Dartmouth Crushes The Syracuse Eleven

Rolls Up Forty Points Against Strong New York Team.

SIX TOUCHDOWNS MEASURE VICTORY

Hanover Backs Smash Through for Long Gains on Field Heavy with Mud.

Boston, Nov. 21.—Dartmouth completely outclassed Syracuse this afternoon, defeating the New York team by a score of 40 to 0, which aptly describes the relative merits of the two teams. Syracuse never had a chance to win, and only once had a chance to score.

On that single occasion, when the ball went to the Orange because of the commission of a pardonable foul by the Dartmouth punter, the big Green line bristled and stiffened and the New York State boys could make no impression, finally losing the ball on downs.

But aside from the fact that Syracuse was outplayed, outgeneraled, outkicked and outfooted, its players acquitted themselves with honor, for never did they flinch and were fighting as hard in the last few minutes of play as they were when the ball was put into play.

The field was not in the best of condition for good football. The turf was soft in spots and one side of the gridiron was thick with mud. Just what effect the poor footing had upon the final outcome is difficult to estimate, but from the form and the style of game uncovered by the two teams, Dartmouth was undoubtedly the loser by the absence of a dry field. The stiff southwest wind that prevailed was of apparent assistance to the kickers, but even against the wind Curtis outpunted O'Connell and Wakefield.

Dartmouth scored six touchdowns and kicked four goals therefrom. One attempt at a goal from touchdown was a failure, but the other was due entirely to a mistake of a Dartmouth player, who after making a fair catch of the punt out, deliberately placed the ball upon the ground and thus prevented the acquisition of a potential point.

In every department of the game the New Hampshire team was superior to Syracuse, but it was in following the ball that it shone to particular advantage. Several times, when Syracuse gave promise of making some headway a fumble would cost them the ball. In almost every instance when the ball slipped out of the grasp of an Orange player some Dartmouth man was on the spot to grab it up or fall upon it. On at least two occasions Dartmouth's "nose for the ball" resulted in touchdowns and in each instance, Spears, the gigantic guard, was the player to recover the ball.

The game was replete with forward and lateral passing, but the activity of the Dartmouth forwards and secondary defence men smeared the Syracuse attempts at the open game. On the other hand, the Syracuse passes were poorly executed, and the men who were to receive the pass were either put out of the play by the Dartmouth ends or else the secondary defence men intercepted or spoiled the passes.

Dartmouth scored one touchdown in the first period, one in the second period and two touchdowns in each of the remaining periods. Dartmouth was penalized four times for holding, twice for being offside and twice for starting before the ball, and lost a total of eighty yards thereby. Syracuse was twice penalized for holding, one for starting before the ball and once for offside play, losing a total of forty yards. In addition Dartmouth lost the ball in the third period when Curtis punted into his own line and Syracuse got the ball on her opponents' 10-yard line.

Cavanaugh's team was the better machine, for the Dartmouth line charged much lower and carried its charge through. The Dartmouth ends were cautious to a degree on the defence, and Syracuse consequently was able to gain little ground around them. What ground was gained by Syracuse was made through the centre of the line.

On the offence, on the other hand, the Dartmouth line was strong from end to end and the three centre men frequently opened up big holes, through which the backs shot for substantial gains. Curtis, Murdock and Whitney held their feet exceptionally well and made good gains, while little Ghee varied the attack by executing some brilliant quarterback runs.

The Dartmouth interference for the runner was well nigh perfect, and many times Curtis's well placed, long, spiral kicks put Dartmouth within scoring distance. Syracuse, on the whole, was heavy and powerful, but slow. The Orange uncovered a good attack, but was unable to use it effectively because of the fierce charging of the Dartmouth line men.

Dartmouth used its much vaunted open game to advantage. Many long and timely gains were made by resorting to the forward or lateral pass, and twice forward passes netted touchdowns. The first of these was a seven-yard pass, Ghee to Perry, who leaped into the air behind the Syracuse goal line and came down with the ball in his arms. The second successful long forward pass was a sensational throw of twenty-seven yards by Ghee to Winship.

Captain Larry Whitney and Ghee were the brilliant individual players for Dartmouth, Whitney being a consistent gainer through the line, while Ghee's handling of kicks and his brilliant run-in of many of them brought the spectators to their feet. Murdock also made several unusually long runs and Curtis's punting was of invaluable assistance to his team.

For Syracuse the punting of O'Connell was good, considering that on almost every attempt he was hurried because of the charging Dartmouth forwards. Although he did not get as much distance as his opponent, not one of his kicks was blocked and generally his kicks were high enough to enable his ends to cover them. Wilkinson during the time he was in the game also kicked well and he carried the ball well, making several short gains. Rose proved a power in the offence and his defensive game also was good.

