

Foot Ball Season of 1900 Full of Surprises

The season of 1900 has been one of surprises to the foot ball world and will surely mark a change in the general style of play. Without doubt the day of the famous Coach Woodruff's Pennsylvania guards-back formation is passing away. Pennsylvania, with an almost veteran team and two of

kicking, and will be at a great disadvantage against a team using the kicking game. What a pity Benedict could not have had a team like the present one to back up his great punting. Who will be western champions? Iowa certainly has the best claim, with Minne-



SPECTATORS WATCHING NEBRASKA-GRINNELL FOOT BALL GAME AT LINCOLN.

the greatest guards and all-round players on the gridiron today, went down to defeat against the brains and speed of Harvard. Harvard had a defense, coached to a finish, against the guards-back play, and was able to hold Pennsylvania's human battering ram and even hurl it back for losses. Their magnificent interference and great variety of intricate formations, which went off with snap and dash, literally ran the Pennsylvanians off their feet.

Coach Knipe, who has been so successful with Iowa's great eleven, has abandoned the mass formation for the faster and more open running game, and with this style of play won from Michigan, the most promising aspirant for the western championship. Knipe had the good sense and judgment to see that Pennsylvania's style of play was not a winner, and he adopted the more open style and won a great victory.

Nebraska Turns the Tables.

Nebraska turned the tables on its old opponents and defeated Grinnell college of Iowa by a score of 33 to 6. This is quite a contrast to Thanksgiving day one year ago, when Grinnell won by a score of 30 to 0 on a very slippery field. Nebraska does not play like the team representing the State university one year ago. The coaching had been very much deficient. Booth is certainly a much better man than the last year's coach, and Nebraska is playing a smooth, even game, which is fast and has the "get-away-quick" quality. For speed and team work they resemble Iowa. They do not make use of a great variety of plays, but they are executed well and the runner is always well protected. Pillsbury is playing a strong game as a plunging fullback. The way he rips up the line when his team needs a few yards is a delight to see, and his companions in the line seem to be able to open up the opposing line with ease. Nebraska certainly has a strong team this year, and it is only a pity that the lovers of foot ball cannot see Iowa and Nebraska come together this season. Nebraska is weak in the kicking department, both in handling punts and in

sota next and Wisconsin and Northwestern close behind. Nebraska may be a possible winner. It is like this: Minnesota and Iowa are tie at present, Nebraska will play Minnesota on Thanksgiving day and should Nebraska win and then Minnesota defeat Iowa in the post-season game, it would look like a Nebraska championship.

The Nebraska team deserves the highest praise for clean, gentlemanly foot ball. In the recent Grinnell-Nebraska game there was not the slightest sign of unsportsmanlike conduct from either side and only three penalties were inflicted during the entire game, the captains repeatedly cautioning their men not to foul. This is as it should be, for the team that plays fast, snappy ball has no time to use unfair tactics. F. B. BARNES.

Short Stories Well Told

"Speaking of the press agents," said David Henderson the other day to a New York Telegraph man, "I never knew a man who hated them more than old John Knapp of the St. Louis Republican. He was always afraid he would give somebody a free puff or print something for nothing. He never would publish a lawyer's or a doctor's name if he could possibly avoid it, for fear he would advertise them gratis. One morning a mention was made in the Republican—they call it the Republic now—of a man having died of Bright's disease. Old man Knapp hunted up the proofreader and called him into the private office.

"Why did you let that get into the paper?" asked the old man, indicating with his forefinger the objectionable paragraph.

"I don't see but that's all right," said the reader.

"You don't, eh? Do you think we want to advertise that man Bright for nothing? He never had an 'ad' in this paper in his life."

It is related that shortly after Bob Fitzsimmons had whipped Jim Corbett he was on a visit to Washington and visited the State department. It was at the time the

late John Sherman was secretary of state and Bob asked an introduction, which was granted. Fitzsimmons looked sheepish and ill at ease, but Mr. Sherman evidently tried to make him feel at home.

