

lowed, the umpire penalizing Nebraska for holding.

It was a most glorious victory and one of which the whole University should be proud.

The best of spirit characterized the game and Illinois men and plays were cheered by Nebraska rooters and in turn the visitors cheered Nebraska between the halves and at the end of the game.

We hope in future years to meet more such gentlemen as those from Illinois.

### After the Game.

The game was ended. Amid the wild cheers of the enthusiastic crowd Nebraska's battered but triumphant warriors trotted to the gymnasium and into the locker room. The room was in darkness, and the fellows stumbled around against the chairs and each other, the corks on their shoes clicking on the hard floor, calling impatiently for lights. The lights would not turn on, but in a few seconds someone brought a lantern, which lighted up the motley group.

"Hey, you lobster. I guess we cleaned 'em up," yelled a sturdy little Dutchman, throwing his sweater at the trainer. "I've got by eyes on you," sang a big husky fellow, shaking his head like a young colt, to get the mane of wet brown hair out of his eyes, and grabbing a towel to snap at his neighbors. "Dad burn it! She'll be glad to see me tonight," exclaimed another, sinking heavily into a chair. There was a general laugh, and a bantering voice cried, "Who?" "Why, my mother!" he answered, his innocent blue eyes wide with astonishment. "Don't forget to put your suits away, gentlemen!" came old Jack's familiar admonition. "Aw! Do what you darned please with that suit of mine, I don't want it again. For Heaven's sake, kid,

roll me a cigarette," said a "martyr to the cause."

In the corner, seated on a bench, sat a Senior, who had played his last game. He looked grave and dignified as he discoursed learnedly on our chances of getting into the "Big Nine" to an interested audience of openmouthed Freshies, one of whom was pulling off his heavy football shoes. "If mamma could see me now," sighed a big, light haired fellow, stretched out on a bench with a cigarette between his lips.

"The Wine may be fine, But a cold Stein for mine," Down where the Wurtzburger flows," lustily sang a pretty necked Freshie, pulling a red sweater adorned with a black "L" over his head.

"Put away those clothes, gentlemen! called Jack, as a last warning. The fellows were scattering and the last bunch finally departed. As the door closed behind them they sang: "Here's to 'Bummy' Booth, Drink it down! Drink it down!"

VIOLET IRWIN.

Wright Drug Co. 117 No. 11th. Go to the Burr Barber shop for first-class hair-cutting and shaving. Shannon & Dimick, proprietors. Basement of Burr block.

Union Shining Parlor, 1018 O St. Chairs for ladies and gentlemen.

Sam's Cafe. The only place in the city to get the famous "Little Gem Hot Waffles." Special service for ladies.

Don Cameron's lunch counter for good service.

Lemings, ice cream and candy; 11th and L Sts.

Lincoln Local Express, 11th and N. Tel. 787. Baggage hauled.

The Whitebreast Co., at 1106 O St., is the place to buy coal.

## Snap Shots from the Sidelines

The end of the Thanksgiving game was marked by a rather interesting incident. This consisted entirely in the appearance of the men, as they came trotting from the field, bruised, bleeding and begrimed after their hard battle with Illinois. An expression of joy, that combined both relief and elation was visible on their faces, and every linament silently voiced a common sentiment, "We are glad it is over." Well might they be glad. Now that they can eat their own meals in peace without dreading lest some forbidden creation of the cook's ingenuity work havoc with their nervous system and render them unfit to stand the strain under the pressure entailed in a hard game. Now they are free to spend the evenings as they please—that is, to turn in and enjoy a long and blissful repose as all University men do. No longer do they need to conform themselves to stringent rules of exercise. They can grow fat and lazy, and it will be no one's business but their own. They have earned their glory and can rest on their honors. After awhile they will become absorbed into the great commonality, but their deeds will be constantly called to mind, and although as individuals they may move in a less prominent way, their records will live after them.

The red-hot rooter was talking furiously: "These fellows who view the game from second-story windows will make splendid financiers. When they get hold of some coin a force of men with crow-bars can't pry it away from

them. They pinch their coin so hard that they make dents in it with their finger nails. It would be such a sacrifice for them to pay their way in and act decent that no one has the heart to ask them to do it. Besides, such a thing would be dangerous to their physical welfare. But I am really sorry that they take things so seriously. They are the kind of fellows that would sometimes open their hearts and offer to take her to a show if she will pay half on her own ticket. But it is seldom that they even do this. Now, of course, I want it distinctly understood that this refers only to those who have special places at the windows chartered and habitually occupy them. I guess that's all I care to say on the subject and I think maybe it's enough."

At one of the games while Jack Best was ambling across the field, smiling good-naturedly in response to the cheers for his benefit sent up from the rooting section, one fair Freshman cooed startled those about her by exclaiming:

"Why, I never knew Coach Booth was lame."

Nineteen men paid the death penalty for playing football this season, each succumbing immediately to his injuries or experiencing protracted suffering. Besides many more were injured. This is regrettable, but the casualty list will be infinitely larger before the game of football ceases to attract the public. Laundry Club at the Co-Op.