The line-up:

Dartmouth (40).	Position.	Syracuse (0).
Redfield	L. E.	Woodruff
Dodeith	L. T.	Schleuter
Merrill	L. G.	McElligott
Milmore	C.	Shufelt
Spears	R. G.	White
Cotton	R. T.	Johnson
Winship	R. E.	Lewis
Ghee	Q. B.	Seymour
Whitney	L. H. B.	Wilkinson
Curtis	R. H. B.	Rose
Murdock	F. B.	O'Connell

Touchdowns—Whitney, Curtis (2), Perry, Curtiskey, Winship, Ghee from touchdowns—Curtis (3). Tuck. Substitutes—Dartmouth, Colby for Merrill, Perry for Winship, Gerrish for Murdock, Smith for Colby, Childs for Cotton, Cundiskey for Ghee, Merrill for Spears, Baxter for Milmore, Ellms for Redfield, Spears for Merrill, Tuck for Gerrish, Colby for Spears. Syracuse, Wakefield for Wilkinson, Furber for Woodruff, Schultz for O'Connell, O'Connell for Wakefield, Rafter for Seymour, Bansler for Shufelt, Wilbur for Travis, Rafter for Seymour, Trigg for McElligott, L. Johnson for Rafter. Referee—M. J. Thompson of Georgetown. Umpire—W. N. Morice, of Pennsylvania. Head linesman—Dr. E. J. O'Brien, of Tufts. Time of periods—Fifteen minutes each.

YALE BOWL HOST TO HUGE ARMY

Continued from page 1

ling Burgundy, or, if you will, carbonated grape juice.

Yale began the cheering. There were cheers for Harvard and cheers for all the players in turn. And there were songs, too, but Yale did not sing "One More Job for the Undertaker."

The bowl bubbled now red, now blue, as first one team and then the other ran out on the gridiron. So impetuously did the Harvard squad charge out that a spectator who got in the way was bowled over.

Yale's cheer leader was an exhorter. "More pep!" he cried again and again, and though the fortunes of Yale sank her cheers rose ever louder and louder until even the leader was moved to megaphone: "Thank you very much; that's fine."

The leader of the songs tangoed as he led, but he was not the best dancer on the field. It was Mahan who caught the eye of a dancing miss. Observing him as he avoided a tackler with his famous sudden swirl, she remarked: "I'll bet that man could fox-trot."

Mahan stood out from his fellows, because whenever a Harvard player made a particularly long dash it was no bad bet to fasten the glory on the man from Natick; but for the rest, they were anonymous heroes lost there on the deep sunk gridiron, with no numbers to guide them.

But there was no need of a number to announce the entrance of Charlie Brickley into the game. When Brickley trotted on the field up rose the Harvard rooters and gave their lustiest cheer of the afternoon. The captain was back with his men. Yale cheered him, too. Dr. Nichols could hardly have objected to any possible danger which Brickley ran in the first two plays, for he was back faking a kick, and no Yale man even laid a finger on him.

Wise men of medicine have said that the appendix is of no earthly use whatever, except, of course, as a means of income to surgeons—but consider the case of Charley Brickley. Possessing an appendix he played against Yale last year and made fifteen points. Minus that so-called useless organ, he went in yesterday and was able to add only one to the Harvard total.

But he scored. And perhaps, if one could look into the mind of Charlie Brickley, captain of the Harvard eleven, he might find that a simple kick after touchdown outweighed all those 15 points of last season.

The marring or the making of that kick had no bearing on the game. Yale was downed, defeated, crushed as she had never been before in all the history of her meetings with Harvard. Still, the Harvard captain was long in adjusting his sights. He knew that he would leave the game immediately after that effort. It was to be the final chapter in the gridiron career of a man who will probably be rated as Harvard's greatest football player. So Brickley went slowly about his simple task. Then he let drive, and the ball sailed over the crossbar. All Harvard cheered, for Charlie Brickley had proved that the toe is mightier than the appendix.

As the captain came to the side lines toward the men who were cheering him the tip of the sun had just reached the upper lip of the Bowl. Shining from the west against the goal posts, the dying glare threw a great shadow across the field. And that shadow was a giant "H."

HIS MIRACLE

PERCY HAUGHTON —the man who built Harvard's wonderful football team—will analyze yesterday's 36—0 game in The Tribune tomorrow morning. Not a reporter's story, but every twist and turn of the smashing victory described by the man who is remaking American football.

The Tribune

COOLIDGE STARTING 95-YARD RUN FOR HARVARD'S THIRD TOUCHDOWN AFTER SNAPPING UP BALL ON A FUMBLE BY KNOWLES

(Copyright by American Press Association.)

FORDHAM DEFEATS BOSTON COLLEGE

Maroon Eleven Wins Hard Fought Game by a Score of 14 to 3.

