Howard forfeits game.

Robbed when one foot from Lincoln’s goal.

"We have met the enemy—and they had the referee."

Once again they have returned, those sturdy warriors of the gridiron. This time they came galled with the memory of Thursday’s unmerited defeat, a defeat which blurs an otherwise spotless record of ten years, and filled with impotent rage at the howling injustice done them at Lincoln. Yes, they have returned, but how like mourners tearfully following the bier of some dear departed friend to its last resting place! Back again—but no songs peaked them welcome, no exultant fires licked the heavens with their blazing tongues and bade welcome.

And yet bravely they fought and well. Indeed "twas glorious, "twas soul-inspiring, to see them when they struck their pace—folding the enemy’s line back upon itself and making first down every time. It was football from the jump. Our grand old Varsity found in Lincoln a foe wholly worthy of her steel. And Lincoln, well, she met her Waterloo. How Lincoln would make her distance or hold for downs; then how those hundreds and hundreds of wearers of blue and orange did shout! And then she was powerless to move that wall of adamant, guarded on either end by a sleepless Cerberus, or withstand that mighty charge of the human machine. Now it is Lincoln’s ball, now Howard’s; the tide of battle sways first this way, then that; neither team gets an inch but by fighting, and hard fighting at that. Then came the wind which decisively changed the tide; the Varsity struck its pace—and away we swept toward our goal; nearer we came and yet nearer—only 20 yards more—now ten—now five—and now only one foot and yet a down to make it—when horror of horrors!"

This is how it happened: As usual we lost the toss. Brownley kicked 25 yards against a fierce wind; Lincoln came back 8 yards; line plunges and revolving tackle plays netted them 14 yards; then the line held and Lincoln surrendered the ball on downs. Bounds, Davis, then Shorter, then Bounds, Davis and Shorter again took it back to the 35-yard line, and Howard surrendered the ball on downs. Then Lincoln’s quarterback, like a good general, forthwith hoisted the sphere to our 30-yard line, from which point Brownley allowed it to roll to 28-yard line, the awful wind making him afraid of fumbling. Again we got into action; the backs were shored through for good gains; on third down Brownley foolishly invented and tried a fake kick, but even “Rastus,” the reliable, was unable to cover the necessary seven yards. Lincoln took the ball at the center and their very wise quarterback again put his toe in it, sending it to our 10-yard line. Even then Brownley kicks not. Two downs made three yards:—The loyal little band of Howard rooters yell “Kick, Brownley, kick!” but to no purpose. Again the fake kick: again it fails; ’tis Lincoln’s ball 14 yards from Howard’s goal. Will they score? They lined up to try it, but just then the referee’s whistle shrilly signalled the end of the half.

This time Lincoln kicked to our 10-yard line where Davis and Monroe got mixed up with the ball, Monroe finally getting it and advancing it behind no interference for 9 yards. Then came the pretty work, a truly wonderful exhibition of football—the whole length of the field we went. One foot more and the game would be ours. Twas not destined thus to be. The referee gave the ball to Lincoln, when it was only off second down. In vain did Capt. Shorter and Umpire Wilkinson protest. Finally Capt. Shorter, at the suggestion of Mr. Taylor, of U. of P., asked the referee to measure the distance. This being done it was found that the forward end of the ball exceeded the forward point of the upright of the line by two inches, which regardless of the down made it Howard’s ball. The referee; however, awarded the ball to his alma mater, Lincoln. They, of course, kicked out of danger. Howard lost the the ball on downs. Lincoln then made that revolving tackle play; Davis momentarily stopped it but the runner was dragged clear out of the scrummage and unobstructed set sail for the goal. But ’twas Shorter again; three yards from the goal he ran him out of bounds—but the referee declared it a touchdown. Shorter, finding protest in vain, wrathfully yet sorrowfully, withdrew his team from the field, thus forfeiting the game.

To close without mentioning the playing of Capt. Shorter, which was simply marvelous, and the flying tackle made by our big center rush, Moore, were unfair.

The A. A. has taken steps to have the Lincoln—Howard game declared unofficial on the ground that contrary to written agreement the referee, Lincoln’s selection, was connected with that institution.

Morton ’06.

