

# CARLISLE INDIANS SCORE NINE POINTS AGAINST YALE'S FOOT

## About 9,000 People Witnessed the Game.

## Yale Men Astonished at the Play of the Indians.

**The Summary.**  
 Yale (20). Positions: (Indians (9).  
 Slocovich.....Left end.....Rogers  
 Allen.....Right guard.....B. Pierce  
 Hazen.....Right tackle.....Seneca  
 De Saules.....Right end.....Archibette  
 Kiefer.....Quarter-back.....Hudson  
 Benjamin.....Left half-back.....Cayou  
 Miller.....Right half-back.....Miller  
 Metoxen.....Full-back.....Metoxen  
 Referee—Mr. Gould. Umpire—Mr. Wrenn.  
 Touchdowns—Benjamin (3).  
 Cayou, Kiefer. Goals from touch-  
 downs—Cadwalader, 4. Goals from  
 field—Hudson. Time of halves—  
 Twenty minutes.

By Langdon Smith.

Let the poor Indian, humble though he be, plays eleven Yale men and the referee.

At least this is the way the crowd sang it at the Polo Grounds yesterday afternoon.

It may or may not have been true. On all occasions the referee of the Yale-Carlisle football game was spectacular in his movements and dress. On some occasions he was spectacular in his decisions.

At any rate, the score of 24 to 9 in favor of Yale does not tell the entire story.

There were hardships suffered, hard knocks endured, tempers ruffled and some few faces put off side by accidental blows. But he worst of all was the referee.

Both sides suffered, but the Indians the most. They got it right where they wore the wampum on more than one occasion.

It was a beautiful game, nevertheless. It was hard and clean and earnest, and was marked by extremely pretty plays on both sides. The Indians confined themselves mainly to what they knew of honest, straightforward football right through the Yale line.

Only once or twice did they try the ends. When they did, the play resulted in a long side scrimmage, with no gain. The Yale ends were too alert.

Yale, too, played a live game mostly, until the latter part of the second half, when they began to drive around the ends. The last touchdown resulted mainly from this kind of work.

The Indians had much the worse of the punting, until Bemis Pierce, captain of the red men, took to dropping back for kicks. Then the Indians gained almost five yards on every punt.

**Princeton Stronger Than Yale.**  
I spoke to half a dozen of the Indian team after the game, and they all concurred in the opinion that Princeton is much stronger than Yale.

The game began at 3:25, although it was advertised for 3 o'clock.

A light wind blew from the north. Yale won the toss and chose the wind and the sun.

The red men were favorites from the kick-off. At 3:28 Hudson drove the ball to Kiefer, who ran it up twenty yards. The little halfback was then sent into the line, but failed to gain.

Rogers gained five yards through right tackle. It was pretty hard work on the soft earth of the baseball diamond, and Yale edged off into the turf.

The Indians got the ball in midfield and the crowd began to whoop. There was hot work in a scrimmage, but both sides were eminently fair and good tempered.

Yale's center was tried repeatedly without a gain until the Indians lost the ball on downs. Finding their efforts unavailing, the Indians punted to Yale's five-yard line, when McBride fell on the ball.

The blue fell back on the next line-up, punted to midfield, where the battle swung to and fro for several minutes without material gain.

There was scrimmage after scrimmage, high, two-story affairs that resulted in nothing so much as a display of gymnastics.

Yale began to hammer the Indian tackles, but without much success. First they tried H. Pierce at left tackle. They soon found that they had made a mistake, as the big, broad-shouldered brute fairly played horse with his opponents.

In fact, he gave an exhibition of tackle play that could not be excelled.

**Yale Does Better.**  
Yale then shifted to right tackle, where they did a little better. Kiefer went through for three yards and Rodgers for a



FRANK CAYOU, L.A.



EDWARD ROGERS, SUB.



JACOB JIMASON, L.E.



ARTIE MILLER, R.E.



DAN MORRISON, R.T.



MARTIN McELLOCK, L.G.



DELOS LONE WOLF, C.



JONAS METOXEN, F.B.



BEMIS PIERCE, R.G.



CAPT. RODGERS, SUB.



