

**NEBRASKA ADDS TO HER VICTORIES.**

(Continued from Page 1.)

The game was grand foot ball. There was less punting than in any previous game. In fact there was almost no punting at all. Line bucking and end runs constituted the play. The first half was nearly all Nebraska's. Twice they forced the ball over the Denver goal line, once when Moore missed his tackle and once by hard line bucking. The crowd, which is a noticeable fact, supported the Denver team loyally. It did so, however, to no avail until the first half was nearly over. A fumble on the Denver forty-yard line gave Clay a chance. In a second he was racing up the field. A Nebraska player made a dive from the struggling mass, but fell fully four feet short of the flying player. Before he could get in a stride Clay was away beyond reach. Seventy yards he ran to the goal posts, gasping, as he fell between them, "Ain't I ever going to get there?"

The play acted as a hope-giver to the Denver men. The stands took up the Denver cries and the men threw themselves into the game with a spirit that had not been thought possible. The play was almost at the close of the half. But the ginger it gave the local men lasted through the second half, and the team pounded into the visiting line for steady gains. Moore was a power in bucking, sometimes going clear over the line. Smith and Powers were also in it, Smith playing longer, showing some Chicago athletic association form. Popular Billy Pfouts, the player of season's ago, showed how he used to do it, running like the wind, hitting the line with terrific force. Davy and Doucette worked prettily against their part of the line, making way for the backs. Patrick Gallagher made his first appearance as a line man, and was outplayed by Kingsbury in the first half. Gallagher would get through the line all right, but the massive shoulders of Kingsbury warded him from the way with the ball. In the second half Mr. Gallagher showed his stuff by giving his man more than he wanted. The giant, Turner, had a picnic in the first half. The Nebraska red of his waving plume shone over the plays like Bob Ingersoll's famed oriflamme of war. But in the second half he got in fewer of the plays and was unable to repeat the trick of throwing his 222 pounds on a player already down. In fact, he bore a distressed look, as though he had found something in his part of the line that did not please him. Kingsbury, Pillsbury, Folmer, Benedict and Erwin reaped the greatest honors for the visitors.

There was some scientific work with the fists in the scrimmages, but it was very carefully done. Johnson was ruled off by Schwartz in the second half on a charge of slugging. Schwartz coming up as though he had intended taking a hand himself. The offense was, to say the least, a doubtful one. There was a lot of warm talk along the side lines over the decision. The long list of close Denver contests had not prepared the audience for the closeness of yesterday's game. Fifty-out of six who entered the gates expected to see the Denver club defeated by a big score. When it took the brass that followed Clay's run it made friends of everyone on the grounds, including a lot of Boulder people who had come down to "root" for Nebraska.

The closeness of the game was a signal for an enthusiastic mob to rush on the field and give Clay and Pfouts triumphal rides on shoulders. The play in detail:

Nebraska won the toss and took the west goal, giving Denver the kickoff. Johnson kicked to Folmer, who got back seven yards to the thirty-two yard line. After a couple of very short gains Nebraska tried the quarter back kick, Erwin getting the ball and being stopped in the center of the field. Turner took the ball three yards, being tackled by Suess. Big Turner and Melford made a hole through the left of center and got through past all the players but Moore. The latter fumbled in his tackle and Folmer scored a touchdown. Melford kicked an easy goal. Nebraska 6.

Johnson kicked to Folmer, who bounced the ball over his head, striking Drain. It bounced off the latter, and Clay fell onto it on the Nebraska thirty-three yard line. The Denver men then bucked the line steadily. Suess made a hole for Pfouts who took five yards on two plays. Here the Nebraska men recognized Mr. Gallagher, but laughed. Down to the Nebraska fifteen yard line Smith took the ball. Then Moore got through the left guard for seven yards. Ten yards and one yard were made and Nebraska's line held. Once the visitors struck the line for no gain. Then Benedict dashed through an elegant hole, Elliott going along as interference for thirty-five yards. Moore caught him by a pretty tackle. Kingsbury took five yards and Erwin seven, bringing the ball to the center of the field. Twice the line was tried with no gains. Drain ripped off eight yards. Hansen opened a hole for Pillsbury for five yards, and the Denver twenty yard line had been reached. Kingsbury got three yards on left tackle, and then within a foot of two yards more. The last down was called with one foot to gain. Erwin took the ball to the thirteen yard line. Pillsbury gained two yards and Folmer one. The later cried out, "Some one

hit my head," and time was taken out while he got a knowledge of his whereabouts. The Nebraskans were getting hurt in the scrimmage, but hung on like unpleasant things. To Denver their persistence in gaining and in taking a rest after each scrimmage was maddening. Benedict took the ball to the five yard line. Pillsbury was tackled by Davis and Doucette, but pushed ahead for three yards. Kingsbury got over for a touchdown, but Smith blocked Melford's kick for the goal.

Johnson kicked to Drain, who got back three yards and fumbled, Clay falling on the ball. Clay circled Folmer's end for ten yards, big Turner striking Clay with his body and knocking him out almost completely. He took the usual two minutes and got

points made against his team. Johnson's kick was fair, but the ball hit the left goal post and bounded back. Nebraska 11, Denver 5.

