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The members of the team, the students as a whole and the faculty with one accord, are crying out against the number of match games scheduled for our football team during the past two weeks. It has already acted detrimentally to many students, who have not yet quieted down from the Kansas and Doane games. The players will have to face a number of conditions if they are not careful, besides the terrible physical strain they have undergone.

A game is scheduled for Hastings Monday. Popular opinion is almost unanimously against taking the team to such a little "one-horse" place. With all due respect to Hastings' size as a city, it does not boast of any intellectual institution other than the asylum for the incurable insane. There is absolutely no sense in arranging a game with our first eleven with the Y. M. C. A. team this city can put up. To be sure we will play a number of substitutes who probably will welcome the chance, yet in such a case, there is a possibility of defeat. The glory of a victory over such a team amounts to nothing. We expect to win, of course—what will it gain for us? Simply the trip, and the members of the team are opposed to it.

* * *

It is time that challenges from such small fry as Hastings and Doane be laid on the table. We have satisfied Doane—let this be the last time we are to meet her on the gridiron. We should look for bigger game. Games with Minnesota and Wisconsin could be arranged if the attempt be made in the proper season.

Playing with professional athletic associations and alleged Y. M. C. A. teams degrades the grid-iron. Football is a college game. It amounts to nothing when played by teams not having a following of college men to urge them on, when the glory of their Alma Mater is not the goal. The University of Nebraska should not necourage the lowering of this noble sport.

Trips to Butte and Denver we should ignore in the future. There is a possibility of our meeting an eastern team if the right steps are taken. An early effort should be made for games with Wisconsin and Minnesota before their schedules are made out. The university will be considered "very big potatoes" if we can give our northern and eastern neighbors a tussle on the football team.

* * *

AROUND THE CAMPUS.

Nearly half the numbers had been danced and the varied collection of permanent wall flowers who sat helplessly around the sides of the hall either had managed by this time to get their programs filled or had given up hope. The clustered lights of the chandeliers threw a soft lustre on the moving throng. The girls in tasty ball dresses passed back and forth leaning on the arm of their partners and talking busily of nothing. There was a ring of boys around each punch bowl filled with ice, impatiently waiting their turn. The noise of the musicians tuning their instruments was drowned by the continuous hum of the small talk and the great room seemed full of the confused murmur.

The Baritone walked along the side of the hall with his left hand in his trousers pocket. He walked with the air of a man who was perfectly satisfied with himself and the world in general. He looked on his program and saw that he had two dances left with the Sweet Creature, one with the Leading Lady and two with the Professional Flirt. Suddenly he stopped short and burst into a half suppressed laugh. The Amateur Thespian was leaning up against the wall with a worried look on his countenance, mopping his damp face with a large silk handkerchief and trying not to pant audibly. "What is the matter?" asked the Baritone with a broad grin on his face—he knew what the matter was as well as anyone but it pleased him hugely to ask the question. The Amatuer Thespian did not answer at all, there didn't seem to be anything he cared to say—besides breath was a much too precious article to waste just then.

"I saw you dancing with her and I wondered how you liked it—you didn't look at all happy," and he broadened his smile a little in remembrance of the scene.

"I wish you wouldn't grin in that idiotic fashion" said the Amature Thespian testily. "You've no idea how silly you look."

"I don't think I look any worse than you do" suggested the Baritone.

The Amateur Thespian could not very well deny this so he chose to ignore it. "I have always been under the impression that the boy invariably led in a dance, but I see my mistake now. She grabbed the shoulder of my coat in one hand and took an iron grip on my hand with the other and we went down the floor like a shot out of a cannon. 'I tried to stop her but I couldn't, so I gave up hope and hung on. Every once in a while I would come up against another couple with a crack that dislocated every cartilidge in my vertebrae. I don't believe I touched the floor twice during the whole performance.'"

"I should have warned you against her" said the Baritone compassionately, "she always tears a fellow up."

"That's the idea! That's the way I feel—all tore up" assented the Amature Thespian with a rash disregard for grammar. "How do my clothes look?"

"Not so very bad. You didn't fall down did you?" asked the Baritone.

"No I guess not" said he a little dubiously. "That is one thing I didn't do. I guess she got careless and forgot a little."

"I think it was by divine interest that I didn't get a partner for the next dance" he added. "I think I shall go out doors and lie down a while."

The musicians were about to start up the dance. The Professional Flirt sitting in one corner with the Studious Kid has been remarkably quiet (for her) but when the Banjo Fiend and the Commissioned Officer came up she became quite entertaining again. The Professional Flirt was possessed of the dramatic instinct and she never cared to play to a small audience.

The next dance had begun and the Baritone began to look around for the Sweet Creature. He saw her sitting calmly between two ardent adorers who were trying to beat each other at saying nice things to her. The Baritone stopped and gazed at her admiringly. "That girl is a marvel" he soliloquized "She takes attention as a matter of course. I verily believe that it is as much a part of her existance to be admired as it is to eat and sleep. She always has been admired and I think she always will be as long as I continue to breathe." He walked quickly to her side and claimed his dance, and she gave him one of her dazzling smiles—part of "her stock in trade."

Attention of the most pronounced and serious kind never worried the vidually and collectively, she would not Sweet Creature. If a half a dozen of the most excitable of her host of jealous adorers had arranged a hexagonal duel and massacred each other indibe at all surprised. It would not be because she was hard hearted either, it was simply a part of her delightfully irresponsible nature.

The Banjo Fiend came up to the Amature Thespian who had by this time regained some of his customary composure. Just then the dance closed abruptly and the Amature Thespian saw the Baritone release the Sweet Creature reluctantly and come straight toward him.

"Great balls of smoke" he ejaculated mentally, "here comes that boy to rave over the Sweet Creature. I think I will escape him since I am not wildly desirous of hearing him recite the catalogue of her charms." He turned and was about to start in the opposite direction when he saw the Social Stranger standing alone and looking about for a new victim.

"I can't go that way either as I don't care to fall into her clutches. I think I will elude them both and at the same time please myself" and he walked across the floor and sat down by the Queen of Hearts. H. S.

WHAT THEY SAY.

Mr. Cump, the popular right halfback of the Kansas team, said when interviewed as follows: "The game was won chiefly by the superior work of our backs, although our line excelled that of Nebraska. Most of our gains were made between Nebraska's tackle and end. The game was fought hard. There was but little slugging done. The average weight of our team is 171 pounds. The line average is 183 pounds. The combined weight of the three centre men being 611 pounds. We came here expecting to win the game, but under the circumstances it would not have been surprising at all if we had lost. Three of our men were unable to play. We expected a hard game and our expectations were fulfilled. As to winning the Missouri game on Thanksgiving day, I think our chances are very good. Our men will all be in good condition by that time and we hope to be able to play the game of our lives that day. We cannot speak too highly of the treatment we have received here. The Nebraska boys are all gentlemen and next to ourselves we would like to see them win the pennant."

* * *

GRINNELL 24; U. OF N. 0.

It was a sorry crowd of students that received the news of Nebraska's defeat at Grinnell last evening. Not much importance was attached to the game, yet Nebraska thought she had such a cinch that everyone believed the score had been turned around by carelessness of the telegraph operator. Even when a second telegram came the boys thought that Whipple sent the telegram for a "josh." The University of Nebraska defeated by little Grinnell? They could not believe it.

The only explanation is that the game was played in a blizzard and that Grinnell used her mass plays. Our team refused to play Doane for this reason, yet they forgot to stipulate under what rules we would play with Grinnell. This evens Grinnell with Nebraska for last year when she was beaten 22 to 0. It is now assured that the Hastings game will be cancelled.

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