

How would you play it?

North

♠ J-10-8-4-2
♥ 4
♦ J-9-7-6-4
♣ A-4

East

♠ K-6-5-3
♥ J-10-7-6-3-2
♦ 5
♣ 7-5

By
MILTON
C.
WORK
Author of Auction
Bridge Complete

West

♠ Q-9
♥ K-Q-9-8-
♦ A-Q-10-8
♣ Q-J-10

South

♠ A-7
♥ A-5
♦ K-3-2
♣ K-9-8-6-3-2

THIS Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's.

South, estimating the value of his hand by the 4-3-2-1 count, bid a No Trump. West followed with an informatory double. He planned to bid two No Trumps if East answered his double with two Spades. It is not safe for a doubler to permit his partner to play at a Major contract named in answer to the informatory double when the doubler has only two cards of the Major suit. North was anxious to show both his Spade and Diamond suits, but both were weak: he ran the comparatively slight risk that East would make a Business Pass, and postponed his bidding.

East, delighted to hear his partner's double, answered with two Hearts; passes from South and West followed.

North now had his chance to show his hand accurately by bidding two Spades; and East bid three Hearts.

Again South and West properly passed, and now came North's greatest trial. Should he pass or show his second suit? Appreciating that he was taking a big chance, he bid four Diamonds.

After North's four Diamonds, it was East's turn to be embarrassed: his first bid was comparatively meaningless and his second hardly showed the great assistance his hand must furnish to a doubling partner, who had shown his satisfaction with East's selection. East therefore bid four Hearts, and South grasped the chance to make a free double.

The Play

SOUTH opened with the Ace of Spades; West (Dummy) played the Nine, North the Deuce and East the Trey. A shift to Diamonds (North's other suit) was inadvisable in view of Dummy's cards; and, as South had been educated not to lead from a King, he did not like to open Clubs, so he continued his Spades. Dummy played the Queen, North the Four. East rose to the emergency. He had already lost one Spade trick, and the Ace of trumps was against him, so his doubled contract would be defeated if he lost two Clubs. It was quite clear that if West won with the Queen of Spades and led trumps, the adversaries would win with the Ace and then be sure to lead Clubs. Therefore East's only chance for game lay in immediately leading a Dia-

mond from Closed Hand and taking the Queen finesse in Dummy—a probable winner in spite of North's belated Dia-

mond bid, because of South's initial No Trump and North's failure to bid on the first round. Obviously the play would cost a trick if North held the King of Diamonds, but the chance of making game was well worth the risk. There was but one way for East to obtain the lead in order to try the Diamond finesse: that was by overtaking West's Queen of Spades.

So East won West's Queen of Spades, led his singleton Diamond to trick 3, and finessed in Dummy. When the finesse won, he led his Ace of Diamonds, discarded a losing Club and so made four-odd, losing only to the three adverse Aces.

Allowing East all his laurels, I think that the opportunity to make game was presented to him by South. North's play of the Deuce of Spades was a clear message, "Do not continue Spades." What, then, could North wish led? Certainly not trumps, and certainly not Diamonds, so it must be Clubs. Assuming that North's shift signal showed that he had not the King, was not South in a position to assume from North's bidding that he must have the Ace of Clubs—the only possible justification for his bidding a weak two-suiter so persistently? There seemed to be no reason why South should not have led a small Club at trick 2 and robbed East of the opportunity to make a clever play and game would have been saved.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

| North | East |
|--------------|---------------|
| S. Q-10-9 | S. 8-6-2 |
| H. K-Q-J-6 | H. 9-5-2 |
| D. A-K-3 | D. J-10-8-5-2 |
| C. A-8-2 | C. K-10 |
| West | South |
| S. K-4 | S. A-J-7-5-3 |
| H. A-3 | H. 10-8-7-4 |
| D. 9-7-6-4 | D. Q |
| C. J-9-7-5-3 | C. Q-6-4 |

The Thunder God

Continued from page 32

"It will be. Booth, Kunze & Morrow must also be convinced before they accept the bonds."

"You're bonding the property for exactly what most of it cost you, so the basic security is O. K., isn't it? Railroad or no railroad, those bonds will be sold. You do not have to worry over Booth, Kunze & Morrow. They're out to make money by selling bonds for which they accept no responsibility, and that's the only reason why they took you in. You showed a good set-up."

When Brander's options had but thirty days more to run he knew that the railroad was going to be built. He visited the camps of the O. R. N., observed the preliminary work upon which the company was engaged, took dozens of photographs of it, and went on to New York, where he secured a million dollars on a block of bonds covering the Brander Company's holdings. With this money in bank he hurried back to Portland and exercised his options on the Hale-Robinson and Banning properties and, since he planned to bond these properties later, he paid for them in full and took title in fee.

However, the million dollars he had raised in New York was not sufficient to do this, so he made up the deficit from his own fortune—and that cost him another million, which he was hard put to get together.

"No sense in borrowing this money from Booth, Kunze & Morrow until I need it," he decided. "I can't set about the erection of mills and power plants until the railroad has been completed and I am enabled to freight my stuff in and start building."

He opened an office in Portland and appointed a general manager.

He had six months to wait. Therefore, with the pressure of urgent business relieved, his thoughts turned to Mercedes Grannis. He had written her on an average of twice a week, until some six weeks previous, when a telegram from her had warned him not to write her again until she advised him; that certain precautions were necessary due to complications which she would advise him of when she saw him.

He was not a good correspondent, and this freedom from the duty of writing her, at a time when he had little time to think of her, pleased him. "Sensible girl," he soliloquized. "Knows her way about. Too wise to tag after a busy man until his rush is over."

UPON the completion of his survey Ben Whitton had moved his camp over into the country where Julie had reported the hydroelectric possibilities and set his men to work on that job, while he took a flying trip back to San Francisco to look after some important matters which had, of necessity, been rather neglected during his absence.

From the ferry depot he went direct to his office, let himself in through the door of his private office, tossed his bag in a corner, sat in at his desk—and pressed a push button for his secretary.

Gloria entered and started, in surprise, at sight of her chief.

"Hello, Gloria," he greeted her, and, half rising, held out his hand. "What's new?"

"I'm so glad you've come, Ben." Gloria sat down. "When is Julie coming back?"

"Oh, in a couple of weeks. We're working on a private job. I'm going back in four or five days to help finish it up. Why?"

She ignored his query. "Was he—in good spirits when you left?"

"Merry as a meadow lark."

"Then he hasn't heard?"

"You mean bad news from Mercedes?" She nodded.

"Apparently not, Gloria. What's doing?"

"She's suing him for a divorce in Reno, alleging mental cruelty and incompatibility."

Ben smiled widely. "Well, we figured she would do that, didn't we? Why get excited over it? She hasn't been able

to get personal service on Julie, so she's hung up until that detail has been attended to. Then Julie may take a notion to fight her plea for a divorce. There's quite as much sanity and justice dealt out in the Nevada courts as in states where the divorce laws are not so flexible."

"She doesn't have to get personal service on him. She can secure service by publication: ninety days in a weekly newspaper of general circulation in the county where the suit is brought. At the end of that period, if he hasn't answered the suit, she can secure a divorce by default."