Lincoln Local Express. Tel. 787.

Marshall & Richards, hair cutting, massage, shaving etc., 139 So. 13th.

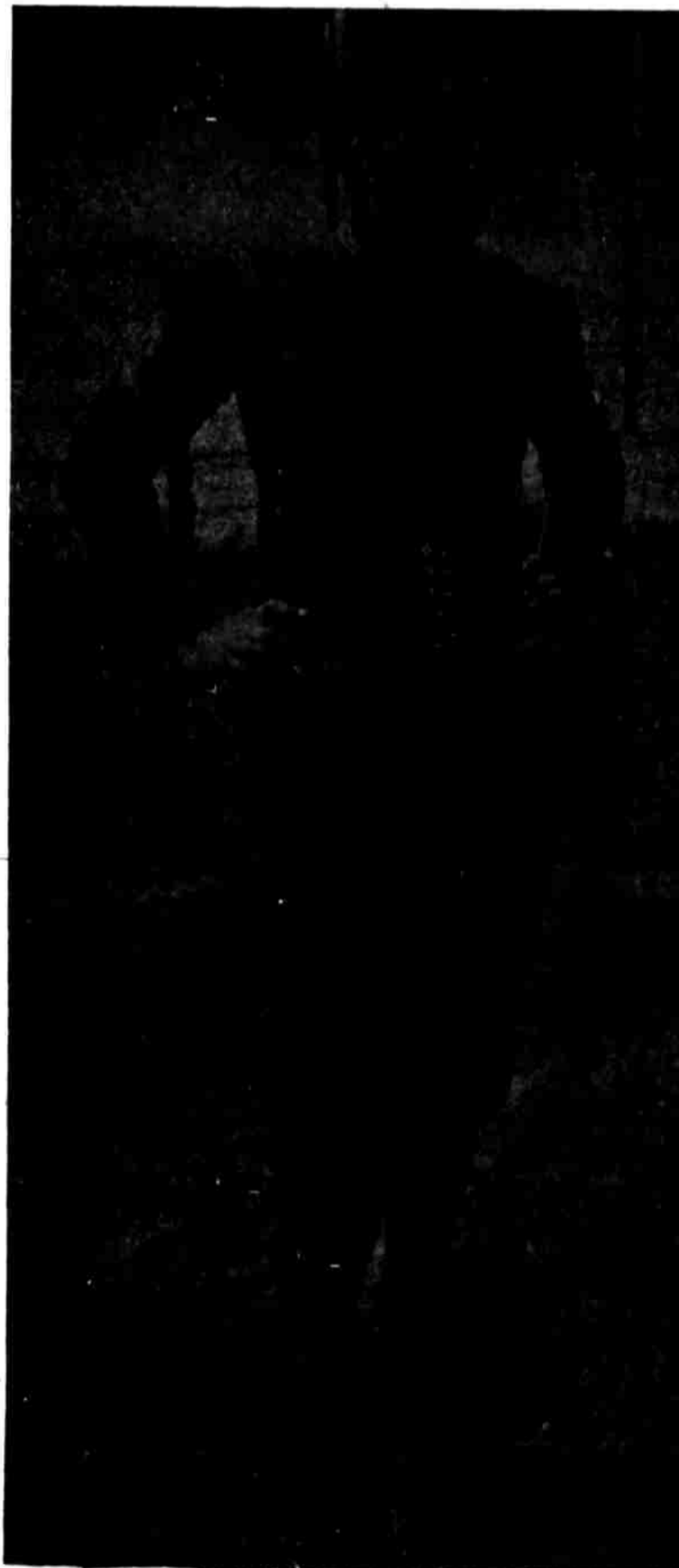
## Nebraska and

By Assistant

For four years Nebraska has played with teams that were in the Big Nine. The first game was with Minnesota, when we were defeated by a score of 20 to 12. We should have won that year, but there were two or three weak spots in the team; our handling of punts was poor—we did not have a good punter—and the team went into the game with a sort of stage fright that handicapped their game during the first half. The next year we played both Minnesota and Wisconsin. Minnesota defeated us 19 to 0 and Wisconsin 18 to 0. In both games Nebraska played them to a standstill during the first half, but superior methods of training won those games in the second half. Last year Nebraska won from Minnesota 6 to 0 and from Northwestern 12 to 0, and this year from Iowa 17 to 6 and from Illinois 16 to 0. The training told in all four of these



GLEN MASON.



## The Big Nine

Coach Westover

games that we have won. Mr. Booth was more experienced in training the men and he had better means for training than he had the first two years that he was here. When he came here there was no training table and very little spirit in the school. We now have the table and better spirit, but we need more spirit yet; more men must be induced to get out and play. Men from high schools that go to eastern schools must be induced to come to the university.

The games that Nebraska has played with the Big Nine teams show her to be in the same class and she should be a member. If she were admitted we would have to work harder year after year, never letting our spirit get lax, getting all the good Nebraska timber to come to the university and keeping Mr. Booth here as long as we could possibly keep him.



ROBERTSON.