

But this is a digression and it doesn't do to digress at this most interesting point of last Saturday's battle. Baird did succeed in passing it to Smith, who was off to the left, as you must not forget, and unhampered, which you must regret. It was a close decision which allowed him to pass it, after being so thoroughly tackled, but it is vain to dwell on this. Besides, there isn't time to talk about it. Things were moving quickly. Baird did pass it and it was allowed; and Smith's quick dash to the left, (towards the north or substitute side of the field) allowed him to throw off half the Yale eleven, which was converging on Baird. Chamberlin, the quick one, saw the way things were going just half a second too late. He veered from Baird, as the ball left his hands and made a lunge at Smith, just missing him.

To this sudden, spur-of-the-moment play Princeton's system of interference adapted itself wonderfully. Five of those big men with ribbed stockings were thrown into their quarter-back's defense, before people fairly knew what had happened. They moved like a wall of flesh, disposing of the Yale backs and every forward who had turned in time, from the rush towards Baird, to try to tackle Smith. In very much less time than it takes to tell it, the danger to Smith seemed over and out he shot from the interference. The goal was in sight, fifty yards away, and he had cleared the whole pack—all but one of them.

#### BENJAMIN'S TACKLE.

Out of the ruck came a tall, light-haired boy with blue stockings. They had always called Benjamin a swift half. They never knew before just how swift—swift enough and with skill enough to spoil, just short of its consummation, what had promised to be the one of the memorable plays of intercollegiate football. There was about half the distance from plate to pitcher's box between the two when the great race was fairly on. The yellow rings on Smith's legs twinkled against the dark substitute side lines. The stockings on the fellow back of him made just a line of blue, creeping towards the twinkle. Yard by yard the blue line gained its inches and its feet.

The gap was almost closed, but the greatest work remained. To make this tackle is hard. To wait a second too long is to let the man go over the line. To try it a second too soon is just as fatal. Benjamin was neither a second too slow or too early. For the last ten yards he fairly flew and then dove forward. His hands struck the Princeton's runner's thighs and slipped to his knees, from his knees almost to his ankles, and there they held like hooks. Smith added his length to seventy yards of running and added not a foot more. And the distance of the ball from the Yale goal was just the distance of the handicap when the race began.

#### BUT STILL THE TANDEM PLOUGHS.

But even the tackle of Benjamin could not avail to long defer the unavoidable. There was more of that resistless Princeton tandem play and again the Yale players were straining every nerve and throwing every ounce of muscle into a desperate fight at their three-yard line. But Bannard and the ten men who were helping him had the ball over two of those three yards in the next play. Then Mr. Kelly took it and Princeton took four more points.

For the second time in a single game the crowds had seen Yale literally thrown over her own goal line. There simply was not power enough in the New Haven men to stop the advance. Baird kicked an easy goal and the score was, Princeton 12, Yale 6.

The rest of the half was without particular incident, but it demonstrated still further that Princeton was invincible in a rushing game. As the soft field grew softer Mr. Heffelfinger's prophetic words seemed to be more literally realized—"A touchdown for Princeton for every inch of mud."

#### IN THE INTERMISSION.

The intermission saw the Yale crowds very thoughtful and full of much foreboding which they could not always conceal. Calm reason said that the evident superiority of the Prince-

ton eleven must be more and more demonstrated as the game went on. But the Yale faith in Yale pluck and resourcefulness still hung to the encouragement which would be given the team at the quarters during the intermission and the hints for defensive play which might still enable the men to check the Princeton advance. Yet it was impossible to see how Yale could hope to do any scoring. Mills had shown that he could break through with half a chance, and at several points during the next half he succeeded in scoring substantial gains. But the ground for hope was faint even in this quarter.

And as the unexpected did not happen and the unusual opportunity was not offered to some wide-awake Yale player, and as it must be fairly clear now to the reader just how it was that Princeton was able to score with such dismal regularity, it will not be necessary here to go much into the detail of this second half. It is not out of indifference to the great work of Captain Cochran's men that only the main outlines are sketched. It is simply in order to avoid repetition.

A reporter's notes on this half, after describing the kick-off by Benjamin and the return by Baird and the recovery of the ball by Princeton, read somewhat as follows: "Fake kick, Hillebrand 12 yards. Yale line can't hold at all. Kelly sent to left tackle for three more yards. Kelly tried at center two more yards. Kelly to Yale's right for 5 yards. Kelly to Yale's right for 20 yards." Indeed, one following this for two or three pages, and not stopping to calculate too closely, would surmise that Princeton was over the back fence, before the half was well under way.

It did not, indeed, take very long before the two elevens were massed again in one great steaming circular group on the much worn turf between Yale's goal and her five yard line. Not to go further into details it was 4:46 when Mr. Hillebrand fell over and the score was 16 for Princeton, to 6 for Yale. Baird was getting careless and he missed an easy goal and Yale was thankful that the score was not 18 to 6.

#### SOME YELLOW ABOUT.

It is superfluous to call to the reader's mind at this point, the appearance of Manhattan Field. For half an hour, it had been mellowing into a richer and richer yellow. To anyone but a Yale man the quiet draping of the Yale colors was pathetic, but to him it was maddening. Not so much because the Yale eleven, fighting gamely for every inch of ground, was being hopelessly beaten by a superior team, but because Yale supporters, as the occasion for their support grew greater, relapsed into a more and more sullen silence. There is no consolation whatever for this side of the game. Mouths can always be worked and the Yale yell is still the best in the world.