Fordham won its annual game with Boston College yesterday afternoon by a score of 14 to 3. The game was hard fought. The Maroons should have scored at least three more touchdowns, but their frequent fumbling spoiled their chances. The visitors tallied in the first period, after they had advanced the ball to the Fordham 40-yard line, from where Maloney, their quarterback, kicked a field goal.

The Maroon team gained ninety-five yards by forward passes, while Boston advanced the ball forty-five yards by this means. The most spectacular play occurred in the latter part of the final period, when "Big Bill" May, the husky Maroon tackle, intercepted Maloney's forward pass to Rogers, and dashed almost the whole length of the field, being downed only after a beautiful tackle by Sullivan on the 15-yard line.

Despite his injuries, Captain Wymard appeared on the field in uniform, and in the second period, when Boston became threatening, the Maroon leader threw aside his blanket and resumed his position at centre, amid the loud cheering of the students. On account of his bad side he was relieved by Charlie Rice in the final period.

In the second quarter Fordham carried the ball straight down the field from its 30-yard line through the agency of trick plays and double passes by Dunn and Yule. The ball was then rushed to the 10-yard line, where Yule ploughed through centre for the first touchdown of the game. Captain Wymard kicked the goal.

When Kane intercepted Maloney's forward pass in the early part of the third period the Fordham backs were once more set into heavy driving action. A lateral pass to Yule, followed by the heavy line plunging of Dunn and Morcaldi, brought the Bronx eleven to the 3-yard line, from where Yule again made a touchdown. Yule also kicked the goal.

The line plunging of Yule and his work on the defensive was one of the features of the game. The Maroon ends displayed fine form yesterday. Corridon tackled splendidly, and was fast in getting down the field, while Kane, besides playing a good defensive game, made a brilliant play when he intercepted one of Maloney's long passes and ran 25 yards, paving the way for Fordham's second touchdown.

Fordham (14).	Position.	Boston C. (3).
Kane	L. E.	Rogers
Mulcahy	L. T.	McCarthy
Kearns	L. G.	Bradeley
Rice	C.	Anderson
J. Conklin	R. G.	Murray
May	R. T.	Daly
Corridon	R. E.	Fitzgerald
Morcaldi	Q. B.	Maloney
Dunn	L. H. B.	Dwyer
Reagan	R. H. B.	Duffy
Yule	F. B.	Sullivan

Touchdowns—Yule (2). Field goal—Maloney. Goals from touchdowns—Wymard, Yule. Substitutes—Fordham, Rice for Reagan, Conklin for Rice, Butler for J. Conklin, Rice for Wymard, Doherty for N. Conklin, Kelleher for Mulcahy. Boston College, Kirks for Maloney, Paille for Duffy, Maloney for Kirk. Referee—Harwood, of Virginia. Umpire—Bammon, of Princeton. Linesman—M. Bammon, of Princeton. Time of periods—Fifteen minutes each.

McGee and Prior Again in a Tie

Charles McGee and Ralph Prior tied for the second time in their semi-final match for the president's cup at Fox Hills Golf Club yesterday. Early in the week this pair finished on even terms, so that a second round was necessary. This was played yesterday, and Prior had his opponent five down at the turn.

With a fine spurt, however, McGee squared the match on the home green. They will play for the third time under handicap conditions between now and Thanksgiving, for on that day the winner is scheduled to meet W. Roy Barnhill in the decisive test.

Story in Detail of Triumph Of the Crimson Over the Blue

Yale Crumples Under the Irresistible Attack of Machine Builded by Percy Haughton.

New Haven, Nov. 21.—It was 2 o'clock on the dot when Captain Brickley and Acting Captain Trumbull trotted out to the centre of the field to meet Captain Talbott of Yale. The men shook hands cordially, and a moment later the coin was tossed. When the piece flashed in the sunlight Captain Brickley called "Heads!" and heads it was. This first victory of the day was taken by the Harvard rooters as a good omen, and they cheered mightily when the announcement was made.

Captain Brickley chose to kick off, and Captain Talbott defended the north goal, with a slightly favoring wind at his back. The formalities over, the leaders shook hands and rejoined their men.

First Period.

A tense silence fell upon the crowd when Eddie Mahan teed the ball up for the kick-off. A great cheer rose from the Harvard section as he sent the leather spinning to Le Gore, who caught it on his 10-yard line. That cheer was drowned in the roar of the Yale men as Le Gore raced back to Yale's 40-yard mark before he was buried under a mass of Crimson tacklers.

Ainsworth shot inside of Jeff Coolidge for a gain of two yards, but Le Gore was spilled for no gain in an attack on Parson's position. Le Gore then punted to Mahan, who snaked his way back forty yards to Yale's 37-yard line and was running clear when Knowles brought him to earth from behind.

Then the Crimson juggernaut started the first of its marches to the Yale line, and to the bewildered supporters of Old Eli the way was all too short. Bradlee sailed along through the line for six yards on a beautifully masked pass. Mahan and Bradlee sliced by Talbott for three yards, and on the next play Francke crashed through for five and a first down.

