several cases of open slugging and the handlers were kept busy sponging bloody faces almost from the start. Yet, all in all, it was probably the most interesting game of the year from a spectacular standpoint and the greatest crowd that ever gathered at Yale Field looked on right up to the blowing of the final whistle.

HOW THE GAME WAS PLAYED.

Movements of the Ball Up and Down the Gridiron.

NEW HAVEN, Nov. 19.—The morning sun failed to take the sogginess out of the middle of the gridiron on Yale Field, and a fine sawdust was sprinkled over it at about noon; but the field remained soft and treacherous, so that long runs were not generally looked for. It afforded no advantage, however, to either team, as the difference in weight was not enough to count. Nearly every seat in the immense stands, the actual capacity of which was 31,926 seats, was taken when the Yale players rushed through the gate in the northeast corner of the field. They received a volcanic welcome from everybody, the Harvard men joining in with generous cheers, out of pure sportsmanship. Every Yale man looked fit to fight for his life. The rush line was the same that bowled over Princeton, and when the eleven had run through the signals with agility there was another tremendous outburst, caused by the appearance of fair Harvard.

FAT BOYS FOR FAIR HARVARD.

Covered as most of them were with flaring red blankets, the Harvard men looked big enough to eat up their opponents with a relish, but as the blankets were discarded it was noticed that nearly all of the men who made up the rush line were of the roly-poly order of construction and were bound to be slow in consequence.

"Harvard's fat boys will lose some of their flesh before the battle is over," said a Boston expert, "for they will be subjected to rougher handling than they have experienced before this season. If they could have a few moments' chat with Mr. Hurry Up Yost, the Michigan coach, who seems to know how to handle fat boys and who declared that Eastern football is very inferior to that of the West, they might do something. Possibly Mr. Yost might be able to show them how to score without having the ball at all and that would be a blessing in disguise."

Recalling the mighty eleven under Capt. Dibblee that swept Yale off the field some years ago, the sharp eyed critics viewed with feelings of distrust the combination that straggled upon the field to represent Harvard in the coming battle. But there was little time for sizing up the teams on appearance. After a short conference, Capt. Hogan of Yale and Capt. Hurley of Harvard together consulted Referee Matthew McClung of Lehigh and Umpire Paul Dashiell of Annapolis as to the conditions under which the game was to be played.

HARVARD WINS THE TOSS.

At 2:20 o'clock Harvard had won the toss, and Capt. Hurley selected the south goal to be defended by his men. That meant that it was Yale's ball to kick off, and a minute later Roraback boomed the leather into the air, with cries of excitement, cheers and songs from the multitude. The ball spun into the outstretched arms of Randall, who wore a white bandage around his head and whose unusual height made him a conspicuous figure. He got under way, quickly dodged a couple of Yale tacklers who were coming at him full tilt, but when he reached his 28-yard line Shevlin dropped him heavily on his back.

Harvard began the first test of Yale's defence with a tackle back formation which did not yield a foot, Hurley being stopped short by Tripp. Then Sperry made a dash for Yale's left end, but as he had no interference, Shevlin threw him back for a loss of five yards. Sperry promptly punted to Rockwell, and Yale's auburn haired quarter back coolly took the ball upon the bound and hustled back to Harvard's 50-yard line.

YALE BUCKLES DOWN TO BUSINESS.

Yale buckled right down to business at that point and a tremendous attack began. Flinn was thrown through Parker for three yards and Morse battered three more out of Brill. Hogan forced Squires back for two and Morse helped along by Rockwell, made seven more in the same place, Harvard's defence crumbling like paper. Brill was temporarily used up by this hammering process, and lying flat upon his back he waited for trainer McMasters to sponge off his face and massage his ankle. When he was ready to resume, Yale re-yarded him as an easy mark, Flinn and Hogan pounding out enough gains to carry the ball to Harvard's 22 yard line. Then the attack was shifted to Squires and Darby, Morse being dropped on Harvard's 18 yard line.

LOOKS EASY FOR THE BLUE.

It looked as if it would be an easy matter for Yale to score, as Harvard had put up such a weak resistance that Yale was encouraged in every way, but before the Yale backs could make five more yards the Harvard heavyweights braced and Yale lost the ball on downs.

This was such a piece of unexpected good fortune that the Crimson army was simply wild with delight and 15,000 voices set up this song to the tune of "The Marseillaise":

> The cheers from the Harvard hosts ring high,
> While the Crimson banners streaming
> Lift the Crimson glory to the sky,
> Where the sunset red is gleaming.
>
> And our hearts leap 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.

A TEST FOR YALE'S DEFENCE.

