

THE GAME IN DETAIL.

[Continued from 88th page.]

was making this splendid charge, to see the ball go back, but it was after all a gain of ten yards on the first time and the crowd took heart at that.

On the next two plays Chadwick failed to gain and then a fumble by somebody gave Harvard the ball at her 45-yard line. Parker went at Brown, but the latter breaking through doubled him up like a jackknife for a 2-yard loss. Olcott did an almost similar trick for Kendall and Hallowell was obliged to kick. McBride here made his first fumble, but Fincke saved it not a moment too soon. On the next line-up the entire Harvard team attempted to smash McBride's protective formation, but although it seemed to rain crimson-shirted players outside of that protecting semi-circle, within, there was room and to spare for McBride to swing his foot. And this was true right through the game. McBride was never hurried, and the fiercest onslaughts did not seem to disturb the confidence of that little body of men, who met the attack successfully every time. The kick almost doubled that of Reid's, being taken by Parker on his own 30-yard line. Kendall was thrown back for a loss and as Daly could only get two yards on a double pass, Hallowell had to kick again. His driving force seemed pretty nearly exhausted, for the ball dropped at the middle of the field. McBride wasted no time in useless pounding now, but kicked to Daly, who was downed by Hubbell in his tracks, on the 20-yard line, one of the few times that this man did not subtract 5 to 15 yards from the Yale Captain's drives, and for that reason, if no other, worthy of record. After Parker had failed through Stillman, Kendall turned Hubbell's end for about seven yards, but in the next play lost three on account of McBride's tackle. Hallowell, who was growing weaker in his punting, made a very poor attempt, the ball going out at the middle of the field.

Beginning near this point Yale made her splendid but ineffectual effort to score by the old-fashioned method, Chadwick, McBride, Keane, Francis and Stillman, being used for short steady gains principally through the tackles, but when the ball had reached Harvard's 30-yard line, Chadwick's desperate attempt to make the necessary two yards was stopped. Kendall's try on a double pass was rather disastrous, for Stillman was through and with Francis and Brown slammed him back eight yards. Reid now began to do the kicking and landed the ball on his 50-yard line, where McBride could not hold it. Hallowell, and Ristine, who had just been substituted for Campbell, were both on it and on the next play Reid went five yards through Hale. Two failures in the same place made it necessary to kick. McBride's return went soaring over the heads of the contestants to Daly, 55 yards away, who made a marvelous catch, and on the next line-up Kendall made one of the most remarkable runs of the day, around right end almost unaided, covering 24 yards, and landing the ball on Yale's 45-yard line.

HARVARD'S DESPERATE RALLY.

There were only four minutes left to play and Daly recognizing that this was his only chance, began driving his team with incredible swiftness, considering that it was the last of a desperately fought match of more than an hour's playing, but Yale met it with a play that was every whit as fast. The ball was no sooner down than the lines were again crashing into each other. Reid took five yards. Parker one, Kendall four, and then Reid five again. One line after another was crossed with Yale fighting hard, until at the 23-yard line, Daly's fumble gave Hubbell the chance to get the ball. A sigh of relief went up from the Yale sympathizers as McBride got the ball away on a good clean kick of 40 yards, although the whole Harvard rush-line came ripping through upon him. Barring a fumble, Harvard had lost her last chance to win. But the erratic jade who presides over football fields gave them another opportunity. Daly brought McBride's kick back, in his own inimitable way, five yards beyond the middle of the field, and Reid on the first line-up drove a twisting punt to Fincke on Yale's 15-yard line. To the horror of 5,000 people and the unutterable joy of some 30,000 others, Fincke dropped the ball

and Hallowell was upon it like a flash. Then for a second time was Yale called upon to do herculean work. Parker dashed around left end, but Hubbell was waiting for him and threw him back three yards. Reid could do no better than a yard at center, and there was nothing left but a try at goal and a few seconds in which to do it. The ball was snapped, and Hallowell, Harvard's only hope, dropped it to his toe. It traveled high enough and far enough, but was five feet to the left of the goal post. Before the ball could be put in play the second thirty-five minutes had expired, and the great game was over and had resulted in a tie—nothing to nothing.

