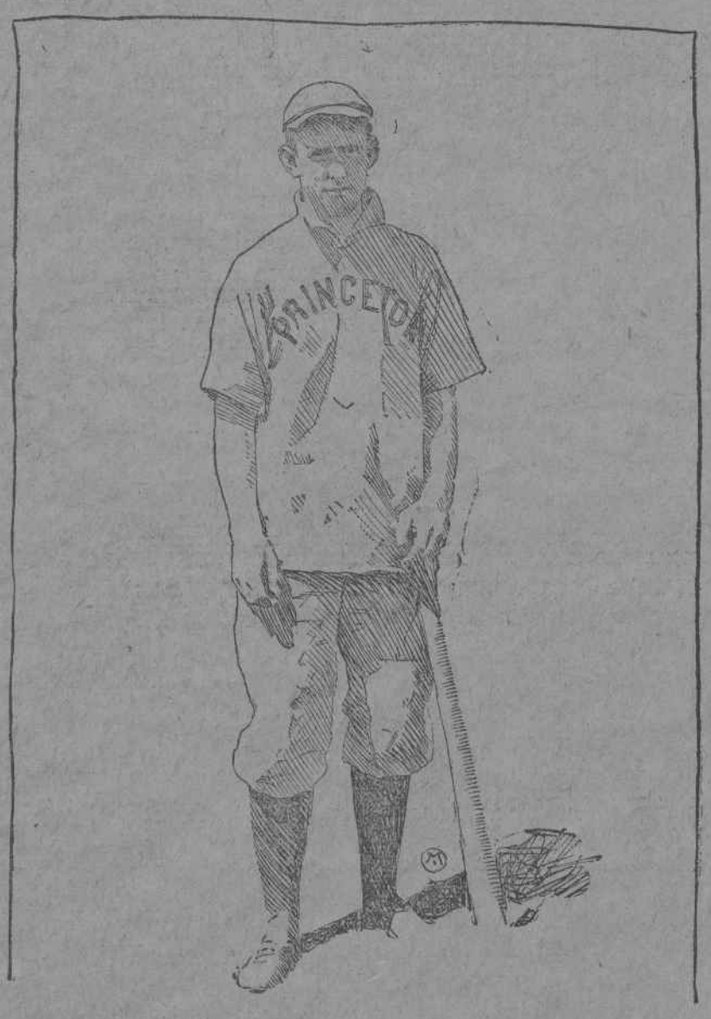
YALE-PRINCETON GAME YALE 8 PRINCETON 22



Captain Kafer, of Princeton.

RAH! RAH! RAH!
SISS, BOOM, AH!
P-R-I-N-C-E-T-O-N!

Yale's Baseball Team Badly Beaten in the Deciding Game of the Championship Series on Manhattan Field.

By Langdon Smith.

NINE pairs of legs flopping and swinging above a ravening and surf-like mob. Nine shock heads and red faces, tumbling about on the crest of a hilarious human wave. Nine Princeton baseball players, hot, soiled, dusty, but happy as clams, in the high tide of glory which was surging about them.

There were 3,689 college yells, and 22 runs. This was the grand and glorious score.

The yells were equally divided. Of the runs, Princeton made 22 and Yale 8, and that tells the height and depth and breadth of the Tigers' happiness.

No wonder that the Banderlog of both colleges crushed together cheek by jowl in the grand stand, howled and prayed for victory in a wild unison that was thrilling.

On one side were the roaring lions of Yale. On the other the Bagheri—the tigers of Princeton—singing, praying and purring for base hits and runs.

Sandwiched between the leggy and lungy hordes of students were several thousand persons who dodged foul balls, said nothing, and suffered. It is a very awful thing not to be a student at a college athletic function. The girls who go in for muscle did not mind it much. They sat in pink and white serenity, careless of everything but the bang-haired youths at their side, knowing full well that foul balls are harmless, when freckled young men are near at hand.

Shirst Waists and Straw Hats.

There were 8,000 spectators. It was the apotheosis of shirt waists and straw hats. It was a vast dream of cawing and cackling, of barking and singing, of warwhoops, of pink and purple flutterings.

The actions of the students themselves halved the interest in the game. On every hand swung the gay liveries of the rival colleges, with the dense bands of partisans croaking around them as hoarse as ravens.

From the time that Bradley lifted the opening ball away into left field the tumult never ceased. Cheers, chaff and chatter raged on every side.

There was a pretty girl with a Yale hat sitting right back of the catcher in the grand stand. She could not see anything good in the Tigers. "Just look at that Princeton batter's trousers. They are a sight," she murmured.

"What is wrong with them?" asked her escort, "don't they fit?"

"Fit! they are more than a fit. They are a convulsion."

Just at that moment the Princeton man snipped a foul fly off his bat and it went sailing into the grand stand. It struck the young woman fairly on the marvellous blue flower garden on her head and bounded afar off.

The cornflowers and posies were scrambled. That was the only damage. The young woman pulled the hat around straight and threw the Princeton man a freezing look. If he had caught it he could have gone into the ice business for a year. Then she moved down in front of the wire screen and rooted for Yale so hard that the wires sizzled.

She was not the only Yale girl to whom an understanding of the game was necessary. There was another—a blond daughter of Eve, in the upper tier, who did not appear to know the difference between baseball and progressive euchre. The air about her was full of the odor of violetsand questions.

It's Different When You Love.