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But of course the one must be won,
Then add a divorce—
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Students and Alumni of the University are invited to contribute.

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Washington, D. C., December 2, 1904.

Death of Dr. Rankin.

Dr. J. E. Rankin, former President of Howard University, died at Cleveland, Ohio, Monday, November 28. The funeral was conducted by Dr. Tunnis S. Hamlin on Wednesday. All exercises of the University were omitted Wednesday afternoon. An account of Dr. Rankin's life and work will be given in our next issue.

The delegates to the Y. M. C. A. convention at Portsmouth, Va., will make their report Sunday evening, at 4:30 in the chapel, instead of at the usual vesper service.

Alpha Phi.

The following program will be rendered at the Alpha Phi meeting Friday night, Dec. 9th:

Solo............................Miss Nettie Murray
Oration........................Mr. J. W. Roberts
Paper..........................Miss Myrtle Jones
Recitation.....................Miss Julia Brooks
Debate: "Resolved, That Capital Punishment Should Be Abolished."
Affirmative, Mr. E. P. Davis; negative, Mr. A. P. Russell.

A banquet will be given in honor of the football players and officers of the Athletic Association of Howard University tomorrow night at 8:45, at Murrey's Cafe, corner 14th and S, N. W.

Theological Department.

Rev. James U. King, of the class of 1902 (Howard), and 1903 Yale Theological Seminary, in his annual letter to his classmates from Yale says: With a few exceptions (over which I had no control) I have spent a pleasant year, pleasant, not because I have been abundantly and richly ministered unto, but because I have had innumerable opportunities to minister unto others; and indeed if a course at Yale or any other institution of learning fits men for anything, it should be to serve men. I absolutely believe in possibilities of my people. While there are vicious and immoral ones among us, as there are in every race, there are, nevertheless, those among us in whose breasts beat the impulses of true manhood. And while these few remain like "leaven" hidden at the very foundation of the great mass of ignorance and vice, not forgetting the hearty colooperation of the better class of our white friends, and especially such a type as the 1903 T. S. Class of Yale University produced, there are bright hopes to the future."

Mr. John T. Vanderhost was a delegate to the Y. M. C. A. convention which met in Portsmouth, Va.

At the last meeting of the Theological Literary Society the main feature of the program was a debate on the question: "Resolved, that the present practice of divorce is detrimental to the best interests of society." Mr. Oldham, in speaking of the prevalence of the evil, said that he knew of a case where a woman applied for a divorce because her husband was too good to her. She said that if she asked her husband for ten dollars he would give her twenty, and if she asked the privilege of a day's visit, he would say "Why, dear, you can stay a month."

Teachers' College Notes.

Efforts are being put forward for the organization of a dramatic club. The matter is in the hands of a committee which will be able to make a report very soon. If such an organization is established, as it is hoped will be, it will be the first of its kind to exist at Howard.

The Pestalozzi-Froebel Literary Society is in a healthy condition. The meetings are held every Thursday afternoon in the upper chapel at 2 o'clock. Visitors are always welcome.

Mr. M. M. Morton, of the class of '04, is holding his own at the Armstrong Manual Training School, as instructor in Chemistry and Biology. We wish Mr. Morton continued success.

Col. Bryan says that Congress is not a fit place for an honest Democrat. The voters of the country seem to have an idea that Congress is not a fit place for any kind of a Democrat.

After a young man has blown in all his money on a girl she often shows her gratitude by marrying another fellow.
Have YOU joined the Howard University Club? If not, 'twould be well to do so.

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Glory to each lusty lad,
In his football armor clad,
Canvas, head-gear, guard and pad,
One of our boys.

Wave aloft our college hues,
Whether they do win or lose,
Cheering till the rocks enthuse,
We'll make some noise.

Proud are we of our team.
A fact it is, no idle dream.
Every lad tough as a beam.
True blue are they.

If you lose, we'll cheer you still,
Waiting then our time until
Victory our cup shall fill.
We'll have our day.

Ever will we cheer for you—
For our glorious white and blue—
Ever to old Howard true.
Loyal are we.

Regular, scrub, and substitute,
Maiden coy, and new recruit,
Listen, to our lord salute:
Our boys! Three times three!

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