

HUMOR

THE GIRL AND THE GAME

Arabella, sweetheart mine,
 Tho the fashions have decreed it,
 That you go out, rain or shine,
 Where the stocky halfbacks speed it,
 I had rather—tho you rap
 My fond love as sere and yellow—
 That you gaze upon the scrap,
 Posing with another fellow.

Thou who knowest not a punt
 From a touchdown, fashioned splendid;
 Thou who shriekest at each grunt
 Of the fullback, merely winded,
 Or at crisis-fumbled ball
 As some player dashes on it,
 Gazeth at a nearby stall
 At some new autumnal bonnet.

Thou who seeth not the dash
 Back of perfect interference—
 Hearest not the vocal crash
 From a thousand wild adherents;
 Vieweth not the leap of end
 In a tackle full of fire—
 Only that some female friend
 Wears a dress you don't admire.

Look!—a run—the goal line nearing!—
 Yippy—yippy—go it, Bo!—
 Dost thou leap up, wildly cheering,
 Or enthusiasm show?
 Nix—thou sittest still, complacent,
 While the thousands toss a fit—
 Peering down a row adjacent
 Where some dressy Bessies sit.

Arabella, sweetheart mine,
 Tho I know you're bent on going,
 Whether it be rain or shine,
 In a gown you're bent on showing.
 I had rather—tho you rap
 My deep love as sere and yellow—
 That you lamp the dog-gone scrap
 Worrying another fellow.