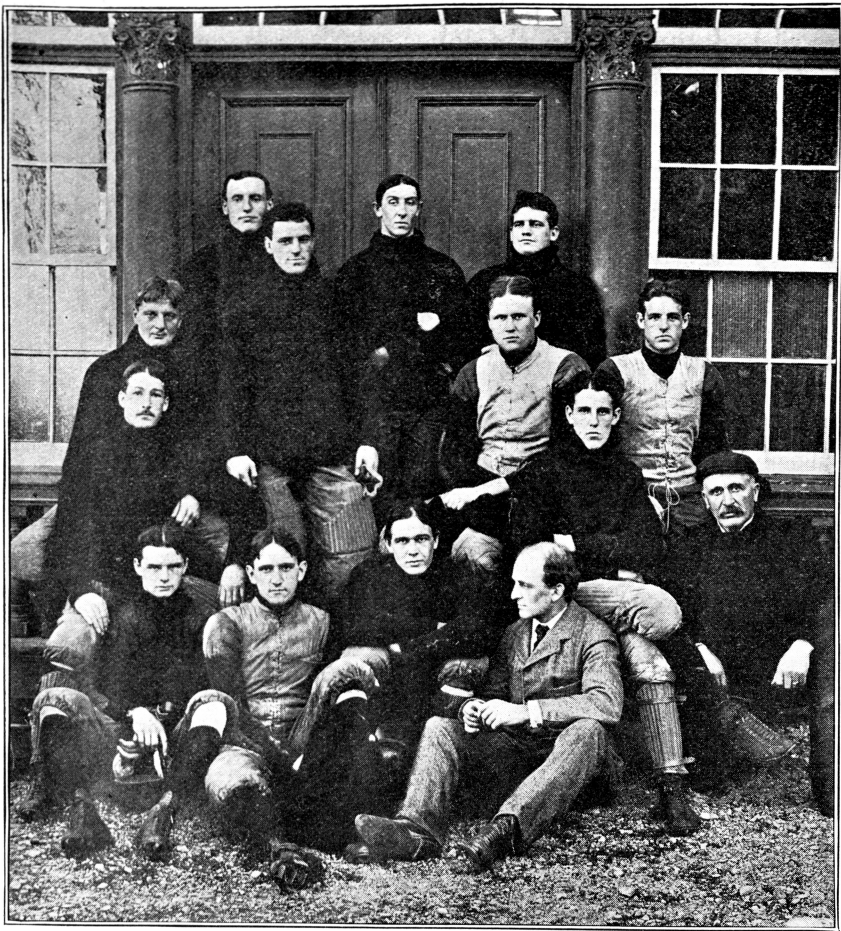


## HARVARD'S ELEVEN.

Boal, l. g. Reid, f. b. Mills, r. t.  
Burden, r. g. Donald, l. t. Jaffray, c. Houghton, r. t.



Cochrane, l. c. Hallowell, r. c. McMasters, Trainer.  
Daly, q. b. Warren, r. h. b. Dibblee, l. h. b. (Capt.) M. Forbes, Coach.  
Photograph by Pach.

## A PRINCETON VICTORY.

[Continued from 70th page.]

Eleven swarmed about him, eager to take advantage of such slips. Too much zeal in the Princeton line before the ball was in play gave five yards to Yale. Durston carried the ball three yards, but it slipped from his grasp and Poe had it.

Then a second time did Princeton feel the strength of the enemy. Ayres got a yard through center and Hillebrand got past Coy for 5 yards more, but the watchful umpire, Mr. Dashiell, saw holding in the line and brought him back. Ayres's try at center left him two yards backwards and on the next line-up he lifted the ball to Yale's 40-yard line, where deSaulles got under it, but was able to bring it back only five yards, being thrown hard by Palmer. Even at this early point in the game it was evident to the observers that deSaulles was far below his usual game. Seeing his lack of practice at catching punts and his attempts to preserve what was left to him of a leg when he was tackled, many criticisms were passed on the side-lines as to the wisdom of keeping him on the field. But though unable to walk without a limp and suffering much pain, he held his place and tried to put the old-time dash into his Eleven.

## A KICK BLOCKED BY PRINCETON.

On the next line-up on Yale's 40-yard line, McBride attempted to kick out, but he was slow and a Princeton man blocked the ball and Ayres fell upon it. Kafer made an attempt to pass Eddy, but dropped the ball and the Yale Captain recovered it. McBride's punt down the field was brought back ten yards by Kafer before Eddy could reach and throw him. In succession Princeton's half-backs were hurled at the line, but there were no gains and Ayres dropped back for a punt which big Marshall broke through and stopped with his hands. Stillman pounced upon it and made Yale the aggressor on Princeton's 20-yard line. First, Benjamin took his length from that distance and Durston followed him with a like amount, and the ball lay almost upon the second from the last Princeton chalk-mark.

