

was procured, but just as it was about to be put in play the first one was discovered hidden under the Bakerite's sweaters. This was of course only a playful joke. If our visitors hadn't been divinity students we would have concluded that they wanted to swipe the ball.

Well, we tried the checker-board again for fifteen yards. The ball traveled down towards Baker's goal as usual. We lost it for a minute but soon got it again and kept it moving till it was over their five-yard line. Then it was given to them on a close decision. Motter fell back of the line to punt, but he made a botch of it. He had hardly got his hands on the ball before Shue was on him. He dropped the ball and Crawford fell on its neck and wept. The crowd of course went wild. Crawford kicked goal and the score stood Nebraska 10, Baker 6.

Baker started, as usual, with the gridiron. They didn't use this to as much advantage as we did the flying wedge. This time they made eight yards. Our men seemed to lose their ginger for a while. Though they fought hard Baker made a touch down without losing the ball. Most of it was made by short end runs. They punted once for twelve yards and Yont should have got the ball but did not. Taylor, who had come into the game early in the second half, missed goal and the score was tied.

In the next start Nebraska used the checker-board for fifteen yards. Whipple and Oury then made a dozen yards and Flippen four or five more. Baker then got the ball in a scrimmage. They seemed afraid of our line and tried a punt. Wilson got the ball, fifteen yards nearer the center. Nebraska kept up her good work and the ball was carried to within two yards of Baker's goal line. Yont and Flippen did most of the work, but Oury and Whipple were by no means dead. The game was practically won. Never has Nebraska got over the five-yard line and failed to score. But this time we were playing against a new kind of football. The umpire saw Baker's claim to the championship of the west sliding into obliv-

ion. He made a frantic effort to secure it, incidentally sacrificing the respect of every spectator of the game. Yont had just made a seven-yard gain and was holding the ball with both hands. "Ugly" Taylor was sitting on him, punching him in the ribs. Yont was just about to call foul when the umpire did so. Yont of course thought that he had seen Taylor's "chicken." He was rather surprised when he found that he was the one who was supposed to have made the foul. Mr. Toomey has a face on him like a three-dollar Waterbury watch, and he kept it right with him. All the kicking that Crawford could do availed nothing. Baker took the ball and played it to the center of the field before time was called.

That Baker was outplayed there is no doubt. The ball was in their territory nearly all the time. Heller's run was a scratch and should have been stopped by Flippen or Lowry. The second touch down was fairly earned. Both of ours were earned twice over, once from the players, who are a fine set of fellows, and once from the umpire, who certainly was misguided.

Heller and Taylor are Baker's best players. Taylor was handicapped by a sore knee.

Shue's tackles were, as usual, excellent.

Baker's halts did almost all the bucking. Motter is not up to Heller's standard, but plays a good game.

Wilson and Oury are as immovable as a stone wall. After a few trials Baker stopped playing the ball against that part of the line.

We venture to say that Toomey's call of a foul on Yont near the end of the game was the most brazen-faced piece of robbery ever perpetrated on a football field.

Whipple's plays were as successful as ever. He gained every time.

Taylor said after the game that the only foul he saw, when Toomey claimed one on Yont, was the one he was making himself.

Baker played Doane on Monday. The score was 10-0, in Baker's favor. A touch down and goal were made in the first half