Once more Yale's defence was put to the test, but only two yards were made by Hurley in a rush at Capt. Hogan, so that on the third down Sperry punted to Hoyt. The Yale half back made a neat catch and had just gotten under way when Montgomery made a one handed lunge for him, just missing him by a couple of inches. Then on went Hoyt, dodging Derby, but falling to earth when Hurley nailed him on Harvard's 38-yard line and ran him out of bounds.

Bloomer dropped back of the line and made a hole through Derby. Flinn gathered four yards. Bloomer also helped Morse to make a similar gain through Brill, after which there was a wrangle between Hogan and Umpire Dashiel, which lasted several moments. Then Yale went at it again. Flinn and Morse taking advantage of wide openings in Harvard's defence, until Yale had the ball on the 20-yard line.

YALE'S TURN TO SING.

It was Yale's turn to make the welkin ring with song, and from the wonderful chorus came this gem:

> Right through the centre and straight to the goal,
> See old Yale gaining, just look at that hole.
> Oh, the people all say, stand aside, clear the way,
> Here comes Jim Hogan—say, just see them play.
> Oh, they're big, bold, active and square,
> They are the daisies we Yale men declare,
> They are line smashing, score once more, men;
> This team of Eli's means victory again.

Yale's attack increased in power, and when Hoyt had plunged to the 18 yard line there was a sudden cry of dismay from the wearers of the blue as he dropped the ball. The yellow oval rolled out in plain view of the spectators and quick as a flash Mills pounced upon it. With equal quickness he was up and away and had a clear field before one could wink an eye.

A LITTLE LUCK FOR THE CRIMSON.

Capt. Hogan, always on the alert, made a deadly rush for him, and Mills was thrown headlong on his 26 yard line. This was another piece of good luck for Harvard, and the crowd, plucking up spirits, broke loose with cries of encouragement that made the Crimson players believe for the moment that they had a chance to pull off the trick. When Brill had dented Roraback for three yards, Little Starr, the Harvard freshman, who was running things behind the line, urged the fat men to do their best.

"Tear 'em up and get at them," he cried. But Hurley, when directed against Bloomer, was lifted off his feet and thrown over backward for a loss of five yards. That was not encouraging, so Sperry punted to Hoyt, who was quickly thrown by Montgomery in the centre of the field. Hoyt lost no time in punting back, but he made his kick so close to the line that Starr, who was playing back, was completely taken by surprise, and as the ball rolled beyond him toward Harvard's goal line he had to chase it with both Yale ends coming after him like bloodhounds. Starr was equal to the occasion, however, and fell on the ball on Harvard's 12 yard line.

HARVARD MAKES GAINS.

The Crimson went to the attack without delay, and after Starr had made a single yard through Bloomer, Hurley found a hole between Bloomer and Roraback through which he was thrown for a gain of nine yards. This looked like real business, and when Derby made two more the Harvard delegation cheered long and loudly. Tripp had the right sleeve of his jersey torn off and with bare arm he retreated to the side lines to make a change. The Yale substitutes with three blankets made a temporary dressing room, triangular in shape, in which Leavenworth peeled off his jersey, put on Tripp's torn one, and in a moment Tripp reappeared ready to resume the fight.

Meanwhile Harvard had been encouraging her giants with a rousing song that went this way:

> Many a heart is beating true to you
> Every man is watching, watching what you do
> So get in line and rush and rip them through.
> For Harvard victory is nothing new.
>
> The Elis shout their Boo-La-Boo,
> But let the Crimson wave above the Blue.
> Now is the time to do your best,
> You know that we will do the rest.
> For Harvard, Harvard, Harvard.

ELIS SMASHED THE LINE.

But this encouragement went for nothing. For on a double pass Sperry, while in the act of diving through Yale's right wing, dropped the ball, and Hogan fell on it on Harvard's 27 yard line. Here was another chance for Yale to score, but Flinn was beaten back without making a foot. Yale, however, was determined, and with a series of terrific smashes Morse and Bloomer got the ball to Harvard's 16 yard line. Flinn made a couple of yards through Brill, and then the whole Harvard left wing was blocked off, enabling Rockwell to assist Morse in a rush that ended on the 5 yard line. It seemed then as if Yale's longed for touchdown was coming, and while several Harvard men were receiving repairs the Yale chorus sang:

> Harvard, you've a hopeless undertaking
> When you try to beat Old Eli Yale.
> At the fray the Crimson line is quaking;
> They all know they have no show.
> Yale can never fail.
> Oh, Yale, oh, Yale, her team can never fail.
> When Bloomer and Hogan open holes,
> Old Yale victorious onward rolls.
> They score once more.
> With cheers the victory hail.
> If anybody knows a trick worth two,
> It's Yale, Yale, Yale.
> Oh Yale, oh, Yale,
> Her team can never fail.

YALE PENALIZED FOR HOLDING.

