

again, Chamberlin fell back for a short kick, and Baird had the ball at Princeton's 35-yard line. Four or five men had him at the same time, after the fashion of Yale all through the game. Before the play had hardly opened, Princeton was on the defensive and it was better to kick, and Baird kicked, but not as well then as at other times. The next line-up was at the center of the field. Here and at other points it was hard to catch, with gusts carrying the squirming ball in unexpected directions. However, if a back missed it, some other back or end was around to pick it up.

About this time came an exchange of punts and Baird did better, in fact, did very well, but McBride didn't do as he could generally, and Princeton won fifteen or twenty yards. And then Cochran's men gained again by an exchange, and after about fifteen minutes play, they were within twenty-five yards of Yale's goal. What they had expected to do at such a point as this was to try the ends back formation about four times and then kick a goal; but they had now felt the Yale line. Inasmuch as there was a drop kicker of repute among them, they decided to use him. Here was a bad break. Booth passed from center to full-back, and sent the ball clean over Baird's head. He never could have kicked the goal, had the pass been straight. The Yale men fairly swarmed about him, Benjamin leading. As the ball bounded before him, it seemed as if Benjamin's great opportunity was before him. An open field was certainly ahead of him, and there wasn't a man on Princeton's eleven could have caught that fleet-footed back if he could have gotten a start. For some reason or other he couldn't quite get his hands on that bit of leather, but other Yale men got their hands on it and Yale recovered.

And so Yale had shown herself equal to emergencies, and already the Princeton men were suffering from the fierceness of that Yale attack and defense. Twice had Cochran, the great end, been ministered unto. His weak shoulder could not stand the strain of his own hard tackles, against those bounding, plunging Yale men.

And other Princeton men were showing the result of the strain. There did not seem to be any severe injury outside of the recurrence of Cochran's old trouble. It seemed to be a used-upness. Before the thirty-five minutes were over Princeton players frequently lay upon the ground after a scrimmage.

Before the game was over five of them had left the play and the amount of time taken out for these disabilities on their part amounted to nearly half an hour. Yale consumed three minutes for a similar purpose. As this situation began to develop it became all the clearer that Princeton's chance of scoring was reduced to a very small fraction. To score against the Yale team, barring an accident, meant a tremendous drive, uninterrupted and swift as the Yale play itself. By the end of the first half it was clear as day that physically the men from New Jersey were not equal to such a task. And at the same time a feeling grew upon the Yale audience that their own players were catching more and more the spirit of the triumphal march.

But it was very hard football, and no victory was sure at any time during that first half. The superior punting of the visitors kept the ball well in the Yale territory and it was not long before Princeton felt herself justified in trying again for a goal from the field. It was no bad pass this time. The lively Yale forwards fairly streamed through the Princeton line and the ball didn't go very far beyond Baird's toe. It was Chadwick who had broken through and Benjamin who had recovered. Mr. Dashiell said Yale had held and that the ball should be in play again at the same place. After some discussion with the referee he took five yards from Yale, and Rodgers' men had the ball in the center of the field. There Yale made another attack on the Princeton line with small hard-fought gains, but was at last obliged to resort to kicking.

A WONDERFUL RUN.

It was the return from McBride's punt that gave deSaulles the opportunity for the best individual play of the two great games. He caught Baird's punt at about Yale's forty-five yard line.

It was on the right side of the field almost on the side-lines, and in territory particularly under the charge of Cap-

tain Cochran. Those who were on the side-lines right opposite Yale's quarter when he took that punt and began a run that ended forty-five yards down the field, will never forget it and will be slow to admit that they ever witnessed a more brilliant individual performance. There was Cochran first. Seldom had a man gained five yards when he was on guard and the ball was hardly in deSaulles' arms when he was lunging towards him. It was a cat-like leap to the right and a gathering up of those small legs under the Yale quarter that left Cochran grabbing at the grass. But it was out of the frying pan into the fire for any ordinary runner. Three more Princeton forwards were crowding on him just in front and he with characteristic audacity was aiming directly at them. Holt was one, Crowdis another, Hillebrand another. It is not possible to tell how he went through them. It was a wriggling leap from one and a sharp bird-like turn from another.

It was not until after he had got his full speed that the Yale forwards were able to get into the interference. It was almost impossible to do much for him then. He was flying too fast, darting too quickly. One at a time and two at a time he ran by and through the Orange men. With every step the roars of Yale grew louder. Quicker than it takes to tell it he was through all the Princeton men—all but Baird. And he came so very near passing him that it seemed almost a pity that a performance so phenomenal should be checked. Baird threw his arms about the runner's legs. deSaulles puled one of them out and almost the other. Almost was not enough and he was at last downed on Princeton's 25-yard line.

There was little time left, but such a beautiful start made Yale hope for a touchdown in that half. But the Yale machine got a little out of order, the ball was fumbled, Princeton recovered it and Baird kicked out of danger.

FIRST HALF OVER.

