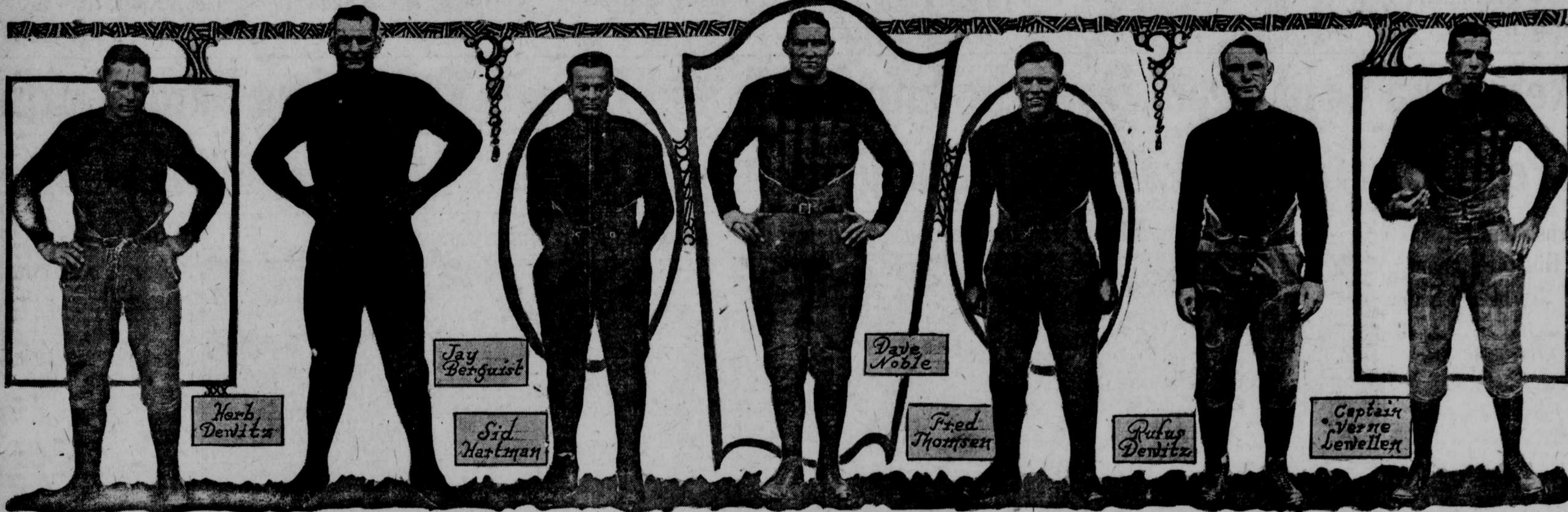


Some of the Team Regulars and Substitutes Who Took Notre Dame to a Cleaning



Harvard Beats Princeton, 5-0
Game Marked by Fierceness of Play That Cripples Several Stars.

By Associated Press. Princeton, N. J., Nov. 10.—Harvard defeated Princeton today for the first time since 1916. The score was 5 to 0. Pfaffman kicked a 25-yard drop in the third period after the opportunity to do so had been presented by a Princeton fumble. In the fourth period a safety by Princeton, when a poor pass caused Legendre to be tackled behind his own goal line, added two points for Harvard.

The first of the year's classics in the Harvard-Yale-Princeton triangle was marked by a fierceness of play which caused several stars of each team to be carried from the field. Except when Harvard made its dropkick, after a first down on Princeton's 17-yard line, neither team had the ball inside the other's 25-yard line. Princeton made a spectacular advance to Harvard's 25-yard line which ended an intercepted forward pass as the game drew to a close.

The Turf
Friday's Results

PIMILICO.
First race: 5 1/2 furlongs.
Fair Light, 108 (Lang)...14.60 12.30 6.60
Dolly Gaffney, 107 (Thurston)...12.30 6.30
Duke, 108 (Kammer)...12.30 6.30
Time 1:15.10. Winner, Fair Light.
Pioneer, 110 (Barnbrook), Silvers, Up, Gladys V., Elizabeth, Sparian, Simon, Scarier, Buster, Wildrake and Fitzee also ran.

LOUISVILLE.
First race: 5 furlongs.
Charles Henry, 112 (Pool)...11.80 4.10 8.30
Sunburst II, 109 (Wallace)...11.80 4.10
Amor Patriae, 119 (Sears)...11.80 4.10
Time 1:12.45. Winner, Charles Henry.
Second race: 1 1/2 miles.
Phyllis Louise, 109 (J. Wallace)...10.00 4.20 3.10
Winner, Phyllis Louise.
Third race: 1 1/2 miles.
Ben Valel, 112 (Harvey)...10.00 4.60 3.60
St. Louis, 110 (Blind)...10.00 4.60
Time 1:26.45. Winner, Ben Valel.

