

The Action Free Press

THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1927

A LIFE THAT COUNTS

A life that counts must toll and fight
Must share the trials and love the strife
Must stand for truth, by day, by night—
This is the life that counts.

A life that counts must hopeful be—
In darkest night make ready.
Must wait the dawn on bended knee
This is the life that counts.

A life that counts must arise to rise
Above the earth to sunlit skies;
Must stand for truth, by day, by night—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must help the poor,
The care and needs of others see;
Must seek the slaves of sin to free
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts is linked with love—
And turns not from the cross—the rod.
But walks with joy where Jesus trod—
This is the life that counts.

"Say Bad"

A New Feature for Those Old
Friends, Young and Old,
Between Father and Son

HOW TO PLAY KING'S DODGE

You're still playing checkers by
yourself, are you, Dad?

Checkers—there is yet to be invented

the rules of King's Dodge.

"What's that—a new game? I never
heard of it."

"It's just been born. It's at least a
week since you sprung Home on your
friends, so I thought I'd better be ready
with a new game."

"Dad, you're certainly a peach! I
was wondering the other day if you
hadn't got some new checkers. I looked for it in the
encyclopedia, and couldn't find it."

"You should have looked for
draws." That's what the French
called it, I can tell you. When a
book came out about it, no one
knew who invented it; but the Ro-
mans played a game very much like
it, using only sixteen squares. And
the Chinese had a board with a
kind of No-man's Land in the
centre. What I call King's Dodge is
very simple, as you will see."

"But, busy lot of fun, Dad, like
those old games?"

"Each of us starts with four kings,
or double checkers, and that's all!"

"On the four squares nearest him,
Dad."

"No, indeed—on the four nearest his
opponent. The aim of each player is
to bring all his kings home to his
own base line. You'll understand
Dad."

"Sure, Mike! Let's begin!"

"Never mind, Mike, and you might
as well sit down—but don't tire.
Just as in ordinary checkers, our
kings may move either forward or
back. But now, come the backbones
of the game: instead of trying to get
one of your kings right out of mine
so as to jump and take him, you must
do your best to keep away. For,
whenever two men—enemy pieces
are facing each other, they are
dead—and go from the board."

"Gee! I say this is different."

"There—you've moved one, next to
one of mine, so off he goes. Now
we're even. Next time, though, we
can see we've got to sneak around
each other."

"That's why I call it King's Dodge.
It's like chess—but not so tired."

"Good for you! By moving that
king between two of mine, you've left
me with only one, and yourself with
two. Now I'll have to be pretty fancy
to get past your and reach home. Go
ahead."

"I made you turn back toward my
base line anyway. Guess it'll take
some chasin' around—but not so tired,
though you only have one king. Go
on."

"You haven't left me any choice,
Dad."

"That's not it. It wasn't cleverness
though, Dad. I didn't see it. Well,
the board's cleared except for my last
king."

"To win the game, and the first
five games won wins the set."

"That's a lot more fun than the
regular game, I think. It's so full of
surprise, and so soon, you wait a
minute—suppose one of us had a secret
one of his kings has line?"

"In that case he'd have been privi-
leged to start a new king on his
secret line of the board. Now you
see, what an advantage it is to get a
piece home."

"Eh? But the king that gets
home is a chasin' around again
and help his brothers round up the
enemy?"

"That's exactly what he does," he
said. "He's always hopeful, 'cause if
he's got a secret, he can't feel me."

"He stuck that last tuber in my
tongue; an' that's just what he did to
Rancho Moulton when he had the
pneumonia. I don't know how long
it'll be rational, so I want to tell
you that my will's in the cedar
chest."

"What are you going to have for
supper? I guess it's practical daughter."

"I'm not going to have you break
your fast, though," he objected. "You'll
have enough to do in the morning."

"The sight that met her eyes brought
a gasp of astonishment from her. On
the bed lay Cephas Blake, fully dressed
and sitting upright, his grunts and gurgles
still open; not even his hands or feet
were motionless.

Mary Catherine sat down on the
edge of the bed. "I'm a sick man,"
she said, "but I'm still good. I've
been failing all summer. Just lost my
strength."

"What'd he say?" she asked, curiously.

"He says you're going to be all
right in a day or two, father," was
the reply.

"I guess he's right," she said, smiling.

"I guess he's right