

ducing him to remain there and neglect the cultivation of his body. For next to the training of the soul this is the greatest gift a man can receive.

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### OUR TEAM.

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Now glory to our Coach, Murray,  
To whom much glory's due!  
And glory to our players all,  
And our brave captain, too!

Now let there be a merry sound  
Of shout and college yell,  
But praise our gallant foot ball team  
That played the games so well.

First came the Houston High School  
team,  
They're gritty players all,  
But when our team made 43,  
They said, "That's true foot ball."

The 'Varsity's great "rep" was lost,  
The next succeeding game,  
For our team took the ball up the field  
And won enduring fame.

And when we pierced the 'Varsity's  
line  
It made our president laugh,  
For his boys were in for a good touch-  
down,  
In "double time" and a half.

But the 'Varsity said this would not do,  
And took her only chance,  
So they managed to get Mr. Referee  
To say 'twas a forward pass.

Our players proved that they have  
grit,  
And played an honest game;  
The referee robbed them 6 to 0—  
They held 'Varsity just the same.

Our team's third game was with Sewa-  
nee,  
The champions of the South.  
They beat our boys by a little score,  
With smiles upon each mouth.

Though it was not a victory,  
According to the score,  
We've beat the University,  
Which ne'er was done before.

Our next was fought with young Tu-  
lane—

For sure they are good stuff,  
And yet we showed them, man to man,  
Some others could be tough.

We took the ball away from them  
And went merrily on,  
For we were going to make a touch-  
down,  
Before so very long.

Not only one, but three we made,  
And a place kick, Schultz made, too,  
Which gave us a score of 22—  
Our equals are but few.

Our next was Baylor 'Varsity—  
Their team looked like a wall;  
But these big boys some day will be  
Much better at foot ball.

They're a plucky set, I fully agree,  
And played a right nice game,  
But when they met the A. M. C.  
They missed the foot ball fame.

The last good game that we did play,  
Was played with Louisiana;  
Although they're not so far away,  
They thought 'twas in Montana.

The game was by a large crowd seen,  
Who thought it famous sport,  
Enough to cure one of the spleen,  
And bring a laugh to court.

For when our wondrous team began  
To pile up such a score,  
"Why, beat the 'Varsity, you can,"  
Said Baton Rouge, "I'm sure."

We flamed this fame by feast and ball,  
And late, last Friday night,  
In Mr. Sbisa's banquet hall,  
There was a gracious sight.

—X. Y. Z.

This expression is frequently heard since the Harvard-Yale foot-ball game:

"It was certainly a surprise to me that Harvard did not win, and Yale