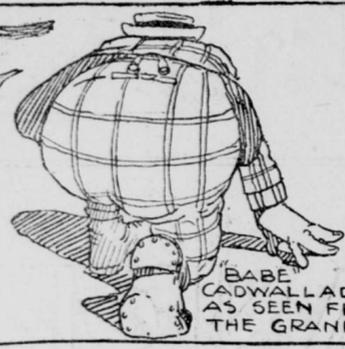




PROF. WHEELER GOT INTO THE GAME



BABE CADWALLADER AS SEEN FROM THE GRAND STAND



"KANGAROO" KAARSBERG SOARED TO IMMEASURABLE HEIGHTS



"FLIP" LEAN HAD AN EASY DAY OF IT



"KING" KELLY THE COACH

Pictorial Glimpses at Persons and Incidents Noted and Fixed by Call Artists



PERCY HALL'S PA KNEW WHICH SIDE WAS "IT"



"GARRY" DIDN'T SAY A WORD BUT HIS THINKING WORKED OVER TIME

quick fever not having reached so far West there were no takers and more than once during the next three-quarters of an hour there were moments when Stanford enthusiasts felt like kicking themselves for not having invested. They would have lost as matters turned out, but they would have had a splendid run for their money.

The fifteen-minute interval did wonders for the Stanford team, but they did not begin to manifest themselves until after Berkeley had taken advantage of the first ten minutes following the kickoff in making another touchdown and goal. "Kangaroo" Kaarsberg, who was easily the star of the Berkeleyites, made one run of forty-five yards around the Stanford end that was easily worth the price of admission.

After that in spite of the fact that three men of the Stanford team had badly used up to continue had been relieved by three others the blue and gold players were not only unable to make any decided advances into Stanford territory, but had to work their hardest to keep their opponents from scoring. What Stanford may have lost in team work from the retirement of Boren, Smith and Gilman was more than made up apparently by the introduction of Rudolph, Erb and Cairns and the reds played football decidedly worse to their opponents.

Rudolph was just a little bit fantastic with his poses and attracted considerable attention by an exhibition of the feeling that he might pull the fat out of the fire. He worked as hard as a beaver, however, and was cheerfully forgiven for any grand stand attitudes into which he fell.

There were continuous admonitions to the cardinal team from the red benches that now was their time to score and they went in as if they believed it and the Berkeley players had to set themselves firmer and fight harder than they had been led to expect they would have to do earlier in the game. The result was football of a high order, some of the kind you read about in the meetings of Harvard and Yale and Princeton and Cornell and Pennsylvania. Kaarsberg dived higher and kangarooed farther than ever, Womble developed into one of a world's wonder than ever. Greisberg and Hill and Cornish were towers of might, but do all as they might their goal was several times in danger during the half and Stanford got dangerously close to Stanford's.

A man with half an eye and not the slightest knowledge of football could appreciate the beauties of the game. It was the whole thing with no discount, the only pity being that it did not develop earlier.

It didn't, however, and Berkeley won, 29 to 0, and the Berkeleyites went wild as the game ended. They tore down great strips of blue and gold bunting and, yelling like Indians, waving their blue and gold caps and canes, tooting their horns and blowing their bazoons, they followed the band doing a thousand-footed serpentine on the gridiron of victory. After yelling themselves hoarse in the incoming fog they headed uptown in triumphal procession, tooting peans of victory on their way to Thanksgiving dinners till they couldn't rest. All last night the city and its theaters were theirs. They celebrated the night of a great day and some are celebrating yet.

Stanford was more sedate in its enjoyments as became losers, but they look forward with hope to another day when the score shall be 29 to nil and the nit may be Berkeley.

STORY OF THE BATTLE FROM LINE TO LINE

"I'm only half satisfied," said Womble, the California end, after the game. "Last night I had a dream that kept me smiling at myself in my sleep. There never was a moment when I was not placing the ball for Pete Kaarsberg to kick goals." The reason of Womble's semi-satisfaction is due to the surprising resistance that the Stanford team made with the score 24, sending shafts of pain right through their souls. Four touchdowns and as many goals was the work of the first thirty-five minutes of play. This gave Womble his football ecstasy of holding the pigskin for the goal-kicker. The second half was more stubbornly contested by the Cardinal and the California end had but a single opportunity to glitter in the realization of his morose ideal.