Yale was ready for a final plunge for the goal line, but when the crash came Umpire Dashiel discovered that there was holding by the Blue and Harvard received twenty yards as a penalty. Flinn could not gain, so Hoyt dropped back to the 35-yard line for a goal trial Roraback passed the ball too high to him and Hoyt was compelled to make a run for the right end. Hurley was on the alert and tackled him so effectively that he was downed for a loss of eight yards.

That turned the ball over to Harvard on downs, and another Crimson demonstration followed, but Harvard's attack was lamentably weak, for Sperry not only failed to gain in a straight plunge into Bloomer, but on a double pass he lost four yards. Starr's knee was wrenched in this mix-up, and time was taken out while Jack McMasters bound up the little quarterback's leg with a rubber bandage. Then Sperry resumed play by punting, the ball sailing a few feet over the heads of the players and rolling to Hoyt. As the latter picked it up half a dozen Harvard men were lumbering toward him, but the interference provided for Hoyt was so effective that all of them were tumbled over while the Yale half back scooted back to Harvard's 50-yard line, where Starr drove him out of bounds.

Yale did not give Harvard a breathing spell, and when Flinn had made two yards through Derby Yale received five yards more for offside play. Another dash at Derby netted three yards for Morse and laid the Harvard player out gasping for wind. Somebody had handed Tripp a flying wallop, and the blood was streaming from a cut over his right eye, but he simply dashed it off his face with his brawny hand and danced up and down like a fighting cock.

TWO HARVARD MEN LAID OUT.

It was up to Shevlin then to get around Randall's end for five yards, but there was such a rough intermingling of antagonists that both White and Parker were motionless when the heap was untangled and time was taken out for them to revive. The Yale players gathered in a bunch by themselves and held a whispered consultation. Then they went back to their positions, and it was a case of grit, smash and bang, first at Harvard's right wing and then at the left, Morse carrying the ball by steady advances to Harvard's 32 yard line. Shevlin tried Randall's end again for three yards, but Morse was stopped in his tracks when he hit the Harvard centre.

"Get in on them, everybody!" yelled Starr, while from the Yale chorus, the time being beaten by a dozen leaders, came a ditty to the tune of "Teasing," which ran as follows:

> Harvard, Harvard, you've a hopeless task to-day
> When you try to hold Old Eli's team at bay,
> For this, you see, will be your
> Finish, finish, Crimson overcome by Blue.
> Don't be angry
> 'Cause we're beating, badly beating you.

CRIMSON FAT MEN DRIVEN BACK.

Foot by foot the Harvard fat men were driven back. Brill was knocked flat on his face, and when he was lifted to his feet he reeled like a drunken man. Instantly Yale directed an incessant attack in his direction, Hogan, Hoyt, Morse and Bloomer plunging through him until they had reached the 9 yard line. Again time was taken out while three Harvard men were bathed and patched up, the Yale men stamping the ground impatiently. Back came the Blue with another tearing assault, Hogan and Flinn landing the ball four yards from the goal line. Roraback was in the act of snapping the ball to Rockwell when Parker interfered with him and Yale received as a penalty half of the remaining distance to the goal line, which placed the ball two yards from the mark. Harvard with one mighty voice begged for a brace, and while the Crimson men were conferring the Cambridge army rolled forth this stirring anthem:

> Harvard, Harvard, Harvard, Harvard,
> Rah, rah, rah, rah—Harvard.
> Come on we'll make the heavens ring to it,
> Every Harvard man get into it.
>
> Rah, rah, rah, rah—Harvard.
> Oh, give a yell for the boys who wear the crimson,
> Down with the boys in blue.
> Send a mighty chorus ringing
> To cheer on the players true.
>
> Not for the love of glory fighting,
> Nor for the lo e of fame,
> But spurred by the love of Harvard to fight
> For Harvard's name.

TOUCHDOWN FOR THE BLUE.

From the Yale side of the field came the repeated cry of "Touchdown! Touchdown! Yale, make a touchdown!" Hogan fell back and butted head first into the mass of struggling, fighting giants for a gain of a yard. Harvard braced for another expected attack at the centre, but this time Morse was sent dashing between Derby and Montgomery and went over the line amid a wonderful demonstration which filled the air with blue banners. It was a touchdown for Yale after twenty-eight minutes of actual play, and even the New Haven players danced for joy.

Hogan was the first to run into the middle of the field. Although his face was spattered with blood that flowed from a wound on his forehead, he grinned from ear to ear, and as Morse followed him the Yale captain threw his arms around his plucky half back. On the goal line as Hoyt prepared to kick the ball over the crossbar stood the Harvard fat men, bedraggled, bruised, bleeding, but still full of fight. They had been overcome by an irresistible assault, but their pluck partially made up for the setback. Hoyt put on few frills as he stood beside Rockwell, who poised the ball for him, and with a quick jerky kick he drove the oval over the crossbar as straight as an arrow. That made the score 6 to 0.

