

ANOTHER PEACE CONFERENCE

“COME here, come here, football play-ers,
Ye coaches wild and tough!
Why do ye slug and gouge and chug
And raise a house so rough?”
So up spake bluff King Theodore
In something more than bluff.



The football coaches up have came
And stood them in a row
With blushing cheek, and naught they speak
Except to mutter low,

Another Peace Conference

“O mighty one, the things we done
We done in wrath, we know!”

Then loud doth roar King Theodore
A-kicking up his feet,
“To snarl and fight and gouge and bite,
Is neither meet nor meat —
To strew the field with vertebræ,
Is this an act discreet?”

“Ye call it football that ye play,
Yet this hath no avail —
How can ye play the ball of feet
With fist and tooth and nail?”
(Thrice triply groan the dour coach-es,
Their blushing cheeks grown pale.)

“’Tis my command: ye must not play
With teeth and nails and fists;
In evening clo’es and varnished shoes
Go ye upon the lists —
Paste not the foeman in the eye,
But slap him on the wrists.

“Let football never be so rough
As soil a tie of lawn
As spoil the crease upon your knees
Or smear your gloves of fawn —
Be gentle, or I’ll wring your necks!
Avaunt, ye mutts! Be gone!!”

Another Peace Conference

So forth they fare, and Theodore
Sitteth his throne so high,
A Colt's revolver in his boots,
A stab-knife at his thigh,
And with the sheath he picks his teeth
And sigheth a kingly sigh.