"How many times has the notice appeared?"

"Three. The detective agency reported to me. I hadn't instructed it to, but it caught the notice and sent it to me on general principles."

BEN WHITTON sat back in his chair and drummed on his desk with his stubby big fingers. "Well," he rumbled presently, "God's good, isn't he? Ordinarily I wouldn't say a word to Julie about this, but just let Nature take her course until the bright day when he wakes up and, to his vast surprise, finds himself a divorced man. But—"

"You must advise him, Ben. It isn't fair to him. He'd never forgive you—or me."

"How is he going to find it out? Even Mercedes doesn't know that you and I know she is in Reno, and why. She'll marry Brander, I dare say, the day after her divorce is granted. Ordinarily, Gloria, that would be water on my wheel, but, unfortunately, it isn't—just now. Brander's just gone into a huge timber deal and stands to make more money than some folks have hay." He looked up at the girl quizzically. "Somehow I don't quite relish the idea of Mercedes marrying such a potential bank roll. And I've changed my mind about Brander. I think he's much too good for Mercedes—the abandoned, heartless, mercenary, scheming cat! I'm going to bust up her combination, expose her to Julie, break his brittle heart right in two, infuriate him and induce him to sue her for a divorce in this state. That will require time—say eighteen months before she will be free to marry Brander—and by that time the fat fool may change his mind."

And suddenly Ben Whitton laid his head on his desk and commenced to laugh immoderately. "Oh, Gloria," he gasped, "what a finale to that woman's schemes! Julie has a fortune, and she doesn't know it, so she's playing for a fortune from Brander. If I can euchre her out of both fortunes and both men, I shall feel that my sojourn on this earth has not been in vain. Whatever happens, Julie's bound to suffer. No matter from what direction the blow comes, it's going to knock him to a parade rest! So why hesitate? I'm going to stop these divorce proceedings and do it now."

He drew a small black memorandum book from his vest pocket and searched through it for an address. "Take telegram," he ordered.

Mrs. Julian Grannis, 324 Washoe Avenue, Reno, Nevada.

I have my eye on you Mercedes Stop Before you proceed further in your literary endeavors come down to San Francisco and see me because there is blood on the moon and when I am aroused I am terrible Stop Kill that notice you are running in the Argus Stop Julie is still up north but a wire from me will bring him running and then what a fall will there be, my countrywoman Stop He can get enough on you from me to hang you Stop Cheerio.

B. FIDO WHITTON.

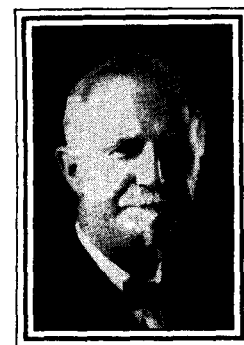
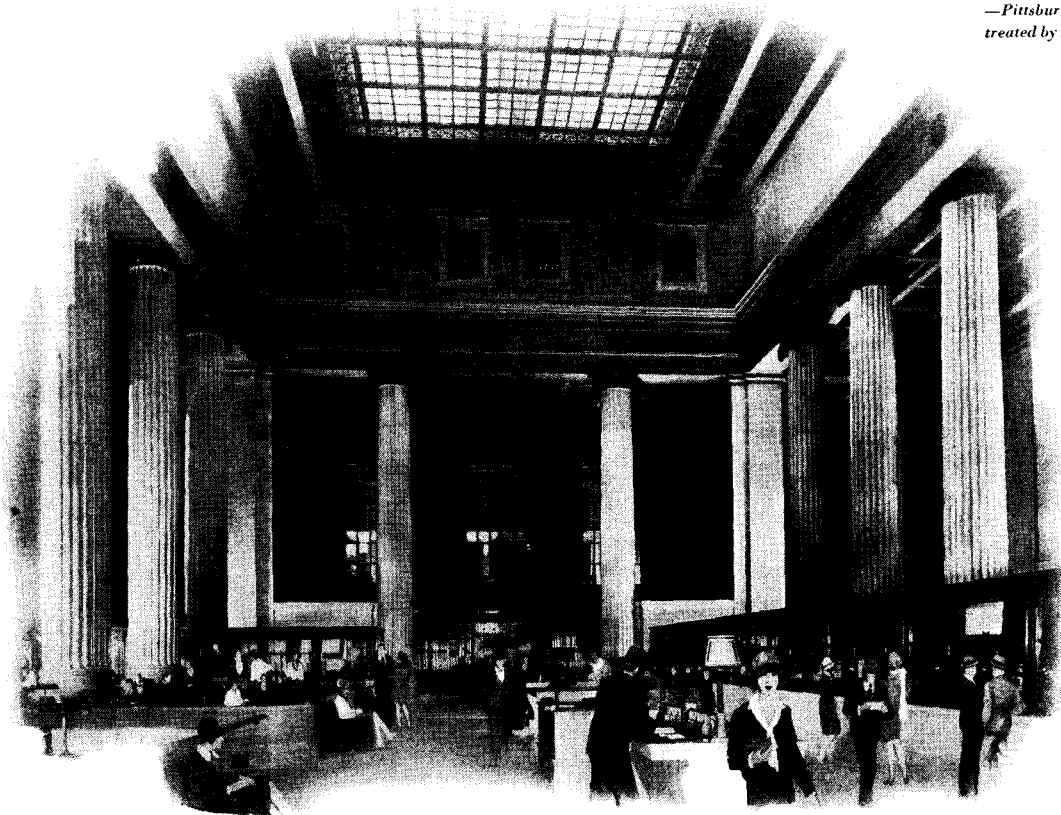
"You're going to prevent her divorce?" Gloria could not believe what he had dictated.

"You bet I am, my dear," he replied cheerfully. "I'm a dirty old pup. When a tramp shows up around my shack I never bark. I bite."

(To be continued next week)

"Noise is...on every Employer's Payroll" *Roger Babson*

The Mellon National Bank
—Pittsburgh, acoustically
treated by Johns-Manville.



Babson's Reports No. B-300
of February 28, 1928, says—

"Reduce Industrial Noise. The increasing seriousness of industrial noise as a drag on efficiency, presents a problem to which most clients have paid little attention. Both in the factory and in the office the increasing volume and intensity of sound has reached a point where it ceases to be merely a nuisance and becomes a definite economic liability. As a result, efficiency has been reduced and production slowed up. Wherever office-quieting treatments have been installed there has been a decided improvement in efficiency. Wherever brains are active, noise costs money.

"We urge clients to examine the acoustic conditions in the various rooms of their office and plants. Noise is today on every employer's payroll. Much of it can and should be removed."

We can take noise off your payroll..

Just as science has learned to deal with the invisible in so many forms it has mastered *NOISE*. The course of sound waves in any room, regardless of its size or shape, with study becomes clear to Johns-Manville Acoustical Engineers.

Years of study and experience have won for us a position as leading technicians in the whole matter of sound control, a subject otherwise almost completely neglected.

And our engineers not only know how and where the unseen sound waves travel, but they have devised a marvelous substance low in cost, simple to install—yet which soaks up office noise as a blotter absorbs ink. No longer is it necessary to tolerate noise which interferes with efficiency or comfort.

