

This football season in American colleges has been characterized, on the whole, by less roughness and fewer casualties than heretofore. This is probably due to the action of President Roosevelt in demanding from the athletic authorities of the Eastern colleges some evidence that their influence should be used to prevent brutality from "killing" the game. But a defeat on the gridiron is taken as seriously as ever, apparently, both by the team and by the student-body generally. The recent defeat of Harvard by Pennsylvania "cast a gloom," it is said, "over the whole university and an explanation will be demanded." The following clipping from the notes of the Ohio-Michigan game of Nov. 11th, though no doubt overdrawn for dramatic effect, illustrates the tension to which the players are subjected in a "big game":

We sit together, the player and I, and he tells me of the real game, not the game the crowds see. It is the story of a losing team.

"Before we went in, he (i.e., the coach) said to us, 'If you don't win or be carried out, you've not got a bit of sand. Not a bit!' And we were all in there with the intention of gettin' killed if we couldn't win. We were! When it was over, we rode back in the 'bus, with our arms round each other, and most of us crying. At the hotel we sat still while he walked up and down, up and down; and we were all dodging. But he hadn't a word. Then I went up and I said, 'Well, we haven't got a bit of sand, have we? Not a bit!' And he just looked at me a minute and then he said, 'Shut up, you damned young fool!' After that, I felt better!"—

The Idler.

THE GRIDIRON TOURNEY.

Oh, the sire of my sires was a
doughty knight,

And he lived in the days of old,
With squire, and steed, and trusty
lance,

A joustler tried and bold.
Lance down, he charged in the
crowded lists

For the smile of a gentle dame;
And he wore her favor upon his
sleeve

When he wandered afar for fame.
Oh, the days of old are past and gone,
And th Golden Age is fled,

And we judge no more by the arm of
might,

But the Arm of the Law instead.
But the heart of a maid rests still the
same,

And the same must ever be;
And I hope, with the world-old hope
to gain,

That Her eyes may smile on me.
I may not bide where four ways meet
And bicker with all who will;
But an I would sue for the maiden's
smile

There remaineth a method still.
With nose-guard staunch for the
visor of old

I may tackle the flying line,
And a good end-run, if it wins the
day,

Wins too the reward divine.
The glorious wounds of the well-
fought joust

May not be mine to show;
I may not fall to a splintered lance
O'er the corpse of a rival *beau*.
But I base my claim on a nose dis-
placed

And several features shy;
And I lay at Love's feet the victor's
crown,—

For to-day I scored a "try."