

VICTORY FOR THE QUAKERS

CORNELL V. PENNSYLVANIA

On a Sloppy Gridiron and in a Blinding Storm the University of Pennsylvania Team Has a Pretty Hard Time to Dispose of the Ithaca... The Letter Series in the First Half and Lead Their Opponents—Then Woodruff's Players, with Dry Clothing On, Begin the Second Half with More Vigor and Make Two Touchdowns, from Which Goals Are Kicked.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 24.—University of Pennsylvania defeated Cornell at Franklin Field this afternoon by a score of 12 to 0. In what was generally termed a game of "Klondike football," the battle was fought on a gridiron that was covered with muddy water upon which a blinding snowstorm fell from start to finish.

In spite of the cold, 16,000 persons turned out to see the game, and it proved to be a novelty in the annals of the existing conditions. More than one spectator said that it was either foolish or brutal to compel the eleven to play in the slush, but as it was impossible to postpone the game, the managers had no alternative but to order the teams on the field, according to the original agreement.

In the first half, with the wind behind them, the Ithacans surprised everybody by outplaying the Quakers with comparative ease. In kicking and rushing Cornell had a distinct advantage, and when time was up the score was 6 to 0 in favor of the Quakers.

In the second half "Old Penn's" muddy warriors broke loose and by incessant use of the guards back play they succeeded in scoring two touchdowns, which enabled them to carry the day.

Owing to the shocking condition of the field, it was almost impossible to recognize the players after they had been at their work for ten minutes. Their faces were splashed with mud, and their uniforms were so thoroughly soaked that after the first half the Quakers put on dry trousers and jerseys, but the Ithacans refused to play the same or to wear such a heavy as lead before the close.

In the dressing rooms between the halves it was noticed that both teams were in critical shape owing to the cold and wet. Several of the men were shaking like leaves and wanted to quit, but they were finally persuaded to continue. The officials wearing McClure and Underhill were covered with mud and snow after they had been hustling around for five minutes, but there was no escape for them.

Hundreds of women had their hair ruined, to say nothing of their dresses. Their escorts were unable to do anything to save them, so somewhat was the male that sweeps across the field. Men who were thoughtful enough to bring flasks of whiskey probably saved the lives of many women who, throwing scraps to the birds, took a drink now and then to kill the shivers.

In such a terrible condition that scientific football was an impossibility. A player who was able to keep his feet was declared a phenomenon. There was no end of fumbling, and the punters, particularly those of "Old Penn," found it a most difficult matter to boot the ball or to kick the field goal.

At this point the Quakers began a mighty attack that had the crowd spellbound. Folwell kicked the ball into the center of the field and Outland was jammed between Reed and Wryell for five. Another punting play led the Quakers to the line of scrimmage on the right end, and he had a clear field before the Ithacans knew it. Over the slippery mud Outland kicked the ball into the center of the field and got in a terrific low tackle. Outland was tackled by Reed and Wryell, but he jumped up and the ball was put in play again without a moment's delay.

Cornell surprised by playing Charley Young at right half back at the very last moment. Young was a star at quarter last year, but he had not done any training this fall. On the field he had not played for the past two weeks and when he unexpectedly lined up this afternoon at half back there was a universal expression of surprise from all parts of the field.

Cornell's rush line in the first half succeeded in holding the Quakers admirably, although the latter kept pounding away with their guards back interference and punting. But in the second half "Old Penn's" forwards began to open up the holes through which a victory was ultimately earned. The eleven threatened each other's goal on several occasions, but could not score because of the mud. Cornell's rushing ability was not equal to that of the Quakers, but the Ithacans took advantage of every Philadelphia misplay, and on a dry field might have scored more than once. The Quakers, however, had a big advantage toward the close, because of their superior weight, which enabled them to push the Cornellians over the slush with comparative ease.

Capt. Outland of Pennsylvania played a wonderful game. Some of his runs were hair-raisingly fast, and in spite of the fact that he slid around helplessly after dodging opponents, he got around the ends and through the tackles, aided by his guards back interference, and he kicked a most marvelous field goal. Hare and McCracken, the Quakers' big guards, were also in evidence with good runs, which, coming at the right time, helped the Philadelphia to earn the laurels of the day.

Charley Young redeemed himself with a crowd for his fatal miff in the Harvard game. Pennsylvania's line was impregnable in the second half, although the Ithacans made big gains only to lose the ball when chances to score loomed up. The Quakers' line was a line of mud, and when he was taken out because of injury his eleven missed him. Sweetland played a magnificent game and had the honor of crossing his opponents' goal line after a blocked punt. Reed and Leuder, the Quakers' ends, kept their own with Hare and McCracken in the first half, but they could not stand the terrible strain until the end. Whiting, the Cornell captain, did not make any misadventurous runs, but he handled his team with good judgment. Charley Young's punting was the cause of much favorable comment, for in spite of the heavy ball, he got it up to the line fairly respectable runs. Owing to the heavy going the ends of both eleven could do no sprinting, so that the backs were able to get ground in almost every instance where they had a punt to catch.