DAVID McFARLAND, R.M.



FRANK HUDSON, Q.R.B.



ISAAC SENACA, SUB.



HAWLEY PIERCE, L.T.



### KICK-OFF AND CHARGE OF THE INDIAN FORWARDS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE GAME.

like distance. By repeated rushes the ball was carried up to the Indians' five-yard line.

Then two rushes were carried over the line, Benjamin making the touchdown. Cadwalader kicked a goal, and the score was 6-0 in favor of Yale.

On the center play there was an exchange of punts and line plays that resulted in nothing in particular, until McBride, the Yale full back, punted the ball away into Indian territory.

Here came the first queer decision of the referee. Hudson, the Yale quarter back, ran up just as the ball struck the ground.

Fearing to try for it on the bound, he started to follow it. Then it is alleged that the ball struck a Yale man, Slocovich, on the knee. This would naturally give the ball to the Indians.

Just at the chalk-mark both Hudson and Benjamin pitched headlong for the ball. There was a wild tangle of Yale men and Indians, and when it dissolved the referee gave the ball to Yale. Then there were howls and catcalls and hisses of derision from the spectators.

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As a result, Yale rushed the ball up to the five-yard line, and then sent Kiefer over for a touchdown, from which Cadwalader kicked a goal. Score 12 to 0 in favor of Yale.

Again there was a line-up at center, and an exchange of punts, on which the Indians gained five yards, McBride being out-kicked.

**Indians Hammering.**  
Cayou made ten yards through Yale's right tackle. A moment later the Indians were given ten yards for offside play. The red men then began the old game of hammering the Yale line.

Miller made two yards between Allen and Stowitch. Cayou went into the center for a yard. Again Miller rushed in for a three-yard gain, but was hurt in the operation.

A few minutes later time was called for the first half, with the ball on the Indians' five-yard line.

Then the teams lined up for the second half. McFarland had taken Archibette's place at the Indians' right end.

There was the usual exchange of punts, in which, for once, the Yale men got the better of it.

Yale began to buck the Indians' line savagely, using straight football tactics in punts. They used Kiefer, Benjamin and Rodgers against the tackles until they had rushed the ball up to within three yards of the Indian goal, where Benjamin was sent over for a touchdown, from which Cadwalader kicked a goal. Score, 18-0.

When the teams lined up at the center for the kick-off of the red warriors were desperate. They began to hammer Yale's line as it had never been hammered before during the game.

**Metoxen Lost His Shirt.**  
In one of the rushes Metoxen had the sleeves of his shirt torn completely off and the game was stopped while one of the

substitutes pulled off his garment and gave it to the half-back player.

The crowd roared with horrid delight as the Red Men gathered around the unhappy brave who was being denuded of his garments.

Nevertheless, the exchange was made with the utmost propriety, and not one of the pretty Yale girls took her eyes from the scene.

When play was resumed the ball was driven up to Yale's twenty-yard line by successive rushes.

"Now we've got you where we want you!" sang out Bemis Pierce, the Indian captain.

A swift signal was given. Little Hudson dropped back to the thirty-yard mark. "Look out for a drop, Nick!" howled the crowd. The Yale men laughed.

Once before the experiment had been tried and it resulted in flat failure. Back went the ball to Hudson. The little quarter back received it coolly, although the Yale backs were streaming down upon him.

When they were only ten feet distant he dropped the ball to the earth, snatched it with his toe as it rose and away it went, squarely over the bar.

The play had taken place so quickly that the Yale men were dumfounded. Then they roared and tore their hair, while the biased border on the bleachers waxed exceedingly glad.

Hudson's companion forgot their Indian stoicism and cheered for joy.

This placed the score 18 to 5, in favor of Yale, and the Indians were greatly encouraged.

**"Tear 'Em Up, Carlisle!"**  
Not one man in ten on the bleachers howled for the Yale team. It was all "Carlisle! Carlisle! Carlisle! Tear 'em up, Carlisle!"

There was apparently but one crowd of Yale men on the ground organized for cheering, and as soon as Carlisle scored that fierce drop kick from the field the frogs in their throat failed to Breckley Vex with their usual ardor.