Captain Talbott was the target of the Harvard attack, and Bradlee went at him for a 4-yard gain. Then, by way of variety, Francke ripped past Betts for six yards and another first down.

The ball was on Yale's 15-yard line, and the Blue concentrated its secondary defence in back of the forwards, but there was no stopping that ruthless team in red. The linemen met the situation by not alone cleaning out their immediate opponents, but going through to take out the backs. It was small wonder, then, that Francke shot clear for four yards and Mahan went through for six to the 5-yard line with first down.

It was here that Yale gritted its teeth and Talbott refused to be boxed by Hardwick when Francke took the ball, and the big Teuton was stopped with a gain of one yard. In closer crept the Yale backs and the strategic Logan had a play to meet the occasion. He sent Francke and Bradlee banging into the line, and Yale was tricked. In charged the forwards, up came the supporting backs, but they stopped only bootyless backs, for at the proper moment the leather was snapped to Mahan and "Tack" Hardwick shot clear. Like a bullet Mahan hurled the ball over the line and into the end's waiting arms. Hardwick had scored the first touchdown of the game—the first of many that were to follow. Hardwick missed his attempt at goal, but the enthusiasm of Harvard was not one whit diminished.

Yale elected to receive the kickoff, to the surprise of many, and Knowles ran Mahan's kick back to the 30-yard line before he was bowled over by Jeff Coolidge. On the next play Yale uncorked its lateral pass. Wilson took the ball, but when Parson came through and hurried him his relay to Le Gore was poor and nine yards were lost.

Ainsworth was ditched for a loss of four yards in an assault on the line. Le Gore booted to Mahan on the next play, and it was Captain Talbott who pulled the Crimson marvel to earth on Yale's 46-yard line. The business of wiping out chalklines continued, until finally Yale called a halt. Logan then essayed to throw a long forward pass outside, deep in Yale's territory. His direction was poor, however, and the ball grounded on Eli's 30-yard line. Ainsworth and Knowles worked for a gain of half a dozen yards, and then the Harvard line held.

Then came a play which puzzled the onlookers. Le Gore punted to Mahan on the 10-yard line. The ball fell short, but, bounding, struck the Harvard player. He juggled it and then booted it over the goal line, where he finally fell on it for a touchback. The ball was brought out and put in play on the 20-yard line.

Hardwick romped around the end for fifteen yards, and Mahan added a similar distance around left before Wilson finally pulled him to earth. Francke added five yards to the total in two line plunges, and Mahan continued the joyous advance with a thirteen-yard run past Stillman. Bradlee and Francke added thirteen yards in two plunges, but on the next play the officials found that some pushing had been done, and Harvard was penalized fifteen yards. Mahan's attempted forward pass was smothered, and after running about behind the line for a while he was turned over for a loss of eighteen yards by Stillman.

Mahan punted and Le Gore caught the kick and returned it fifteen yards before he was stopped. When Le Gore was tackled and thrown he wriggled loose, and leaping to his feet continued for a few yards. He was tackled again, and this time fumbled the ball. A Harvard man fell on it, but the referee declared the ball dead where Le Gore was first stopped, and the ball went back to Yale. The Blue held the ball for a few moments only, and Le Gore booted to Mahan, who again fumbled, but recovered it. Bradlee hit the line for three yards and the period ended.

Second Period.

On the first play in the second period Mahan eluded Stillman's lunge and went 17 yards before he was stopped. The Harvard stands became a waving mass of color when Tack Hardwick broke loose with a dodging run of 20 yards off right tackle, and was clear when Le Gore finally piled him up on Yale's 18-yard line. Mahan bucked through for 5 yards, to be spilled by Wilson; Bradlee tore off two yards at Talbott and Francke made it a first down.

Watson replaced Logan at quarterback for Harvard, but the advance continued. The wonderful Mahan battered his way along for six yards, only to be stopped by Le Gore on the 4-yard line. Watson then bucked the centre, but he fumbled the ball when tackled, and Francke fell on it for a touchdown. Mahan punted out to Watson. Hardwick took plenty of time with his kick, but missed the goal just the same.

After this score Yale decided to kick off, and Walden toed the ball to Francke, who came back to the 22-yard line. After an assault on the Yale line failed in its purpose, Mahan booted to Le Gore, who came back for 30 yards in a brilliant, zigzagging run. That run struck the spark which kindled the entire Yale team into a fighting frenzy. Knowles was sent into the Harvard line three times in succession. It was not in the power of flesh and blood to stop his plunges, and 12 yards were crunched off, Yale making its first down of the game. Twice more, and again, this human catapult hit the Crimson line. It was hard work, but he tore off seven yards in those three plunges.

