

LIFE'S GAME

The world; 'tis but a checker board
Whereon we play Life's varied game.
We strive to reach the rank of king
And then to do some mighty thing
That leadeth on to fame;
But many of us needs must fail
E'er we can near the goal;
Our efforts seem of no avail,
And Fate's beyond control.

But though we faint ere fame is won,
A part we often play,
Far greater than the crowned man's
For which we paved the way.

F. T. C. '00.



A TRAGEDY OF CUBA

SCENE, a room in Morro Castle; present, the Spanish general, a number of officers, and, in chains, a handsome Spaniard of less than thirty years, proud and defiant. The court martial had been in process for an hour, and all the evidence was in, when the general addressed the prisoner formally.

"Sir, is your name Rodrigo Tapón del Vivar?"

"It is," replied the prisoner.

"Is it true that you served in the armies of Cuba against Spain?"

"I did," and there was an inflection in his tone which showed that the prisoner was no common culprit, and prompted the question: