BONE IN THE GROUND.

Victims of the Two Frosts

BY "TEEK."

These cancellings of games owing to the frost-bound conditions are excessively trying to everyone concerned.

First of all is the hearty supporter who has loyally carried out his lung and wind-slip drill all the week.

And who has, after all, to stop at home and play draughts with Granny or make himself useful about the house.

Then, again, there are the footballers themselves, who have been keeping their hands in during their weeks' work by doing a bit of passing at good times.

They are, of course, knocked all of a heap when Saturday comes.

The football cartoonists, also, are very hard hit, poor dogs!

After incubating and jotting down lots of bright ideas during the week, they spend the Saturday snarising their teeth through the window at the frozen countryside.

I, myself, have already champered a couple of good H.B.'s to destruction.

But, from motives of economy, I have not, so far, torn any hair, though I may begin at any moment.

But undoubtedly the most pitiable cases concern that fine body of men, our station-masters.

After baking a large supply of cheap return tickets for a first single from Coleford to Jugs Hole, and they have at last to give the tickets to the pigs.

Unless of course, it is possible to take them back to the baker to be unbaked—which I doubt.