

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,

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“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!!”

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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.