Johns-Manville Acoustical Treatment fulfills the requirements of an ideal sound-absorbing finish. 1. It is an excellent light reflector. 2. It can be washed or painted

without affecting the sound-absorbing qualities of the material. 3. It is the *most efficient* sound-absorbing material on the market today, consequently the *cheapest per sound-absorbing unit*. 4. It is fire-resisting.

In a great number of important buildings, Johns-Manville Acoustical Treatment applied to ceilings, or walls and ceiling, has made unusable offices pleasant places in which to work, has stifled the nerve-racking noises of hospitals, or corrected entirely an echoing auditorium.

We have been consulted on Auditorium Acoustics for Years

The Johns-Manville Acoustical Division offers a free service to architects planning auditoriums. Architects of practically every large church, theatre or auditorium built in this country for years have consulted us. This service aims to aid in the designing of acoustically correct auditoriums regardless of whether any Johns-Manville materials are required.



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Ac-16-6



A Dollar a Mile

Continued from page 29

Not that Mr. Black's Java flying was a junket, a stunt, a joy ride, a whim or a caprice. It was the result of a calmly arrived at decision to demonstrate the business trip of the future. It was made in a luxurious ship, built to carry twelve passengers, but made even more comfortable by rearrangement for four. With Mr. Black were the indispensable Mr. Bayline, pilots Gerrit Geysendorffer and Johann Scholte and a mechanic, August Weber.

As a demonstration of how economically a trip to Java may be made it was not a noteworthy achievement. Mr. Black was in holiday humor. The twenty thousand miles cost him somewhere between \$15,000 and \$20,000, which figures should exert a depressing effect upon the ordinary business man however he might value time. Yet the trip might be made for far less—to which assurance Mr. Black's audiences invariably reply that it will have to be. His European hops before the Java trip cost him about 30 cents a mile—for transportation only, of course.

But as a gilt-edged and heavily embellished adventure it was a success hardly to be hoped for.

The H-NADP set forth on a carefully selected morning, following the Danube, which flowed a bilious yellow instead of its highly advertised blue, to Vienna and Budapest, and crossed the Transylvanian Alps at 10,000 feet, Mr. Bayline immediately developing a chill which even cognac failed to allay.

Crossing the Bosphorus

ADRIANOPLE was passed. Ahead lay the Sea of Marmora and to the left the minarets of Constantinople, eighteen kilometers out of which badgered city, on the flying grounds of San Stefano, Mr. Black and his suite came to earth to find that they had erred if they had thought that the Turks would be glad to see them.

Just what was wrong is still a matter for much argument. In vain did Mr. Bayline assure the first of the Turkish officials to approach that the party was neither Greek nor Armenian. The Turk waved Mr. Bayline aside and stood off at a little distance, stroking his longhorn mustaches and regarding with obvious hostility the strange flag which fluttered from one of the windows of the plane. It was the flag of the Free State of Maryland, which seemed to convince the Turk that somebody had created a brand-new country to bedevil the Ottoman.

More Turkish officials arrived and fined the entire party \$50 each and detained them a day, although not in jail, because in their opinion the weather in Asia Minor was not fit for flying.

"Nor for anything else," said Mr. Bayline.

Over the mouth of the Bosphorus and past Scutari as though it were a plague the big Fokker sped straight for the Taurus Mountains, towering cloud-snuffed and so treacherous that the eagles won't fly the summits but take to the old Roman and Byzantine defiles which twist like snakes hunting refuge in the rocks.

Frequently the pass the Dutch pilots selected was not more than eighty feet wide. The wing spread of the Fokker was sixty feet. Twice its wing tips brushed yielding things—trees probably—and then suddenly it came out over Adana and the desolate flats of the Jihun.

"The only reason a guy could be glad to see Adana," says Mr. Bayline, "would be because he was out of the Taurus Mountains."

At Aleppo—the thermometer registering more than a hundred degrees in the infrequent shade and the air treachery with the heavy, ripe odors of the Ku-waik River gardens (miles of them)—the French army flying officers all but forbade Black and his men to go farther.

"The monsoons, the monsoons," they protested. "You're insane to try it.

Only D'Oisy, Cobham and Pinedo have done it, and their planes were small, compact. This huge bus of yours will never see the Persian Gulf."

They did see the Persian Gulf, although they weathered a monsoon which killed birds on the wing and a dust storm which obliterated the midday sun and fetched them to earth clawing at their mouths because they were choking. But Bagdad first.

There was no question of whether they wanted to land at Bagdad; the heat made them. Across the Euphrates they flew into what seemed a wall of invisible fire—a wall as thick as western Mesopotamia is wide. The metal of the H-NADP became so hot that it was torture to touch it.

In boiling Bagdad, the thermometer registered 127 degrees. And they were much alarmed to find themselves shivering. Fever? The British doctors reassured them. It was merely that their body temperature was so much lower than Bagdad's despite the blaze they had flown through.

In Bagdad the British Government

choke you or fill your throat and lungs so that you spat mud. Goggles helped a little, not much. Before they came out of the storm their eyes were puffed, running, raw.

They flew at 14,000 feet through two such storms, five minutes apart, and the relative clearness between was even more dangerous because of the queer, sucking wind—or lack of wind.

"I've never yet been caught in a vacuum cleaner," says Mr. Bayline. "I don't need to after that. I felt like somebody was dragging my clothes up over my head."

At Karachi they met Denis Rooke of Australia, the first air hobo. He got the habit during the war when he flew for the Anzacs; and when the war ended Rooke decided that he could never be happy again if tied to the earth.

His last flight for his colors resulted in a crash; he had fetched a German Fokker and its pilot to earth, but in doing so had lost control of his own Sop-Camel. When he was discharged from the hospital he hunted down the remains of his plane, which had not

and he had messed with the British garrison. He was making his bed near the wreck of the Moth. Tomorrow would take care of tomorrow.

"But I've got to get a plane . . . or the makings," he sighed. "After a man's flown a bit everything's changed for him down on the earth. He's not happy down here. Air's bad, lots of diseases. A chap's cramped."

Black, who a year before would have been unable to understand that, nodded comprehendingly. He would have given Rooke money, but Rooke shook his head.

Over the Indian Jungle

ONWARD again—the Indian desert—Jaipur—the Taj Mahal—Calcutta—over jungles heavily populated with tigers and the deadly cobra. Then, over Chittagong, their first tropical rainstorm, the first to show them what rain can be at its fiercest in the tropics. It was like bucking a mile-thick cat-ract.

Beneath was a jungle graveyard of a hundred airplanes and some of their pilots.

Far out of their course, the sky suddenly became crystal clear, and the rain ceased as if turned off by a hand. They had crossed the mountains without knowing it, and far beyond they saw the blue Gulf of Martaban and the hundred mouths of the Irrawaddy, slothfully undulating into the sea like serpents bent on suicide.

In Rangoon they saw airplanes which had come, like them, through the storm. Several of them had had the old-fashioned wooden propellers, but not now. The smash of the rain had splintered them.

