

twelve men on the Kansas team did their best to score. Heller attempted to circle the left end time and time again, and made several gains of eight and ten and one of fifteen yards, but he always landed in the arms of Yont, Shue, Crawford or some other lusty Bug-eater. His best playing was done at this stage of the game, but it was too late in the day. Time was called with the ball eight yards in Nebraska's territory.

The game is called a tie, but by all that is fair and square the Nebraska team won it. It was the twelfth man that held down our well earned victory.

If we were not quite so modest we would boast a little of having the best team in the west with the exception of Denver, perhaps,

but there will be plenty of time to do that after the pennant is brought home from the last decisive game at Omaha on Thanksgiving day. Our boys played a marvelous game when we consider the number of new men in the team. Wilson, who never saw a foot-ball till a few weeks ago, left the impression on his opponent that he was a player from away back. The umpire was evidently afraid of Johnston for every time the boys lined up he would sing out, "Nebraska left end keep on side." He probably thought Johnston had horns under his ear pad and was a dangerous man. Flippin showed great nerve by playing with his thumb in the shape it was, and altogether the boys are striking out in a way to make us rejoice.

U U U-N-I. VAR-VAR-VAR-SI-TY IN NE-BRAS-KI, O MY!!

It is probable that a large portion of the public are of the opinion that it *is* the unexpected which always happens. It is not likely that anyone at Doane seriously believed that Doane could down Nebraska at foot ball, but by writing several letters a week to all the newspapers describing the prowess of their team in no measured terms, the Doane enthusiasts had created an impression that their team was second only to the great teams of the East, and that Nebraska's chances were exceedingly few. Doane really has got a pretty fair team, and if the public had not been led to expect something phenomenal by the newspaper accounts of the team, there would be no cause for any humiliation on her part in Saturday's game.

From the moment Nebraska got down to work in the first ten minutes of the game and began to shove the ball steadily across the field, five yards at a down, there was no doubt of the outcome. The only question was whether Doane could score. Once or twice there was danger of this; but Nebraska's best defensive work was always done close to her goal, and once in possession of

the ball, the eleven rarely lost it till they had made a touch down.

A very fair crowd was present, and was "all present or accounted for" in every sense of the term. Nothing, apparently, but a regiment of dragoons and a battery of artillery can keep a Lincoln crowd back of the ropes.

Larrabee, sometime full back on the Iowa eleven, refereed the first half and umpired the second, while Waterman, "of Crete," who, if our memory fail not, at one time played end for Doane, umpired the first half and refereed the second. Mr. Larrabee's work was above criticism, and it is to be hoped that his services can be secured in the future. Good referees are as yet rare in the West, and a really good one is the more appreciated. Waterman had a curious habit of referring to the Nebraska team as "Lincoln," which reminded old timers of a referee at Omaha who referred to the Nebraska team as "Grinnell." It might be well to draw the curtain of charity over the rest of his work.

One of the amusing incidents of the game