

case. Men do not go to see horses work. They can see that on the streets. The excitement of doubt as to the result is something. But so the horses were well matched their speed would be of little consequence, were that all. A swift trotting horse is a monument to careful training and human ingenuity, and the crowds that applaud it are applauding human skill and perseverance. In the foot ball team, too, we have a trained machine, but it is human. Where there is a contest between two well trained human machines—more than machines, indeed, since each part within its sphere has independent will—it is no wonder that such a contest excites human interest.

College foot ball bids fair to render a great service to the community. In England the people themselves play in their athletic games. In America they hire others to play for their amusement. So while in England a man of 84 is ruling the foremost nation of the earth with the vigor of a youth, while in England but lately a man of 80 filled the highest and most arduous judicial position in the world, in America men die of old age and exhaustion in their allotted three score years and ten. The college men of the country are beginning to change this. College foot ball and college athletics are giving the youth of the country frames fit for men, and colleges are sending out strong minds cased in sound bodies, without which the former can do relatively little.

There is another aspect of college foot ball which makes it a great improvement over the once accepted vents for youthful enthusiasm. Rows with the "town," class fights, and college politics are well enough, nay, inevitable, if nothing better is at hand. But the first two are apt to be quite as "brutal" as foot ball, and engender a vast amount of ill feeling which does no good. College politics, such as abound in small schools, are particularly demoralizing. They are for the personal advancement of the participants—each one works for himself. They do no good to anyone, unless to train him for a future as "Boss" of his ward. The absence of

politics of the sort that some of the Alumni can remember and such as still lurk about the halls of our *alma mater*, is one of the distinguishing marks of a great school.

The author of Tom Brown put the case of foot ball well: "The discipline and reliance on one another which it teaches is so valuable—it ought to be such an unselfish game. It merges the individual in the eleven; he doesn't play that he may win, but that his side may."

Those of us who could do nothing in our day but thump each other in the name of class spirit, toss the Lincoln police force, or engage in petty "oratorical" contests for our personal glory, may well envy you, who, whether on the eleven or on the "scrub" side can work for the glory of our *alma mater* with all the enthusiasm and all the energy we were forced to waste. And we are thankful that we may at least come out and cheer for you as you win her renown—a renown all her children rejoice in, since being hers it belongs to all of us.

ROSCOE POUND, '88.

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*Rah-Rah! Rah-Rah! Rah-Rah!*  
*Ne--bras--ka.*

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If the U. of N. sported an eagle he would be perched at the top of the flag-pole s. reaming at the top of his voice. Dough, Dough, Dough-re-mi. Fall, Fall so low. See? D-O-N-E, Done! is the present version of Doane's yell. Of course we expected to beat them as badly as we did. But it's a great relief to know that our expectations are fully realized.

The afternoon was a beautiful one but a shade warm for foot ball. The crowd was pretty good. About five hundred people turned out, not to mention the omnipresent small boy, who crawled through the fence. The University girl was conspicuous chiefly for her absence. Either the girls have lost interest in foot ball or the boys have lost interest in the girls.