The game was marred by constant delays due to injuries, which were not serious, and before the last whistle blown the crowd was impatient. Considering everything, though, it was a memorable exhibition of football, always exciting and testing the players' endurance beyond the expectations of the coaches. The Quakers' forwards were turned out and stared through the combats, but they were not so much as they were in the first half. It is believed that a hold this great game has on the minds of the spectators is due to the fact that the game had been under way fifteen minutes, when the field gradually became so white that the players could not see each other. The snow also covered the yard with such a thick layer of snow that the players were unable to get on their feet until the snow was blown off by the wind.

The weather was worse than at New Haven last Saturday, in that the atmosphere was freezing and the wind blew in gusts. The snow in the eyes and making it a most difficult job to see the individual play. Yet it is a crowd the enthusiasm was rising through the gates, carrying blankets, oilskins, rubber coats and umbrellas.

An hour later the University of Pennsylvania line band paraded around the edge of the field, the music being played by the band that came over from the Philadelphia roots. The eleven were cheering and singing then, while a crowd of 100 or more Cornellians were engaged in trying to outstep their rivals. The eleven were also doubly anxious to beat the Quakers, and they were first on the ground. The small ponds that covered its surface, they were now rolling around in the slush until they were almost entirely submerged. The mud was increased with thick layers of mud inside of two minutes, and the eleven stuck to their mol-

Asking with such tenacity that they soon became slippery as eels. In falling on the ball several of the Quakers made headstart down the field. The Cornell men came out on the field at 10 o'clock. The Cornell men came out on the field at 10 o'clock. The Cornell men came out on the field at 10 o'clock.

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See for Forty Years Dr. P. Gutermann, of Louisville, Ky., writes: "I have drunk and prescribed Johann Hoff's Malt Extract for forty years." JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT

Blows Follow Telephone Words. Almost a Tragedy of Errors All on Account of Crossed Wires. A Blunder in Blending Whiskies would irrevocably ruin the quality. Great care, skill and an accurate knowledge of flavors in combination is necessary to success. Moreover, the blunder must be familiar with the best processes for "conditioning" the whiskey and bringing it to perfect maturity. OLD SCOTCH WHISKY is a pure, palatable and delightfully flavored blend that is produced by an experienced and careful blender. It never varies in its quality, which is always of superior excellence. For nearly forty years it has been the favorite of its devotees. Physicians prescribe it for their patients. For Sale by all Reliable Dealers. THE COOK & BERNHEIMER CO. NEW YORK.

Heard that he was called to make the clerk's office a "bar," yelled somebody with a vengeance that seemed to indicate that he meant every word of it. The very air is invigorant; fragrant from the first frosts, soft and with the glorious sunshine that fills the shortening autumn days with splendor and makes this and luminous the attendant shadow. "Bob White" shrills of more wet, more wet; the rain is falling in a deluge, with half-grown brood, truly speeds across the fields, the ripened corn, or with musical "whirr," r-r-r-r-rises, to dive into the distant sea of undulating brown and green. The air is full of the wild or perched on the frequent points of the trees, the birds are in the air, and when he bolted into Blanke's office he took the place by storm. Nobody anticipated the storm, and his arrival was the characteristic precipitancy of a summer cyclone.

Before the conversation between Blanke and the clerk was finished Blanke noticed that the clerk was looking at him with a look that said no attention to it. He hung up the receiver and went over to the vault to get the money. He found the money in the vault, but he found it was not the money he was looking for. He was looking for the money that he had put in the vault, but he found it was not the money he was looking for. He was looking for the money that he had put in the vault, but he found it was not the money he was looking for.

Jack Bennett Whips Tom McCune. Tom, Nov. 24.—The Crescent A. C. has two interesting pugilistic evenings. Massey Haugh of London, England, ten rounds at 116 pounds, Smith did most of the leading and received a great deal of punishment. His friends were disappointed when Massey Haugh was defeated by Tom McCune. The fight was a close one, and the referee was a little doubtful as to the result. The fight was a close one, and the referee was a little doubtful as to the result.

She Whipped a Bull. A Passing Young Woman Stops at a Farmyard and Saves a Man's Life. From the Philadelphia Record. FLEMINGTON, N. J., Nov. 15.—That Miss Sallie Refford made of the stout which constitutes her hair was very plainly demonstrated by a thrilling incident in which she figured conspicuously yesterday. Edward Able is an athletic young farmhand in the employ of Theodore Timman, near Bloombury, and several times he has had encounters with the young bull which seemed to have a special grudge against him. He was engaged to come out ahead in these scrimmages, for he is a courageous fellow. Nevertheless, he kept a sharp eye on the beast, which seemed to be looking for a chance to get at him.

Our Beers are Brewed Exclusively. The Best Natural Alperient Water. Insist on Having the Genuine. Brewed by S. W. Wurzburger & Sons, 25 Forest St., Borough of Brooklyn, New York.

Our Beers are Brewed Exclusively. The Best Natural Alperient Water. Insist on Having the Genuine. Brewed by S. W. Wurzburger & Sons, 25 Forest St., Borough of Brooklyn, New York.

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