

## The Call of the Game.

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Have you ever stopped to ponder, on a sunny day in autumn,  
When the very air around you breathes football,  
And you see the kids all playing, and you wonder what has  
caught 'em

That they never cry however hard they fall?  
Have you ever had a feeling that you'd like to share their  
pleasure,

If Time would but turn back a while for you,  
To the days of childhood's pleasure, happiness without a  
measure?

Then listen to the game—it's calling you.

Have you ever been at college, struggling to obtain some  
knowledge,

Making resolutions for the new fall term,  
That you'll go to every lecture, listen to the prof's conjecture,  
As to how he'd rid the water of the germ?

But before a week is over, are you out upon the clover,

Wasting study-time which later on you'll rue,  
While the crisp air brings a feeling which will set your brains  
a-reeling?

Then listen to the game—it's calling you.

Have you ever joined a Rooters' Club to help your Alma Mater,

And with lusty voice the very rafters raise,  
And sat up nights transforming songs you heard in the theatre,  
To add your quota to her hymns of praise?

Have you gone to every practice, spent your money buying  
pennants,

And let your lodging-bill go overdue,  
Till your landlady began to advertize for other tenants?  
Then listen to the game—it's calling you.

Have you ever been among a crowd of students in the bleachers,

While on the field the warriors perform,  
And from every throat in unison there comes a set of "screech-  
ers,"

Far louder than the thunder in a storm?