At the first of the year's classics in the Harvard-Yale-Princeton triangle was marked by a fierceness of play which caused several stars of each team to be carried from the field. Except when Harvard made its dropkick, after a first down on Princeton's 17-yard line, neither team had the ball inside the other's 25-yard line. Princeton made a spectacular advance to Harvard's 25-yard line which ended an intercepted forward pass as the game drew to a close.

SPORTOGRAPHS
By ELCEE.

Some people never get enough. Now that Billy Miska pushed over Big Bill Brennan, ancient has-been, he is being talked up as a possible opponent for Jack Renault.

But even so, slow as he is now, Billy Miska has fought some good battles in days gone by. But that is just the trouble—the battles were in days gone by and Renault's are being fought now.

Some New York authorities declare that there is no chance for the bout. That is not so sure. New York has quite a reputation for falling for queer things.

Peoria, Ill., is coming into its own. They now have real boxing programs there. Must be that the distilleries are still managing to keep the home fires burning.

Promoter Jim Mullen of Chicago staged a program. The card sounded pretty fair. There was one knockout (legitimate), and a few draws.

Babe Baron, Chicago, was the fellow with the sleep-producing punch. He slapped Jack Epstein, Indianapolis, into insensibility in the second round of their match.

Irish Johnny Curtin, New York, outpointed George Butch, St. Louis, while Joe O'Hara, Fort Dodge, drew with Jimmy Gory, St. Louis.

Mullen failed to be satisfied with simply having real pug on his bill, so he sent to some army post and got a couple of soldiers to come and do their stuff.

Fans are still trying to decide which of these two was the toughest. They fought six rounds to a draw. There was mighty little science to the fight, but both looked as if they had been inspecting a packing house on a busy day when the final bell rang.

Minneapolis now comes out with a complaint against the exhibitions staged by some of the pug in that vicinity. It seems that Eddie de Beau and Len Schwabell agreed to fight some rounds in that fair city and then put on a loving match after they entered the ring.

Officials did not wait until the bout was over. They warned the boys once and then told them they would have to work for a meal ticket. There would be no more fights coming their way in that state.

Some day these bimboes will wake up to the fact that the public can only be hit in the same spot about twice.

MAMMOTH COLLEGE ATHLETIC BUILDING DEDICATED TODAY



By Associated Press. Ann Arbor, Mich., Nov. 10.—The largest college building in the world devoted exclusively to athletics, Yost field house, is ready for dedication today as a monument to the achievements of Fielding H. Yost, for 23 years football coach at the University of Michigan.

Besides housing all offices of the athletic department, the new building will afford practice space for the various teams, and a removable basketball floor with space for 12,500 spectators. There will be an eight-lap-to-the-mile track, a 75-yard straight-

BIG TEN OFFICIALS HOT ON TRAIL OF PRO ATHLETES

Chicago, Nov. 10.—The western conference is rapidly uprooting professionalism from among its athletes by strict enforcement of rules. Maj. John L. Griffith, conference commissioner of athletics said in a statement today. His pronouncement followed closely the finding by the University of Wisconsin athletic council that E. C. Gerber, star Badger tackle, violated a Big Ten rule when he accepted compensation for directing Y. M. C. A. athletics.

Commissioner Griffith declared that in the last 15 months, the conference directors have disqualified 30 or 40 men for violating the professional rule. In that time the names of 3,000 varsity and freshman varsity athletes have been on file in the different universities.

13 WORRIES HARVARD LITTLE

Princeton, N. J., Nov. 10.—The number "13" apparently has no terrors for the Harvard football team. The Crimson squad arrived here yesterday for their annual tussle with Princeton in 13 taxicabs, traveled to Palmer stadium for practice in 13 cabs and will return today for the big game in the same number of cabs.

Says "Bugs" Baer:

GIL DOBIE is throwing another bomb into college football. Gil's family tree is the weeping willow. And Gil is always in full bloom.

The old boy has another All-American team up at Cornell this year. That's what makes him sad. He hasn't lost any games this season, and it's cracking his heart.

Dobie loves defeat. But, somehow, he can't coach a team that will obey orders. They step out and club themselves another slice of cake while Dobie weeps himself to sleep.

He has doled every team in the east this year and is giving Harvard and Yale the dollops.

Cornell plays Columbia this Saturday and Gil refuses to rat turkey. He eats crow because the crow has no wishbone.

Dobie started out in the State of Washington. He coached that university for twelve years and they never lost a game. That made Gil so sad that a damp handkerchief was recognized as a season ticket to the varsity games.

