

Princeton Displays Wonderful Form in Beating Dartmouth

Tiger Eleven Scintillates Both on Attack and Defence, with Accuracy in Kicking Its Most Valuable Asset.

By GRANTLAND RICE. Princeton, N. J., Oct. 23.—John H. Rush, Princeton, '98, plus Frank...

Dartmouth played her best, fighting a lost battle gamely to the end...

Tiger Kickers Are Stars. Princeton played winning football today from every angle of the game...

Yale Once More Bows to Skill of W. & J. Team. A Prayer from the Field. Among Others.

Blue Eleven, Outplayed at All Stages of Game, Is Lucky to Score.

VISITORS COMPLETE 22 FORWARD PASSES.

Against Bewildering Attack, Hinkley's Men Play Straight Football, with Dire Results.

COLGATE SCORES 107 POINTS—A RECORD.

Darcy Beats Clabby in a Fast Bout.

Star Swimmer Made Union Track Captain.

Tibbitt Slips Through.

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The Days of Real Sport



THE SPORTLIGHT by Grantland Rice

A Prayer from the Field. Among Others.

God grant that in the strife and stress Which all must face who linger here— Upon the Field of Hopelessness...

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Cornell Deals a Crushing Blow to Harvard Eleven

Crimson Forced to Taste Defeat for First Time Since 1911—Ithaca Men Score a Touchdown and Field Goal for Brilliant Victory.

By HERBERT.

Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 23.—Cornell beat Harvard on the gridiron here to-day, and the score was 10 to 0. That well known pitcher again made a journey to the equally well known well once too often.

Way back in 1911 Sam White snapped up a loose ball, and by his alert watchfulness made it possible for Princeton to beat Harvard. Since then, over a space of three years, almost four, the Crimson has marched along to one victory after another, sometimes tied, it is true, but never beaten.

Last June fourteen "H" men were graduated, including such bulwarks as Brickley, Hardwick, Bradlee and Penneck, and it came to pass that these men were needed this afternoon against the truly great team which Dr. Sharpe and his assistant, Ian Reed and Ray Van Orman, brought down from Ithaca.

Cornell won by the power of an offensive punch when the opportunity presented; by the wonderful kicking of Fritz Shiverick; by the amazing keenness with which the men followed a loose ball; by the strength of a sturdy line; by the dashing work of a brilliant pair of ends; by the sound inspiring leadership of Cool at center, after Captain Barrett had been driven from the game in the first period reeling and groggy as the result of a savage tackle in stopping Mahan.

Then, too, Cornell had a mascot, a little black bear with a freakish brain and a kitten's gracefulness. He was stolen by some Harvard men late on Friday evening, but regained just before the game and lagged in a cage to the Hotel Xenox, where he was greeted with much noise.

"Touchdown" is this bear's name, and he was a good mascot. The first thing he did when he got to the field was to climb half way up one of the goal posts and pose for his picture. After that he was almost as conspicuous as Shiverick. He cost Cornell \$40; he could not be bought to-day for \$400—good mascots are hard to find.

Between the halves some Harvard undergraduates dressed up as "women Suff" dressed in yellow, had a rough and tumble scuffle on the gridiron with a party of "Yahoo Suff" gowned in pink.

It whirled away part of the frigid wait.

Returning from the game somebody suggested: "Harvard has a long way to go before meeting Princeton and Yale." Not so far perhaps. The team lacked the finish of a year ago, but it has plenty of power for further development. Cornell simply has reached the top class.

The Cornell football squad, with coaches, attendants and many followers, left for home this evening on a train leaving here at 7:30 o'clock. Their reception at Ithaca can be pictured.

Billy Langdon, of Trinity, handled the game in his usual efficient way. He still ranks as about the best referee in the country.

One bright chance was ruined through the alertness of Schlichter in intercepting a forward pass, while Mahan, who occasionally broke loose, was a constant threat, but the chance slipped away from him as he mated just cleverly and especially drilled for the particular duty in hand, checked and cut down Mahan.

It looked like a telling blow as he was carried off the field, and a general wavering was noticeable for two or three minutes, but Cool, a natural leader, put the team back on its feet and love to follow, exerted a settling influence, and then, lo! a new wonder was born, a new punter was exposed who rose to heights almost undreamed of.

Fritz Shiverick is a sophomore, and playing in his first big game, shouldered the burdens of the great Barrett, and filled most acceptably his captain's shoes. His punting was little short of remarkable, and for the first time in three years Harvard men looked on and saw Mahan get all the worst of a kicking duel. It is true that Mahan was not at his best under conditions that made punting a sore trial on account of the sweeping, blustering gale and erratic air currents, but Mahan at his best would have suffered in comparison with this inexperienced youth as he kicked this afternoon.

