

that's what I started out to tell in the first place—or at least that's part of it.

The Thanksgiving game was with Creton that year. That doesn't mean much to other people, but to the varsity it meant a lot and to the captain it meant everything. Creton had won out the year before, and it was about two to four that she'd win out again.

Nights after practice Cap used to come up to me where I'd been waiting for him on the bleachers, and he'd say, "Sonny, we're going to win out. I tell you we've got to win out." And I believed him too. Somehow Cap always made you believe him.

The second Saturday before Thanksgiving Cap came to supper with a letter in his hand.

"Mother's coming down for the game, I guess," he said, sort of half laughing, "she's never seen one before."

We all said how jolly it was, and how glad we'd be to meet her, and I saw where Joy Merton would go to the game with that Jefferson guy, while I sat beside Cap's mother and kept her posted on goals and touchdowns. So I told Cap that I'd speak for the place beside her, and he said I could have it.

Cap's mother came the day before Thanksgiving. I went with him to the depot to meet her. I guess I shadowed Cap those days about as close as I'd shadowed Cliff before him. This mother was a little bit of a thing,

# No Humbug at Nebraska

By DEAN ROSCOE POUND

For a year or more, those who know the facts have chafed under the injustice which has been done and is still being done a young man whose sole offense is a record of unusual brilliance in all athletic sports. His honor is unquestioned by those who know him, his habits are unimpeachable, his record in class work is unstained, and his manners are those of a gentleman. Nevertheless many well meaning people believe, and some whose meaning is more open to question profess to believe, that this gentleman—for such he is—is to be classed with the prize fighter, the jockey and the circus performer. His own sworn statements in which the charges brought against him upon the basis of mere suspicion are completely refuted, are thought to be over borne by the conclusive answer that he is a brilliant athlete. Compelled by the fame of achievements have gained him to exercise an excessive and unreasonable caution in doing the most innocent acts, he cannot, after a summer's employment in legitimate work, for which he received the modest sum of about \$20 a month, convince even his instructors that he has lived up to the letter as well as

Yet, after a pretty close relation to football in Nebraska since 1890, I am able to say with assurance that the improvement has been so great, the change from the methods of ten or twelve years ago so radical, that for many years there has been little of a substantial or serious nature to justify the general notion that our college athletes are gladiators, rather than gentlemen. I do not doubt that the same may be said of our neighbors. But some of them seem to assume that while they have been improving everyone else has been standing still.

In view of the general improvement in the west, of which I have spoken, I believe we must look elsewhere for the main cause of the unfortunate attitude of the public toward college athletes and athletic managements. More than to anything else, it must be referred to the atmosphere of cant and humbug, which well meaning friends and misguided supporters have thrown about the subject of eligibility. By attempting to transplant to the west an exotic of doubtful adaptation to any American longitude, they have put the whole matter on a false and impossible basis, from which we must sooner or later recede.

In some parts of the world, men are classified into three groups: Gentlemen, gentlemanly persons and persons. The gentleman is distinguished by birth and income; the gentlemanly person by a more or less successful approximation to the qualities which ought to attend birth and income, and the person by the mere fact that he is a man. Where these distinctions exist, only the gentleman, whose diffi-

culty is to spend money, not to earn it, may participate in gentlemen's sports. A very high and rarified standard of amateur sport is possible, because among those who engage in it nothing else would be worth while. Being denied the privilege of hard work for their livelihood, they must turn to hard work in athletic sports by way of compensation.

With us, there are few who could hope for higher rating than that of gentlemanly persons. We work because we must and what time we may devote to athletic sports must be added to our hours of labor, mental or manual. Have we any right to exact, under such conditions, the standards set up for men of leisure and affluence to whom money is no object?

Whenever a false standard is set up in any region of human activity, common sense meets the emergency by interpretations, which stick in the bark. The result, in plain English, is humbug. Just now two of our neighbors are going through the solemn farce of trying whether two players are or are not guilty of a technical infringement of the amateur code. If the press informs us aright, they have received no money. But, in some mysterious way, they have defiled themselves by taking part in a contest of a professional nature and have become professional in a Pickwickian sense!

During the late political campaign, a paper of influence took for its motto, "No Humbug." Why can we not do the same in this matter of eligibility? Why not set up a standard a little more sublunary, which will make it possible for the community of common sense people to believe in us?