The teams had been on the field fifty minutes, and Yale rewarded the play with numerous cheers and the Boola song, which went rolling up from thousands of throats. Yale blue fluttered incessantly in all the stands. The band that had been playing in front of the Yale section struck up "Here's to Good Old Yale, Drink Her Down," and accompanied the great choir in rendering:

> March, march on down the field,
> Fighting for Eli:
> Break through the Crimson line,
> Their strength to defy.
> We'll give a long cheer for Hogan's men,
> We're here to win again.
> Harvard's team can fight to the end,
> But Yale will win!

The Harvard flags and streamers that had been temporarily concealed now sprang up in a blazing forest, and the cheers and songs boomed across the field once more.

RANDALL'S FRIENDS UP IN ARMS.

As the ball was placed in the middle of the field to be kicked off and the Harvard team assumed the usual positions, a colored man in Harvard uniform ran out on the gridiron. Every eye in the mighty throng was on him, and when he hurried up to Randall and said something to him there was a roar from the Harvard crowd. Randall stood still looking at Matthews, for he it was, and then sheepishly walked to the side lines. He hung his head in deep humiliation while his friends yelled: "Shame! Shame! Keep him in; that is an insult! Why make a show of Randall? He has been playing well."

Then hundreds jumped up and cheered Randall to the echo, while other hundreds were roaring encouragement to the negro, who spat on his hands and got ready for business. All through the Harvard stand there were comments about this incident.

"They're getting square with Randall, that's all," said one man, warmly. "He had the courage to roast some of these inflated coaches and they have taken this means to rub it in. He certainly played as well as anybody, and if he deserves to have a substitute sent out there they might as well change the whole team."

But the game was under way and there was no time for further growling, for Sperry kicked off, and Shevlin, with superb interference, came rushing back through the broken field until he had passed every Harvard player but Mills. If he could have dodged the latter, he would have had a clear field for a touchdown; but Mills made a flying tackle, grabbed Shevlin by the right leg and hung on like a bulldog. Shevlin tried to pull his leg free, but it was no use, and he was downed on Yale's 38 yard line.

Flinn began Yale's new assault with a six yard plunge through Brill, and on a delayed pass Rockwell skirted Montgomery's end for fifteen yards. Then, as Harvard braced slightly, Hoyt decided to punt, and Neal threw Starr on Harvard's 25 yard line. The Harvard attack was worth nothing, and soon Sperry punted to Hoyt, who was driven to earth on his 45 yard line by both of the Harvard ends, who were under the kick in lightning fashion.

CHANGE IN HARVARD'S LINE.

Roger Derby, who had been gradually feeling the effects of the pounding which Yale had directed at him, now surrendered his position to Squires, which caused a shake-up in the Harvard line. Parker went to the left guard, White moving over to succeed Squires at right guard, while Parkinson, a human dumpling, went to the snapback position. This combination did not work like a charm, for Hogan and Flinn quickly hammered out twelve yards, and Yale was jamming the Harvard line back at every jump, when suddenly the ball was fumbled and Hurley fell on it. But before Harvard could do anything startling, Starr got in a fumble too, caused by a poor pass from the rotund Parkinson, and Shevlin fell on the ball with a dull thud.

The next play was a rib roasting rush by Shevlin through Brill, and in the mix-up the latter was keeled over. But before another play could be made the first half was over, Yale having the ball on Harvard's 45 yard line.

While the Harvard players hurried off the field to the dressing room to receive words of wisdom from the coaches, the Yale players showed their hardiness by sitting down on a long bench on the side lines, where blankets were thrown around them and trainers and substitutes armed with towels fanned the warriors in true prize ring fashion.

There was not an expert on the ground who believed Harvard had a chance to win, and it was freely predicted that Yale in the second half would run up a large score. So when Harvard came out again to take some more medicine the Crimson hordes were in fear and trembling.

THE SECOND HALF.

No changes had been made in the make-up of either team in the intermission, and when Sperry kicked off to Shevlin the latter was tackled so fiercely by Matthews after he had run the ball in twenty yards that he dropped the leather. Neal, however, was on deck, and pinned the ball down on Yale's 30 yard line. It was up to Hoyt to punt, and Starr was pitched over on his head on Harvard's 45 yard line. Brill was taken back in a Harvard formation, but he hit the line running erect and did not gain an inch. As the Yale players jammed him down beneath the mountain of men, Brill let go the ball, and it was squeezed out of the bunch to roll along slowly on the sawdust. Again Neal had his wits about him, and with a spring like a panther he fell on the oval on Harvard's 53 yard line.