They had been lucky to coast safely to earth.

Over Moulmein 'cross the bay, a thousand feet above the unexplored mountain masses of western Siam, to Bangkok. Then Burma and the Malay Peninsula, where, at Sengora, the huge H-NADP plunged into the mud and sand of what was called an airport. An elephant hauled it clear.

In raucous, tarnished Singapore they halted long enough to sniff the odors of all the world and then vaulted the islands of Riouw and crossed the equator, which crossing called for ceremony.

Mr. Bayline shook a cocktail and filled five glasses. To Black, Weber, Scholte and Geysendorffer he passed the tray. He took a glass himself. They set down their glasses, and each grasped in his left hand three small silken flags—Holland, the United States and the colors of the Free State of Maryland. In their right hands they lifted their cocktails.

Yoooh-h-h-h-h! Every hand on the ship was raised. The H-NADP was given her head because Scholte and Geysendorffer had no unoccupied hands to give to the controls.

Across the line with no hand to guide her, the ship sailed without swerve or buck—for a moment only. But thus a custom worthy of sustaining was born!

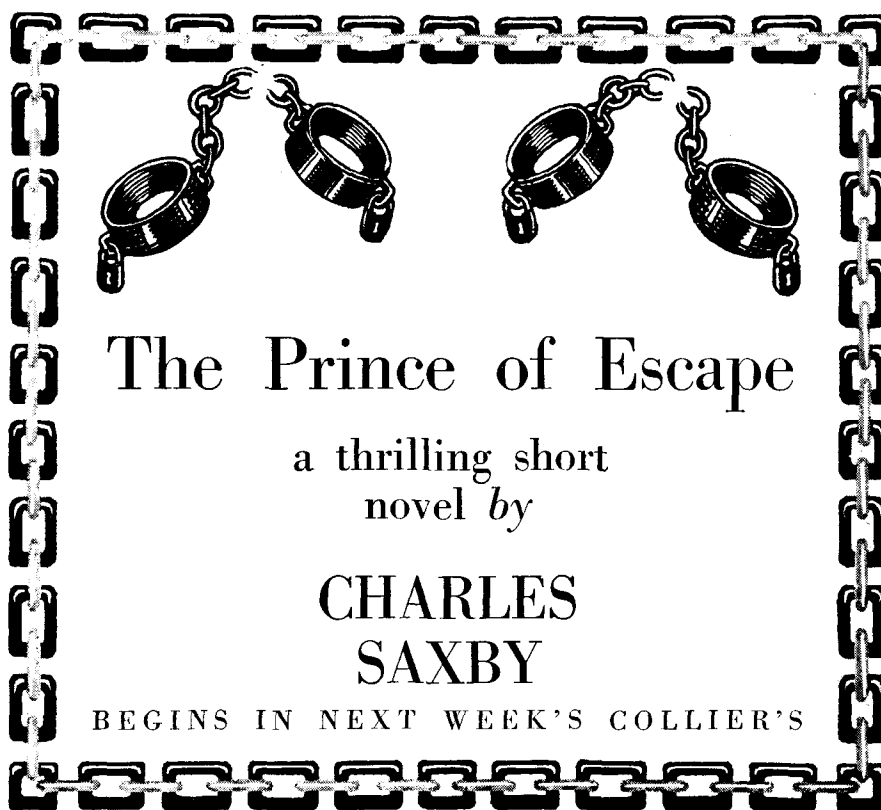
The beetling jungles of Sumatra, over which they flew so low that apes and birds screeched protests, were followed by the Sunda Straits, through whose warm waters a thousand pirates have fled.

And at last Java! Batavia, with 20,000 people singing the Dutch national anthem. . . . And after a week of Batavia they turned and flew back to Amsterdam over the same trails and mountains, through the same straits, passes and storms, to find that they were heroes.

And now Van Lear Black of Baltimore finds that Denis Rooke of Australia was right when he said that once a man gets air in his blood he can't live happily on the ground. Last month he set out from England on an air journey of 40,000 miles.

Mr. Bayline, the ever-ready valet, makes light of the future.

"The boss," says he, "will say to me to put some things in a bag, and—"



The Prince of Escape

a thrilling short
novel by

CHARLES
SAXBY

BEGINS IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

forbids their mechanics to work in the heat of the day—a couple of hours at dawn, perhaps, and a couple more at dusk. But the engine of the H-NADP was ailing, and to get away from Bagdad was something to be worked for, and Weber, the mechanic, to whom British regulations meant nothing, went to work.

Through Persian Dust Storms

TWICE he fell unconscious as he toiled, but he fetched the engine back to working standard and was lifted aboard.

Over the Iraq desert the heat made Bagdad's seem mild, but it was not until the party reached Persia that they learned what heat plus sand plus dust can do. Leaving Bagdad, they had wrapped their watches in double thicknesses of cloth and stowed them away in their breast pockets which they buttoned down. Within five minutes after entering the dust storm the watches had stopped—dust-clogged.

The plane's instruments either clogged or went absurdly wild, and they flew through the storm by dead reckoning because neither compasses nor other guiding agencies remained in commission. It was worse than the fog of the Taurus Mountains. It was just as impenetrable for the eyes, but the fog left the instruments clear and did not

fared as badly as he. He completed a dicker which made it his own, and he tinkered it into serviceability again.

"I'm going to Sydney," he said, "but not in a transport. I'm flying."

But the Sop-Camel didn't hang together long enough, and Rooke was stranded in Baluchistan, where he traded what remained of it for a Moth, throwing in a service pistol and a pair of boots. Several more or less important parts of the Moth were missing, but Denis Rooke couldn't afford to be particular. He could get it off the ground, and the missing parts were not necessary to keeping it there. But they were quite necessary to landing, and even Rooke had to land occasionally.

Weber, the mechanic, looked over Rooke's ship and dolefully shook his head. It had flown its last flight.

"Oh," sighed Rooke, "I'll get another, somehow. I'll get parts here and there, and I can salvage a bit of the Moth. It isn't that I'm without a plane so much as that I got attached to the damn' Moth. Nice little ship. But she's about done."

"Why don't you get back into the Royal Flying Corps?" he was asked.

"I've thought of that," he replied, "but when you fly for the Crown you fly where the Crown sends you. No freedom to that. No fun flying unless you can roam a bit."

He had about five dollars in money,

Customers First



The Sea Sled fleet off for a spin in open water



*Model 16—
new outboard
Runabout—
a witch for
looks and liveliness*

ON the morning after a famous national election, a sad-eyed man looked up from his newspaper and said to his seat-mate on a suburban train, "Did you vote for Cleveland?"

"Nope," said the other shortly, "I did not."

"Well," said the sad-eyed one, "somebody did," and resumed his study of what was then pronounced to be the greatest Democratic landslide in history.

It is no violation of confidence to state that somebody has bought a Sea Sled. In fact *somebody* is buying so many Sea Sleds that the plant manager is beginning to wear a hunted and haunted expression. A remarkably fine group of dealers are selling Sea Sleds at a rising rate which makes the future hard to predict.