A forward pass, Knowles to Betts, worked for 15 yards and placed the ball on Harvard's 14-yard line. It was a wonderful play by Betts, for Francke and Bradlee were both waiting to block it. Wilson started to hammer the Crimson line again, and pinned his faith in Knowles. In three plunges he made nine yards, and the ball rested on Harvard's 5-yard line.

It was Yale's chance to become a factor in the game instead of a forlorn hope, but it was not to be. Again Knowles was sent into the line of red, but this time he fumbled. The ball bounded clear, and the lynx-eyed Jeff Coolidge picked it up and was off down the field. Three Yale men took up the chase, but they were blocked off, and Coolidge scored. So was Harvard saved. Hardwick kicked the goal, and the score was 19 to 0.

Yale again kicked off, and Mahan took Walden's spinning drive on his 10-yard line. Covered by perfect interference, he came back to the 30-yard line before he was stopped by Wilson. Mahan made a small gain and then Bradlee broke loose with a brilliant run to Yale's 30-yard mark, where the ever present Le Gore brought him down. Three line plunges put the ball on Yale's 19-yard mark, but Harvard was penalized 15 yards, and a chance went glimmering.

Mahan tried a drop kick, which was blocked, but he recovered the ball on his own 40-yard mark. A moment later Mahan tried another goal, but it fell short, and Le Gore caught it. When tackled he fumbled, and Coolidge was on the ball on the 11-yard line. Francke lost a yard, and then Mahan drop kicked a goal from the field, making the score 22 to 0. A moment later the half ended.

Third Period.

Yale stood up and roared its defiance as the teams trotted out to start the second half. Walden kicked off to Mahan, who came back twenty-five yards to the 38-yard line, where Wilson stopped him with a neat tackle. An attack on the Blue line was repulsed, and Mahan punted to the 15-yard line, where Le Gore was turned over in his tracks. After a desultory attack on those unyielding Crimson forwards, Wilson ordered a punt. It was partially blocked, and Wallace caught it on Yale's 20-yard mark.

It required only half a dozen plays, with the aid of a penalty, for Harvard to push it past the last mark. Mahan made three yards, and Coolidge got one yard. On the next play Yale was off side, and it was Harvard's first down on the 10-yard line. Then tramp, tramp, tramp, the backs went marching for a score. Francke jammed through White for a five-yard advance. He was repulsed in a charge at Betts, but what matter? On the next play that wonder halfback Mahan sliced past the right end for four yards, and Francke made it his business to carry the leather over for the score. Hardwick kicked the goal.

Unable to check Harvard, Captain Talbott decided to try his attacking strength once more. Yale received the kick-off. With a wind at his back, Mahan drove the ball over the goal line and it was carried out to the 20-yard mark and put in play. A double pass—Knowles to Wilson—worked for a short gain, and then a pretty triple pass—Wilson to Le Gore to Carter—resulted in a 35-yard advance. Harvard was thrown into momentary confusion, and Wilson struck while the iron was hot. Talbott went out and took a pass from Le Gore for a 15-yard gain. An assault on the line ground out nine yards, but then a lateral pass—Le Gore to Knowles—was intercepted by Weston, and it was Harvard's ball again.

An exchange of punts followed, with Mahan outkicking Le Gore. Mahan got nine yards around "Red" Brann's station. He was hit so hard that he fumbled, but Watson fell on the ball. Another exchange of punts put Harvard in posession of the ball on their 40-yard mark. Two plunges into the Yale line netted little gain, and again Mahan sent the leather booming down the field to where Le Gore stood on the 12-yard line. Yale then uncovered a powerful, well conceived attack and started a little march down the field.

A forward pass to Brann from Le Gore worked for a 12-yard gain, and a lateral pass—Scovil to Ainsworth—gained two more. Wilson bored through for eight yards until King stopped him, and after Scovil had been repulsed Le Gore broke out on a 27-yard run through a broken field, which relieved the fading Yale hopes and made Yale men cheer to the echo. A moment later the period ended.

Fourth Period.

Harvard sent her full strength into the game as the last period started. Bradlee replaced King, Logan resumed his place at quarterback, and Parson returned to left tackle in place of Curtis. There was cause for this return of the regulars, for Yale had the ball on the 14-yard line with a second down. A lateral pass, Wilson to Le Gore, gained nine yards, and the leather was down on the 5-yard mark.

It looked as though the Blue could not be cheated this time, but it was. Scovil made two yards over the line. Finding the avenues blocked, it was neck or nothing with him, so over he went. Twice more he was hurled back, and the third time he fumbled a rather bad pass from White and was brought to earth after having lost fifteen yards. A pass to Le Gore gained seven yards, but it was Harvard's ball on the 12-yard line. So ended Yale's last chance to score.

Several exchanges of punts followed, with little material advantage to either team. Finally Harvard took the leather and did not rest until it was over the last chalk line. Hardwick ran around Yale's right end for a dozen yards, and Bradlee and Mahan added eight more in two trials. Then Mahan shot a forward pass to Watson and twelve more strides were made toward the Blue line. Mahan tore off sixteen yards at right tackle.