The balance of the half was short and marked only by a run of fourteen yards by Pfouts.

The second half was all Denver's way. The line had learned how to handle the big farmers and went at them for business. Erwin kicked off to Moore on the ten yard line. He got back four yards, tackled by Pillsbury. Pfouts got ten yards through left tackle and guard, big Turner getting into the play, but very weakly. Doucette and Davy started their elegant work on the left of Nebraska's line and steady gains were made. Moore showed surprising ability in carrying the ball, alternating with Pfouts in

He went. Smith went to quarter and Powers came in at half. Kingsbury gave up on the next line and Reasoner went in. The latter started in magnificently, holding his part of the line well. But the attacks were mostly on Hansen. Doucette had him where he was helpless. The old Harvard center would throw him bodily out of the way, making a hole for the runner. Daver backed him nicely though Pillsbury and Garrett formed a tandem and threw themselves against the Montana boy again and again. He merely shook them off and Doucette cared for Hansen. Down to the nineteen yard line plain line bucking was used, and then Pfouts skirted Garrett's end for six yards. Doucette opened the Hansen door again and Moore took three yards. Smith worked right through end and tackle for three yards. Moore played right and tackle for the same. The ball lay on Nebraska's two yard line. Moore kindly laid it over the white-washed line, though a Nebraska man tried to kick it back into the gridiron. Post missed an easy goal. Nebraska 11, Denver 10.

There was but five minutes of play left, but it was made remarkable by wonderful work of the Denver men. Benedict kicked to Clay. Fair's interference helped him back twenty yards. Moore jumped two yards over the line and then made three yards through Hansen's doorway. Pfouts hit Kingsbury for three yards. The crowd set up the song of

"Nebraska, Nebraska,  
She won't come here any more."  
Pfouts showed how he appreciated the music by getting around Garrett's end for what promised to be a touchdown. But a sprinting Nebraskan, Full-back Erwin, caught his after he had run thirty-eight yards. The "under cover" timer of Nebraska declared time was up, but Burpee's watch showed three minutes of playing time. The difference was split, and Powers split the air for twelve yards. The ball remained around the Nebraska thirty yard line until time was officially called. The summary:

Denver.	Nebraska.
Davis, l. e. .... r. e., Folmer	Gallagher, l. t. .... r. e., Kingsbury, Reasoner
Suess, l. g. .... r. g., Turner	Post, e. .... c., Melford
Doucette, r. g. .... l. g., Hanson	Davy, r. t. .... l. t., Pillsbury
Clay, r. e. .... l. e., Garrett	Johnson, Smith, q. b. .... q. b., Elliott
Smith, Powers, l. h. b. .... r. h. b., Benedict	Pfouts, r. h. b. .... l. h. b., Drain
Moore, f. b. .... f. b., Erwin	

Score—Nebraska 11, Denver 10.  
Touchdowns—Folmer, Kingsbury, Clay, Moore. Goals kicked—Melford 1. Time of halves—25 minutes. Umpire—M. T. Schwartz of Nebraska. Referees—J. Frank Adams of Princeton. Linemen—J. G. Yost for Nebraska, N. O. Vosburgh for Denver. Time-keeper—Fay Burpee of Denver. Ball's passed on downs—To Nebraska 2.

Foot ball has been abolished in Miami University, Ohio.



RIGHT HALF BACK WILLIAMS.

up rather weak. The ball was on Nebraska's twenty-nine yard line. Here it was lost on downs. In the first line up Benedict got away from all Denver tacklers, running fifty yards, where Moore broke past his interference and downed him. The sensation run was followed by the greatest event of the day. The Nebraska quarter fumbled the ball and when the players came together in the mixup it was seen jumping over their heads. Clay saw it and skirted the bunch. The

gains. It was the same story straight up the field, the only change being an occasional charge of the right of the line to keep that part of the Nebraska team on the lookout for its own business. Smith was not used so often, but always with a good gain, keeping his feet well. The crowd sung out, "Hurrah for Mary, hurrah for the lamb, Hurrah for Nebraska, that don't give a yum."



THE FIRST NEBRASKA VOLUNTEERS

ball fell about ten yards back of where it had been snapped. Clay got it and away he went. A Nebraska man made a dive as he started, but was about a yard or more short. Others flocked out, but recognized the uselessness of pursuit. The section where the Boulder people were congregated went wild, and over on the side where the long line of men were standing hats and sticks were waved in a joyful exuberance. "Too bad, too bad," was Coach Yost's comment as he saw five

Smith took the ball five yards, but brought it into Nebraska's territory. Moore got through right tackle and guard for three yards. The play was along the south line and Schwarz rushed in, passing at Johnson, and ordering him out of the game. "You slugged," cried Schwartz. "I saw you." "I didn't," retorted Johnson, "I slipped and fell with my hand open." "You didn't," retorted Schwartz, "you go out of the game."

If your mule falls into a pit on Saturday, December 10th help him out. If you have no mule, or if he persists in not falling into a pit, why go to the Vaudeville show in the chapel. At Minnesota you may cut drill whenever you choose. That sounds pleasant, indeed. You have to make up the "cuts" under some corporal before next drill night. No comment needed.

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