We are increasing production right along and are building for still further increases. But the Sea Sled is first, last and all the time a quality product. Every time production is increased it means begin-

ning way down in the sub-cellar and building straight up through to the paint room floor. It cannot be done with careless haste, nor with inexperienced workmen, and it cannot be done without insistent and adequate supervision every step of the way.

In view of the increased demand which is unprecedented and tumultuous, we wish to assure old friends who are customers of record that they have first call on our most sincere efforts.

Of course, we can all remember a time when your neighbor was apt to ask you, "Why did you happen to buy a Sea Sled?" Now it looks as though that question will have to be changed to "How did you ever *manage* to get a Sea Sled?"

A typical letter just received from a southern dealer contains this paragraph:

"The new Model 16 runabout arrived in perfect condition. I put her on the floor and in five minutes she was sold. What dates can you give me on deliveries for six more? She is the talk of the town."

When things get going that fast, only an astrologer or a clairvoyant could tell what'll happen next week.

To the new friends we are making right along, we want to say that if and when you honor us with an order, we will tell you—as exactly as we can—just when to expect shipment, and then do our level best to live up to all promises made.

Dealers' Opportunity

The list of retail dealers is growing in a gratifying way, but the United States is a big place to cover competently and there are still spots with good water facilities to which the Sea Sleds have not reached as yet. If you happen to be doing business in such a location, we'd be glad to have you write for dealers' terms.

Exclusive features

Dependable as a fine car
Will not roll
Will not stick her nose under
Planes on her own spray
Does not drag aft
Navigates shallow water
Safe and dry at speed in rough
water

Model 28—200 H.P.
Sedan Top - - \$8,500

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TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

THE SEA SLED CORPORATION

Sole Licensee under Hickman U. S. Patents

226-228 Fourth Ave. at 19th St., New York

All prices F. O. B. Yards at W. Mystic and Groton, Conn.

Exclusive uses

Commuting marine motor
Class racer for youngsters
Fast marine runabout for women
Day Cruiser for family
Tender for racing yachts
Harbor tender for sea-going
yachts

Model 23—75 H.P.
Sedan Top - - \$2,700

SEA SLED

SPEED . . . WITH COMFORT AND . . . SAFETY

The Blue Lamp

Continued from page 21

resulted in stupor and fatal coma. Being practically unknown it might furnish a deadly expedient for removing anyone inoculated, provided someone wished somebody removed. In his case, Mary Harmon."

"My Lord, why should he want that? He was goin' t' marry Mary Harmon."

"He couldn't marry her. He already had a wife in Hungary, and, being a Catholic, he couldn't divorce her. No, he'd evolved a cleverer plan than that to get possession of the Harmon money. And that's where I fitted in, unwittingly. His pact with me."

"What pact with you?"

"He made a pact with me to finance my experiments. He was to receive four fifths of the monetary results that might accrue from any discoveries I made, while I got the other fifth and the resultant credit. I was desperately poor, and it came as a godsend. I never suspected that there was only one person whom he hoped to see get the disease and reward me for a cure—"

"Mary Harmon?"

"Yes, Mary Harmon. The hellishness of it. Courting that girl, talking of marrying her abroad, giving her a title—and all that. All he meant to give her was encephalitis and then blackmail her, through me, for a cure. Of course, in that way, not a shred of suspicion could fall on himself even if she died. If things went wrong, I'd be the culprit. If his scheme worked, I couldn't protest without incriminating myself."

"IT'S certainly a wild idea. But I see how it might 'a' worked."

"You've had the evidence of its truth, haven't you? In due time I met Miss Harmon, since using me to pull his criminal chestnuts out of the fire was the crux of his strategy. To Briskow's discomfort, Miss Harmon began taking a keen personal interest in what I was doing. She even offered to equip me with a better laboratory for humanitarian reasons. It was like her. She was a thoroughbred."

"All of us 'll subscribe to that. Go on."

"The count began to criticize her interest in me, sensing a weakening of his own suit. He finally saw that she was sufficiently inveigled by my work to proceed with his diabolical scheme regardless of whether or not I found an antitoxin for that bacillus. So came the dinner."

"He poisoned her?"

"He infected her with the bacillus, at any rate. I never could prove my own innocence in the matter, which accounts for what I did later. Poor fool, I never suspected what it was all about. I took him for my friend. A caterer served the meal. Just before we sat down to it he went into the hall, claiming he'd left a bottle of wine in his coat. There was a door opening from the hall into the room I used as my laboratory. Later I missed a whole test tube of serum filled with what I hoped was encephalitis cultures—as deadly a vial of germs as ever got into America."

"But th' wine she drunk was analyzed afterward!"

"That's where the authorities went astray, not knowing exactly what afflicted the girl. There never was anything the matter with that wine, although it did aggravate hæmatemesis—"

"Ham—what?"

"I didn't know until Miss Harmon and I had arrived in Vermont that she was a chronic sufferer from ulcers of the stomach—"

"She come up t' th' Fork with you?"

"Yes," replied Hawkins, alias Wrightson, his face acquiring a weird slate color as he strove to complete a connected tale before lapsing into a second coma. "I'll come to that presently. The bacteria must have gained access to the blood stream owing to her gastric con-

dition, which the induction of alcoholic wine inflamed."

"Then how did he get her t' swallow them bugs?"

"I'd been cultivating the bacillus in a bouillon aspic. And cold sliced chicken loaf was on the menu served by the caterer. I'm persuaded that while the dinner was being served that blackguard got my aspic onto her plate. At any rate, the wine soon produced hæmatemesis with nausea, and the girl was removed to her home. Debility began to set in. She had strange sinking spells. And when I missed a vial of my aspic, after I was alone once more, it dawned on me what might have occurred. When I next saw Briskow and accused him of it, I knew in an instant from his behavior that my fears were correct. By the following afternoon I grasped the heinous ramifications of the plot in

the danger he ran and hotfooted it out. Then Miss Harmon and I, while awaiting her lawyer's arrival, faced facts. I probably knew—and still know—more about encephalitis lethargica than any other living person, regardless of the strides made in combating the disease in the past two decades. But at that time I wasn't a registered physician whose word or prestige amounted to much. Certainly I'd never been allowed to treat Miss Harmon if they took her to a hospital. Even her family physician wouldn't have tolerated my prescribing for her—especially as it would have tipped off what had occurred in my rooms. Well, Lawyer Hubbard arrived, and we talked all that over too. And Miss Harmon had such confidence in me that she was willing to go somewhere and place herself in my hands unrestrictedly for treatment."

pigs. Here I had a human being attacked by the malady. It even gave Miss Harmon a sort of satisfaction that she could so sacrifice herself. You'd have had to know her temperament to understand. Her money meant nothing to her. And she had lately lost her father, whom she loved very dearly. If she forfeited her life, it meant only a reunion with old John. So she was not only willing but even eager to come up to the old house in Vermont with me and put herself in my hands."

"But how th' devil did you ever manage that get-away without anyone knowin'?"

"The very simplicity of it was part of the mystery later. At the time of our decision she hadn't reached the stage where she couldn't move about if she wanted, although in frequent distress from hæmatemesis, as I said."

"Just what's hæmatemesis, anyhow?"