The line-up follows:

YALE.	POSITION.	HARVARD.
Gibson	right-end-left	Campbell
Smitjer		Ristine
Stillman	right-tackle-left	Donald
		Eaton
Olcott	right-guard-left	A. R. Sargent
Hale	center	Burnett
Brown	left-guard-right	Burden (Capt.)
Francis	left-tackle-right	Lawrence
Hubbell	left-end-right	Hallowell
Fincke	quarterback	Daley
Sharpe	left-half-right	Kendall
Chadwick		
Richards	right-half-left	Sawin
Keane		Parker
McBride (Capt.)	fullback	Ellis
		Reid

Summary: Score, Yale 0, Harvard 0; Umpire, Paul J. Dashiell of Lehigh; Referee, Matthew McClung, Jr., of Lehigh; Timekeeper, Fred Wood, B. A. A.; Linesmen, Talbot of Harvard, Schweppe of Yale; Time, 35 minute halves.

E. J. T.

Saturday's Game.

[Editorial in Yale News.]

No man who was fortunate enough to witness Saturday's game at Cambridge will ever forget it. As a struggle marred by no suspicion of unsportsmanlike conduct, so evenly contested that the interest and enthusiasm of the spectators never wavered for an instant, and as an almost perfect example of the highest development of football in this country, its equal has seldom been seen. Those who take an interest in intercollegiate sport for its own sake and for the manly qualities it engenders, could not have failed to be greatly pleased. The ordinary tie game is an unsatisfactory affair, for it leaves both sides in doubt as to the relative merits of the two teams. But the result of Saturday's game was immensely gratifying to Yale and her sympathizers, and undoubtedly immensely surprising to her adversaries and the country at large. And that is no great wonder; for against Harvard's invincible and experienced Eleven went a team that had met defeat at the hands of Columbia, and that had had but little opportunity to play together in their present form. There was just one thing that all the critics had left out of account—the spirit that brought back the coaches to New Haven; that brought out and perfected the material in the University; that sent the undergraduates out in a body to each day's practice; that aroused the magnificent cheering at the game; that made the team powerful enough to hurl Harvard back at her very goal line—the Yale spirit, which lives in all its vigor despite so many contrary assertions. The Eleven that first lined up against the crimson on Soldiers Field was called a green team; the Eleven that held its own around the swaying goal-posts was a team of veterans. All honor to Captain McBride and to his men!

Two years ago, under very similar circumstances, a tie game was played on that same field between the same two colleges. The week following Yale was victorious over Princeton on the Yale Field in the last game of the season. It is our great hope, and we are not without ground for expressing it, that history will repeat itself.

Harvard Played Her Best.

[Harvard Crimson Editorial.]

Of course we are sorry Harvard did not win. We saw a fine game, and we met an opponent who was much stronger than we had expected. There is nothing more to say unless it is this,—the Harvard Eleven played the very best game it was capable of and

LUCAS OF HAMILTON PLACE BOSTON.

was prevented from scoring only by one of the most magnificent stands ever made "in the last ditch." It was a fair contest well fought to the end. Both teams played their best, but neither could score.

Yale '03, 6; Princeton '03, 19.

The Princeton Freshmen played Yale's Freshmen at the Field Saturday, Nov. 18 and won by a score of 19 points to 6, outplaying them at almost every point. In Levick and Hodgman Princeton had two steady ground-gainers who have been on the University squad and still stand a good chance of playing in a portion, at least, of the Yale game.

The game began at 2.35 o'clock, when Princeton, having chosen the north goal, kicked off. Yale started in with a rush and her efforts in working the ball down the field on line bucks were for a time successful. But Princeton rallied, secured the ball and Hodgman's and Levick's low charges through tackle carried the ball closer and closer to the Yale goal, until at last Bush crossed the line on a run of twenty yards around right end. Hodgman kicked the goal.

