

.. The Football Fiend ..

From the University Unit.

Blessings on thee, noble man,
Football fiend with cheek of tan,
With thy padded pantaloons,
And thy well protected bones;
With thy corrugated shoe
And thy rubber nose-guard, too.
Thou wast once thy mother's joy,
Harmless little baby boy;
Now, thou art a Samson bold
Since thou hast in years grown old.
With thy long and shaggy hair
Thou beard'st the lion in his lair;
Thou hast sinews strong as steel
So that blows thou canst not feel.
Thou art worthy of much praise,
Thou who dost so bravely gaze
Without tremor at the sight
Of an earnest football fight.

On the football field in strife,
Thou hast thy ups and downs of life;
Thou perhaps may'st get the ball,
And think, perchance, thou'st passed
them all—

When on a sudden thou art met
By a friendly man—and yet
He throws his arms around thee tight
And slings thee down, with all his
might!

Thou hit'st the ground with awful thud
Dost run thy face far in the mud.
'Tis then the twenty-one pile on,
That their weight may hold thee down;
Perhaps thou feel'st somewhat de-
pressed

As on thy stomach this weight rests;
Perhaps thine eyes will near pop out
And thou'lt bewail thy hapless lot,
When thou perceiv'st thy weighty care
Is nearly all that thou canst bear.

Yet when thou risest noble man,
Football fiend with cheek of tan,
Thou dost this friendly friend forgive,
Despite his roughness, let him live
And laugh and joke away the pain
Whilst thou thy scattered strength re-
gain.

Thou art tackled—thou art struck;
Thou dost think thyself in luck
If thy face is slightly skinned
And thy nose but broken in,
When the second half is done
And the game is lost or won.

Oh, thou noble man and true,
Football fiend of Fort Worth U.,
Thou hast bravely done thy do!
Though thou hast not won a game
Thou didst thy duty, just the same.
'Twas not that thou didst play so bad
That only losses could be had;
But 'twas the others played so well—
And how they did it one can tell,
If he but look upon thy face
And take note of each skinned place,
And see how oft with black and blue
And red and green and yellow, too,
Thy body's marked from head to sole,
That thou might'st once but reach the
goal.

And now, the football season o'er,
Thou hast come home both sick and
sore,
And said that thou wouldst play no
more;
But thou must not discouraged get—
Resolve that thou wilt beat them yet;
That ere another winter go
Thou'lt have at least ONE score to
show! FRED F. STOCKING.

FOR MEN ONLY.



If there's anything worries a woman,
It's something she ought not know,
But you bet she'll find it out anyhow,
If she gets the least bit of a show.
Now, we'll wager ten cents or a farthing,
This poem she's already read;
We know she's got it somehow,
If she had to stand on her head.

