

A PRINCETON VICTORY.

[Continued from 74th page.]

ton's ball again on Yale's 30-yard line. Wheeler tried to improve his opportunity for a goal from the field. It was a poor attempt and went out of touch at the 15-yard line. On the line-up which followed, McBride made one of the longest kicks of the game over the Princeton full-back's head and rolling to his 35-yard line, where he was downed by Coy. Before the ball could be put in play the whistle sounded for the half to end.

The intermission was spent in guessing at how many times Yale might score in the second half, for it was the firm belief of many that all was not lost. The team had shown what splendid stuff was in them and led their supporters to think that under the spurring of the coaches they would play desperate football in the second half. And they did play desperately, but the tide was against them.

When the second half opened at twenty-five minutes past three, Yale started in with a rush to retrieve her blunders and after an exchange of kicks began again to batter her opponents backwards.

A glance at any well-kept note-book would show about this time the monotonous recurrence of the names of Durston and Benjamin, with occasionally that of McBride, coupled with figures which represented gains of from one to six yards. Ely was running his team well and the entire line was out-playing their opposites. Hope began to rise again in the Yale heart at the splendid showing, and the ball was within 20 yards of the coveted spot. Again Poe electrified the grand stands by grabbing the ball and springing away with it for another 95-yard run and touchdown, but it was an inglorious one, as the ball was down at the time and the run was not allowed.

When the Yale charge began again the Princeton line stiffened, and three plunges against it yielded to Yale, a few inches less than the necessary five yards. Wheeler's kick was returned by McBride. The former caught the ball neatly and after running 10 yards behind compact interference made a lightning-like punt which went over McBride's head and the next line-up was on Yale's 5-yard line. At this point Durston and Benjamin gave place to Townsend and Corwin, and a kicking game began in earnest with the advantage slightly with Wheeler. Finally, finding that no gains could be made that way, McBride took Wheeler's punt on Yale's 25-yard line, but could only advance it three yards.

YALE'S LAST RALLY.

From this point Yale's last desperate rally was made—a rally the like of which is rarely seen in a championship game. It was a run around the end by Ely, a smash through Princeton's left wing by first one, then another of the backs, which carried the ball steadily down the field. Twice Yale barely got her distance, but usually there was room to spare. Faster and faster went the Yale offense, and with seven minutes to play, the ball lay again on Princeton's 15-yard line. Townsend took a yard and Corwin two. Then Princeton showed her good football sand. The ball was taken away from Yale on downs, after she had carried it 70 yards.

Then, and only then, did sure defeat stare Yale in the face. The time was too short now to do the work over again, and it was but a few more minutes before she was fighting hard on her own territory. It was on Yale's 15-yard line that Edwards got in the way of McBride's kick from Cutten's bad pass and the ball bounded from his hands to Yale's 4-yard line, where Palmer got on it.

A GREAT STAND.

It looked like another bitter drop in her cup of sorrow, but that undaunted Eleven gathered itself for a defense that made the heart jump for very admiration. After the Princeton catapult had hurled against the line its last pound of strength an uncoiling of the antagonists saw the fall still three feet from Yale's goal, McBride made a difficult kick-out from behind his goal-line, and after several exchanges the game ended with the ball in Ely's hands on Yale's 25-yard line.

The line-up and summary follow:

YALE.	POSITION.	PRINCETON.
Eddy	left-end-right	Poe
Stillman	left-tackle-right	Hillebrand
Brown	left-guard-right	Edwards
Cutten	center	Booth
Marshall	right-guard-left	Crowdis Mills
Chamberlin	right-tackle-left	Geer
Coy	right-end-left	Palmer
Hubbell		
deSaulles	quarter-back	Duncan Hutchinson
Ely		
Benjamin	right-half-left	Black Beardsley
Corwin		
Durston	left-half-right	Kafer Wheeler
Townsend		
McBride	full-back	Ayres

Score—Princeton, 6; Yale, 0. Umpire—Paul Dashiell, of Lehigh. Referee—E. N. Wrightington, of Harvard. Linesmen—Francis, of Yale, and Boviard, Princeton. Time of halves—Two thirty-five minutes. Attendance, 14,000.

One of the Old Boys of '44.

Judge Coleman of Birmingham, Ala., was the youngest member of our Class.