There were some Indian incidents on the bleachers, too, and they screamed and jabbered their approbation in choice Comanche and Arapahoe.

The Yale men were painfully discouraged. In addition to being discouraged, they could scarcely make their signals heard and understood above the tumult of the crowd.

Carlisle's next touchdown was indirectly the result of good luck, although the ubiquitous referee got in another apparently innocuous ruling.

With the ball on Yale's 25-yard line it

the Indians began to plunge through the Yale line like a drove of wild mustangs. They would not be denied in spite of all the beefy Yale men could do.

Again the spectators cheered and roared like a chained cyclone.

For four or five minutes thereafter the two teams were almost constantly locked in a series of terrific scrambles.

"Tear 'em up, Carlisle; tear 'em up!" roared a thousand voices.

The little band of Yale men in the corner of the grand stand had no heart to cheer.

Inch by inch, and foot by foot, the ball was forced up to Yale's five-yard line. The Yale players were fighting with the energy of despair. Their tackles had become weak and were being outplayed against the Indian rushes by the ends forming behind them and hurling them in tandem fashion.

Even this did not avail. "Go it, old Comanches," shouted a loud-junged spectator on the side line, as a rush by Cayou carried the ball almost on top of Yale's last chalk-mark.

"A touchdown! a touchdown! 'Rah for Carlisle!" howled the rooters.

Slowly the scrimmage was untangled. Man after man got up limping. Then it was found that the ball was within six inches of a touchdown.

"Once more, for the cigars, Carlisle; oh, what a clutch!" yelled an Indian admirer.

Then a strange thing happened. Before the lines could form for another rush the referee took the ball away from the Indians and gave it to Yale.

Not only this, but he gave the Yale men five yards as well, as a margin to work on.

**Another Tumult.**  
All this was presumably for off side play. Again the tumult broke forth. The referee was hissed and howled at and cursed vociferously.

Almost the only voices raised in behalf of Yale were the pretty girls in the grand stand. Every girl of them was for Yale. They did not care a button about the Indians.

But Yale did not get out of the hole so easily. She had not taken the ball five yards down the field before there was a fumble, and again the Indians had it.

Another fierce series of rushes and it was taken over for a touchdown by Cayou. Hudson kicked the goal and the score was 18 to 9 in favor of Yale.

Yale succeeded in getting one more touch-

### THE GAME, PLAY BY LAY

How the Ball Travelled Up and Down the Field, and How the Scoring Was Done.

HERE follows what is commonly known as a technical story of the game. Really it is a simple narrative of the plays that sent the ball up and down the field.

It was the Indians' ball at the start-off, and at 3:30 o'clock Metoxen kicked it into Yale territory in the north side of the field.



CAPT. RODGERS



Chadwick, of Yale, on the Defense.

could find no hole between Brown and Allen, and was downed when he struck the line. Rodgers made a yard and then followed with a similar gain. McBride, however, failed in the same direction. Yale's play was fast. Kiefer came to the front with a centre run that carried the ball to within half a yard of the red men's line, but McBride couldn't get over and was downed without gain. There was an argument as to the number of downs. One of the lineamen, a Yale man, said it was the second down, and an Indian the other followed with a similar gain. However, nothing was gained or lost as on the next play Benjamin was pushed over, Cadwalader again kicked the goal and the score was 18 to 9.

**Hudson's Great Drop Kick.**  
The kick-off was strong, and the ball sailed over Yale's line. McBride punted to the Indians' forty-five-yard line. Miller caught the ball and ran forward twenty yards. The same player found a hole through Allen and Hazen for five yards. Here H. Pierce was injured and made way for Red Water. Miller gained three yards, and Cayou followed with five more through Captain Rodgers. Miller failed to gain. Here followed the sensational play of the game. To the surprise of every one, because the move was unexpected, Hudson dropped a goal from the field from the thirty-yard line. The ball went like cannon shot, and sailed straight as a die right through Yale's goal posts. It was one of the prettiest drop kicks ever seen. This placed the score 18 to 5.

