

heavily. Try it again. "Straight bucks" are pretty hard work on both teams in a game, but they are pretty good plays to beat down a strong opposition. By the way, that strong opposition which has been said to be competition is the competition that we meet in other people who are hard workers and the extent of competition is measured by the fitness of these competitors. We will be prepared for it if we try to learn we can, all of us in our own position mastering some trade, profession or occupation by which we may honestly try under the rules of the game to strive for a place among the winners. The game is not won by "grand stand" plays. For most of us are on the "line" where we have lots of work to do with rather small chances to be applauded. But there's where we must start and some day we may be captains or coaches. When we rise to higher positions more responsibilities come and we must be ready for them. Then we will have to direct a part of the game ourselves.—Ex.

If I should die To-night, What Then

If I should die tonight,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness
And fold my hands with lingering caress—

Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with

loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought;
Some gentle words the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.
If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way;
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

O friends, I pray tonight,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow!

The way is lonely; let me feel them now,
Think gently of me: I am travel worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorne.
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need

The tenderness for which I long tonight.

—Belle E. Smith in exchange.

CHALLENGE—The Oregon and California boys hereby challenge all other states and territories combined for a game of baseball to be played on the 24th of February, 1906.

CAPT. GEORGE WASHOE.