

FOOT-BALL.

KANSAS, 12—NEBRASKA, 0.

In the midst of hopes, we are in retreat. Nebraska did not expect to shatter the unbroken record of Kansas, but were confident of scoring. But this was not to prove true. It was an uphill game for us from start to finish, with always one more hill to climb before gazing upon a victorious sunset, the shining orb this time being the regulation "pigs leather" of the foot-ball association. It went down twice for Kansas, but the southern goal line was surrounded by a dense fog, which blinded the workers for Nebraska, and they were led by a choice assortment of jay-hawks in the wrong direction.

But why weep over past recollections? Kansas conquered us in as gentlemanly a contest as will ever be witnessed. It was not a snappy game, and may have grown monotonous at times on account of its slowness. The playing was done by spurts. It reminded many of a bicycle race. When one side played speedy ball, the other roused up and tried to keep even. Then both would fall back to a slow and uninteresting gait. The day was very disagreeable, but no apology to Kansas was needed for the stiff breeze that swept from south to north over the field, as it bore every evidence of coming from that state itself, and was likely sent to give the crimson a push. There was a very good crowd out for such a day, and the exchequer had a few dollars left over expenses to fill some future hole. (Omaha.) The crowd did not surely try to "hoodo" the game out of our opponents, as they did last spring with us in a base ball game, for they kept exceedingly quiet. Tin horns grew squeaky and finally almost entirely played out. The "yell" became swollen also, to such a degree that it could no longer be swallowed, and floated back to town upon a high cloud, where it found refuge early in the game. It dropped down in one of the watch towers in the armory building and made arrangements

with Prof. Best to take a series of boxing lessons for use in running a future Kansas blockade. The game opened with the elevens lined up as follows:

NEBRASKA.	POSITION.	KANSAS.
A. E. Yont.....	left end.....	Dumm
Howe.....	left tackle.....	Matteson
J. G. Yont.....	left guard.....	Hamill
Hopewell.....	center.....	Coleman
Jones.....	right guard.....	Huddleson
Sinclair.....	right tackle.....	Mendall
Oliver.....	right end.....	Shepard
Pace.....	quarter back.....	Williamson
Flippin.....	left half-back.....	Kinzie
Johnston.....	right half-back.....	Springer
Mockett.....	full-back.....	Piatt
Umpire.....		Lyons
Referee.....		Cornell

Captain Kinzie won the "toss" and took the south goal, giving them the advantage of the wind for the first half. Nebraska started the ball with the wedge. "I'm not afraid of that" thought "Shorty" Hamill, as he made several yard strides for that formation. Nebraska gained about ten yards by the move. In the third scrimmage Dumm gave way to Foster on account of his sprained ankle, and became a spectator throughout the remainder of the game. Kansas scored shortly after the second time Nebraska lost the ball. The only noticeable plays before that time were Matteson's end run for twenty-five yards, and Shepard's for fourteen yards. The ball was within Nebraska's twenty-five yard line when Matteson made another right end run, and secured a touch down. Piatt kicked goal very easily. The second touch down was made on account of Mockett's dropping the ball. Piatt punted the ball into Nebraska's territory, and Mockett grabbed it, and tried to recover some of the lost ground. He did not hold on tight enough, and Kinzie got it, resulting in another touch-down, and afterwards, goal. No additional scoring was accomplished in the second half, and very little interesting ball was played. Kansas lost five yards one time by a foul tackle, and Flippin shortly afterwards made a twenty-five yard run around the left end. Kansas played as slow ball this half as Nebraska, and their only ambition was to prevent any scoring by Nebraska. When the last part of the game was about through A. E. Yont twisted his