Cornell doesn't play Princeton, Yale or Harvard. This is due to some misunderstanding dating back to around 1890. Somebody probably slugged out of turn. But if Cornell played the Biggie Three this season the air would be full of teeth, feathers and gate receipts.

Gil started coaching way back in the days when football players used to tell their mothers they had been in bicycle wrecks. Parents refused to allow their boys to engage in collegiate assault and battery. Bug, now, mothers and pops don't care what happens provided it happens to somebody else.

They even go out and cheer their sons, because they know college football will make men of them. And it's a great sport. Outside of a forest fire or a parachute jump, it is one of the healthiest panics in the world to match.

Ninety thousand people will see Yale play Harvard and they will all cheer, because they know the signals don't include them.

GRANGE ASPIRES TO BE PUGLISTER

Chicago, Nov. 10.—He's the greatest football player in the country, the mid-west believes. He's a human dynamo, a fiery furnace of activity, a Vulcan at the forge when the iron is hottest—Harold "Red" Grange, one of the backfield men of the University of Illinois football team.

Tales of a Wayside Tee
By GRANTLAND RICE

For those living north of the Mashie and Divot line, somewhat nearer the snow banks than Florida, Georgia or the Carolinas, or California, or Texas, there are now only a few scattered rounds left. And these rounds in many ways carry greater thrills than any others, because there is the feeling now that each round may be the last for those who have no plans ahead to follow the sunbelt. Autumn golf in many ways is the feature golf of the passing seasons.

Two weeks ago there was all the flaming crimson, orange glory of the woods, a setting of such spectacular beauty that no other form of competition could even approach it. One could even miss a mangle shot or blow a short putt and forget about it by shifting his eye to the flaming borders of the course.

Now the trees are beginning to stand stark against the skyline as masts are trimmed down to meet the coming storm.

And now also on any halfway fair day there is the feeling that one is stealing something from nature. It was only four days ago that one was certain he would get to play no more for the year. But the cold rains and the blasting gales have subsided for the time being and there is another chance for the "farewell tour."

Yet there are possibilities of profit in these farewell tours if one will utilize each of them a little thought. For here is the chance to check on the year's net results, line up and assemble the main faults that wrecked so many scores and outline a new campaign for correction. This can be done in the winter indoor schools where there is first-class instruction waiting and no temptation to play a round in place of practicing.

These indoor schools, or many of them, are precisely the right places to acquire the golf swing. For one trouble with the average golfer, possibly his main trouble, is that he has never quite learned the knack of swinging. That is, he has never picked up the few essentials that form the basis of the swing. Here are just a few details:

1. The straight or nearly straight left arm, with no perceptible bend or break in the elbow.
2. The process of starting the swing with the left hand and wrist on the line of an arc inside the line of flight.
3. The correct forms of pivoting, with the left knee and left shoulder turning in as the turn of the body is made in a limited space.
4. The knack of keeping the head as an anchor.

The proper balance between the left and right foot, a balance that gives the feeling of power at the top of the swing. These are methods to be picked up under instruction and they are better picked up where there is no distraction connected with the ultimate flight of the ball. It is easier to develop correct habits of swinging in good indoor schools than out of doors, where it is almost impossible to keep the golfer from thinking mainly about the flight of the ball.

There is no such temptation indoors. There one can concentrate exclusively upon the swing itself and so begin to form proper habits of swinging.

Grid Gossip

A protest filed against Gerber, the Wisconsin tackle, by the members of the Badgers' spirit, and it sustained will win the year, considerably more than he believes. He's a crackling killer who probably will fill Gerber's place as captain.

The Minnesota team has had nothing but left drill so far this week. Coach Gillette, who put the damper on the Badgers' spirit, and it sustained will win the year, considerably more than he believes. He's a crackling killer who probably will fill Gerber's place as captain.

LEVI CANDIDATE FOR ALL-AMERICAN

Lawrence, Kan., Nov. 10.—In John Levi, captain of the Haskell Indian football team, the Indian race has its first representative since Jim Thorpe, Carlisle star, to be acclaimed by sport writers as a possible candidate for the mythical "All-American."

Levi is conceded by many of those who have seen him in action, to be the greatest Indian athlete since the days of Thorpe. Coach Spaulding of Minnesota university was quoted in Minneapolis newspapers, following the Indian captain's appearance on the gridiron there, as saying that Levi is a greater back than Thorpe.

Levi, who is serving his second consecutive year as captain of the Haskell team, is an Arapahoe brave from Lawrence, Okla. Records of the Indian school show he is 23. He is six foot two inches in height and weighs 200 pounds. He is almost a full blood, being a typical, tall bronzed stoical chief.

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