After the tantalizing suspense dependent upon the few words of the captains



CORNER OF THE BIG CROWD IN THE UNIVERSITY CLUB'S STAND.

with the officials, Referee Goodwin blew his whistle and the intercollegiate match of 1899 was begun. Stanford won the privilege of the kick-off, and Chester Murphy, he of "split-shat" fame, otherwise known as Floating Rib Murphy, began the contest that brought so much joy to California and so much sorrow and chagrin to Stanford. Away the ball sailed down the field. Smith, dubbed the "Locomotive," was waiting for it on the 10-yard line, but there was no rest for him after the pigskin reached his hands. Plowing his way through the covering of sand he bowled over a brace of red-shirted opponents and was not brought to earth until he reached his own 35-yard line.

Both teams were breathing hard, nervous and shaky with a gridiron fright when the player yelled out his signal for the next play. Swift came the California backs at the Stanford line, but the cardinal stiffened and there was no gain. Cochran on the side grates his teeth and cursed under his breath for he couldn't understand it. Another try with the same result. The Stanford men in the stands went wild with excitement. California was forced to punt. Kaarsberg being called upon for this feat. To the Stanford 35-yard line the pigskin went, and then came the cardinal's first chance for offensive play. Fisher hurled against California's line. Three yards nearer the enemy's goal was the ball. Another two yards and the red went, but they were next to be. The ball was passed to Murphy for a kick, but Hill, the blue and gold end, drove him into the sand before he could swing his foot. The next attempt at punting was successful and Murphy punted the ball to the enemy's 45-yard line.

Seventy yards away from the California line stood the Stanford goal posts. This was a long course and the work of touchdowns severe and trying. "Now is the time to score," yelled the California center, and the ball was kicked. Smith plunged through a hole between Burnett and Gilman for a small gain. After an ineffectual attempt at the Stanford center Smith was shot with center pultic force at the other tackle and his course was marked with supine red-shirts. The center was handled by the guards who hit and battered, the ends were circled, Hill, Smith, Kaarsberg and Womble tearing their way through the field. "Peter the Stanford Eater" Kaarsberg tried his kangaroo leap over the pile. Smith dashed through the tackles five yards at a time until the pigskin rested on the Stanford 5-yard line. There was no stopping the California cohorts, but Stanford, not yet disheartened, braced for the struggle. Hardly had the cardinal team lined in position when Percy Hall smashed through the badmen and Traeger with the rest of the blue and gold men on his heels. The crowd on the bleachers knew a touchdown and every kind of college noise floated over the field with blue and gold tone effects. Five to nothing was the score, soon changed to six as Kaarsberg kicked the ball out of Womble's hand squarely between the goal posts.

What happened in the first half were three repetitions of this hammering, peppering line fire on the part of California. Again Murphy kicked off and again Smith picked his way up the field, holding his feet with three Stanford men encircling his body. On the California 32-yard line the second onslaught began by the blue and gold. This sort of gain, slow but sure, was a trifle too much of the former to suit Cochran's coils, so Kaarsberg punted to Murphy, looking wan and sad in the back field of his own territory. Not an inch did he advance the ball, for like shots out of a cannon Womble and Hill were upon him. Nothing remained for Stanford to do but punt, and Murphy was called upon again. With the ball on California's 40-yard line that eleven began its second touchdown crusade. Rippling and discovering the cardinal rush line Kaarsberg, Smith and Hill played ninetines with the dumfounded red men.

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Then Womble—"Reckless" he is called—took the ball under his left arm and started down the field. Around Parker he circled, and all that stood before him and his much coveted goal was Murphy. Stanford's gritty little tackle, Murphy was passed, but not without a struggle, and it was this struggle that enabled the rest of the cardinal team to reach the winged-footed Womble, whose mad onward gap was brought to a halt twenty-five yards from the goal posts that he liked so much. As before, nothing could stop the men from California. The backs worked together, the interference formed rapidly and stuck like adhesive plaster. Five yards at a gulp came the California chargers, closer and closer to the last line. Eight yards away, with the smell of it in their nostrils, Smith tore a gap through the Stanford fort, passed under the bar between the posts, and the score was 11-0. It was no trick for Kaarsberg to kick that goal. Score, 12-0. Bruised, battered and bleeding, Stanford took its stand on the central line, the medicine which had been forced down the throats of the eleven men from Palo Alto producing a sickly expression on the multitude of faces in the cardinal sections. When would this slaughter cease? Burnett, who played on Stanford's winning eleven of other years, was nonplussed. For the third time Murphy kicked off. Kaarsberg caught the ball and brought it ten yards nearer the cardinal goal. Again the punting game was repeated and Murphy, on his own 10-yard line, caught the pigskin, but a possible good run was nipped in the bud when Hill brought him to earth at the center of the field. Murphy, exhausted, rent by pain both physical and mental, did his best to put life into his men and bolster them up. For the nonce Stanford did show some ginger. Smith went through Pringle and the next play brought another gain. Then the California line hardened and caked with never a sign of yielding. Murphy, in attempting a double pass, was caught behind his line on the third trial and the ball became blue and gold's. That was the doom that sealed all Stanford's hopes. This time the ball was carried five yards from their posts, but the rearing, mounting, plunging backs of California were ever on their feet, driving headlong through the bunch of red shirts that stood in their way. Pringle and Smith were used for line plunging. Kaarsberg for his kangaroo leap. Hill and Womble for end runs. The merciless buffeting went on foot by foot, yard by yard, until Smith was shot through Burnett for the third touchdown of the game. Womble held the ball and Kaarsberg kicked a goal. Score, 18-0, California on the long end.