"Internal bleeding of the stomach."

"Oh, yeah, Squire Butterworth's wife's got it. Go ahead. How'd you get Miss Harmon out of her house?"

"Why, she merely arose from her bed, dressed, packed a bag with what she'd probably need, and walked out. It was due to the fact that we encountered no one in particular who recognized her that the case became a mystery."

"But it's queer she'd start for Vermont without tellin' her servants."

"That would have meant advising the authorities where she'd gone—and her own physician—and Count Briskow. It was due as much to not wanting Briskow to know of her whereabouts as anything else that she simply slipped from the house and never came back. Anyhow, Hubbard said he'd see to things. And he had his own coachman drive us to my rooms, where I packed everything I wanted to take, and then to the station. Miss Harmon wore a heavy black veil, anyhow. We came up to Vermont that night by sleeping car, and Hubbard hired a livery rig that drove us out to the Fork."

THE patient closed his eyes after all this narrative, and for a time those present thought he had fainted. The sheriff's attitude began to change. Men on their deathbeds, as this luckless person appeared to be, indulge in few deceptions. Hawkins' manner of speaking left no doubt about his victory. And Amos Crummett suddenly saw in him a victim of diabolical circumstance whose life had been wrecked by a mad endeavor to hide a great wrong.

"Was Mary Harmon livin'—an' in that house—th' day I come out there an' found you th' caretaker?" the officer demanded when the victim's eyes opened.

"No," came the answer, husky with weakness. "She'd died the previous night. We'd no sooner gotten her comfortable in the place than she began to develop the more malignant symptoms of encephalitis. The cultures were maturing fast. I worked desperately, trying all that I could to arrest them. Temporarily I succeeded so that once she was able to write Hubbard a letter between her spasms. I understand that letter was found—in a coat I neglected to take with me when I fled—"

"It was my father who found it in a closet," Jimmy interjected, with vague pride. But the man on the bed gave no sign of hearing.

"... But there was I, with a dead body on my hands, and my presence in the house liable to be discovered and investigated at any moment. Lawyer Hubbard was held down in Boston: the newspaper men were shadowing him, and if he came up to us it would lead to discovery. I had to act to protect myself. And the first thing was some sort of disguise. It was easy to whiten my hair with some chemicals I

(Continued on page 40)

Here are the baseball records referred to by Grantland Rice on page 10.

Babe Ruth's Major League Batting Record

| Year | Games | At Bat | Runs | Hits | Home Runs | Base on Balls | Struck Out | Pct. |
|---------|-------|--------|------|------|-----------|---------------|------------|------|
| 1914 | 5 | 10 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | .200 |
| 1915 | 42 | 92 | 16 | 29 | 4 | 9 | 23 | .315 |
| 1916 | 67 | 136 | 18 | 37 | 3 | 10 | 23 | .272 |
| 1917 | 52 | 123 | 14 | 40 | 2 | 12 | 18 | .325 |
| 1918 | 95 | 317 | 50 | 95 | 11 | 57 | 58 | .300 |
| 1919 | 130 | 432 | 103 | 139 | 29 | 101 | 58 | .322 |
| 1920 | 142 | 458 | 158 | 172 | 54 | 148 | 80 | .376 |
| 1921 | 152 | 540 | 177 | 204 | 59 | 144 | 81 | .378 |
| 1922 | 110 | 406 | 94 | 128 | 35 | 84 | 80 | .315 |
| 1923 | 152 | 522 | 151 | 205 | 41 | 170 | 93 | .373 |
| 1924 | 153 | 529 | 143 | 200 | 46 | 142 | 81 | .378 |
| 1925 | 98 | 359 | 61 | 104 | 25 | 59 | 68 | .290 |
| 1926 | 152 | 495 | 139 | 184 | 47 | 144 | 76 | .372 |
| 1927 | 151 | 540 | 158 | 192 | 60 | 138 | 89 | .376 |
| 14 yrs. | 1501 | 4959 | 1283 | 1731 | 416 | 1218 | 828 | .349 |

Walter Johnson's Major League Pitching Record

| Year | Games | Innings | Won | Lost | Shut Outs | Bases Struck Out |
|---------|-------|---------|-----|------|-----------|------------------|
| 1907 | 14 | 112 | 5 | 9 | 2 | 18 |
| 1908 | 36 | 257 | 14 | 14 | 6 | 52 |
| 1909 | 40 | 297 | 13 | 25 | 4 | 84 |
| 1910 | 45 | 373 | 25 | 17 | 8 | 76 |
| 1911 | 40 | 323 | 23 | 15 | 6 | 70 |
| 1912 | 50 | 368 | 32 | 12 | 7 | 76 |
| 1913 | 47 | 346 | 36 | 7 | 12 | 38 |
| 1914 | 51 | 372 | 29 | 15 | 10 | 74 |
| 1915 | 47 | 337 | 28 | 13 | 8 | 56 |
| 1916 | 48 | 371 | 25 | 21 | 3 | 132 |
| 1917 | 47 | 328 | 23 | 16 | 8 | 67 |
| 1918 | 39 | 325 | 23 | 13 | 8 | 70 |
| 1919 | 39 | 290 | 20 | 14 | 7 | 51 |
| 1920 | 21 | 144 | 8 | 10 | 4 | 27 |
| 1921 | 35 | 264 | 17 | 14 | 1 | 92 |
| 1922 | 41 | 289 | 15 | 16 | 4 | 99 |
| 1923 | 43 | 262 | 17 | 12 | 3 | 69 |
| 1924 | 38 | 278 | 23 | 7 | 6 | 77 |
| 1925 | 30 | 229 | 20 | 7 | 3 | 78 |
| 1926 | 33 | 262 | 15 | 16 | 2 | 73 |
| 1927 | 18 | 108 | 5 | 6 | 1 | 26 |
| 21 yrs. | 802 | 5926 | 416 | 274 | 113 | 1405 |

Ty Cobb's Major League Batting Record

| Year | Games | A.B. | R. | H. | H.R. | S.B. | Pct. |
|---------|-------|-------|------|------|------|------|------|
| 1905 | 41 | 150 | 19 | 36 | 1 | 4 | .240 |
| 1906 | 97 | 340 | 41 | 112 | 1 | 14 | .320 |
| 1907 | 150 | 605 | 97 | 212 | 5 | 12 | .350 |
| 1908 | 150 | 581 | 88 | 188 | 4 | 14 | .324 |
| 1909 | 156 | 573 | 116 | 216 | 9 | 24 | .377 |
| 1910 | 140 | 509 | 106 | 196 | 8 | 17 | .385 |
| 1911 | 146 | 591 | 147 | 248 | 8 | 11 | .420 |
| 1912 | 140 | 553 | 119 | 227 | 7 | 8 | .410 |
| 1913 | 122 | 428 | 70 | 167 | 4 | 11 | .390 |
| 1914 | 97 | 345 | 69 | 127 | 2 | 6 | .368 |
| 1915 | 156 | 563 | 114 | 208 | 3 | 9 | .369 |
| 1916 | 145 | 542 | 113 | 201 | 5 | 14 | .371 |
| 1917 | 152 | 588 | 107 | 225 | 7 | 16 | .383 |
| 1918 | 111 | 421 | 83 | 161 | 3 | 9 | .382 |
| 1919 | 124 | 497 | 92 | 191 | 1 | 9 | .384 |
| 1920 | 112 | 428 | 86 | 143 | 2 | 7 | .334 |
| 1921 | 128 | 507 | 124 | 197 | 12 | 15 | .380 |
| 1922 | 137 | 526 | 99 | 211 | 4 | 27 | .401 |
| 1923 | 145 | 556 | 103 | 189 | 6 | 22 | .340 |
| 1924 | 155 | 625 | 115 | 211 | 4 | 15 | .338 |
| 1925 | 121 | 415 | 97 | 157 | 12 | 5 | .378 |
| 1926 | 79 | 233 | 48 | 79 | 4 | 13 | .339 |
| 1927 | 134 | 490 | 104 | 175 | 5 | 12 | .357 |
| 23 yrs. | 2938 | 11076 | 2190 | 4077 | 117 | 214 | .368 |