B. Pierce returned the kick to Yale's thirty-five-yard line. McBride was called upon for a punt, but before the ball could reach the safety point, Rodgers left end and the Indians' ball broken through and blocked it. He fell on the pigskin, and it was in the possession of the red men on Yale's ten-yard line. Metoxen made three yards on a mass play, and Cayou got three more from a similar formation. This put the ball four yards in front of Yale's goal. Another mass play gave two more yards to the Indians, but Hudson lost one of them on the next play through a fumble.

**Yale Woke Up.**  
McBride punted to the Indians' 30-yard line. The kick was returned, but the ball went out of bounds on the red men's 45-yard line. Yale then woke up and scored a touchdown without losing the ball. Kiefer got five yards around the Indians' left end, Benjamin went in the same direction for three more, McBride failed on the last one of them on the next play through a fumble.

**Second Half.**  
In the second half Yale defended the south goal. She had the kick-off and sent the pigskin close to the Indians' line. The kick was promptly returned, and Yale missed the ball, but McBride picked up and made a good run forward. McBride forced through the centre on the next line up for five yards. Kiefer failed to gain on an end play. Rodgers made two yards through Al-

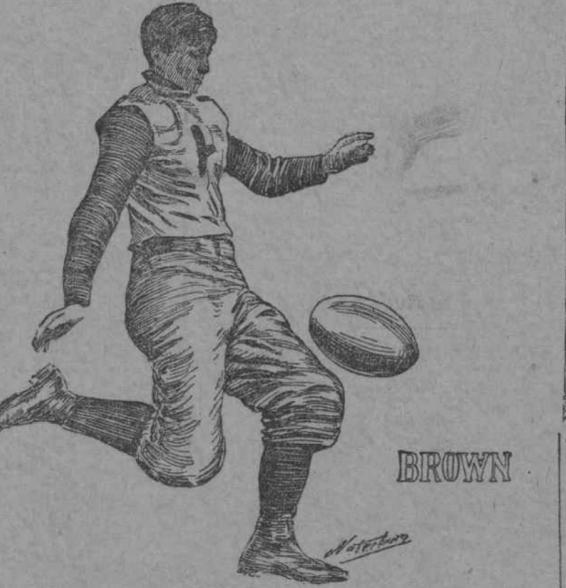
len and Hazen. Benjamin followed with runs of three and two yards. Kiefer ripped through the centre for three, and Benjamin followed with a similar gain. McBride, however, failed in the same direction. Yale's play was fast. Kiefer came to the front with a centre run that carried the ball to within half a yard of the red men's line, but McBride couldn't get over and was downed without gain. There was an argument as to the number of downs. One of the lineamen, a Yale man, said it was the second down, and an Indian the other followed with a similar gain. However, nothing was gained or lost as on the next play Benjamin was pushed over, Cadwalader again kicked the goal and the score was 18 to 9.

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Brown, of Harvard, Making a Punt.

was passed back to McBride for a punt. The Yale full back received it all right, but struck it rather high with his toe and failed to lift it.

The result was that it hit big Cadwalader squarely in the back and bounded toward the Yale goal.

Benjamin pitched headlong for the ball and missed it. Then came a huge Indian like a red streak, with his body stretched grow-like and horizontal in the air with the ball for a target.

"Carlisle!" "Carlisle!" was the cry. A second Yale man came flying up, but was hurled aside.

Then Rogers, the Indian left end, fell on the leather like a ton of coal, with almost the whole team on top.

**Plunging Braves.**  
When the tumult had somewhat abated

down before time was called, and the final score was 24 to 9.

**Signs of the Times.**  
A sacrilegious patent medicine sign painter, following in the wake of a party who was painting Scriptural texts on rocks and fences in North Georgia, found the text distributor very helpful in booming his business. For instance, the line—  
"Give me a clean heart."  
had been placed in big red letters on a rock. Below it the medicine man added:  
"You can't get it unless you use Blank's Soap!"  
Another line on a board fence read:  
"Sinner, where are you going?"  
The medicine fellow answered that question as follows:  
"I'm going where I can get Blank's Pills."  
Strange to say, the people got after both men and ran 'em out of the country.



CAPT. BEMIS PIERCE

Captain Pierce, of the Indians, Catching a Punt.