The Harvard mastodons nearly all had bellows to mend, and Jack McMaster was busy with the water can and sponge. When they resumed Yale drove a compact mass play straight into the Harvard centre and Morse was dragged by a half dozen New Havenites for a gain of seven yards. The next rush was stopped by a tackle from behind, and when Hoyt punted the ball sailed into the Yale crowd just back of Harvard's 35 yard line. That caused a few moments delay, which enabled Harvard to sing the famous song, "Up the Street":

> Look where the Crimson banners fly,
> Hark to the sound of tramping feet,
> There is a host approaching nigh,
> Harvard is marching up the street,
> Onward to victory again,
> Marching with drumbeat and song,
> Oh! Hear the refrain
> As it thunders along, as it thunders along.
>
> Behold, they come into view
> Who wear the Crimson hue,
> Whose hearts are strong,
> Whose hearts are strong,
> Ever to Harvard.
>
> And Harvard's glory shall be our aim,
> And through the ages the sound shall roll
> When all together we cheer her name,
> When we cheer her with heart and soul.

STREET CLOGGED WITH YALE MEN.

But the Harvard fat men could not have marched up a street a half a mile wide with the Yale men in front of them. Mills and Hurley demonstrated this fact when they could not gain more than two yards between them, and on the third down Sperry punted. It was a puny effort, partially due to a ragged pass, and as the ball was half blocked there was a wild scramble to obtain possession of it. A Harvard man fell on it, but could not retain it, and Shevlin finally took a slide with the ball in the middle of the field.

Then for the first time it was evident that Harvard's negro player was in trouble. Somebody had kicked him in the shins and he sank to the turf writhing in pain. McMasters was there in a jiffy and soon had Matthews in shape to go on. Shevlin and Hogan dashed into their burly opponents for short gains, after which Mills and Hogan took flying punches at each other but quickly desisted for fear of being ruled off.

Bloomer and Hoyt went through holes in both wings for eight yards, and out of the scrimmage caused by the latter's advance reeled Matthews. Somebody had handed him a beautiful wallop on the side of the head, and rubbing the spot with his hand he looked around for a place to fall. Had the blow landed on the point of the jaw it would have been a clean knockout. But the plucky negro got his bearings in short order and went back to his position with fire in his eye.

Flinn and Morse now hammered the ball down to Harvard's 22 yard line, where Rockwell tried a quarter back kick. Again Matthews was groggy. He reeled around as if a pile driver had struck him, but McMasters was there with the sponge and bottle, and once again Harvard's negro bobbed up serenely. Flinn and Bloomer banged away until they had landed the ball on Harvard's 10 yard line, when there was still another cessation of hostilities to allow several of Harvard's warriors to recover from the effects of the mauling.

RIP, SLASH AND TEAR.

It was rip, slash, tear and plunge on the part of Yale until the Blue had fought its way to the 1 yard line. Again the Harvard crowd beseeched the Crimson to hold old Eli, incidentally singing:

> For many a day when the sun was low
> And the day were a Crimson hue,
> You have worked with main
> 'Till the evening came
> That we might overcome the Blue.
> Now brace up men and hold Eli down,
> Let us change Yale's smile to a frown
> Make it "do or die" and it is no lie
> There'll be joy in Boston town.

Possibly this entreaty had something to do with the next play, for as Yale went in with a mighty rush the ball was fumbled and Starr fell on it. A half dozen Harvard men were floored and puffed like grampuses until McMasters had pumped some wind into them by moving their arms and legs. Then from behind the goal line Sperry punted. He got the ball on a poor pass and sent it whirling to Rockwell, who caught the ball on the 33 yard line. Before he could heel the catch or even start to run the ball back there was a flash of Crimson jerseys, a terrific collision, and Matthews and Rockwell both fell unconscious to the ground. Matthews had charged on Rockwell, still with blood in his eye, and he had tackled him head down, striking the Yale quarterback in the stomach. It was the roughest play of the game and there were cries of: "Put him out! Rule him off!" from the Yale sympathizers.

It was a clear case of interference and was inexcusable except, probably, for the reason that Matthews had a bunch of grievances and wanted to square accounts with somebody. When both men had been revived Umpire Dashiel penalized Harvard fifteen yards, and the Blue had the ball on Harvard's 15 yard line. But this was evened up a moment later when Harvard received a similar penalty for holding. Rockwell promptly got in a quarter back kick, and Starr was thrown by Neal on Harvard's 20 yard line. Neal and Matthews were slugging away in good old fashioned style for a moment, but the officials had their backs turned, and nothing came of it. Harvard went to the attack with a short gain by Brill and then opened a hole through Bloomer for a sensational rush by Hurley. The Harvard captain might have made a lot of ground, but he dropped the ball like a hot potato and Shevlin nailed it on the 25 yard line.