One might again quote from a reporter's note book, but as has been said, it is wise not to be too monotonous. It is to the point, however, to recall that shortly after Princeton's third touch-down, Yale showed the kind of stuff the light men were made of by a short series of her most successful rushes of the game. Mills and Benjamin moving slowly but steadily ahead. To be sure they were finally checked and the ball went to Princeton on four downs, but even then the same stubborn spirit held and for the first time in the game Yale gave hope to her friends that she had learned how to break Princeton's interference. Benjamin was conspicuous in these plays, and time and again this light player spoiled rushes of the Princeton's backs. In one of his sharp dives into the fight a pair of Princeton heels struck his head. It was beginning to be seen that it was hardly possible to keep this plucky player in the game much longer.

The Yale brace was not well sustained, Princeton gathered herself for more slaughter and the dreary old promenade towards Yale's goal began again. The Yale line was torn to shreds. At right and left and center it yielded and broke before the blows. And there was no faint heart in the yielding, either. It was an accumulation of superior weight, directed with unerring precision and animated by a splendid dash and spirit which can

come only to the best developed elevens when playing a winning game. Baird was a conspicuous ground gainer in this attack and he was used particularly in center plays.

It seemed almost incredible that such advances could be made through the heart of the Yale eleven, and when the ball was again within six feet of the Yale line and the players, whom Fincke was leading and inspiring with his spirit, gathered themselves for an even more desperate defense, it was still no surprise to see Bannard pushed across for a touchdown. It was a surprise to see Baird miss another easy goal, leaving the score Princeton 20, Yale 6. This was at 5 minutes after four o'clock.

It was soon after the opening of the next play that Benjamin was hurt again and this time was adjudged in no condition to continue. Mills was transferred to his place and Van Every came in at left half back. Yale tried the fresh runner for the next attack and he netted one or two good gains. The ball soon went to Princeton in the usual way and the old style play was resumed with occasional kicking. It was still hard, determined football, on the side of the already vanquished Yale eleven. No one on the side line, when the play came near him, could doubt for a moment the spirit which pervaded that team. Bass from his position at end could be seen fairly grinding his teeth in his determination and with Hinkey and Fincke continually called upon the Yale eleven to "tear them up," "throw them back," "brace." It wasn't soft football even for the victorious Nassau men, and Bannard who had borne such a large share of the brunt of Princeton's attack and had time and again been left on the ground after a scrimmage, at last gave way to Wheeler who was very far from making a weak substitute.

The play was now at Yale's 40 yard line but when Baird had been driven through the center two or three times and Kelly had shot to left and right, the line was within 8 yards of the Blues' goal. Here one of Yale's center men became overanxious and gave Princeton five yards more. With two more rushes another touchdown was added to Princeton's big score by Wheeler. Baird was again in poor form and the score was left 24 to 6.

This was at 4:22. There was about ten minutes more of actual play which was devoid of any special feature other than a marked stiffening of the Yale defense, a point not devoid of interest with such a score against her.

#### Their Comparative Strength.

It is not necessary to go into detail as to the formation of the Princeton interference, for it was not strikingly novel. In general, two of the three backs were sent into the line ahead of the runner, who in turn was protected by two forwards. By the time the play was well under way, three or four and sometimes more of the eleven had joined in the attack, and wherever it was aimed it was next to impossible to stop it before a substantial game had been made. This fact is not to be forgotten when the records of the gains on the ends is read. The theory of a proper defense is a breaking of the interference by tackle and guard, leaving the end comparatively free for the handling of the runner. Time and again the Princeton phalanx reached Yale's wings absolutely unbroken, and Bass or Conner, bound to keep in front of it, lest the runner escape, were turned back three, four, five and sometimes twice as many yards, before an opening was found and the runner tackled. After the captain of the Yale eleven found his shoulder so weak as to make further play a violation of the rule which he himself supported most ardently, that cripples ought not to remain in the game, and had left the line, it was seldom that any man but Rodgers made an impression on the Princeton play when directed towards the extreme right or left of the Yale line. This strong defender of Yale again and again went through and reached his man on a low dive, only to have him stumble over his body, recover himself and go on unmolested by any other rusher. The light Chamberlin playing as plucky football as one could

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ask for, was simply sent sliding back in the mud by superior weight, in all the line plays. His lightness of foot and dash availed him almost nothing. The Yale guards failed to make any impression on Princeton's offensive work, and the substitute for Murphy, with his slight experience, could make no headway against his strong opponent, and in the face of such fierce rushing. The light backs, Benjamin and Hinkey, were more often in evidence in defense in these close center plays than most of the line. Fincke, who was always back in the defense, couldn't be expected to stop the whole Princeton eleven, but he did more than one man's share of this work.

The loss of Yale's captain was of course irreparable. In a close game it would have been more than enough to turn the tables against his eleven. His injury was not a desperate one and he was able to return to the side lines toward the end of the game. It was particularly creditable to him that he consented to leave the game. It was not expected that any substitute could fill his place.

Princeton's superiority at center and guard was most apparent. Yale's ends did well and Bass more than held his own in a hard and brilliant contest. That the Princeton ends were closer to the ball on kicks followed from the much longer time used by their team in kicking. Baird took the ball from quarter and stood well back. Chamberlin passed directly to Hinkey, who kicked from close to the line.

The game of Mills and Benjamin was above reproach. They gained more than could be expected from them, with the line's indifferent interference, and their two long runs—so one of the Princeton backs is quoted as saying—would have been extended indefinitely into touchdowns, with firm ground under their feet.

At quarter Fincke held his own, while he contributed one of the best features of the game in his handling of punts. His errorless record on this point, in the two contests of '95-'96 give him the very highest rank. Once Saturday he pulled down a hard punt which he could just reach with his hands on a running jump. A slip then would have meant more scoring for Princeton.

Hinkey was as indispensable to Yale in defence as in kicking, while Baird, driven from his particular vantage point of kicking, proved very successful in line breaking. The story of the game shows only too well the superb work of Kelly and Bannard in line breaking. Their performance was splendid.