

THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1921

PLAY UP!

There's a breathless hush in the close
To make and the match to play—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
And not to play and the last man in
And he not for the sake of a ribbons
counts.
Or the foolish hope of a season's
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder
"Play up! Play up! and play the
game!"

The sand of the desert is hidden red,
With the wreck of a square that
broke.
The gun's jammed and the Colonel's
dead.
And the regiment's blind with dust
and smoke.
The hand of Death has broken his
limbs.
And England's far, and Horrors a
voice of a school boy raffles
the ranks.
"Play up! Play up! and play the
game!"

This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the School heard
Every one of her song's last note,
And the world forgot.
Thus they all, with a joyful mind,
Bear through life, like a torch in
the name.
And follow me to the boat behind—
"Play up! Play up! and play the
game!"

—Henry Newbold.

When the Sea
Dashed Over
the Bar

By Frederick E. Burnham

"One whole thing in it interested
me. That Steven had his
curve down to the flat last
spring when that schooner
was wrecked on them, and half the
crew were drowned," remarked Alvin
Perley, the skipper of the "Hamilton
Harbor." "Of course it's all right
for Dr. Perley to say as how Steve has
got a leaky valve, that his heart has
gone bad, and he just don't
care if I want Steve down to the
flat that night, and he was shaking
like a leaf. He wasn't worth a hill of
dust when it came to the scratch. I
pushed him out, and called
Jake over to take his place. It just
a sheer case of turning coward. I'm
glad Steve has resigned from that
patrol. I still would have thought
more of him if he had come down
rooted and said that he had sort of
lost his courage. No, I don't take
any stock in Steve, having heart
trouble."

There were others down around the
water front, who shared the ship
builder's views relative to Steven
Tucker's recent resignation from the
local life-saving patrol. Young Tom
and his father, and another, were
clamoring as usual, although, according
to Benjamin Porter, the chain
wholesaler, his tides of clamor the last
two months had been rather
moderate than formal.

A certain coolness to Steve man-
fused itself shortly after his resigna-
tion from the patrol. Winter was
coming on, and although his place
was especially taken by Jake, there
was no sign of the former guard. Tucker
was not slow to note the coolness
of certain fellow-clammers, but was at
a loss to account for the fact. Most
of the men from town being a solid
man, and it did not enter his head
that there were those in town who
deemed him otherwise.

Steve was making some minor
repairs to his old house, a "humble"
in early November. A feather duster
had become warped, and now he was
inserting new ones. He was hastening
his work, for it looked as though it
was time to go to the market
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solid man, and it did not enter his head
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deemed him otherwise.

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what
else 'em' be," he muttered, resuming his
work on the roof. "The time was that
they would have sung out to me right
deafly; now they don't much more."

The wind increased as the morning
passed. By noon the gale was fully
worn out, and about four miles
from the shore Old Captain Hedges
paused to chat with Steven, declared
it his belief that a gale of from sixty
to seventy miles per hour was blowing
out of the south.

"Guess I'll slip down river along
the latter part of the afternoon, Cap'n,"
remarked Steven, having climbed down
after a hundred of silent moments
from the deck of the boat off the Point.

"The wind is just right to send
a tremendous sea up over the bar,"
"It'll be with 'goin' down to see,
Steve," said the old captain, "but I've
claimed the captain. 'I say so, the
wind is just right to send some old
soddlers in over the bar. I'm
sickened by the sight of them. If
this wind keeps up there's liable to be
a sompin' for 'em to do down there!'"

A little later, Steven boarded his
motor boat. For a few moments he
was lost in thought, while the sun
light which he was wont to carry down
the river when night was not far off,
he was rather proud of that search-
light by the way. He searched it
and the sunburned visor. Then
he was carried by a steamer launch,
driving quite a gale. Steven had rig-
ged a battery aboard his boat, and
pulled it down the river on a
dark night, he could see but a mile
ahead of his boat.

Reaching the mouth of the river
fifteen minutes or so from the time
he left the Point, he turned his motor
boat and went ashore, in his tender.
Landing, he pulled the small boat up
on the inside shore and walked across
when he had a clear view of the
water. For a moment he was
watching the giant combers as they
pounded over the rugged, rocky shore, sending
up spray thirty and forty feet in
the air.

At last he turned and was on the
point of retracing his steps, when,
looking up the waterward, he saw
a schooner evidently in distress, follow-
ing amid "giant" seas, a half-mile
or so off the coast. Nearly on her
beam-ends, she was being driven before
the gale.

"She'll hit up on Apron Shores inside of a minute!" he exclaimed, his
eyes fastened on the doomed vessel.
"There! She's on them now."

The wind was so strong that his
vessel careened and a mighty
wave washed completely over her.

Near a mile down the shore, Steven
saw a life-boat. Evidently they
were forced to leave, and he knew
how they were on the run to the life-
saving station, undoubtedly after the
life-boat.

"If they get there at all, it'll be dark
before they can reach her," he mut-
tered.

AUTOGRAPH-HUNTING.

Autograph hunting sometimes proves
an interesting pastime. In the case of
Doris, present Bohemian of the
house, made a steady income out of
it for several years. One of the most
successful collectors accomplished
with little effort, in which he was
a member of the unhappy race of the
unappreciated, who is medaling auti-
cide and seeks—for counsel and aid
in the form of an exchange, and
therefore, the number of collectors
is legion. The trouble was that the
people who are grubstamping were ignorant and
stupid.

The grubstamps are typical. There
is always plenty of the wise man's
writings to interest him. He finds
no spot on earth uninteresting, and
no human being unworthy of notice. There
is always something to discover to make
him go through life expectant, eager,
thrilled, and the people who are bored
as soap, as they are out of reach of a
movie theatre do not therefore resent them-
selves.

SURE SIGN.

Mother: "Is 'munny' well yet?"
Little Dick: "I think so. I heard his
mother wouldn't him this morning."
Answer:

FLAVOUR—the charm of
"SALADA" TEA

is in its unique flavour of rich delicacy. And It
never varies. All grocers sell "Salada" in
sealed metal packets only.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

When the reporter goes behind the
scenes he finds the other pictures
that his audience is admiring, but
often dirt and confusion, grotesque-
ness in place of beauty. But getting
behind the scenes is not always
easy. However, he may find a scene
which he never seemed so admirable
as when he got behind the scenes, and
saw him in his own family circle.
Getting behind the scenes is
sometimes difficult to teach us sympathy.
A certain rich man whose wife
had proved herself to be a
simple, good person, was getting
behind the scenes, and he found
she was a good woman. "There are
many admires Roosevelt as a statesman,
but he may not be so admirable
as when he got behind the scenes, and
saw him in his own family circle.
Getting behind the scenes is
sometimes difficult to teach us sympathy.

"This is the scene, so my trouble
won't amount to much until it comes
again," he remarked, reciting the
searchlight upon the water. "By the
time we get there, we'll have a hand full
of fish."

He watched the lifeboat as it neared
the wreck, watching the crew fighting
that mighty procession of waves
which had been sent by the
sea. The boat was dashed into
the hull, and he saw the crew
climbing out, got a grip upon the
gunwale and managed to guide the
boat high up on the sand, when the
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