

made a splendid rush for goal, but Denver was prevented from scoring by time being called.

In the second half Nebraska seemed to be winded. Flippin and Johnston did good work, but to no avail. Once the ball was within a yard of Denver's goal, but was lost to Denver and from that time on Denver had it their own way. The ball went back, by several rushes and a punt of De Witt's, till it reached Nebraska's goal. Oliver then punted it for thirty yards, but Denver got the ball and scored, on rushes by Field and a goal. Score 12 to 4. De Witt now made some pretty rushes as did Barton and Spaulding, the latter scoring another touchdown. Field kicking goal. Score 18 to 4.

Only a few minutes were left to play in when time was called.

Pace and Johnson were hurt during the game. The following are clippings on the game from the Denver Republican:

"The best work for Nebraska was done by Flippin, Yont and Johnston. The team showed a lack of knowledge of the game and a strange ignorance of aggressive rush-line play. The balks and now and then an end rusher playing as a back, were given the ball but neither tackles or guards were even used to gain ground. Oliver's punting was not very effective and Pace at quarter is altogether too slow. They will have to play a lower, harder and more snappy game if they expect to defeat Kansas next week.

"There was not a single really good tackle seen on the field. The play was not as snappy as it should be. Compared with Nebraska it was very sharp.

"Flippin is a stalwart colored youth, who, by his weight, strength and good playing, gave Denver more trouble than any other of the Nebraska team. He had a peculiar and perhaps natural habit of butting his opponent with his head when interfering, and Berger, whom he laid out several times, insisted that the big fellow always hit him in the stomach with his fist.

"Nebraska manipulated the ball and slowly pushed it forward, yard by yard. That wedge of their's whirling about and sending the man with the ball out with a rush at one side, was a hard move to combat."

Sand Burrs.

FOOD FOR CONTRAST.

They played the game
Made Illinois tame
You know the same.

We heard the score
Eighteen to four,
And yelled no more.

Mr. Newnuptial—Are you sure these are real quinces?

Mrs. Newnuptial—Oh, yes; the grocer told me they came direct from Quincy.

Little boy (*de sure*)—My pa's got a haystack on his farm more than twenty feet high.

Little girl (*de urbe*)—Oh, that's nothing, my pa's got a smoke-stack on his factory more'n than two hundred feet high.

Mrs. McGlynn—Can you kape this kind o' yaste very long?

Mrs. McFlynn—Yis, but it ginerally spiles while yure kaping it.

Professor—Why did Washington cross the Deleware?

Student—Because—er—because he wanted to get to the other side.

Miss Humly—Did Mr. Smith really say that my beauty was enough to arrest the onward course of time?

Mr. Chumfee—Well, he did not express it in just those words, but it was the same in effect. He said your looks would stop a clock.

Smith—Will is attending the University of Nebraska, is he not?

Jones—I thought he was, but I see by a paper sent me that he is at the Univ. of Nebr. where ever that may be.