JACK FROST SCORES AGAIN.

By "TEEK."

Once again Jack Frost had it all to himself —

grounds were as hard as army biscuits

and deserted except for a crow

or two searching for odd bits of lemon

referees — also close to the fire — sadly polished their whistles

and thought of the tuneful melodies they were prevented from letting loose on the public

spectators, with colds in their heads, consoled each other as best they could for the loss of the glorious spectating they had been looking forward to so eagerly all the week.

If this sort of weather continues the best thing the football authorities can do

is to flood the grounds and turn the teams out in suitable skating rig.