The half was over. A complete change of feeling had come over that field. Princeton saw that, at her best, her straits were desperate. Yale began to feel that those eleven boys would go through everything in the next thirty-five minutes. It was reasonable to feel that nothing would go through them. Such uniformly excellent defense by a Yale eleven has not been seen in years. Every tackle threw the runner back toward his own goal. Benjamin, Dudley and McBride took up the defense where the line left it. The writer can never forget a tackle by Dudley as a Princeton back reached Yale's left-tackle. A big fellow came surging up into the line with one of his own interferers with him. Dudley lunged at him and took him just below the hip with such force as to throw both the Princeton men back from the Yale line. The shock was so sharp that the ball left the arms of the runner for Rodgers to fall upon. At another time I remember a mass play striking Yale's right with terrific force. Chamberlin crouched for it and it fairly rebounded from him. At center Cadwalader had not only stood his place, but had made one conspicuous tackle far back of the line, a remarkable performance. Brown was not to be interfered with, and Chadwick again was Heffelfinger. Chamberlin was such a whirlwind as in the Harvard game, and Rodgers was tackling back of the line.

The ends—well, they were old Yale ends. It wasn't always a Hinkey or a Wallace following a kick and springing so surely on the man. There were slips in getting down the field. But it is hard to criticize. If one end missed, the other was there. When it came to runs with interference against Yale's wings, it was possible for Princeton to move across the field, but not more than a yard or two towards Yale's goal. Hall was everywhere. Hazen was a glorious diver. The Messrs. Hinkey must have taken a quiet satisfaction in the work of those boys.

Cochran's wrenched shoulder had begun to hurt him badly and he left the game at the close of the half, being replaced by Lathrop.

It is hard to say what may happen after a Yale or Princeton team have been to their quarters at intermission. It is a receptive time for the men, and captain and coaches always enforce it to the utmost. It is not possible to put in print what passed at the Yale quarters last Saturday afternoon. Ninety-nine

out of a hundred of all the team supporters, had they been allowed in the room, would have congratulated the men on their great game. But that wasn't the talk they listened to. There was at least one player of great renown of former times who felt that for such a team not to score was discreditable. He is a quiet, strong, manly and at times severe man. He had communion at just this time with the Yale players. Captain Rodgers led on the field ten minutes later a company of players who realized that they had left undone a great many things which they ought to have done, and that only thirty-five minutes were left in the year of 1897 to save them from great reproach.

YALE'S ONCOMING.

With that feeling and in the glory of a physical strength that was simply spoiling for more good hard football, they opened their last chapter. They came on like a whirlwind. Every motion and every play showed the fierce earnestness of their spirit.

McBride began an altogether different style of kicking and sent some tremendously long punts towards Princeton's goal. deSaulles made two short dashes after handling Baird's returns. A long kick by McBride was received by Wheeler at his ten yard line. With the Yale forwards closing in on him, Wheeler passed the ball to Baird, but that didn't do any good. Benjamin and Hall were both there. Just as he received the ball they met him so hard as to throw him back over his own goal line. Yale was wild. It looked like a safety touchdown. But the officials said that Baird was really downed before the Yale tacklers had carried him over the line. And so Baird had a chance to punt out, which he did very well, from behind his own goal line.

Yale's rushing, which included a nine yard gain by Dudley, did not seem to be yet ready for continued effort and again there was punting. In taking one of McBride's kicks on his own goal line, Baird was tackled hard by Hall, and retired from the game, Burke being substituted. When Wheeler tried to kick, the ball went out of bounds at the 30-yard line.

Again Yale drove at Princeton's line with that ferocity which was steadily wearing away her opponents. Nothing harder or more terrific than the smashing of McBride, Dudley and Benjamin has been seen on the Yale field. McBride was in every one of these plays, and his propelling force was remarkable. This time he opened the advance for a two yard smash in the center.

deSaulles, who had been the embodiment of life and snap, at this point seemed a perfect bundle of electricity. He sent the men into the line as fast as they could get on their feet. All the game Rodgers could be seen stirring this man and that to an effort a little better than his best, with now and then a quick signal to deSaulles when a particular opportunity was in sight. And all this fire and encouragement now seemed centralized, till the whole eleven bristled and snapped with it.

And so McBride was hardly up when deSaulles called Dudley's signal for a move on Hillebrand. The knotty little Freshman fairly shot between Princeton's tackle and end for a clear nine yards. That brought the play fairly in front of the goal posts and only eleven yards from them. Princeton grew more desperate, Yale more furious. The Princeton coaches clenched their fists, while their line bent low to meet the fearful attack. Dudley went again to the right for a yard. Then the light-haired Yale Captain came rolling against Holt for four yards more, and there was the Princeton goal only seven yards away.

Then came a bad mistake by Princeton. Over-nervous in the desperate defense, the line was clean off-side in the next scrimmage, and one of the rare penalties of the game had to be imposed at this most critical moment. It seemed a strange compensation of justice. A few years ago this same umpire administered this same penalty to Yale, fighting as Princeton was now fighting, in her last ditch. In that game Yale swallowed the bitter medicine without a murmur. Princeton, with the same sportsmanship, took it in the same manly way.

There the two lines faced each other. There was five feet between Yale and an issue of the football season which every expert had declared was impossi-

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Last Week's Football Games.

Football games last week resulted as follows:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20.

At Philadelphia—Pennsylvania, 15; Harvard, 6.
At West Point—West Point, 42; Brown, 0.
At Annapolis—Naval Cadets, 28; Lehigh, 0.
At Chicago—Carlisle, 23; University of Illinois, 6.
At Williamstown—Dartmouth, 52; Williams, 0.
At Cambridge—Harvard, 1901, 34; Yale, 1901, 0.

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