## A COSTLY FUMBLE.

McBride was called upon for a plunge and as one yard alone was wanted for a first down, it did not seem unreasonable to expect it. But the inevitable fumble made its appearance and Yale's first chance to score was lost, for Ayres kicked out of danger and the East stand breathed again. The kick was as poor as the previous ones, traveling only 25 yards to deSaulles, who advanced it two yards and was thrown by Poe. The latter lay on the ground the full time allowed by law, but went back to his place. deSaulles' tender ankle received a terrible jolt, but with characteristic pluck he picked himself up and awaited the revival of Mr. Poe.

And now with the ball on Princeton's 35-yard line began the San Juan attack with which it seems impossible to associate defeat. Durston smashed through Geer for three yards, and McBride, throwing his arm about Benjamin, put him past Edwards for two more. Again Durston found a hole which was three yards long, and his running mate added three more to the general fund. The former seemed invincible, wanted to be used and improved with the using. On the next play he laid the ball 12 yards nearer the Princeton goal.

## THE UNEXPECTED.

As the teams lined up, both sides of the field sat silent watching the formation that was to work more havoc. Durston was passed the ball and dove into the line, with the remainder of the backs closing in about him for a showing play. Suddenly from the struggling mass Poe, the little Princeton right-end, came staggering with the ball. In an instant he had gathered himself together and had struck off down through the open field towards Yale's goal traveling like the wind, with the ball tucked snugly under his left arm. He had gone ten yards before a Yale man could get himself extricated from the mass. Then began a hopeless stern chase, with Captain Chamberlin and Coy in the van of the pursuers. For forty yards the heavy Yale man held his own and even gained a few feet, but could not keep it up. And Coy was not fleet enough to reach a diving dis-

tance until Poe had thrown himself across Yale's goal line directly under the posts and 98 yards from his starting point. Ayres added one more with his toe and the score was 6 to 0. There had been ten minutes of play. Accounts differ as to how Mr. Poe came by the ball. Some say he took it from the ground; others are equally sure he took it from Durston's grasp, which was not strong enough, and this latter view is testified to by Durston himself. However it was done, it was well done. It was what Princeton's men had been trained to look for and it was what won her the game.

On the next kick-off the ball went to Beardsley on Princeton's 10-yard line, who was tackled by Coy after gaining eight yards. On the first line-up the Tigers tried a fake kick, which resulted in a loss of three yards. Then, being wholesomely afraid of that Yale stone wall, Ayres kicked to Yale's 40-yard line, where the ball went out of bounds. An exchange of punts left the ball with Princeton on her 15-yard line. One attempt through Brown was enough and McBride got Ayres's kick on the 45-yard line, but he couldn't hold it and Poe was on hand to cover it.

## THE YALE DEFENSE STRONG.

It didn't stay long with the New Jersey men, who could make no impression anywhere. Yale got her machine in good running order about this time, and back went the Tigers under the fierce hammering of Durston, Benjamin and McBride, and a five-yard penalty for interference with Cutten. The ball was on Princeton's 30-yard line when Durston's fumble gave Wheeler a chance to get it away from his territory for a breathing spell. A little while longer and it was Yale's ball on Princeton's 25-yard line and Chamberlin thought he saw a chance to score from the field. His kick was well protected, but it fell short and some six feet to the right of the posts. In the punting duel which ensued after the kick-out, between McBride and Wheeler, who had been substituted for Kafer, nothing was gained on either side and Yale again resorted to rushing her opponents on their 45-yard line. But the advance was cut short by a fumble and Wheeler booted the ball to deSaulles, who stood 25 yards from his own goal. Hampered by his weak ankle, he slipped and fell in attempting to make the catch, and the ball bounding from his foot or leg, fell directly in the path of the Princeton Captain, coming on a gallop. He did not slacken his pace, but stooping, scooped it from the earth and with apparently a clear field started for what seemed like a sure touchdown run. He was, however, run out and thrown by Eddy, after an exciting race diagonally across the field, having made 15 yards.

## DESAULLES' LAST PLAY.

Now, just at the end of the first half, was the time to make victory certain, and encouraged by 10,000 voices the Princeton backs threw themselves against the Yale block-house, but they only lost the ball on downs for their pains. The ball was in deSaulles' hands after a double pass, and gathering himself for a supreme effort, unheeding the pain of the now almost useless ankle, he skirted the left end of the Tigers for 15 yards. It was his last play of the game and as he hobbled from the field he was cheered loudly. Ely took his place.

The ball was still too close to be safe and McBride's attempt to help matters made them worse, for his kick went into the grand stand and it was Prince-

[Continued on 75th page.]

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