

kick, and after scrimmaging exactly two minutes, we had a touch-down of our own. Back and forth across the field, the men pushed and swayed and rolled, stopping for a minute now and then while some man stroked his shins or felt for the back of his head through his matted hair. Once when they stopped, there lay some fellow with red stripes on his stockings, and we wondered who it could be. "Jones." Oh, fate! If only some "sub" had that knee for about an hour! But no, as they call time, he scrambles up, and then you should have heard that cheer from the side lines!

Slowly, steadily, the sturdy Missourians carry the ball down the field, and with a final lunge, it is over. Our boys sucked a lemon and watched them miss the goal, and then after a moment of skirmishing the first half is done.

We knew more than we had at first. We knew that we need not fear their end runs, they had not made a yard by it, and our ends were playing about the surest game on record. Our line had to brace up; that was all there was about it. And they did it. What coach Thomas and Captain Wilson gave the boys "the world will never know," but it must have been something of the three x brand.

The second half started out rapidly, and the ball changed hands evenly. Then came our time. They had tried the criss-cross and failed. They couldn't make around the ends, and their line lost the ball on downs.

We get the ball "7-6-9-13-23 play" and here we go. The "tigers" are fairly taken off their feet, as the pennant winners take turns seeing who can go the farthest through the line. They call time, rub their shins and go at it again, only to be pilled in a heap a few yards further down. Thus they go, five—eight—fifteen yards at a buck, and over they go, with a Nebraska "sub" "skinning a cat" on the Missouri cross-bar, and the crowd yelling like mad.

But there is no use trying to make it plain, it was so *exhaustingly* good that we forgot

we were reporting the game, and yelled at everybody; almost getting into trouble by pounding the boasting Missourian on the back a trifle too hard.

NOTES ON THE GAME.

The last few minutes of the game were played with the full moon smiling affectionately down on our fellows.

Doc. Everett, as he finishes pounding some poor fellow on the back, "say, Tommy, what's the score?"

In the first half, Missouri got ten yards on every fumble.

Pauly, one of their tackles is a blacksmith and only goes to school a few weeks each year.

A Missouri "sub" got pretty badly rattled when the excitement was at its highest, and when a Nebraska man told him that Bud Jones played his position at guard when he was so lame he had to leave his game leg at the hotel, the poor, dazed idiot believed it.

Which man won the game? Every one of them! The game as we play it takes just eleven men.

THE JAYHAWKS "DO" "DO."

IN FOUR MINUTES—WHY?—THE CROWD.

It's all over, and sure enough, the tall sunflower nods mockingly above the golden rod.

It was an odd play, and strangely staged. It was a "Tragedy of Errors" with the closing act a four minute farce, in which the other fellows occupied the boxes.

"It was an ideal foot-ball day," that item we found in every report of the game, and concede its truth, but upon the brilliancy of the game we differ a trifle.

The first half was good. That was football, and nothing but the beastliest luck could have kept us from scoring, and that luck came in the shape of two awful fumbles. The only line the ball was in our territory in this half was when the kick-off carried it there. We had it right at their