollard and eleven guys on the other side.

Why doesn't some bird pick an opposing team for the All-American mythical bunch? They haven't lost a game in twenty seasons.

Percy Haughton would hardly accept the position of coach on the All-Amy football team. You can't collect an All-American salary.

Since grandma saved Pearl Boras wrappers. Since your granddaddy and mine were Boppers.

The biggest change in football's state, is the change they grab for at the gate.

Folks who don't think there is any change in football should aim a mean eye at the Yale-Harvard receipts.

ANSWERS TO QUEERIES. Hoob—A baseball team travels first-class, but it doesn't always play that way.

Jinkz—You win. An ostrich is a bird.

Buffo—They are going to take the buffalo off nickels and put a snail on 'em.

Zipp—Columbia finished second in most of their games without much trouble.

Buzz—You win. A hen is a bird.

Gazabo—Divide the bet. Fred McKay is a fighter and a high driver too.

Gyp—You lose on a technicality. The Athletics didn't play ball in the American League last year, but they were in the American League.

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