Harvard took a brace immediately and secured the ball on downs, but the Crimson attack was just as weak as ever, and a moment before Sperry punted Matthews was staggering around in such a dazed condition that the Harvard coaches sent Pruyn in to succeed him.

BLOCKED KICK, THEN TOUCHDOWN.

"No, no, no," shouted the Harvard thousands who wanted to see the negro play it out, and in response to this entreaty Matthews waved Pruyn aside. It was on Harvard's 25-yard line that Sperry dropped back to punt. Through the Harvard fat men dashed Kinney, who threw up his arms and blocked the ball. As it rolled to one side Bloomer picked it up and was bowling along majestically toward the goal line when Mills caught him by the leg from behind and down he went on the 3-yard line.

Bloomer tried to go over for a touchdown on the next play, but he could not gain and was forced out of bounds. Then Matthews, battered and bleeding, gave way to Pruyn and a moment later Flinn was literally thrown over the goal line for a touchdown from which Hoyt kicked a beautiful goal, whereupon the Yale hosts arose and sang with wonderful volume:

> Show me the Scotchman who doesn't love the Thistle,
> Show me the Englishman who doesn't love the Rose,
> But show me the true hearted son of old Eli
> Who doesn't love the spot where the elm tree grows.

The moon was now himmering in the distant haze, and as the shades of night came on apace Harvard's cheers were fainter and fainter. With Sperry's kick off Shevlin ran boldly back to his 30 yard line, and Hoyt soon punted to Starr who dodged Neal and ran out at Harvard's 50 yard line. Hurley dived into the centre of the Yale line for six yards and had half of his jersey torn off. Parker staggered out of the mix-up with his head in his hands and Yale in an instant had the ball on downs.

SPERRY MISSES FIELD GOAL.

An exchange of punts enabled Sperry to try a drop kick for goal from Yale's 40 yard line, but the ball was blocked, although Harvard recovered it on the 30 yard line, which was the nearest point to Yale's goal reached by Harvard in the entire struggle. A punting match followed in which Yale had all the better of it and then Harvard began to put in substitutes, Nichols succeeding Sperry.

The first thing Nichols did was to indulge in a slugging match with Neal and follow it up with a beautiful punt, Pruyn nailing Hoyt on Yale's 30-yard line. Noyes went in for Starr and was cheered loudly. Then Nichols and Mills made short gains until Nichols punted clear over Yale's goal line, where Rockwell fell on the ball. After the ball had been punted out, Mills ran back to the centre of the field, and then Nichols failed to gain on a double pass. When he tried to punt, the ball was passed clear over his head, but he recovered it, and dodging Bloomer he was brought to earth by Shevlin on Harvard's 45-yard line. A shrill whistle rang out at that moment and the battle was over.

Down from the big stands rushed the wild eyed Elis and swallowed up their champions. Hogan and Rockwell and Shevlin and all of the heroes were hugged and carried away in triumph. The Harvard men, crushed in spirit, were covered with the big Crimson blankets, and as they limped off the field of battle the Crimson multitude rendered "Fair Harvard" with awe inspiring harmony. Yale stood up in a body, and to the accompaniment of the band, sang the soul stirring anthem, "For God, For Country and For Yale." Line up:

Yale.	Positions.	Harvard.
Shevlin	Left end	Randall
Bloomer	Left tackle	Brill
Kinney	Left guard	White
Roraback	Centre	Parker
Tripp	Right guard	Squires
Hogan (captain)	Right tackle	Derby
Neal	Right end	Montgomery
Rockwell	Quarter back	Starr
Hoyt	Left half back	Sperry
S. Morse	Right half back	Hurley (captain)
Flinn	Full back	Mills

Score—Yale, 12; Harvard, 0. Touchdowns—S. Morse, 1; Flinn, 1. Goals from touchdowns—Hoyt, 2. Referee—Matthew McClung of Lehigh. Umpire—Paul J. Dashiell of Annapolis. Head Linesman—A. Whiting of Cornell. Substitutes—Harvard, Matthews for Randall, Squires for Derby, White for Squires, Parker for White, Parkinson for Parker, Noyes for Starr, Pruyn for Matthews, Nichols for Sperry. Yale, no changes. Time—35 minute halves. Attendance—35,000.

YALE BETTER MAN FOR MAN.

Review of the Individual Work of the Players.