which I was involved. I had been seen in the count's company, however. His interest in my work was known among Miss Harmon's immediate friends. I didn't have a proof in the world that I wasn't a deliberate copartner with him in the business. And then—Miss Harmon—sent for me."

"Th' night she disappeared, you're talkin' about?"

"YES. The count had been to her that afternoon and hinted just enough to her—about some vast sum it would be necessary to pay me to effect her cure—to make her realize she had been marked from the first as the victim of a stupendous blackmail scheme, with her very life forfeit if she failed to pay. I came in answer to her summons, and the three of us had it out. I made a clean breast of everything, and she believed in my innocence. What the papers of the period never discovered was Lawyer Hubbard's presence in the case and the expedient we determined on."

"Plenty o' newspaper fellers suspected Hubbard—"

"But no one reported his arrival at the Harmon home in Beacon Street that eventful night. Because when Miss Harmon sent for him, Briskow realized

"But I should 'a' thought she'd at least reported th' attack on her health t' th' authorities."

"What proof did any of us have that any attack had been made on her health? You must bear in mind that twenty years ago the specialists capable of treating encephalitis effectively were almost unknown. Ordinary physicians and diagnosticians would waste valuable time probing for a score of toxins and symptoms, and meanwhile those cultures in her system would be growing fatally. And yet she couldn't remain ill there at her home without antagonizing her regular physician. No, we had to take her somewhere that would permit me an unhampered practice on her. And she herself suggested her summer place up here in Vermont."

"An' Hubbard knew of all that?"

"He not only knew, but he concurred in the decision and assisted in getting the girl away. You mustn't overlook what I told you about Miss Harmon's interest in my experiments prior to the attack on her. When she felt convinced she was in the incipient stages of encephalitis, it was like her to grasp the part she could personally play in the success of my work. Hitherto I'd had to experiment with mice. Mice and guinea

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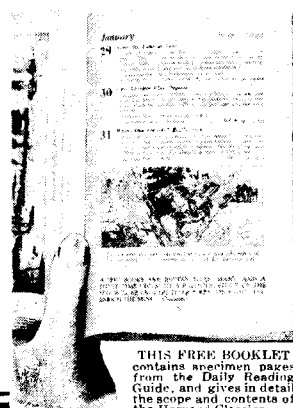
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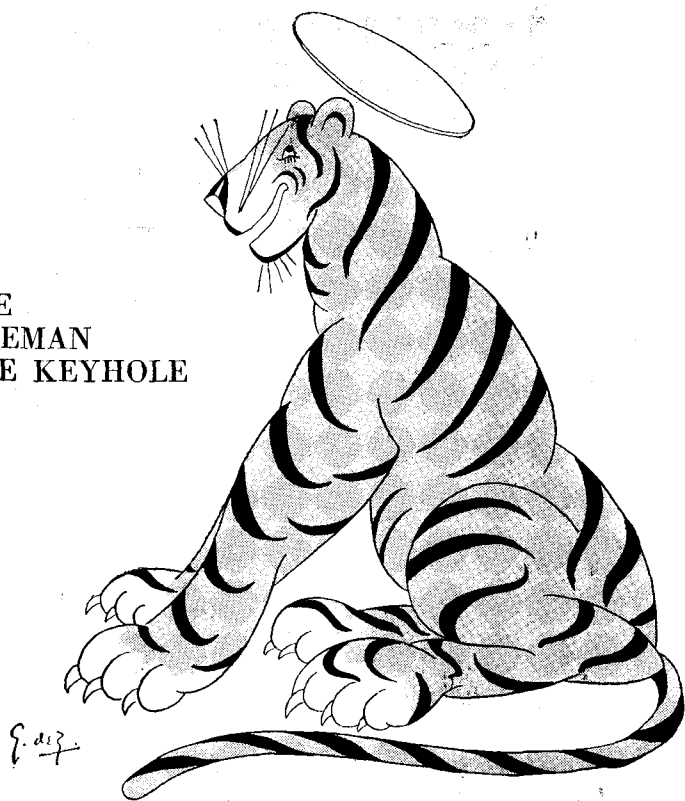
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By THE
GENTLEMAN
AT THE KEYHOLE



Pretty Pussy!

WHAT is this Tammany Hall about which some of our political friends are terribly excited? Practically it is nothing but a convenient name for the Democracy of what was originally New York County but is now New York County and Bronx County.

Originally the Tammany Society was a social organization, but from the fact that the leaders of it were also leaders of the local Democracy, and from the fact that the Democratic local organization made its headquarters in the hall occupied by the Tammany Society, the dominant New York City Democracy came to be known as Tammany Hall.

It was generally led by sachems of the Tammany Society. The title sachem tells the story. It is an early example of the American love of titles. It is akin to Imperial Wizard, August Dictator and Grand Exalted Ruler.

From what, then, did the prejudice against Tammany spring?

First, I think it was social and religious in its origin. Tammany was soon dominated by poor Irish, politically gifted—by Catholics.

Second, the prejudice sprang from scandals of Tammany administration in New York City, especially the scandals of Tweed's day and later those of Croker's time.

They were bad enough, but not, I think, any worse than the scandals of Chicago or the scandals of that good little American town, Canton, Ohio.

Out of Power: for Its Good

BUT Tammany is unfortunate in two respects. New York vices get more publicity than the vices of any other American city. And Tammany has a distinctive name; if its members had been called simply Democrats, the sins of Tweed and Croker might have been merged in the general record, good and bad, of the Democratic party. But, as it was, they made a name already unpopular for social and religious reasons into a byword of political reproach.

Then too Tammany suffered from its emblem, the tiger. The tiger, unless behind bars in a zoo, is a fearsome beast. He is stealthy and murderous. A cartoon representing a tiger stealing across the bridge to Brooklyn once cost the Democrats a New York municipal election.

What about the new Tammany? How many people know that since 1909, nearly twenty years, there has been only one Tammany mayor of New York, James J. Walker, the most popular chief magistrate the city has ever had?

