

him had failed, touching the ball down between the goal posts. Pace kicked goal with neatness and despatch and Waterman thought Doane had had enough for one day and called time. This deprived Mr. Fuller who, according to the newspapers, never misses goal, of a chance to show his "skill" (the quality in which the whole team has been advertised as excelling) and left the score:

Nebraska 28, Doane 0.

REMARKS.

President Perry of Doane was seen on the field during the game.

Mains, Williams and Fisher appeared to be Doane's reliable men.

Pace allowed his injuries to wait till the half was over. He has a confirmed habit of playing in a crippled condition with more vigor than ordinary.

Mains is well known to Nebraska men by reason of his long service in the Doane ranks. He is deservedly popular, being as good a fellow as he is player.

Yont surprised his best friends. His runs around the end were the object of more applause than any other plays of the game, unless perhaps Shue's brilliant tackle.

Shue, Pace and Oury have the genuine foot-ball hair. With Johnston's pad over his ear, Dern's nose piece, Flippin's chaffing and Hopewell's general aggressiveness, the team makes a formidable impression on the spectator.

TO STUDENTS.

The HESPERIAN and World Herald delivered at your room for sixty-five cents per month in advance. Give your name to C. L. Tallmadge, or at 1045 O street.

The Union oratorical contest will be held in the week preceding the Christmas vacation. Five contestants will appear, and it is expected that the contest will be up to the high standard of excellence of past exhibitions.

WASTE BASKET WAIFS.

There is a great deal of sham about the World's Fair part of Chicago. The model hotel may have a stone front, as the man who grabs your baggage at the station assures you, but it isn't well to inquire too particularly what is back of that, nor to rap on the walls, nor to examine the frescos closely. You will discover strange substitutes for things.

It isn't wise to grow inquisitive over what is brought you to eat at a World's Fair cafe, or you may not eat at all. It would take very little to convince you that the cakes they brought you for breakfast were made of ground sawdust, and that the maple syrup was better if left unanalyzed.

And then the Fair itself, with its sham marble and sham gold, its wax men and models that perplexed Uncle Jeremiah so. And if you stamp on the grass close beside one of the big buildings you feel that the very ground is sham.

And the funny thing about it is that you soon get so you don't care whether a thing is real or not—in Chicago.

Chicago is very proud of herself. She is proud of her money, proud of her energy, proud of her sky-scrapers and elevated roads, but above all she is proud of her one great tradition. She glories in the remembrance of the great fire. Instead of sitting down and shuddering over the thoughts of that terrible ninth of October twenty-two years ago, Chicago has a gala day, and hoists her flags, and goes out en masse to the Fair grounds and fills every nook and corner of them, and shouts and yells the whole day long in honor of herself. Chicago has forgotten all the horror of the great fire, and seems to rejoice over it. She has nothing but honor and applause for Mrs. O'Leary's cow. Surely no other beast that ever kicked a lantern over is so celebrated. Now I don't suppose that cow was different from other cows, but she may have had in her some pure Chicago push. Yet I almost believe that if it were