

rapid succession, making gains of 3-2-2-3-1 and over. Baker did some hard work at this point, but it was too late. Crawford missed an easy goal. Score 4 to 6.

Baker started the ball by the gridiron route but made only six yards. The next play was a fumble and Nebraska captured the ball. By a series of short plays and one splendid exhibition of "beef," the ball went twenty-five yards in the right direction. At this point of the game Hopewell's Irish was roused by an intentional blow on the head from his opponents knee. He lost his discretion and kicked at the "Rock of Ages." The umpire immediately ruled him off the field. An unpleasant time ensued. It was finally settled by Baker's captain consenting to Hopewell's remaining. A few more minutes of active play and small gains and time was called for the first half, at 4:15 o'clock.

At the beginning of the second half the ball had disappeared, but it was finally found in a sack with a Bakerite substitute sitting on it.

It was Nebraska's turn to start the ball. The men took their places and with Crawford's encouraging "all ready, come on," the flying wedge started on a fifteen yard spurt. One of the Sunflower men appeared to be damaged and the captain insisted on laying him up for repairs. At the beginning of this half Baker's captain tried to put in a substitute, as this man was getting fagged, but Crawford naturally objected. He took the above method of getting off. Pretty cute, wasn't it?

A fresh man came on, but it seemed to make no difference for Flippin immediately flattened their line for a healthy gain.

Sixteen more rushes, gaining from one to ten yards at a time, forced the ball within two yards of Baker's goal. Here it was lost on the fourth down. Baker tried to punt, but the ball was fumbled and Shue and Crawford gathered it in, thus securing a well earned touch down. Crawford kicked goal and the score stood 10 to 6. Perhaps

the crowd failed to show its appreciation. Well, if you believe that, come out to the next game and see!

In starting from center, Baker attempted to fry a good slice by the gridiron play. Eight yards only were toasted, a few more were added, one or two at a time. Shue got in some good work, and there was a dull thud when Wilson tried to explain in pantomime how he loved Heller. Baker was soon forced to punt, which she did, sending the ball fifteen yards and then following it up so closely as to regain possession. By a succession of small gains the ball was finally forced over the goal line, but Thomas missed on his kick for goal. Score, 10 to 10.

Again Nebraska started with the flying wedge from center, and again fifteen yards were placed to her credit. The next play netted a goose egg. In the midst of the melee, after the referee had whistled down, Heller secured the ball and not having heard the whistle spirited away to Nebraska's goal. The ball was brought back, of course. Finally, the ball was lost on fourth down, twenty-two yards from goal line. Baker punted for twelve yards, but did not follow close enough to secure it. Nebraska bucked the line several times for small gains and then Flippin was sent around the left end. He sawed wood and the boys lined up fifteen yards ahead as the result. A few indifferent plays were made, and then Yont found a hole big enough to wiggle through and it was eight yards deep. This took the ball within five feet of the goal line, but here it ran plump against one of Toomey's ready-made, foul-tackle, or foul something, or anything-to-prevent-a-touch-down decisions. No one seemed to be able to determine what sort of a fowl it was, whether it was a turkey fowl or only a common chicken. Some one made a foul, that much was settled, but further deponent sayeth not. As near as we could find out, Yont, who was running with the ball, tackled someone. Even the umpire blushed at the decision.

Only a few minutes remained, and the