"What is Mr. Keator running so for? Oh, la! Why did Mr. Camp pull up that handfull of grass and throw it away? Is the player with the bat in his hand a foul?"

The young man at her side was patient, because things are different when you love. He answered gently that Mr. Greenway was hustling after a fly ball. He said with much courtesy that Mr. Camp had pulled up the grass so he would not fall over it. He was even considerate when he told her that the player with the bat in his hand was not a foul, or a chicken, or anything else but a man.

But the limit was reached when Easton, the Princeton man who was at the bat, was hit an awful sockdolager in the ribs by the pitcher.

"Oh, dear!" shrieked the Yale girl, excitedly, "is he out? Is he out?"

The young man smiled a bright smile, and murmured tenderly: "No, darling, but he's groggy."

And he was. He flopped his arm around limply and ambled toward first as though he were trying to beat the record backward.

But this was early in the first inning. Before it was finished Princeton had made four runs and were singing all the college songs and yelling all the college yells in the category.

This did not seem to discourage Yale. In fact, nothing ever discourages Yale. Young Mr. Adee jumped upon the balcony railing, defying all fouls and equilibrium, and opened his mouth.

"Now, boys," he yelled, "lets have a break yer backs and three quarts of ale."

That is what it sounded like. No matter what it was. It called out the old-time "Brekity Kex" Yale chorus in a manner that roused the echoes of Coogan's bluff. It seemed to do a great deal of good, too.

The blue flags fluttered, the janizaries howled and Yale made two runs. Glory enough to start with, and an incentive to additional turmoil. One run came to Princeton in the second, through the grewsome pitching of Feary, who gave Bradley a base on balls.

That Awful Third.

It was in the third inning that the Tigers temporarily knocked the props from under their opponents.

Princeton began operations gy getting three men on bases. A full diamond and nobody out! What a glorious juncture for a long drive over the heads of the fielders!

The grand stand flamed and fretted and stewed with blue and yellow anxiety. Hillebrand at the bat; Hillebrand of the frapped eye and case-hardened hand.

"Smash!" A rifle shot at Fincke. That fly young player throws himself in the way of the flying missile. It caroms off his hands with a pop like a torpedo. Away it sails into left field, and two more Princeton runs are tallied.

This time it is everything from "Hail Columbia" to "Yankee Doodle." One Princeton girl, with a big yellow flag, clambers up on her seat and waves her trophy frantically.

Suddenly she throws her arms frantically around the neck of the young man in the next seat.

She does not love him. She has simply lost her balance, and would rather fall on any old neck rather than her own.

Jayne is the next man up. Slender Janie. Gray-eyed Janie, of the calves and curves. And who said he could not bat? Why, how could he help it when his sweetheart was looking on?

Greenway's Throw.

eH simply scraped the cobwebs from the sky with as lofty a fly as ever soared into left field. The men on bases again began to circulate. Greenway raced in like an express train. He wanted to head somebody off. The diamond looked like a black and yellow merry-go-round.

He grabbed the wall, with large quantities of Yale blue in each eye. The most prominent object at which to aim was a tall Philadelphia girl with a yellow dress in the grand stand.

The ball went over third base as high and as fast as the late flying machine over Kankakee. Lucky Philadelphia girl! The throw struck the fence and knocked four pickets loose and let in two more runs.

This was a crusher for Yale. They howled with just as much vigor, but with far less hope.

Twelve to two in favor of Princeton, and only two innings played! "Oh, why don't the police stop it? It's brutal!" murmuredn Yale girl, who had folded up her blue flag and was sitting on it.

There were others who agreed with her. The Yale team played pluckily, but in vain. Jayne pitched a fine game. Feary was both wild and ineffective, and his support was by no means of the best. The score tells the technical story of the game for better than words. Score:

PRINCETON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	YALE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Bradley, cf	2	0	1	1	1	Keator, cf	3	2	3	0	1
Easton, lf	2	2	2	0	0	Hazen, 2b	2	1	1	1	0
Kafer, c	1	2	10	1	2	Letton, 1b	1	2	9	0	0
Kelley, 1b	2	2	10	0	1	Greenway, lf	0	0	1	1	1
Smith, 2b	4	0	2	5	0	Fincke, 3b	0	2	1	3	1
Altman, rf	4	3	1	0	0	Camp, ss	1	2	1	2	0
Butler, ss	2	4	0	3	1	Wallace, p	0	0	2	0	0
Hillebrand, 3b	3	3	0	0	0	Goodwin, c	1	0	8	0	3
Jayne, p	2	3	1	3	2	Feary, p	0	0	1	4	0
Totals	22	19	27	13	7	Totals	8	9	27	11	6

Princeton	4	1	7	2	6	1	1	0	0	0—22
Yale	2	0	1	3	1	0	0	0	1	—8

Earned runs—Princeton, 3; Yale, 1. First base on balls—Off Feary, 10; off Jayne, 6. Struck out—By Jayne, 7; by Feary, 2; by Hecker, 1. Three-base hits—Altman, Fricke, Jayne. Two-base hits—Kafer Butler (2), Hillebrand, Keator, Camp. Stolen bases—Kelley, Butler, Smith (2). Double plays—Princeton, 1; Yale, 1. Wild pitch—Feary, 1. Passed balls—Goodman, 4; Kafer, 2. Hit by pitcher—Bradley, Easton, Smith. Umpire—Mr. Campbell. Time of game—Three hours. Attendance, 8,000.

Captain Keator, of Yale.