

A CLEVER TRICK.

The much-talked-of subject in Eastern football circles is the trick play sprung on Harvard by the Carlisle Indians in the game at Cambridge last Saturday, which the Crimson won by a score of 12 to 11. The trick was the hiding of the ball under the sweater of Dillon, the guard, which enabled him to reach the Crimson goal before the whereabouts of the ball was discovered. It was cleverly planned and worked like a charm. Its success is sure to result in imitation unless a rule is passed to cover it.

Coach Warner of the Indian team, in talking of the game and the trick said: "We have two or three tricks, and Dillon's is one. It may not be straight-out football, but it is strategy that works very well, and no rule covers it. It is not a forward pass, either. The Indians were told to work it the first time Harvard kicked off and they did it. As Johnson caught the kick-off the Indians surrounded him. The ball was quickly slipped under Dillon's jersey. He had an elastic cord around the bottom of the jersey, and this held the ball securely. I used the trick in '97 when I was coaching Cornell. Penn State was the victim. The ball is slipped under the jersey from the side. There is nothing in the rules to prevent the play."—Seattle Times.

STICKING THE GROCER.

A man with a high hat enters a grocery: He is smooth and suave. He bets the grocer that the high hat will hold five gallons of molasses. The grocer knows better, and the bet is made. The molasses is poured into the hat, which runs over before the five gallons are exhausted. The man

is mad because he loses. He quarrels with the delighted grocer and presently in an excess of rage he claps the hat on the grocer's head and pulls it down. Then he coolly cleans out the money drawer and hies away; the grocer meanwhile wildly struggling to relieve himself from his sticky extinguisher.

This is the neat little game that has been successfully played on an Eastern tradesman, and grocers with molasses to waste and with tills to tap are warned to look out for it.—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

[We advise Col. Robt. Henderson, the Chemawa grocer, to look out and not let anyone play that trick on him.—Ed.]

PLAINT OF THE TURKEY.

I'm an unassuming turkey,
And I am not to blame
If my primogenesis
Upon this earth I came,
They never said a word to me,
And if I'd had my way
I should have gone some otherwheres
To spend Thanksgiving Day.

I'm an unpretentious Turkey,
And do not seek to rise
Above my station to a place
Among the great and wise.
Rich dressing isn't to my taste;
I hate all grand display,
And I don't like the way at all
I'm served Thanksgiving Day.

I'm a simple minded Turkey
And much prefer to live
In humble circumstances, and have
What quiet life may give,
Instead of mingling with the great,
Who will not heed my "Nay,"
When modestly I seek escape
From their Thanksgiving Day.

I'm an unoffending Turkey,
And never quite could see
Just why a horde of thanking souls
Should chase me up a tree.
If I were full of thanks perhaps
That might explain their way;
But I am not, and never was—
Goldarn Thanksgiving Day!

—William J. Lampton, in New York Sun