The second half opened with a kick-off to Plunkett. Technology secured the ball on four downs, and again lost a good chance of scoring by a fumble. Exeter made several gains by bringing her ends and tackles over, and Gibbons followed these up by a beautiful end run, carrying the ball well into Technology's territory. The ball changed hands on Tech's 25-yard line, and three times the Exeter line stood firm, and Underwood punted forty yards. About three minutes before time was called Technology seemed to wake up, and probably would have scored in a minute more. The men interfered better and displayed the only evidences of team work seen during the game. Time was called with the ball on Exeter's 20-yard line.

The men lined up as follows:—

**TECHNOLOGY.**

Heckle, l. c. r. Shaw.
Springer, l. t. r. Scannel.
Worcester, l. g. r. Peyton.
Manahan, c. Kasson.
Ulmer, r. g. l. Connor.
Brown, r. t. l. Higley.
McBride, r. e. l. (Evans) Emerson.
Warren, q. b. Thomas.
Hayden, h. b. Gibbons.
Robinson (Hitchcock), f. b. Bottcher.
Underwood, f. b. Stuart.

**EXETER.**

Umpire, Ross; referee, Rockwell; time-keeper, Prouty. Time, 20 and 15 minute halves.

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**As Ever.**

With ideals elevated,
Noble thirst unsatiated
By fair visions actuated,
Learning's fields to thresh,
Minds in brilliance ne'er equated,
Inmost souls with Science mated,
Worldly things all isolated;
Lo, they come—the Fresh!

Born beneath some star ill-fated,
With ambitions over-rated,
Dreams of progress unabated,
Onward to the mesh.
Blessed with gall unmitigated,
In its essence concentrated;
Mounting thrones just abdicated;
Still they come—the Fresh!

DON D.