A lawyer by profession for many years, he has recently been elected Judge of the High Court of Record in his District at the ripe age of 73, for a period of six years.

His triumph at this time of life by a large majority over three able lawyers in their prime is an occurrence almost phenomenal.

Coleman is in the habit of doing things after 70 that other men do in middle life.

At this age he had a son born to him.

He had presented the first born of the Class with the Silver Cup and we thought it meet to honor the last born also; so we made the young fellow honorary member of the Class and gave him a generous gift in money—to be held in trust by his father and used for his education when he enters Yale University.

We did this with a special reservation, that if other sons were born to the Judge, the gift should revert to the youngest.

Below the Judge tells how life appears to him at 73.

Respectfully, HENRY D. SMITH,
Class Secretary.

MY SEVENTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.

To-day I stand upon the shore of time,
Upon life's outer, western verge;
Along the pathway sleep the buried years,

In front the waves eternal surge.
I look upon this ocean's boundless sweep

And ask what shall my future be,
What priceless treasures have my soul adorned

In three score years and ten and three.

From out the deep profound—the silent past—

Some blessed memories still are mine;

A mother's lullaby and kiss of joy,
God's whispered love and seal divine,

Paternal trust, sole type of Christian faith,

And Boyhood's happy thoughtless glee,

Youth's class is triumphs, manhood's earnest toil,

Dear three score years and ten and three.

And yet the way is strewn with broken vows

And wrecks of battles lost and won,
Ambitions, hopes and trusts betrayed and dead,

And much commanded left undone.
Now the shades of night are closing in

And light and friends and fortune flee;

I am content this earthly record close,
These three score years and ten and three.

I stand where two eternal Cycles touch,
The Future grand and voiceless Past,
Here Death's dark mantle overshadows all,

There endless day is dawning fast.
Few sheaves were gathered in the harvest field,

His grace alone sustaineth me.
Forgive, oh God, the wrongs and sins which marred

These three score years and ten and three.

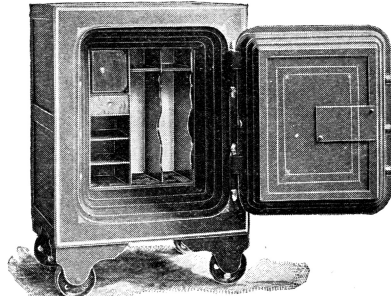
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OF HAMILTON PLACE
BOSTON.

YOU WILL WANT TO TALK IT OVER AFTER THE GAME AND PERHAPS GET A LITTLE REAL REST, WHICH THE EXCITEMENT OF THE CONTEST DOES NOT ALLOW. THEN 'TIS WELL TO STAY A WHILE AT MOSELEY'S NEW HAVEN HOUSE, WHERE THERE IS HOMELIKE COMFORT IN PLENTY.

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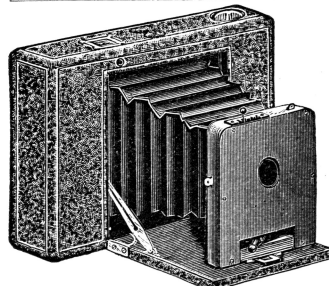
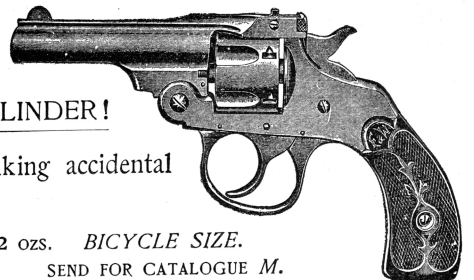
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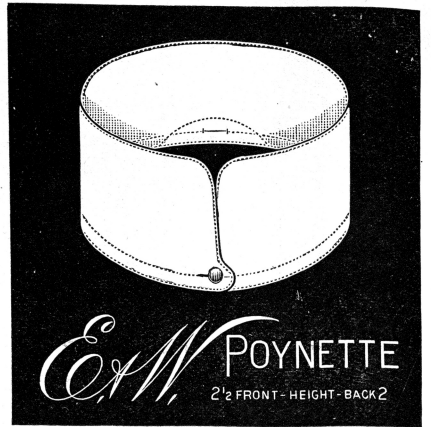
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