Shiverick a Real Star. Shiverick was a bit slow at first and perhaps a bit unsteady under the stress and strain of the wearing excitement, and two punts were blocked, but he soon settled to his work, and much of the credit for the victory must go to him.

Against the wind he never failed to get off low, twisting drives that carried at times forty and forty-five yards. With the wind he sent away high, booming punts which gave his ends the plenty of time to cover. He placed the ball, too, with amazing precision, and earned football fame, as it were, in one short hour.

After the game Captain Barrett, who watched the second half stretched out in a blanket near the side lines, begging at times to get back, was the first to congratulate him. He has said to his friends more than once recently that Shiverick would shine when the proper time came, and his confidence was more than justified.

Eddie Mahan had an off day. He was unsteady, to say the least. Four times he fumbled and thrice the ball was lost and much precious ground, too, as some watchful Cornell player came charging along to gather it in. His punting, too, as previously mentioned, was erratic and far from dependable.

Cornell Defence Strong. But in some respects he evened the score by momentary flashes of that brilliancy for which he has become famous.

Princeton Soccer Team Starts Well. Scores 1 to 0 Victory Over the Cornell Eleven.

Princeton, N. J., Oct. 23.—Princeton opened the intercollegiate soccer season with a 1 to 0 victory over Cornell this afternoon. The game was not as close, however, as the score would indicate. The Tigers kept the ball in Cornell's territory nearly all the first half, and in the second half they were on the offensive all the time.

The vigilance of Roth, the Cornell goal keeper, kept the score down. Princeton's only point came after a pretty pass from Ross to Bird, who booted the ball into the net.

Princeton's defence was unusually strong and their goal was never threatened. Their pass work was good, and when they learn to shoot they should present a formidable team. The full-backs of both teams played well. Fowler and Bird, for Princeton, were the stars of the game.

Dartmouth Beats Penn in 'Cross-Country Race. Philadelphia, Oct. 23.—Dartmouth's 'cross-country team defeated the University of Pennsylvania over a four-mile course in Fairmount Park to-day by a score of 23 points to 22. Although Ralph Colton brought the Red and Blue colors home in front, Dartmouth had three runners trailing him, and this advantage gave the New England team the score.

Colton set the pace all the way and finished 150 yards ahead of Captain Tucker, who led the Dartmouth runners. Colton's time was 23m. 45.1-6s.

Boys' High Breaks Long Losing Run. Three Years of Defeats and Then Poly Prep. Is Beaten, 2 to 0.

Boys' High School broke a run of three years of successive defeats on the gridiron when it beat the Poly Prep eleven at Washington Park, Brooklyn, yesterday by a score of 2 to 0. The score came in the second quarter.

Results of College and School Football Games

Table with columns for EAST, WEST, and SCHOOLBOY RESULTS, listing various colleges and their scores.

Yale defeats are no longer pieces of news. The Blue, for the time being, has gone to seed. Two defeats by smaller colleges within two weeks' space is fair enough testimony to the fact that things are badly out of gear Eli's way. Frank Hinkley may be a better coach than the scores have indicated. But it is hard to go beyond two many scores.

Just as Michigan men around New York were getting ready to boom the Cornell-Michigan game as the one championship conflict, the shocking report arrived that the Michigan Aggies had come near driving Yost's machine out of the state. So—Zip—went another dream that for a moment was fringed with purple and gold.

In the hazy interim here is one tip you can follow—keep a weather eye peered on Princeton. While Yale is still struggling in the depths, we believe that Nassau has at last solved her difficulty with John H. Rush. Princeton is playing more football to-day than she has played within ten years. She has the machine—the material plus the spirit plus the instruction.

Harvard may have her Mahan, but Princeton has her Tibbitt. When these two meet on Nassau sod some two weeks hence, the Harvard star will have his hands and feet full putting any thick margin over on the Tiger wonder, who is a player much along the Mahan order—possibly not quite so brilliant, but only a shade or two away.

While Frank Moran is waiting for Jess Willard, he may have a chance to help kill some dull evening by taking on Jack Dillon—Jack Dillon and Jim Coffey not being exactly one and the same.

Football heroes to-day are long distance punters, forward passers or wiry gents through a broken field. The day of the old-fashioned Human Plough who was wont to batter his way up and down the field is well nigh extinct.

We still maintain that the best system of football generalship is doing what the other eleven doesn't figure you have any idea of doing. You can beat it.