"Ten to five that Stanford doesn't score," yelled a grizzled man in one of the field boxes, also decorated with blue and gold. "A bottle of wine to a bottle of beer on the same proposition," foated out of a neighboring box, both without takers. For the fourth time Stanford lined up for the kickoff, Captain Murphy kicked off and the ball was caught by Kaarsberg who received his kick and returned it to the Stanford 40-yard line. Crash came the opposing force together, and all picked themselves out of the heap but Murphy. He was panting on the ground, words out literally torn to pieces. For the last fifteen minutes he had been playing on sheer grit and nerve, but now his body sank under him as he attempted to stand. To the side lines they carried him, weeping like a child. It was not the physical distress, but the mental torture that he felt most. Hail took his place and the game commenced. Not being able to effect any gains through California's line, Stanford was forced to deliver possession of the ball. No sooner was this done than Smith lessened the distance between his team and the Stanford goal by twenty yards. The irrepressible Kaarsberg then covered some more Stanford territory, followed by Smith around the end. A few feet from the goal line Hill forged his way through the pack of red shirts, and the fourth touchdown was registered. Womble and Kaarsberg did their field-team act and the score read California 24, Stanford unchanged.

SECOND HALF.

Stanford at the end of the first half showed every sign of disorder, confusion and rout. The men had their very hearts cut and ground out of them. With their captain on the side lines and the California host counting off the score with painful and exasperating slowness they took their scattered places in the north field. During the rest Coach Chamberlain was at them with advice and censure. The look that came over their faces as they stood expectant and anxious for the whistle to blow promised better things. But before the tide turned California added another touchdown to its list, and the score reached its final high pitch, 29-0. Kaarsberg kicked off the Stanford 35-yard line and then the cardinal went back to its old game of line-bucking, but its efforts were unfruitful. A punt was forced out of the red heap, and Kaarsberg, catching the ball on the Stanford 40-yard line, didn't stop running until he reached the center of the field. California came at Stanford once and twice without a gain when Hopper fumbled. Smith, for the cardinal, was passed the ball by Raitt, and to the surprise of the 17,000 spectators Hill's end was circled for twenty yards. On the California 30-yard line the Stanford rushers were now standing. Could they muster up enough strength and dash to carry it over? That was the primal question that troubled the minds of both contingents, but not for long. Three times the Stanford backs banged away at the California phalanx, meeting just as many repulses. The ball went to the men from Berkeley and the crowd settled for what had become the routine of the day. But, even California surprised the spectators. Hitherto nothing sensational had

longed the honor of the last touchdown. Through a gap in the center he squirmed for the twenty-ninth point of the game. Kaarsberg made it thirty with his sure-footed leg.

The crowd settled, anticipating another score of points which never came. Stanford now took its long-looked-for brace marked by the varied ground gaining practice of interchange, Boren gaining on Kaarsberg every time. Occasionally Stanford would break through the California line, Traeger doing admirable work

been done, nothing brilliantly distinctive. It was all hard grilling team play that won for the blue and gold. Now it was Kaarsberg's chance to cap the climax of stellar achievements. Around the Stanford right end he flew, like a cyclone on a course of destruction. With his left arm he leveled man after man of the Stanford force, darting past some and riding rough shod over others. Percy Hall was with him and several of the red shirts were forced to the ground by collision with his fast moving body. Fifty yards of field was covered before Kaarsberg was stopped by Smith of Stanford. It was an exciting play, appreciated by the crowd and called for all the enthusiasm that the thousands could free themselves of.

An off-side play on Stanford's part gave California an extra ten yards. Down the field they kept moving until another touchdown was imminent. To Smith be-

in his position. For a time the atmosphere was redolent with a possible Stanford touchdown. To the 35-yard line the backs forced the Californians and an off-side play gave them a present of another ten. Here was Stanford's best defense. Had Stanford made the necessary gain it is very probable that a touchdown would have been their portion. Four yards of the five they did get and all was over. The ball changed hands.