A shout arose at Mahan's feat—a burst of cheers went up from Yale when he was tackled. But the roar that greeted Captain Charles Edward Brickley, of Harvard, when he trotted out on the field to play his last game of football made the others seem as whispers. He replaced Francke. It was the psychological moment for Brickley to enter the struggle. It was first down on Yale's 16-yard line, and the game was growing old. Every last man in the Yale bowl expected Brickley to try a drop kick—every man but Percy Haughton and the Harvard squad.

The purpose of Brickley's entry became apparent directly. Watson called for a kick formation, and Brickley dropped back. "Here she goes!" was the cry of the crowd. If the crowd meant the ball, "she" surely went, and quite a distance, too, but it was safely tucked under the arms of Eddie Mahan, who bucked through for a gain of eleven yards and was finally stopped on the 5-yard line.

Another slash at the line added four yards, and three feet only separated Harvard from another touchdown. On the next lunge, however, holding was detected in the Harvard line, and they were penalized fifteen yards. On the next play Mahan threw a pass to Jeff Coolidge, and once more the leather was five strides away from the last mark.

Watson then called for a shift formation, on which the backs criss-crossed, and while Yale was wondering he dropped back and threw the ball to Hardwick. "Tack" was out clear and free, running like the wind. He caught the leather on the goal line and continued on over without any trouble.

While 70,000 bellowed their unstinted applause Captain Brickley, the wizard of kicking, toed the ball over for the last point of the game. The score was 36 to 0, and there it stayed. Satisfied that he had closed his college career by helping to defeat Yale, Brickley trotted off the field.

A few moments later the game ended, and all that remained was the hilarious snake dance and the wanton destruction of Harvard hats.

Showing Size of Yale Bowl

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

New Haven, Nov. 21.—In the mass of figures which have been given about the dimensions of the bowl the spectator is inclined to grow confused. One statement may serve to bring home the vast size of the structure.

Persons who sat at the top of the north end of the amphitheatre were just one-eighth of a mile away from Jeff Coolidge when he crossed Yale's goal line for a touchdown after a ninety-yard run.

Mahan Star of the Game with His Brilliant Runs —Le Gore Fights in Vain.

How the Yale and Harvard Teams Took the Field

HARVARD (36) Wt.	Ht.	Age.	Player.	Position.	YALE (0) Player.	Age.	Ht.	Wt.
175	5:11	21	J. T. Coolidge	Left End Right	Stillman	22	6:02	182
187	6:02	22	Parson	Left Tackle Right	Betts	20	6:00	180
194	6:03	20	Weston	Left Guard Right	Walden	21	6:02	225
174	5:11	21	Wallace	Centre	White	22	6:00	192
203	5:08	22	Pennock	Right Guard Left	Conroy	20	6:01	198
190	6:01	21	Trumbull	Right Tackle Left	Talbott	22	6:01	189
171	5:11	22	Hardwick	Right End Left	Brann	21	5:09	164
150	5:08	21	Logan	Quarterback	Wilson	22	6:00	178
169	5:11	22	Mahan	Left Halfback Right	Knowles	21	6:00	178
178	5:11	21	Bradlee	Right Halfback Left	Ainsworth	21	5:09	165
189	6:00	20	Francke	Fullback	Le Gore	20	5:10	167

Average weight of Harvard line, 185 pounds; average weight of Yale line, 190 pounds; average weight of Harvard backfield, 172 pounds; average weight of Yale backfield, 172 pounds; average weight of Harvard team, 180 pounds; average weight of Yale team, 183 pounds.

Touchdowns—By Harvard, Hardwick (2), Francke (2), J. T. Coolidge (1). Goals from touchdowns—Hardwick (2), Brickley (1). Drop-kick goal from field—Mahan (1).

SCORE BY PERIODS.

Harvard	6	16	7	7 — 36
Yale	0	0	0	0 — 0

Substitutes (first half), Harvard—Watson, q. b., for Logan; King, r. h. b., for Bradlee. Second half, Biglow, c., for Wallace; C. Coolidge, r e., for Hardwick; E. C. Curtis, l. t., for Parson; Bradlee, r.h. b., for King; Logan, q. b., for Watson; Hardwick, r. e., for C. Coolidge; Parson, l. t., for Curtis; Watson, q. b., for Logan; Withington, l. g., for Weston; King, r. h. b., for Bradlee; Captain Brickley, f. b., for Francke; McKinlock, f. b., for Brickley; Sweigert, q. b., for Watson; Witherhead, l. e., for J. T. Coolidge; Underwood, r. g., for Pennock; Soucey, l. e., for Witherhead; Atkinson, c., for Biglow; C. Coolidge, l. e., for Soucey.