To elect a mayor in 1910 the Democrats had to choose Justice William J. Gaynor, a Brooklyn man of great independence whom the anti-Tammany coalition had tried to get as its candidate. And John F. Hylan, mayor from 1918 to 1925, was a Hearst man.

Being out of power partly explains the new Tammany. Changes in the population of New York explain it still more. The Irish are now a small minority in New York. They have grown rich and become socially prominent.

Here's a little incident that illustrates the change: Murphy was a city contractor grown rich through what was described in the improving political morals of his time as honest graft. The other day a friend of Al Smith, a generous contributor to his campaign fund, was described as a city contractor. There was an immediate rush to Washington to tell the Senate Investigating Committee that he was a private contractor who had never taken a city or state contract.

Even the friends of a Tammany man have to be, like Caesar's wife, above suspicion.

The new Tammany began with Murphy. He had the wit to see that to win Tammany had to deserve to win.

The lesson of the mayoralty elections I have listed was not lost upon Murphy. The old feudal relation between the Tammany district leader and his poor Irish dependents was ended. Racial elements had become too diverse. People moved uptown too rapidly. Hearst had to be cultivated. And, as Tom Platt used to say, the better element had to be pandered to. Murphy reached out for the support of both.

Al Smith, a wise man, threw Hearst overboard and clove to the better element. His success in New York politics is due to the fact that he was the first Tammany man who had the wit to see that to succeed Tammany had to win the reform crowd in New York away from the Republicans.

Being governor when Murphy died and having the recipe that brought victory, he was left the most powerful man in Tammany. His associates in power were Robert F. Wagner, then a supreme-court justice, and Surrogate Foley, another judge, both men of unimpeachable character, both college graduates.

Crocker, however, was a graduate of street brawls, the best combination of brute force and cunning in the organization, while Tweed was weighty with his fists as well as the most cunning and unscrupulous man of his day.

The Blue Lamp

Continued from page 38

had with me. I cut off my eyebrows and put on a pair of John Harmon's glasses I found on the premises.

"I also thought up the idea of fixing an undervest so it looked as though I was humpbacked. And when you investigated my presence, and Hubbard legitimized my alias, it gave me the opportunity to dispose of Miss Harmon's body. At least to hide it long enough for me to get out of the country without haste attaching suspicion to me."

"AND you chucked it down th' pit in th' tool house, eh?"

"I did not! I saw a decent lying place for it in the alcove under the stairs, in the campanile. The upper hallway had only one window at its western end, and when old John Harmon saw how dark the upper hall was, even in broad daylight, he had those stairs fixed so that they could be lifted up out of the way. This allowed access to the cupola as it became necessary and yet permitted light from the front window in the campanile to fall into the hall as well as give him a sort of den in the tower."

"But I didn't know how many persons might be aware of those stairs—exactly how they worked—and I wanted them to always appear like regular stairs to any stranger who might pry into the place. So I laid the body in there on a cot I rigged up after I'd moved out the den furnishings. I lowered them in place and fixed a hook on the inside that wedged them down securely."

"Meantime I'd discovered the space between the walls, that two feet or more between the west wall of the den and the east wall of the southwest front

chamber. I knew I might have to stay in the place for quite a spell, to establish an alibi in my new rôle of caretaker, and yet if I was ever trapped in that house by suspicious persons, or officers like yourself, I'd want some secret exit by which I could make my escape. You remember I told you I was up there to alter some partitions, cut a door in the northerly chambers, I think. I simply tore out a door casing already existent in order to alibi the noise I might have made fixing that hole in the tower, the rough stairs and ladder that led down to the cellar."

"An' you dug that tunnel?"

"I had to put in my time somehow. I was there several weeks, you recall. But that tunnel was mostly accidental. I discovered when I made my ladder to the ground, inside the partitions, that the cellar didn't run back that far. I miscalculated, somehow, and before I knew it I'd got a burrow dug that was really underneath the cellar. Then I saw where I could bring it up in the tool shed—which would answer my purpose still further. All of you thought I was digging a well. I had—to account—for my dirt—somehow. At any rate, before I quit those premises I had the passage finished. But no one—ever came—to trap me—and I finally decided to leave—go abroad—Lawyer Hubbard had died of heart failure."

The man's voice had gradually grown thinner and weaker. He spoke this last in a whisper. His eyelids fluttered.

Sheriff Crumpett finally met Dr. Chapin as the latter entered the kitchen.

"You're too late, Ansell," he announced. "Your patient's been dead ten minutes!"

(To be concluded next week)

How Could She Do It?

Continued from page 24

Southampton they'll have thought I was drowned—it'll be worse than ever. I can't—I can't tell them all I won't go through with it."

"But you can't go through with it," the man said. "You mustn't."

It gave her the most startling relief to hear him say that. He spoke as if he knew—as if it were settled.

"I must, though," she said. She wanted to hear him say again that she must not.

"What makes you think that it was your fault—that you didn't get any kick out of it?" he asked.

"I didn't say any kick," she said. "Of course it was something. Being kissed always is, isn't it? Only—"

"What did you mean when you told me that you never had been kissed?"

"I didn't mean to say that," Jane said. "I spoke before I thought."

"And so you spoke the truth—the real truth."

"I meant," she said lightly, "that it didn't—it didn't take."

He nodded.

"Do you think that means I don't love him?" Jane asked.

"Of course it does," he said.

They sat silent for five minutes. While the boat heeled in the freshening breeze Jane had a calm, strong, peaceful feeling. He was right, of course. She would have to go home and tell the family she would not marry Tarleton Baker and then she would have to tell Tarleton. She gave a little involuntary gasp at her own thoughts. She was thinking, "I wish he would kiss me."

"Well?" he said quietly.

"I was just thinking," Jane said. She thought how silly it was of her to have such an idea.

"I've got something to tell you," he said. "I didn't go out to sea because I was afraid of a lee shore, as I may have led you to think, I went out because you were—you. No—all I saw

at first was that you were beautiful. I kept telling myself that you were a silly little rich Long Island girl. But you had so much nerve. It wasn't only your trying to knock me out with the boat hook. It was the way you took the rest of it—the way you're still taking it. You are very young, and you don't know much about the world, but you're real."

HE PAUSED. Jane felt that she could not wait for him to go on. Slowly, in a kind of terror, she turned her head.

Then it happened. He kissed her. He said, "I love you—I'm crazy about you."

"Now I can't go back," she said, "because now I know—what it's really like to be in love. I thought maybe I expected something that couldn't happen. But I didn't."

"There's only one thing to do," he said. "That's to get married quickly, before we go back."

"Yes," she said. He put the tiller hard over, trimmed the sails, laid a new course to the southwest.

"We can't get to Hampton Roads as soon as we could get to Sayville or New York Harbor," he told her. "But we'll save time at that. You can get married in Virginia without waiting five days. We'll wire them that you are safe as soon as we're married."

"As soon as I am safe," Jane said. He laughed, delighted.

She looked down at her dress. It was dirty and badly rumpled.

"I'll show you how to wash that sailor-fashion, in a bucket," he said.

That is how it happened that Jane Crandall was married in a sport frock that, though clean, badly needed pressing, to a young designer of yachts who had no money except what he made himself.