"Your recent contest was a severe one, I believe, Mr. Fitzsimmons?" he asked.

Mr. Fitzsimmons uttered a couple of inaudible words and grinned.

"It seemed to have pretty thoroughly aroused the country, the contest, did it not?"

Mr. Fitzsimmons scrutinized the brim of his hat attentively, blushed, grinned and said:

"The United States is a fine country, y'r honor," and backed out of the office, responding with short, sharp ducks of the head to the secretary of state's farewell bows. When the doors had closed upon the then world's champion the wrinkles at the sides of Mr. Sherman's eyes contracted into a smile.

"A great man that, Babcock," he said dryly to his secretary, and went on with his work.

The portly gentleman in the black cutaway coat lighted his cigar, leaned against the bar and puffed away contentedly, relates a New York exchange. Like most New York barrooms, it was a cosmopolitan place, full of many sorts of people. A lean, hungry-looking individual, with grimy hands and the beard of an anarchist, approached the portly gentleman cautiously.

"I say, boss, could you let me have a nickel," he began tentatively.

"What's the trouble?" asked the other.

"Well, you see, the fact is I haven't a cent, and I was out on an awful spree last night—and I want a beer."

He got the nickel. He looked at the coin

New York Tribune. One is to the effect that while he was stationed at the Kenebec arsenal in Maine he gave a fellow officer a drink of liquor which reawakened a partly mastered desire and resulted in the man's ruin. This circumstance, it has been said, made such a deep impression on the man that he became an advocate of total abstinence and its willing champion.

Another story on the same subject has a more romantic turn. Howard was graduated from Bowdoin college before he was 19 years old. While there he became engaged to his future wife, then a girl of 14, the daughter of Alexander P. Waite of Portland, Me. A classmate had disgraced himself in a drunken spree and the reports made young Howard the offender. The parents of Miss Waite were strictly temperance people, and believing Howard guilty forbade him the



CAPTAIN BREW—LEFT TACKLE NEBRASKA UNIVERSITY FOOT BALL TEAM.

house and for months he was banished without knowing the cause of the change of sentiment. The guilty young man heard of the injustice done to his comrade and brought about a reconciliation. Howard's suffering during that time, it is said, filled him with so much hatred for strong drink that he never touched it again. Even on his way to the front, when a number of the best citizens of New York gave him a farewell dinner at the Astor house, he refused to drink wine. There had been much wine served and when it came Colonel Howard's time to respond to the toast in his honor he arose and taking up a glass of water said:

"Gentlemen, our country is in danger. I



HARRY E. CRANDELL—LEFT HALF-BACK NEBRASKA UNIVERSITY FOOT BALL TEAM.

go at its call to do my duty. The true beverage of a soldier is cold water. In this I pledge you."

An Unexpected Result

Cleveland Plain Dealer: "You know how superstitious Bloxham is?"

"Is he?"

"Yep. He picked up a pin in the street the other day with the point turned directly toward him."

"Go on."

"An hour afterward he received a telegram announcing the death of an uncle from whom he hadn't heard for several years."

"And the uncle died immensely rich and left him all his property."

"Not much. He had to pay the funeral expenses."

How it Happened

Chicago Post: "How did that volunteer happen to get captured by the enemy?" asked the captain.

"Why, the fact is," explained the lieutenant, "that he used to play on a college foot ball team, and when the order to charge was given he tried to make a dash around the end to score a touchdown. I guess he made it all right, but in some ways the game of war is played differently and he couldn't get back."



COACH W. C. BOOTH OF NEBRASKA UNIVERSITY FOOT BALL TEAM.

meditatively for a time, and then at his benefactor.

"Say," he ejaculated at last, "you're a good fellow. I wish I had another nickel so I could treat you."

Many stories are told as to the causes that led to General Howard's decided opinions on the subject of temperance, says the



ON THE BLEACHERS AT THE NEBRASKA-GRINNELL FOOT BALL GAME AT LINCOLN.



GAY PARTY OF LINCOLN FOOT BALL ENTHUSIASTS.