NEW HAVEN, Nov. 19.—In no department of the game did Harvard excel. Taken man for man, Yale was easily the master. After the conflict it was the opinion of more than one critic that without Mills and Hurley Harvard would have been more soundly trounced. Mills was everywhere, his tackling being a brilliant feature of Harvard's play. Hurley was easily the best ground gainer for the Crimson, what little there was of it; while Starr, the freshman quarter back, never ceased to get into all the plays. For the short time that Nichols was in the game it looked as if a mistake had been made in not playing him from the start instead of Sperry, for he showed a vast improvement over the latter's punting and rushing.

Harvard's rush line man for man was outplayed. The tackles, Brill and Derby, were easy marks. Montgomery was a fast effective end, but he did not compare with either of Yale's ends. Matthews did more spectacular playing than Randall, although the latter was not a weakling by any means. Shevlin played the best game of the year and was a tower of strength. He loomed up wherever his presence was most needed, falling on the ball, making fierce tackles, running back kicks and showing conclusively that he is the star end of the country. Neal played far above the form shown at Princeton. He was as quick as a cat, rivalled Shevlin in speed in getting under kicks, and his quickness in falling on the ball at critical moments stood out in bold relief.

The veteran tacklers Hogan and Bloomer, who played their last game for Yale, covered themselves with glory. In attack and defence they helped to form the basis for Yale's success. Kinney and Tripp, the big guards, were invulnerable, both of them handling the Harvard giants in front of them with ease. Roraback was a rock of adamant from which the Harvard men bounded back as if from a huge rubber ball. Little Rockwell was there as usual with his cool headed generalship, quick directions, deadly tackling and his never failing assistance to the men who carried the ball.

Hoyt's punting was a superb exhibition, some of his drives covering forty and fifty yards. Morse was perhaps a bit more effective than Leavenworth was in the Princeton game, while Flinn, who succeeded Owsley at full back, made a name for himself which will not be soon forgotten.

Yale's success was due to a perfect system of coaching by experts including Rafferty, Glass, Thorne, Hinkey and last but not least Walter Camp, among whom harmony always pervailed; while a word of praise is due as usual to Mike Murphy, the trainer, who had the men in wonderful trim for the contest.

It was the opinion, even among Harvard men, that before another year rolls around radical measures should be resorted to in order to place Harvard football affairs in the hands of men who will be governed not by personal prejudice and society influences in framing up a 'varsity eleven, but by a general desire to win back for Harvard laurels once valiantly won by Capts. Dibblee and Campbell and Coach Reid.

NEW HAVEN SWAMPED.

Streets Overrun With Rooters—One Yost Airs His Opinions.

NEW HAVEN, Nov. 19.—At 10 o'clock this morning the first special train from New York rolled into the railroad station, and twelve carloads of enthusiasts, both Harvard and Yale, formed the advance guard of an army. From that time until shortly before 1 o'clock the trains from New York and Boston fairly poured the thousands into town. The trolley cars were swamped, and the hackmen, with all sorts of rigs, were unable to handle all those who wished to ride to the field. New Haven put on its brightest colors with the rising of the sun. It was a glorious day for football and there were lightheartedness and enthusiasm everywhere.

Through the streets of the town streamed college men, young and old, with hosts of pretty girls from everywhere, who wore the Crimson or the Blue as the case might be. The shop windows were decked with flags and streamers, the dry good sclerks with Harvard and Yale buttons were out for a field day, men who never saw Princeton or Pennsylvania were cheering and drinking to the health of the Tigers and the Quakers, while a regiment of hustlers selling football tickets at advanced prices and all sorts of souvenirs of the occasion, blocked the sidewalks of the main street.

Eight hundred automobiles, it is said, came to town from points east and west. Some of them made the journey from Boston in railroad time, while others ran up from New York, arriving long before the lunch hour. In a public garage opposite Yale Field there was room for a thousand machines, and the enclosure was nearly filled before 1 o'clock.

How to feed this great army of 35,000 football rooters was a puzzle to the local purveyors of food, and those who possessed wisdom realizing the immensity of the undertaking, sat down in the restaurants and beaneries as early at 11 o'clock. Vacant stores were hired, where sandwiches, pie, milk and soft stuff went like hot cakes.

Enterprising men sold boxes of lunch on the street corners, while the saloons got rid of countless black bottles early in the day. These black bottles had been provided with the idea that the weather would be freezing cold and the inner man would need a warming up, but the cold weather did not appear, although the bottles were emptied, just the same.

The pipe smoking children, who are always in their element on these occasions, purchased some of these bottles, and after one or two sips of the peppery stuff were in such a hilarious humor that they believed the town belonged to them, and so they rolled out to the amphitheatre, howling and singing, while straight laced visitors looked on in pity. The police force, prime for the occasion, wended its way to the field at noon, but fortunately it had a very orderly crowd to deal with, otherwise it might have been swamped by sheer numbers.

