

WE CAN'T BE BEAT

The Little Ministers Could Not Do It.—Baker's Umpire Her Best Player.

The game with Baker University, of Baldwin, Kan., at the home grounds October 28, was one of those mixtures of good and evil that so often fall to the lot of mortals. The Nebraska State University eagle hardly knows whether to chuckle at the surprise our boys gave the Bakerites, or to scowl at the rank decisions of the umpire. But on the whole the chuckles chase each other over his solemn physiognomy more frequently.

Every one who is at all interested in foot ball knows what the Baker team has done on the gridiron, and it is needless to repeat her record. Every one knew before the game that our boys had to meet a rattling good team, and while the league pennant would in no way be affected by the result, yet the game would serve as a very close index as to the chances of the pennant being trimmed with scarlet and cream; for had not Baker swiped the entire pie from the Missourians, and then chucked the Kansas State University in the hole? We could not help feeling anxious, especially as Crawford kept insisting that Baker had the best men back of the line on the foot ball turf to-day. This kind of talk put the Nebraska eleven on their mettle, which was just what Crawford wanted. The boys grimly determined to do up the pie man, the Baker, the candle-stick maker, and the umpire too if necessary. But here is where they struck a snag. The umpire was too much for them. It is high time a most vigorous protest was registered against any player acting as referee or umpire in any game in which his team plays. No man, even if he is inclined to be honest, can keep from favoring his own team. The Methodist boys merit a severe censure in insisting that Toomey, their full back, should umpire the game. Larrabee was chosen referee, and as he treated both sides alike there were no pet names hurled at him.

The Baker team arrived Friday evening

and were taken to the Grand Hotel, where they kept as close as oysters until time to play ball Saturday afternoon.

At 2:35 the Nebraska eleven filed out of their dressing room in the armory, quiet but determined, and were driven rapidly to the M street park grounds. Fifteen minutes later Baker followed.

The teams lined up as follows:

BAKER.	POSITION.	NEBRASKA.
Potter.....	left end.....	Johnston
Taylor.....	left tackle.....	Oury
Atherton.....	left guard.....	Wilson
Pendleton.....	center rush.....	Hopewell
Fogle.....	right guard.....	Dirn
Farrar.....	right tackle.....	Whipple
Games.....	right end.....	Shue
Allen.....	quarter.....	Crawford
Heller.....	right half.....	Yont
Motter.....	left half.....	Flippin
Thomas.....	full back.....	Lowery
Cooper.....	} Substitutes. {	Ryan
Taylor.....		Frank
Messinger.....		McFarland
Muesse.....		Wiggins
Roach.....		Cameron
		Carney

Baker won the toss and took the ball. Nebraska lined up to defend the east goal; the referee's whistle sounded, and the greatest game of the season was fairly begun. The time was 3:10.

Baker's opening play was her usual gridiron attempt, which placed her just eight yards nearer the coveted goal. The second play was to send Motter around the right end. He stepped two yards and then stopped. The third attempt was a fumble, while the next two failed to make the necessary gain and the ball went to Nebraska on the fourth down. This was encouraging, and the crowd showed its appreciation.

It was now Nebraska's turn to show how the thing should be done. Crawford sent Flippin, Yont, Lowery and Whipple into the line in rapid succession, and each time he smiled at the result. When the boys stopped to take breath they had recovered their lost ground and chewed off ten yards of Baker's dusty possessions. This was do-