GLOUCESTER v. OLD MERCHANT TAYLORS.

By "TEEK."

The Taylors won this game by the substantial amount of 21 points to 8—showing a scoring superiority in the proportion of 2.625 to 1. Knowing, as I do, the generous Christmas fare for which our city is famous, I hazard a guess that this game was lost and won two days before it was played.

Gloucester player, "cutting out an opening" in his Christmas dinner, with real Gloucestershire heartiness.

A Taylor celebrating Christmas under scientific guidance on a diet of vitamins, nitrogenous salts and synthetic beef-juice.

Whatever the reason, our lads certainly gave the impression of carrying plenty of ballast when compared with the nimble point-getting activity of the Taylors.

Even Loveridge normally so supple and antelope-like had a distint portliness about him. How on earth do you draw a portly Loveridge?

And Thomas, who always rattles with slimness on ordinary occasions, seemed to me to be bordering on the corpulent.

The referee himself seemed to have been affected by his Christmas diet, for the naughty little man didn't arrive until long after the game had started, and there were no more mines-řś left.

While those who naturally run to plumpness bulged and sagged dangerously around their equators.

But I must not omit what, to my mind, was the most heartrending sight of all the festive season's aftermath.

That of a cartoonist, with a pudding-fogged brain, trying to think of something very funny in time to catch the post.