number of students here should easily be able to support two fall sports, and the popularity of lacrosse in this district should furnish teams enough to compete against. There should be quite a number of players here now, and they should take interest enough to make the venture successful. This may be the long-sought-for chance which our gymnasium athletes have waited for. We refer to a class of men who seemingly prefer to work indoors, rather than engage in our open-air sports. This gymnasium work is excellent for the winter months, but those who prefer to struggle with the chest-weights and other inanimate appliances in a crowded room, to engaging in brisk games of either foot-ball, lacrosse, or tennis, in this invigorating atmosphere, need looking after. Their hard study has probably affected their minds. Exercise to be both interesting and beneficial should combine mental with physical activity. This is the result aimed at and obtained in every popular sport. If lacrosse can have any effect with these men we will gladly welcome it, and in any case let there be a fair trial given.

NEW students realize the amount of hard work done by the members of the football team to keep up the reputation of the Institute in that branch of athletics. Many think and assert that the men play simply because they like it. This is not wholly true. While they enjoy the game, they sacrifice much valuable time, and work hard to add to the glory of the Tech. An hour and a half every afternoon for practice, and many entire afternoons, taken for games, count for a great deal in an institution like ours, where time is so valuable; yet when the men take their time, work hard, and train conscientiously, many students say, "Why shouldn't they? they like it," and refuse to support the team either financially or by attending the games to cheer our men to victory. This is a deplorable state of affairs, and should be remedied. Let everyone do what he can to support the team, and to show them that their work is appreciated.

She says Good-bye, and moves away.

She says good-bye, and moves away,
In maiden's sweet young womanhood;
Then, smiling, turns again to say
Good-bye: God give her every good!
Why is it when I'm desolate
She says good-bye, and moves away,
While I, alone, must work and wait
The dawning of a happier day?
This afternoon we went to stray
Where genial summer was fulfilled:
She says good-bye, and moves away,
And winter has all nature chilled.
But summer comes again, and then
She comes. 'Tis only summer gay
Near her; 'tis winter only when
She says good-bye and moves away.

A Bear Chase along the Forks of the Yager.

"MR. PHELAN, I believe?"
"That's what they call me in these parts," was the answer.
"Well, my name is Odd," and with a hand-shake I explained the object of my visit, asking if I might accompany him on his next bear-hunt, as I was anxious for a chase, never having followed the hounds.

Phelan was a professional hunter, employed by the owners to hunt bears, panthers, and coyotes on the Fort Baker range. On this range about 20,000 sheep are kept, and as the country is almost entirely unsettled, bears and coyotes are very plentiful, and at times play sad havoc with the sheep. Phelan was provided with a pack of dogs, but was expected to hunt only as often as they were in shape. Besides his wages he was entitled to the hides of all the bears he killed, and also to the fat, which amounted usually to a considerable sum. The gall-bladders were a perquisite also, for he sold these when dried to the Chinamen, who use them in the concoction of some salve or other.

Phelan was a fine type of vigorous manhood, well built, though slight; exceedingly strong, and as quick as the creatures he hunted. Sixty years had not been able to bend his upright