

ON THE GRIDIRON.

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that speaks well for the sagacity of our managing board and the honor of the university.

With a proficient coach, wise management and harmony among the men as well as a successful team in sight our closing word is to our friends.

We cannot win without your support. We cannot continue without gate receipts. We want not only your good wishes, but your presence.

The present is promising, the future is bright. In order that our friends may share in the honors that must come to the team, we solicit their assistance and support.

F. H. BREW.

ROSCOE POUND ON FOOTBALL.

Interesting Retrospect—Progress in Past Years—Some Valuable Suggestions.

As we are about to enter upon the second decade of football at the university of Nebraska, a brief retrospect from a veteran football crank may not be out of place.

Prior to 1890 football, except the old helter-skelter kicking game, an indefinite number on each side and every man for himself, was unheard of in Nebraska. In '89-'90, McClatchie '91, who had played at Olivet, preached the gospel of scientific football and volunteered to coach. He aroused not a little enthusiasm, though hampered by a notion then prevalent that players ought to be elected by ballot, and began our football history with a series of class games, an institution which, with slight interruption, has been handed down to the present day. I was away from the university at the time, but on my return in the fall of '90, full of the enthusiasm kindled by seeing the Harvard season of '89, including the games with Yale and Princeton, I was amused and amazed to see some two dozen men, in their shirt sleeves, some in overalls, but most in their every-day trousers, and all wearing suspenders, endeavoring to learn the elements of football by the light of nature and their recollection of what they saw the year before. Some of the men who played that year had not a little natural ability and would have done well in time with proper training. Dr. Frothingham, who had seen the best of football, did

what he could for them, and as opposing teams were equally raw, individual strength and athletic skill took our first 'varsity team triumphantly through its first season. Another year saw our first hired coach in Lyman of Grinnell, who had played at Yale. Lyman was given about ten days to do what he could with green men. The score in a game with Iowa that season was not pleasant to think of, but Lyman had set us in motion, and we repaid Iowa with interest later.

Then came the league. No one mourns its death, but it was a great event in our football history. From the day it was organized, Nebraska has had good football. There have been off years, but there have been years of triumph as well, and as one looks back over ten years and calls to mind J. H. Johnston, A. E. Yont, Flipplin, Budd Jones, Dern, Thorpe, Wiggins, George Shedd, Melford and Benefield, any one of whom could have played in any company, he cannot but feel ample satisfaction.

The progress in management has been no less great. Our first management was as crude as our first football. It is said that one of the old-time managers, finding an unexpected surplus on hand, and being accountable to naught but his conscience therefor, divided it among the players. If so, he was unique in those days in having a surplus. Students are optimistic, and not the best of financiers, and recklessness and extravagance ruled for some seasons because there was no system, no responsibility and no continuity of management. We have since had to struggle hard with more than one evil legacy of those days, but for several seasons, since the creation of the athletic board has given permanence and continuity to the management and has introduced responsibility and control, the financial department has been conducted as well as could reasonably be desired.

The most immediate need is hearty support. There, too, there is room for improvement. Probably nowhere else is it respectable, or even safe, to look over the canvas, or sit in trees or windows in plain view, and steal half a dollar's worth of football. Some of the best men in the university have done this in time past, and have done what they could to make it respectable. Football is a democratic game. Every one of us is a part of it, and has his place and his role to play with his yell or his megaphone. Let us get out and see the games from the bleachers and the side-lines, and let people hear us yell, not croak. Let us all give to Messrs. Booth, Brew and Tukey the cordial, enthusiastic support that is their due, and the coming year will rank with the best in the football annals of our Alma Mater.

ROSCOE POUND '88.

MEMORIAL EXERCISES.

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would be to tell you of a true, entire friendship between a large number of gay, enthusiastic girls of widely differing temperaments and one years older, who yet could wholly sympathize with the joys as well as the sorrows of girlhood.

"The thing that made Mrs. Sherman most helpful to us all and for which we admire her most, was her simplicity and unassuming modesty. Everyone present could probably tell some trivial incident which would illustrate this rare and beautiful quality. When we asked her to become an honorary member of our fraternity, she seemed much surprised and wondered of what use she could be to us. It was like Mrs. Sherman to think that she had nothing to give us. It was her gentle tact, this sweet modesty, that made every girl love her and long to please her in every way. We wanted her at all our meetings and in her quiet way, she seemed to blend with every mood. We saw in her a simple dignity which we associate with nobility of character. Mrs. Sherman always chose the simple way of doing things. She conquered quietly.

"Though the reality of her presence has vanished, yet the ideal remains—sweet and pure and peaceful. We shall go forward, strengthened by the beautiful light of her life and make it our constant inspiration."

Chancellor MacLean's manuscript was read by Mrs. Hodgeman. It is as follows:

"It is the cause of the deepest grief in the midst of the deeper sorrow accompanying our sense of loss, that Mrs. MacLean and I are by an act of Providence prevented from attending this memorial service.

