

they however, failed to gain much ground, and on the third down the ball was passed to Morrow to try for goal from the field. He kicked a beautiful goal; but the referee claimed that it was a punt kick, and, therefore no goal. But, nevertheless, it was a drop kick, and should have been a goal from field and counted five. Again Omaha kicked from the twenty-five yard line, and ball was returned by Morrow. It was Omaha's ball on their five yard line. Again it was passed acrossed the line to Omaha's full-back, he fumbled, however, and amid deafening cheers from the grand stand and groans from Omaha, got the ball and scored a touch-down for the U. of N. This point was disputed, and the referee decided that ball was touched down by an Omaha player; thus giving us two more points. Score four to nothing.

The second half was called at 4:05. U. of N. started the ball by a kick instead of a wedge as they should have done; however, they lost nothing but the ball, as Omaha fumbled. For a long time there was an obstinate fight, the ball remaining in Omaha's territory. Again, owing to Omaha's fumbling, they were forced to make another safety. Ball was put in play, and after much struggling and indiscriminate mashing and trampling, Omaha's full-back had another opportunity to fumble the ball, which he did successfully, giving Troyer a chance of scoring a touch-down. Troyer tried goal and failed. Time was called. Score stood ten to nothing in our favor.

The roof of the grand stand was so disgusted with the whole proceeding that it hurriedly made its adieu and parted in order to make room for our long and continuous cheering, our repeated yells and exclamations. While the air was still vibrating from the yell, and while the echos were coming back, we left the ball park with flying colors. We hardly thought that the Omahas would let us ride back on the same street cars with them; but they did; they're good fellows, and took their defeat manfully. No doubt it was quite a treat to Omaha to hear the beautiful college song, "I feel like I feel, like I feel, like I feel;" but treat or not, our boys felt just like they felt, and as that song was warbled off into the murky atmosphere of Omaha from those street cars, it had a sweeter sound than ever before. From the number of our color flags seen on every hand it seemed as if we had appropriated the town.

After supper, we took the 6:40 train for home. Before the train had fairly started, the fun commenced. A couple of coaches were decorated with our colors, and we took upon ourselves the benevolent task of entertaining those who had the pleasure of riding with us. From the fertile brain of Pound emanated the quite classical song: "*Frigida dies est cum relinquimur, est cum relinquimur, est cum relinquimur; Frigida dies, est cum relinquimur.*" By the judicious use of this quite effective weapon, we succeeded in instilling a very deep desire into the minds of our hearers to tear themselves away from us and to weep their sad bosoms out in some desolate spot. But we assured them that our intentions were good and that we would do them no harm by "We feel like, etc." They refrained from jumping from the windows, and next we chose from our repertoire of choice selections the song, "*cum diptulis dorsalibus non afflicti, non afflicti, non afflicti sumus.*" *Ad infinitum.* Our audience became frantic, and acting on a mad impulse, with a sullen desire for revenge they separated themselves from us and repaired to the smoking car, there to sympathize with one another.

When we arrived home, Lincoln was made aware of the fact in a very emphatic manner. The number of yells and songs that filled the air when we landed on the platform and met the rest of the U. of N. students, who were out in force to

meet us, was enough to awaken the dead. After serenading the *State Journal*, Professor Bessey, and Steward Dales, the enthusiastic party was broken up; and each one went home to dream sweet dreams of foot-ball at Omaha.

## NOTES.

Oh, that killing yell!

Flags *a la* Harvard.

Who bet a cake on Omaha, and lost.

Little Girard caught "Fatty," didn't he?

"Fatty" used to play in the Yale team, did he?

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Y. M. C. A-h

Johnston did well around his end, and made some good tackles.

With Marsland, '90, must be divided the glory that we have won.

Good blocking was done by Hyde and Chandler on the rush line.

Stockton and Porterfield often broke through well, and made some good tackles.

It may be said of all the "backs" that they should use their arms more in running.

Morrow did excellent kicking and catching, and often made good runs through the middle.

On the rush line some good work was done. The boys "blocked" and "broke through" well.

The "ends" did good work in getting through and tackling, especially Troyer. He made some fine tackles.

Mockett made an excellent field captain, giving his orders and signals in a manner which would have done credit to an older player.

Mockett made excellent runs around his end and also through the line. If he had used his arm more, he would have made more ground. His tackling was good.

We were royally entertained by the Y. M. C. A. boys, and hope that in the near future they will come to Lincoln and give us an opportunity of repaying their generous hospitality.

T. H. Marsland umpired the game, and did it to the satisfaction of all. He was very impartial, but in one instance our boys think that he denied them a score which they fairly won.

The exuberant enthusiasm which was so freely dispensed in the grandstand was contributed to in no small degree by four loyal co-eds, who by their presence inspired the boys to do great things.

To Dr. Frothingham is due much of the praise that is now being heaped upon the team. To him more than any other is the team indebted for their excellent form. Without his efficient aid, we could not have hoped for such a victory.

Very conspicuous among the U. of N. players was the smallest man in the team, Girard, the quarter back. He played his position well, "passing" true and quickly. Often he was through the rush line, and was upon Omaha's half-back as soon as the ball reached him. His tackling was excellent.

Pound, '88, was the most enthusiastic man of our party. He originated the flag scheme, and covered himself with glory, by composing the classical songs by which we entertained the common people on the way home from Omaha, and persisted in singing them until we had a whole coach to ourselves.