ing the ball over the line for a touchdown. No goal. Score: Tech., 10; Exeter, 0.

By repeated rushes, Exeter made a touchdown in sixteen minutes, Thomas carrying the ball over. No goal. Score: Tech., 10; Exeter, 4.

Tech.'s ball. Clarke dodged out from behind the V., and ran around the end for twenty yards. Jacobs and Dearborn carried it twelve yards farther, and with 1 3/4 minutes to play, Tech. rushed the ball up the field and over the line, Jacobs making the last run. Clarke kicked the goal. Score: Tech., 16; Exeter, 4. Time called in fifteen seconds.

The teams lined up as follows:

Tech.—rushers, Gilbert, Johnson, Beattie, Harvey, Morse, Boyd, Clinton, Batchelder, Gill, Kales; half backs, Jacobs, Dearborn; quarter back, Clarke; full back, Batchelder. Exeter—rushers, Hamdan, Booth, Chapman, Macintosh, Squires (capt.), Mayo, Linscott; half backs, Thomas, Mathews; quarter back, Ramsay; full back, Whitehead.

Gill and Boyd were substituted for Clinton and Morse in the second half, and Batchelder was substituted for Gill, who was hurt.

Noblit, referee (Tech.); Truesdale, umpire (Exeter).

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Tech., 38; Roxbury Latin, 0.

Tech. easily defeated the Roxbury Latin team at the Boston Baseball Benefit last Friday afternoon, the addition of Clinton and Morse making the team much stronger.

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Tech., o; B. A. A., o.

The eleven played a very good game with the Athletic Club team October 3d. Neither side was able to score, and for that reason the game was somewhat unsatisfactory. About three hundred Tech. and B. A. A. men witnessed the game. It is to be hoped that the two teams will come together again before the season closes.

An Incident of the Fight at Wounded Knee.

"Old boy, we've been pals together
For nigh onto thirty year,
Since that bloody day at Gettysburg
When you helped me back to the rear
With that nasty cut in the forehead;
You saved my life that day,
And I'm glad it's helped to square the debt
I've waited so long to pay.

"But it's awful hard to go, Bill;
We used to cheer old Hunt
When his order to march went through the camp,
And we knew we were off to the front.
But then we went on together—
Now, I tramp it along alone;
And somehow I aint so glad to go,
Though I s'pose 'tain't right to groan.

"But don't you worry about me,
You know what these Injuns say:
The braves have a darned sight better time,
Full rations, and no half pay,
When they climb that last steep mountain
This side the Huntin' Groun's;
And somehow I feel it'll all come true
When we've shot our last few roun's.

"It'll all be over soon, Bill;
It's queer this don't hurt more:
With a hole like this through a fellow's side
You'd think he'd feel pretty sore.
'Twould seem a sight more nat'ral
To have to fight the pain,
Though 'twouldn't be any use to try;
This old carcass can't stand much strain.

"Oh!—it did hurt then, old comrade,
But—it won't—last long, I—guess,—
So long, Bill,—remember—don't worry, old—boy,
You've—only—one—friend—the less."

F. H. H.

An attempt is being made to drop rowing from the list of athletic sports at the University of Pennsylvania.

At Harvard, the ratio of teachers to students is one to ten. The University of Wisconsin has one to thirteen and a half.

Seven of last year's eleven at the University of Pennsylvania have returned to college this fall.

According to the latest estimates the Freshman Class at Harvard numbers four hundred and fifty.