

Yell, boys!
 S. C., Ky., Ky., Ky.,
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 Hip yi, hip yi,
 I yell, I yell, S. C., Ky.
 Hippety huss, hippety huss,
 What in the — is the matter
 with us.
 Nothing at all, nothing at all.
 We're the boys that play foot-
 ball.

McVane's yell—
 K. U., K. U. ain't worth a —
 Can't play ball without Uncle
 Sam.

That game was great.
 S. C. 10, K. U. 0—Clover Leaf.
 K. U. should have gotten the
 soldiers to help her count.

Our boys, of course, were vic-
 torious and now we have the
 finest chance to win the cham-
 pionship.

18 to 0 is the record of the K.
 U.-U. S., while Georgetown with
 her flying colors of black and
 old gold went down before our
 onslaught at the score of 28 to 0.

Kentucky University(?) should
 not have played those soldiers.
 We do not countenance ringers.
 We expect to play and play with
 bona fide college men or none
 at all.

However the result of the
 game plainly showed that our
 boys are able to successfully cope
 with "ringers" or what not. A

detailed account of the game has
 been given through the city
 papers, but we pleasantly re-
 member several of the players.

Capt. Severs is about as cool
 a little captain as the gridiron
 breeds; they can't rattle him
 and he holds his team together
 perfectly.

John Willim played a star
 game. This was old John's first,
 but he promises to be another
 Arch Cook, who in the reporter's
 opinion was the best end the
 South ever produced.

Ernest Lyle was a great and
 agreeable surprise to all. His
 gains through the line were
 grand.

Smith did fine work as full
 back, his goal kicks were beau-
 ties.

Fred Clarke can't be beaten
 for centre.

Martin made some beautiful
 runs.

Wills—they couldn't hold him
 —"he'd just pack them air sol-
 diers four at a time and make
 his gain."

"Kid" Maddox is a plucky
 little end and made some fine
 tackles.

Mad Anthony Whayne would
 make log wagon holes through
 the line.

Charley Straus, with song and
 good plays made the game en-
 joyable.