

member to make an effort to secure Rachael's hand. She, contrary to my expectations, offered no remonstrance, for Rachael was always a very proud girl, then growing bolder I squeezed her hand, but, oh, so gently, and found myself exclaiming oscalsus, astragalous, scaphoid, cuboid, three cunieform bones, the astragalous articulating with the tibia and fibia, and then with an instinct born of associations with the Granville, I went on musing to myself, patella—any synovitis.

Biff! There was Jupiter, Mars, Haley's comet and others besides.

\* \* \* \* \*

Her father concludes I was intoxicated. How could I have been drunk when beer is a shilling a pint and I'm on twenty cents a day? Do you want to buy a chain and locket cheap or I would trade it for a Gillette safety razor and could you 'sell some tickets for a raffle, the prize being a lady's ring.

P.S.—I think it was the copper coal scuttle she hit me with.

---

## THE GREYHOUNDS

*By Claude H. Dodwell*

---

In the sheltered sound, like a sleeping hound,  
I lie and wait as the hours go round  
For news of a foe and the word to go.  
(Destroyers the deuce of a craft, you know).

My fires are banked ; provisioned and tanked :  
Ready, aye, ready, the gods be thanked,  
My cable to slip and my nose to dip.  
To harry an impudent enemy ship.

Hark ! Hark ! " Heave ho ! Lash up and stow,"  
The wireless cracks and away we go.  
Afoot is the game ; and we dash past Rame,  
Our black breath dotting and dancing main.

Catching her, catching her. Bow-chaser smashing her,  
Drunken she reels with the salt billows lashing her.  
With screws a-churn I double and turn,  
And the Whitehead slips from my tube astern.

Our work is done and for home we run ;  
We slip to our anchorage one by one  
Through the harbour gate that we left of late  
To lick our lips—and to doze—and wait !