The trolley cars were totally inadequate. Thousands walked to Yale Field and thousands walked back. The field itself provided greater accommodations for the public than ever before. The seating capacity was about 8,000 more than last year, but Julian W. Curtiss, who was the general manager of the game, said that only a hundred tickets or thereabouts had not been sold at 10 o'clock. Around the New Haven House the football wiseacres gathered in force.

"Hurry-Up" Yost, coach of the Michigan eleven, talked freely on the situation. Yost does not see where Harvard, Yale and Princeton come in at all. He said the Yale team, although he had never seen it in operation, looked weak to him, and he would probably have been willing to make the extra statement that Michigan would eat up the Blue if they could come together. Yost even went so far as to say that he personally could go into a game against Yale, Princeton or Harvard and break up any of their attacks that might be framed.

He said that Michigan would not make any attempt to arrange a game with any of these Eastern colleges, but that if Harvard, Yale or Princeton, or anybody, else wanted to play Michigan and issued a challenge they would be accommodated. Judging from the openness of Yost's criticisms, it is safe to say that Michigan will not be seen in the East for a long time to come, and her alleged supremacy will remain a matter of opinion indefinitely.

The gates of Yale Field were opened at 12 o'clock, and the people began to climb into the lofty stands in a steady stream. Harvard had the west stand, with the university band as a centrepiece. When the Crimson hosts had arrived there were many celebrities on the side line, including Jimmy Knox, Percy Haughton, John Dunlop, W. H. Lewis, F. D. Cochrane, Bob Kernan, Norton Shaw, Reginald Brown, Dr. W. A. Brooks, Jack Hallowell, Robert D. Wrenn, Bert Waters, Edgar Wrightington, Mike Farley, Richard Derby and Evart Jansen Wendell.

Mr. Wendell came across the field from the Yale stand and received a rousing cheer from the crowd as he shook hands vigorously with the coaches. He is Harvard's leading enthusiast, and without his presence a game would seem an odd event. Over on the Yale side of the field there was an ovation in store for Vice-President-elect Fairbanks and party when they came in. Mr. Fairbanks was forced to raise his hat again and again in response to the cheers and then went high up in the stand, where he had a splendid view of the game.

The Yale graduates and coaches were out in force with Walter Camp, "Brink" Thorne, Glass, Frank Butterworth, DeWitt Cuyler, George A. Adee, United States Senator John Kean of New Jersey, Senator Betts, Otto T. Bannard, William B. Davenport, Julian W. Curtiss, Rafferty, Mitchell, Chadwick and many others. Yale had the Second Regiment band to render popular selections and the musicians had a battle royal all afternoon with the Harvard band.

Then minutes before the game began the crowd in all its glory had arrived. On four sides of the gridiron a sea of faces in backgrounds of crimson and blue rose to a dizzy height. With the waving colors and the booming cheers it was a scene of activity and life that will long be remembered by those who looked it over, and with all the partisan feeling, in some cases bordering on bitterness, good sportsmanship predominated, with praise for the victors and sympathy for the vanquished. It was a typical Harvard-Yale football game, the game of the year.

HARVARD GLOOMY, YET PLEASED.

Strong Sentiment Now for Change in Coaching Methods.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Nov. 19.—Harvard is downcast to-night over the Yale defeat, but with the gloom is mingled joy that Yale scored only 12 points and pride for the plucky fight put up by Crimson football warriors. Many students went to Boston to get the returns in Mechanics Hall, where the Harvard men kept a continual cheering in the face of certain defeat. The first half gave the rooters occasions to cheer, especially when three times when within striking distance of the Crimson's goal Yale had to relinquish the ball. Even when Yale scored Harvard men were not surprised, and many enthusiasts shouted "Hold them," as if their encouragement would urge on the team 200 miles away. In the second half the crowd went wild when the Crimson held the Blue on the 1 yard line. Later when Harvard had the ball on Yale's 15 yard line with a good chance to score, pandemonium broke loose again, only to be silenced when Yale regained the ball.

On the whole Harvard men are satisfied with Yale's score of two touchdowns. They feel that against a stronger and better conditioned eleven than met Princeton a week ago they made a better showing than the New Jersey university. It is poor consolation but better than none.

This year's Yale game may have far reaching effect on Harvard's athletic policy. There always has been a well defined feeling toward professional coaching, and it is especially strong this year. Prof. H. S. White, formerly of Cornell, now leader of the faculty athletic committee, already has come out openly for professional coaching in rowing, and if the graduates can be induced to take up the undergraduates' feeling for paid coaching, future Harvard football teams will have professional coaches. The sentiment here is that the Harvard material this year was good enough to be developed into the best team Cambridge ever turned out. To be sure disheartening injuries to star players have retarded the best development of the team, but not to injuries alone can Harvard's failure this year be assigned.

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