Substitutes for Yale (first half)—Carter, r. e., for Stillman. Second half, J. Sheldon, l. g., for Conroy; Scovil, r. h. b., for Knowles; Waite, f. b., for Le Gore.

Officials—Referee, Nathan A. Tufts, Brown; umpire, David L. Fultz, Brown; head linesman, Fred W. Murphy, Brown; field judge, Dr. Carl Williams, Pennsylvania.

Time of game—Four periods of fifteen minutes. Game called at 2 o'clock.

Credit for Play Goes to "Bunch"

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

New Haven, Nov. 21.—Although the players in the Yale-Harvard game were not numbered, a man with a megaphone made pretty fair shift in following the progress of the ball and announcing the name of runner and tackler.

In one melee, however, no less than four Harvard men swooped down upon Le Gore and brought him to earth. Despairing of unravelling the mystery the megaphone man shouted: "Le Gore tackled by the bunch."

IT'S SOME NIGHT AT HARVARD CLUB

Band Plays and Marches Itself Off Its Legs—Just Helping.

SONG OF VICTORY SUNG UNTIL DAWN

Across Street Yale Club Is Not Exactly Gloomy and There Is Talk of Next Year.

Happyland's local headquarters last night was at 47 West 44th st. The home of the Harvard Club was the brightest spot in the bright light district.

Outside in the street sticks of red fire, piled up like cordwood, served notice to uitlanders and barbarians generally, and especially to visitors at a certain other prominent club in the same block, that it was Harvard's night. Within, a band of twenty-five pieces, obtained by telephone when the ticker brought word that it was a Harvard holiday, worked overtime and violated all laws of the Musicians' Union, made and provided, requiring rests between periods.

When that band was not playing it was marching, and generally it was both playing and marching anywhere between ground floor and roof. Every one seemed musically inclined, especially toward the wee sma' hours, after everybody had told everybody else how the game was won, how sorry they felt for Yale, and had cheered everybody who ever had anything to do with Harvard teams.

Even then there was an overflow to such all night places as Jack's, where the never-go-homes threatened to hold forth until Dunstan's faithful cohorts prepared to serve the midday meal. It is good form to eat breakfast before retiring after such a victory, but decidedly bad form to stay up for lunch. So that altogether it was not only a large, but a very long evening.

Every member of the Harvard Club, for that matter every Harvard graduate, who could, went to New Haven. Howard Elliott, '81, had placed his railroad at the disposal of all who could get away and of the 19,000 persons it carried from New York perhaps one-half owed allegiance to the Crimson.

Those who could only get up town began gathering at the club until by the time the ticker announced that the game had begun the place was well filled. After the first quarter the younger element began getting busy for the evening. Older hands though said football is an uncertain thing and referred to the fact that Yale's ability to come back is not an unknown thing.

After the half time it was decided there must be at least one band to give the team a welcome. L. F. Marvin began looking up strong and healthy noise manufacturers.

The first of the crowds to return from New Haven reached the Grand Central Terminal on a special at 6:38. It was not a noisy crowd. Most of its energies had been expended in cheering at the Bowl and on the way. It was hungry, too, and the large percentage of Yale men did not make particularly for a Harvard celebration.

INCIDENTS OF BIG BATTLE IN BOWL

Brickley Leads Team on Field and Then Does Some Drop Kicking.

Brickley led his team on the field and immediately began to practise drop kicking. His first try, which was from the 8-yard line, failed. Then, moving backward for each kick, he put eleven squarely between the posts. His twelfth, from an angle on the 35-yard line, hit a post and bounded back, but Brickley made up for that by putting over two in succession from the same line and making two place kicks from the 40-yard line. He put the ball down when the team began signal practice a little later, but ran to the side lines immediately.

In pronouncing Mahan please remember that the accent is on the first syllable.

Walter Maranville and wife, of Springfield, were spectators at the game.

Charlie Ebbets says he is going to move the Yale Bowl to Brooklyn for the next world's series.

The Yale band played "I Want to Go Back to Michigan," but Harvard did not show any great enthusiasm. To the followers of the Crimson Michigan means Maulbetsch.

Nate Tufts's dives into scrimmage for the ball were much admired.

Not a few football players of the old school were astounded when the trainer ran out on the field carrying a tray of individual drinking cups.

Percy Haughton shook hands with every Harvard player as he came off the field.

The brightest thing on the field were the blankets of the Harvard players. Carlisle would covet them.

Scovil gained almost 200 yards warming up on the side lines before he got into the game.

Harvard's football victory broke Yale's winning streak, which had included track, baseball and football.

The game to-day marked the first time that any team has ever scored a third successive victory against Yale in football.

New Haven never received as many people in a single day as this afternoon. In fact, no modern city has, unless it were Brussels or Antwerp.

PERFECT FOOTBALL DAY, SAID DULCINEA

Dashing Beauty Was Seen Everywhere in New Haven Streets.