Sutphin kicked off again. The Princeton Freshmen after a few short gains fumbled the ball and Eliason, Yale's center, secured it. Then, responding to the calls made by their classmates, the boys pushed their way down the field by short line plunges and Sutphin was finally shoved over for a touchdown. Clark kicked the goal. Shortly after the kick-off the Yale Freshman line again gave way before the assaults of the Princeton backs and soon Levick had scored another touchdown, from which the goal was kicked by Hodgman.

In the beginning of the second half, the Yale Freshmen gave promise of tying the score by working the ball to their opponent's five-yard line. Here the Princeton men stood firm and held for downs.

Forced back to their own goal, Yale attempted to punt, but Holt's pass was poor and a safety was a necessity.

The last touchdown was made by Hodgman after some fine line breaking. No goal was kicked. Score 10-6.

The Princeton team played well together, and each man did all that was expected of him, while the Yale Freshmen relied too much on individual work and were not sufficiently aggressive. Their defense was especially weak.

The line-up:

YALE 1903.	POSITION.	PRINCETON 1903.
Wallace (Capt.)	left-end-right	McClave
Clark	left-tackle-right	Amell
Gaylord	left-guard-right	Leroy
Eliason		
Holt	center	Losey
Brown	right-guard-left	Stratton
Peckham	right-tackle-left	Gilchrist
Griswold		
Johnston	right-end-left	Singer
Blount		Sawyer
Craighead	quarterback	Howard
Barnwell	left-half-right	Levick
Wilhelmi	right-half-left	Bush
Sutphin	fullback	Hodgman (Capt.)

Referee, Whiting of Cornell; Umpire, Davis of Williams; Linesmen, Scott and Vanderpool; Timer, Carpenter.

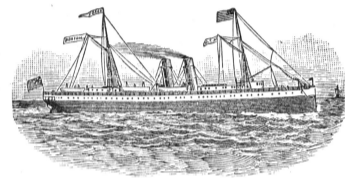
The Harvard Freshman Game.

Saturday afternoon, November 25, the Freshman eleven will meet Harvard, 1903, at Cambridge. The team leaves New Haven Friday afternoon at 2.32 o'clock, and will stop at the Thorndyke while at Boston. The line-up of the Yale Freshman eleven has not yet been decided, but it is certain that three or four changes will be made in last Saturday's team.



In doing business with advertisers, please mention the WEEKLY.

GO TO THE NEW SUMMERLAND COOL, RESTFUL Nova Scotia By the Most Popular and Direct Route, the YARMOUTH LINE



Fast Mail Express Steamers sail from Lewis Wharf, Boston, at 2 P. M. every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, connecting at Yarmouth by boat and train for all points in the Maritime Provinces.

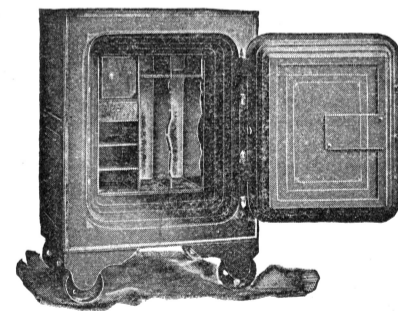
For guide books, descriptive folders, and other information, address

H. F. HAMMOND, Agent, YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP CO. (LIMITED).

43 Lewis Wharf, Boston, Mass., or UPTOWN OFFICES: 201, 296 and 332 Washington St.

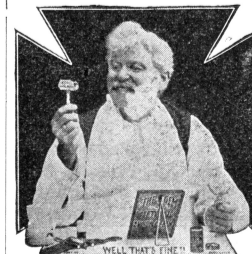
Mory's

... Louis Linder.



DIEBOLD SAFE & LOCK CO., H. W. BEADLE, GEN'L AGENT, 79 Duane Street, New York.

The "New Gem" Safety Razor



IMPOSSIBLE TO CUT THE FACE.

It's the BEST and SIMPLEST Safety ever devised.

No experience required.

We guarantee and keep them sharp for one year.

Well, That's Fine! Price \$2, Postpaid.

Send for Illustrated Price List.

THE GEM CUTLERY CO., 673 Hudson Street, New York.