

But we are getting off the track. When our grievances arise within us they must find utterance, no matter what the occasion. Here is Mr. Bateman's most interesting letter.—

The Yale-Harvard Game.

For a month past excitement in New Haven has been climbing higher and higher until it reached the top-most notch on Saturday last when 35,000 people gathered in the enormous Stadium at Yale Field to witness the great Yale-Harvard game.

Every available room in the city had been engaged weeks ahead by those who had invited friends. There were anxious times among the students who had made application for more than their allotted number of two tickets, waiting to find out whether they would receive them or not. As there were 13,000 more applications than seats many had to be disappointed. One frantic freshman rushed into the Athletic rooms with his returned application and cheque in his hand and poured out his tale of woe into the Manager's ear, stating that he had applied for eight tickets and had been cut down to three. He declared that he simply must have them, for he had friends coming from Paris for the game and they were already on their way across. Poor chap! there were others in the same plight, but the managers had done their best.

On Friday the automobiles began to roll in, some decorated with Yale, and others with Harvard banners and those of the old graduates proudly flying their class pennants. On Saturday morning 37 specials, each with 9, 10 or 12 coaches poured their human cargo into the New Haven depot, besides one special made up entirely of private cars. Then on the suburban line 150 electric cars brought their quota of passengers.

The game was called for 2.00 p.m. and at 12.30 the automobiles, gay with banners, pennants and streamers, and filled with enthusiastic supporters, began to file past in one continuous stream towards the field till no less than 2,600 were gathered together in the open spaces nearby. All along the route vendors of flags, arm bands and novelties appropriate to the event enticed every one to buy.

The Stadium filled up quickly and was soon one mass of undulating Yale and Harvard colors. Cheering sections were reserved on each side for the respective Colleges and each had its own band to lead the singing, while below the cheer-leaders danced up and down exhorting their followers, beating time, so that the great yell was like one huge voice.

The Harvard players were the first to come on the gridiron and the air resounded with the Harvard yell, while a great white "H" in a background of crimson, made by waving handkerchiefs presented a pretty spectacle. A few minutes later when the home team appeared the Yale boys tried to show that their voices were lustier than their opponents'.

The game under the new rules was more open than formerly, but each player knew his place so well and all worked together in such perfect unison that "sensational" runs were almost impossible. They pushed from end to end of the field but neither team could get across that narrow white goal-line, and so it finished without a score, o-o. All the time a huge automatic score-board kept the spectators advised as to whose ball it was, where it was and whose "down" it was.