FIERCE ASSAULT ON LUNCH COUNTERS

Salvo of 42 Cm. Doughnuts and Apple Pies Accomplished Fearful Results.

Of course, we may not know the dope;
We may be slightly cracked;
In delving deep in football lore,
Our choice is never hacked.

We may be wrong—no man is sure—
We do the best we can;
But keep your Brickleys and Le Gores;
Our wad goes on Mahan.

W. H. W.

Dulcinea seemed to be everywhere. She thought it was a perfect day for football, just a touch of frost in the air. She really wished she had brought along the steamer rug she had going across last summer. Anyway, her father thought she was crazy to go to a game and freeze to death. Of course, she liked football, but she really loved to watch the crowd. Wasn't it wonderful, so many people coming from everywhere? She thought it would be terrible if a fire broke out, with so many people in the New Haven streets, and wondered whether they ever had any accidents on the trolley cars. If she had known they were going to be so slow getting out, she would have walked. Wouldn't the players be afraid of catching cold on such a day? But she supposed they were in good condition. She guessed they had to be.

Lots of Dulcinea's brothers and cousins were along, too, and some looked as though they might have had a Yale or Harvard degree tucked away somewhere, but they tried hard not to let on.

A speculator on the train told a prospective purchaser that if he had a letter from the Kaiser he might have a ticket for $5; otherwise the price would be $10. As Wilhelm couldn't be reached, $10 was paid, and the seat was right behind the goal posts, at that.

The New Haven station about 11 o'clock was the last place in the world to spill a vanity bag. General Haste concentrated his forces on the left wing of the lunch counter, but the enemy was prepared, and a spirited volley of ham sandwiches soon drove the advance guard back. But reinforcements were brought up, and an outflanking movement was started with an attack on the rear. The enemy was completely enveloped, but stuck to its guns, turning loose a lively salvo of 42-centimetre doughnuts and apple pies with disastrous effects. A retirement for strategic reasons was necessary, and at the end the station looked like the storming of Antwerp. Crockery suffered tremendously and was scattered over the battleground. The casualties numbered one broken cane, ten hairpins, five thousand injured feelings, two thousand lost tempers and a powder puff.

It was a poor spot in the Grand Central station that didn't have a special ticket booth. Furthermore, everybody was meeting everybody at the information booth, and you could take your pick in 2,000. However, some one had suspected what the situation would be like and roped off the terrified information venders from the assaults of the multitude.

Many of the street cars in New Haven were of last summer's vintage, cool and airy. Riding out in them gave an indication of the rigors to come and no one was surprised or disappointed.

Vivienne declared it was a long punt that gathered no moss and that the race is not always to the bird in the hand. Besides it was an ill wind that locks the the barndoor after the horse is feeling his oats.

It will be noted that one Mr. Brickley was a mere spectator for most of the game. As might be suspected by the score, one drop kick more or less made little difference. The stricken leader appeared to have some very capable lieutenants as lieutenants go. But near the end he could stand it no longer. Such a killing was unexpected and he had to be in at the death.

There are many ways to dedicate a new athletic field. Yale picked one of them.

It was worth a pass to the Woolworth tower on a zero day to see Mahan fox trot through the Yale line. On the other hand some of the Blue players seemed to favor the Hesitation, the beauties of which impressed no one on the western side of the Bowl. The two kangaroo glides that Scovil essayed on Harvard's one-yard line, however, were well received.

It takes all sorts of people to make a world, including those who will sit on their front porches to watch a crowd go to a football game. If seats at the Bowl were worth $10, what would be a fair price for a perch on a wind-swept porch half a mile from the front? We pause for a reply.

"Well, I'm glad I saw the lateral pass," said an amateur after the game. "With a weak team it looks pretty rotten and a good team doesn't need it."

It must have been a great relief to Harvard followers to invade a state in which they could wave the crimson banner without being arrested as anarchists. Since Massachusetts began to see red Cambridge has appeared pretty drab in its protective coloration adopted under duress. But New Haven is something else, and there was a pronounced carmine tinge everywhere.

Just why the toothpaste girls wore bands of Dartmouth green was unexplained. Strict neutrality is, of course, desirable at such a time, but it can be carried too far. Dulcinea thought the girls must have been awfully cold in their white uniforms, but she supposed they had sweaters on underneath, and, anyway, they were well paid for standing in the streets and handing out samples of paste.

Naturally Yale was all cut up over the game, but so was the field, judging by the army of men that mobilized between halves to spank the divots back in place.

ANOTHER NIGHT OF JOY IN BOSTON

Boston, Nov. 21.—Wildly cheering supporters of two victorious football teams celebrated their successes in the theatre and hotel district of this city to-night. While Dartmouth students and graduates, flushed with the victory of their team against Syracuse at Fenway Park this afternoon, made merry at theatres during the evening, the Harvard spectator