California had been slowing its pace all this time. Kaarsberg and Smith and Hill and Womble were again wheeled into the action and yard by yard the ball was forced down the field until all possibility of danger was avoided. In the charges Boren was injured and forced to quit the game; Smith followed and Erb took his place. Rudolph was nervous as a cat in his anxiety, and he furnished amusement for the crowd, also for Kaarsberg, who nearly lost his head by one of Rudolph's mad defensive attacks. When the whistle, which ended the game, sent his shrill signal over the grounds, California was on Stanford's 20-yard line, with the ball in its possession.

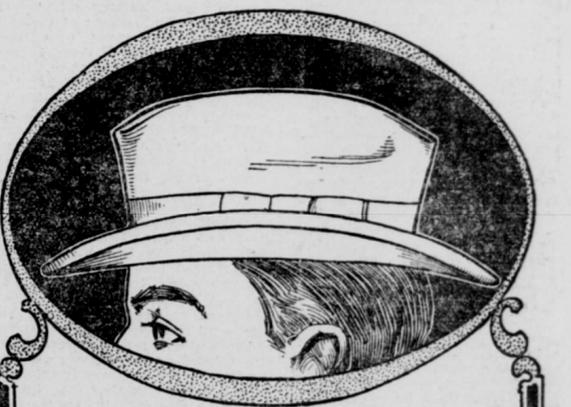
The officials were William Goodwin, referee; C. K. Dickson, umpire; Line-men: Phil Franklin, California; Dave Brown, Stanford. The teams lined up as follows:

Table with 3 columns: California, Positions, Stanford. Lists player names and positions for both teams.

TEAM WORK AND FLEET BACKS WON AN EASY GAME

BY J. B. SHEEHAN JR.

A well-balanced, fast, aggressive, veteran football eleven, combining with decision that comes only with the experience of many games under careful coaching, defeated a team of green men into whom had been pounded a similar careful detail of explanation of the puzzling intricacies of the game, but the effects of which failed to come to the surface until one-half of grilling play had literally "opened their eyes" as to a proper method of defense. A quick, ripping, line-breaking game on the part of Berkeley's backs carried the pigskin four times over Stanford's goal line in the first half despite the most desperate defensive efforts of the well-conditioned cardinal men. It was sturdy spirit and wonderful gameness to the very call on the part of the men of Palo Alto, but those two high-sounding characteristics do not stop an up-to-date offensive force such as California let loose in the locomotive power of Hall, Smith and Kaarsberg, who, with the varied ground gaining practice of Womble and Pringle, and therein lies the story of the thirty hard-earned points of the blue and gold. Teams of greater personal in point of



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PRESIDENT JORDAN THINKS STANFORD HAD STAGE FRIGHT

DAVID STARR JORDAN, president of Stanford University, said after the game: "In the first place it was a case of stage fright on the part of Stanford. The team did not arouse itself to action until the second half, and then it made a grand struggle against inevitable defeat. The University of California had a seasoned team, and its concerted action brought about the large score. Captain Murphy showed wonderful courage in going into the game handicapped as he was with his painful injury. There is only one thing that I want to criticize and that is the action of the Berkeley man who jumped on Murphy. His captain should have done what the captain of the Harvard team did some weeks ago, and that is rule off the man who acted in such an unsportsmanlike way. I don't want to be too severe, but it seemed to me as if it was done with the intent of compelling Murphy to leave the game. "Next year we hope the cardinal will do better. Nearly all the men who were in to-day's game will probably play—that is, if some other men do not crowd others out. Murphy and Parker will be the only ones to graduate. "I want to congratulate Berkeley on its magnificent team work. Its co-ordinate work in the game earned it a victory. Traeger has the making of a fine player and I think Rudolph made a good showing during the time he was in the game. Coach Chamberlain is one of the best men I have met. He is a fine man and a gentleman. He worked hard to bring his team to victory, but was handicapped by green material. We cannot speak too highly of Dr. Murphy. He sent a body of players into the field in perfect condition, and it was wholly due to his watchful care that this was brought about. I think stage fright was largely responsible for the large score in the first half."

PRESIDENT WHEELER MUCH PLEASSED WITH THE RESULT

BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER, president of the University of California, was an interested spectator of the game. At its conclusion, he said: "I was very much pleased with the result of the game. It was a good, gentlemanly contest and, in my opinion, the playing fairly corresponded with the best Eastern football. California showed excellent organization in the line and behind it and the mechanical precision with which the team worked aroused my highest admiration. I was also much pleased with Stanford's revival in the second half. The cardinals improved in their punting in the latter part of the game and gave the spectators a very pretty display. It was a thoroughly good contest and everything connected with it was worthy of the two universities."