Worcester was soon forced to kick after the start. Tech again rushed the ball down the field. Curtis made his third touchdown, and Andrews kicked goal. Another touchdown was soon after made by Curtis; Hayden doing some very pretty dodging and running. Andrews kicked goal.

Allen, by good interference, made a considerable gain at the start. Tech immediately held for four downs, the line breaking through in fine style. Andrews soon punted, and both ends were quick to get down the field. Worcester lost the ball. Andrews kicked and Parker fell on the ball. Curtis made another long run, and Hayden went across for the fifth touchdown. Andrews failed for goal. After a little more playing, the first half of thirty minutes ended with the score 28-0.

The second half was short. Worcester started out strongly and had gained a total of twenty yards, when a fumble cost them the ball. Tech now did the best team work of the game. Five yards or more were gained almost every time. Curtis made the sixth touchdown, from which Andrews kicked a goal.

Worcester fumbled again soon after the start, and again Tech ploughed through the center and ran round the ends at will. Hayden made the last touchdown, Andrews kicking goal. Time was called with the score 40-0.

The teams lined up as follows: Tech—rushers, Parker, Perkins, Washburn, Manahan, Whiting, Simonds, Underwood; quarter back, Thomas; half backs, Curtis, Hayden; full back, Andrews. Worcester Tech—russers, Ware, Morris, Bryhan, Boyden, Brooks, Durand, Harris; quarter back, Lathrop (Warren); half backs, Allen, Nelson, (Zaeder); full back, Arnold (Cunningham.) Umpire, Mr. A. A. Highlands; referee, Mr. H. L. Dadmun.

Surely those are enterprising lads who so persistently urge us to scan the "full account of the football edition." If competition be not there, the Lounger will cease attending pol. econ. The vigorous scraps that take place on our historic steps every Monday at one o'clock, tell us of a busy world outside of Tech, where we, too, soon shall be, urging our sales. Last week the Lounger spent a sunny hour watching the varied scenes and expressions furnished by the hardworking news dispensers. Those are diplomatic smiles that greet the heterogeneous crowd passing up and down the steps. There is a smile for the Prof. and for the Senior, a smile for the Junior and the Sophomore, and an especially complacent, engaging smile for the Freshman, whose pennies jingle so pleasantly to the newsboys' ears. Particularly does that soldier-capped vendor seek the military Freshman, perhaps from a subtle sympathy that he, too, must don the visor, and with a merry twinkle impresses the need of a thorough acquaintance of the doings of Technology according to the Traveller. At last enticed by the smooth eloquence of the financier, impelled by the Lounger's advice, and urged on by the many observing eyes, the Freshman hand goes down into the Freshman pocket, and another bird is bagged. But no! With a most suggestive look the sly newsboy finds no change. Must the paper, so nicely tucked away, be returned? By no means. The newsboy also "keeps the change," and is ready for another victim.

At present the Class of '95 poses as the best or worst victim in the way of innocuous desuetude, of innate perversity, or else of artful scheming, that has lately come to the Lounger's notice. It is worse than a lack of that spirit so conspicuous for its absence among us, when every office of the noble Juniors goes a begging. The Lounger can suggest no better way for the members of '97 to learn what can be done in this glorious climate, than for them to attend such a