"The good dean has intimated that he did not desire any more than the dear Mrs. Sherman would have desired, eulogies upon this occasion. We come then, not with eulogies, much as they are deserved, but with an attempt at a just tribute due to the memory of our beautiful sister.

"Her queenliness was not only that of bearing, but that of character. There is not time to touch the chiefest points of her Christian character. One cannot forbear a tribute to her modest unselfishness. The world will never know how unselfish she was in the unostentatiousness of her services. Two incidents may illustrate. In the midst of a commencement rush, when everyone was being denied tickets, Mrs. Sherman, after having distributed tickets that were hers, called my attention to a poor old woman who had always attended commencements, and who had been omitted in that year's distribution of tickets. A noteworthy illustration of her giving her life for others, was the nursing in her own home through a protracted fever of one of the boys, a student far from home. Doubtless she saved his life. When one remembers her own family, and its many cares, one sees in this case the height of her unselfishness. She made it a primary principle to account the student body the parish to which she should minister. This, I take it, is the spirit for which the Faculty Woman's club stands. I pray that her example may inspire the club to continue to render services beyond pecuniary estimation to the university. It is one of the greatest joys of Mrs. MacLean's and my life in the University of Nebraska that we all, professors and their families, thus lived to minister to the wants of body and soul of the students.

"The club doubtless was unconscious of the hours of thought and counsel that Mrs. Sherman behind the scenes gave to the work of the club. Were it fitting, the ex-chancellor and wife could testify to scores of little attentions given to them in bearing the burdens for the university. Many as were the persons rendering help, none excelled Mrs. Sherman in the quietness and effectness of the help rendered.

"Amidst the many great sounding words concerning woman's mission in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, it is well to remember the deeds of such a woman as Mrs. Sherman. Womanless, consecrated as well as cultured, will still in such persons as she rightfully dominate home and church; school and state. Were this the time and place, affection would dictate heartfelt tributes to Mrs. Sherman as a wife, mother and friend. The sacredness of these relations forbids that we do more than say that in all

these relations she was an ideal.

"Let us comfort one another not only with the words of this memorial service, but above all with the words of the Master she loved, 'I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.'

"GEORGE E. MACLEAN.

"September 15, 1900."

Rev. Fletcher L. Wharton spoke as follows:

"Human life is the greatest thing in the world. Nothing is so great as people. They have consciousness and intelligence and will and love. We have no words to tell about such greatness. Because people are so great their taking off is the commanding sorrow of all the ages. When anybody dies the world becomes still. When one who is especially beautiful vanishes, then the sorrow becomes a rare possession we would not part with. Mrs. Sherman, whose loss we mourn today, was especially beautiful, beautiful in face, beautiful in mind, beautiful in spirit. Sorrow for such as she is visible redemption; we shall be the better for our weeping. When we recall her life and its beauty, our memories are not stained by any fact connected with her personal history. There is refreshment in such memories as this.

"It will make us long to be nobler for the sake of our children, when we remember that something of Mrs. Sherman's beauty of womanhood came of a refined and gentle ancestry. Her father was General Horace Williston of Athens, Pa. General Williston was not only a Christian, but he was that rarer thing, a Christian gentleman. He was a type of man now happily multiplying who lived to bless society without forever being conscious of it. He was a man so strong that he could be kind and helpful without an effort.

"During the days of the civil war, when the black man was so bitterly despised by many, three of this unhappy race were disposed to come to the church of which General Williston was a member. They were appropriately consigned to the back seat in the church. Ever after that the general quietly occupied a part of it with them. He did not hold his place in society by so slight a tenure that he had to guard it.

"Some years ago a family poorly provided with this world's goods was stricken with the dread scarlet fever; neighbors in fright deserted them; a nurse could not be secured; Mrs. Sherman came to the rescue, staying with the family almost night and day, doing the work, not only of a nurse, but of a house servant, until the family was recovered.

"But among the students of the university her work outside of the home was mostly done. Her ministries were untiring; whenever a boy was sick, or a girl afflicted, there she might have been found, at any time, day or night; and many is the boy and many is the girl, out over the land, who in memory through the years and years to come, will feel again the touch of her hand on their foreheads, as they recall the days of the fever in some lonely room, away at school in Lincoln. A large company of people will miss Mrs. Sherman in to church and about the university. The women of the Faculty club will miss her sorely in their coming together and in their homes and in her former home which they will not abandon, now that she has gone from it. A company of beautiful girls over whose fraternity she so lovingly cast her care will miss her; miss her when they sing from the tally-ho or welcome their guests into their dainty dwelling, and miss her thoughtful receptions to them in her own beautiful home. The poor will miss her, her neighbors whom she did not forget when they were in trouble, will miss her.

"There are those who will miss her more than any or all of these, and with them, though we stand outside, we weep today; but this sorrow does not kill; it makes alive, it ennobles. We shall always keep it, keep it because it keeps alive the memory of one noble woman."

Miss Holmes very feelingly sang "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," which was a favorite song with Mrs. Sherman.

Rev. Wharton pronounced the benediction. The services throughout were deeply impressive and will long be remembered by all.

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WILLARD KIMBALL,

Director.