TRAINER JACK BEST AND GRANDSON

"As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined."

wrapped in a shawl. She was different from most women I've seen. She wasn't countrified, you know, but something about the shape of her clothes was off match—that isn't exactly what I mean either, but—well, I guess you know what I mean. Her face was the right sort, though, and I wasn't at all surprised that Cap talked about her quite a little.

The fellows all did themselves proud, and she got acquainted after a while, and told us all about Cap's babyhood and the order in which he cut his teeth and the time he ate burnt matches. Cap didn't mind. He laughed and looked at his mother as if she were made of gold and set with diamonds. Anybody could see that she expected Cap to be president of the United States within four weeks after his graduation, and, as I said before, her face was the right sort.

That night when I asked Cap how the team was coming on, his face was a mile long. The fullback had a game knee, he said, and he was afraid there would be nothing with it the next day. The substitute was all right though. Oh, yes, the varsity would win out. Of course, they had to win out. But I could see that Cap was blue.

The next day at half past two, I was sitting in the grand stand beside Cap's mother. Joy Merton was there with the Jefferson guy, sitting two rows below us. She had on a blue hat with red cranberries on the front

the spirit of every present amateur requirement, except by an elaborate investigation in which he is compelled to accept the burden of proof and show himself innocent of charges resting only upon suspicion. Although his athletic skill is such that he could not afford for a few dollars to be guilty of acts that would bar him from further performance on the field, although his simple word would be taken in any other matter, everyone assumes that in athletic affairs, he must be devoid of honor. And after a board of his instructors and fellow students have exonerated him, it is assumed that they too are liars and frauds, and that the suspicion inevitably attaching to his wonderful athletic skill is an all-conclusive answer.

What has brought us to so singular a condition? Several causes are to be found. Bad methods in the past, the "journeyman football player," now as extinct as the dodo, the fact that college football has to no small degree supplanted professional baseball as a national sport, with the unfortunate analogies which that fact suggests, the rivalry between institutions acting on the inborn American determination to win—all these have had their share.

## THE GAME TODAY.

(Continued from Page Three.)

adversity of defeat is much different. Yet this year Illinois has faced Indiana, Knox, Chicago, Northwestern, Iowa, as well as many strong minor colleges, suffering meanwhile but one defeat largely due to ill-luck, and, withal, honorable. She has a record behind her, therefore, which cannot afford the stigma of a defeat by Nebraska at this late stage of the season. She is, on the other hand, a foe fully worthy of Nebraska's best efforts, in defeating whom much honor is to be gained, and according to the result of this contest, Nebraska's real strength will doubtless be rated by the critics.

A comparison of some of the previous scores of the two teams will be harmless, and, perhaps, interesting. Illinois tied Chicago in a 6-6 contest. The latter in an early season game defeated Iowa 39-0. A week after the Minnesota contest, Nebraska defeated the Hawkeyes 17-6, while last Saturday Illinois succeeded in piling up a score of 29-0 against them.

Illinois defeated Knox only 11-0. Nebraska beat the Galesburg collegians 34-0. Both of these games were played early in the season, however, and can scarcely be reckoned upon in today's game. But it is a significant fact that the Knox men were confident of our ability to handle the Illini.

Illinois was defeated by Northwestern two weeks ago by a score of 12-6. Last Saturday Northwestern held Minnesota to 17-0. Our score of 12 to the Gophers' 16 hardly needs to be repeated here.

These scores would point to a splen-

did game today, and one with an exceedingly low score, whichever side of the board it may be on.

Illinois will play for the sake of prestige already gained; Nebraska will play to regain a prestige endangered by defeats already suffered. Several men on both teams end their football careers in this contest, and are sure to play the game of their lives on that account. The Nebraskan feels justified in predicting the best game of the season today.

## Manager Davis.

Edgar F. Davis, football manager of 1904, was assistant manager last year, and then learned some of the "ins and outs" of the football business; he was also a student member of the athletic board, and so, was thoroughly conversant with the football situation in Nebraska. He graduated in the academic department last year and this year entered the law department. His knowledge of the game has helped him in carrying the team through a long, hard season in admirable shape, and he may well be proud of the record he has made as manager, starting the season in debt and coming out at the end with a surplus to his credit.

## HIS DERISIVE REST.

At Rosinante's rider and the quest  
Of windmill giants, he will have jest,  
Even in the fiery moment that shall  
test

His work of straw, the while the fatal  
guest

Holds up the cap and bells wherein he  
drest,

Kindles that futile task, his worthless  
best,

And leads the scoffer to derisive rest.  
EDWIN FORD PIPER.