

Clarissa laughed. "You're a darling. But at my dance tomorrow you must be nice to Mr. Humphreys."

"I'd like to," answered Fanny, "but it's hard to be nice all alone. I mean niceness is a thing that needs coöperation."

"It does, my dear," said Clarissa, "and if I'm any prophet I predict it."

But Clarissa for once was wrong. Except for Professor Schick, Fanny would have spent a lonely day, but in the morning she and the professor went sailing and in the afternoon they played chess.

"I'm a selfish old man to monopolize you," confessed the professor, "but when they give out the crowns in heaven you'll get one."

"When they give out the crowns in heaven," said Fanny gravely, "I'll get thistles."

Fanny didn't see Jacob until just before dinner. She was wearing her best dress which wasn't much compared to Clarissa's. Clarissa was exquisite in a silver gown that had cost a fortune, not counting duty.

"If he ever had any doubts," thought Fanny, "he hasn't now." She shook hands with Jacob gravely.

"Are you having a good time?" he whispered.

"Lovely."

"You lie," said Jacob.

"Isn't Mrs. Van Dusen wonderful?" said Fanny.

"Yes," said Jacob.

"She's like a princess," said Fanny.

"Who's like a princess?" demanded Clarissa.

"You," said Jacob, and to Fanny's amazement Mrs. Van Dusen blushed.

AT DINNER Clarissa sat between Jacob and Professor Schick and Fanny between Mr. Spencer and Mr. Humphreys. But on the other side of Mr. Humphreys was Miss Small and on Mr. Spencer's right a girl called Toodles. "I've got to pretend to be talking," thought Fanny, "even though I only recite the alphabet." Professor Schick smiled at her across the table but Jacob appeared to be absorbed in Mrs. Van Dusen.

"Is he your guardian?" demanded Mr. Spencer with a jerk of the head toward Jacob.

"Yes," said Fanny.

"I'll give you odds," said Mr. Spencer, "you're going to have a guardianship too."

Fanny's heart skipped a beat. So other people noticed it as well.

"We all thought she'd fallen for somebody abroad," he went on, "but I guess she's held out for the good old American millions."

Fanny bowed her head above a filet mignon. "I guess so."

After dinner Clarissa introduced Fanny conscientiously to everyone, but when the music started, it was Professor Schick who asked her to dance.

"I don't know anything later than the polka," he apologized, "but I was a first-rate polka-er."

Fanny smiled. "You're awfully nice."

But the professor's niceness did not help them much with the one-step. Fanny saw Jacob go by with Mrs. Van Dusen.

"They're a handsome couple," said the professor.

"So are we," said Fanny, but her heart was as leaden as the professor's feet.

AT THE end of the struggle the professor mopped his brow. "I resign," he said. "Here comes Mr. Spencer to claim you."

But Mr. Spencer didn't claim her. He claimed instead Miss Small, who already had a crowd of boys around her. Again Fanny and the professor ventured forth. Fanny's eyes looked for Jacob but he had disappeared. At the end of the dance Professor Schick was called to the telephone and Fanny stood there, smiling the sick smile of the partnerless girl who pretends she is just waiting for someone.

At the beginning of the third dance Fanny disappeared too. She couldn't go back to her room. Mrs. Van Dusen was bound to go there in search of her. The veranda and the garden were full of couples. Fanny fled down to the pier where the tiny catboat was still tied. A moment she hesitated then she cast the boat loose and jumped in.

"There's no breeze," she thought, "but at least I can get away from this mooring."

The sail hung loosely but the boat drifted off with the ebb tide. "I'll spoil my shoes," thought Fanny, "but it doesn't matter. I'll probably never go to a ball again." Another dance began and another. "After a while," thought Fanny, "Uncle Jacob will miss me. It would be nice if this boat would capsize." And then she thought. "But I can swim too well for anything to happen to me." For a moment she entertained herself with the vision of her body as it would look when washed ashore. "But I wouldn't be pretty," she

ended. "My hair would be all stringy and besides probably somebody like the chauffeur would be the one to find me."

In the midst of these sad meditations Fanny heard a splash. Somebody was swimming toward her. Then, at once, the swimming stopped. Fanny waited a moment. There was no sound now except the lapping of the waves against the boat's side. Terror gripped her. Then a head appeared and she heard a sound that was half choke and half shout. "Help!" A second Fanny waited. She tried to bring the boat around nearer to the figure but there was not wind enough. Then, with two motions, she kicked off her slippers and slid over the boat's side.

In a second she had reached the figure.

"Cramps," he stated.

Fanny put her arm under the man's chin. "Don't struggle," she said. "We can make it."

"I know," said the man, "I've read those articles too in the magazines."

Fanny grinned. "I'm awfully glad you're sensible."

"I'm enormously sensible," replied the man. "Is that your boat? How good of it to wait for us."

"It will be terrible getting in," said Fanny.

"It will," said the man. "But I have the utmost faith in you."

IT WAS terrible. Fanny being encumbered by a completely wet party dress and by a man six feet tall and weighing one hundred and seventy pounds in an attempt to clamber into a very small catboat. The man, however, recovered rapidly from his cramp and in the end two very wet and decidedly coolish figures sat on either side of a tiller which was utterly powerless in the matter of its calling.

"We may not drown," said Fanny, "but we will probably never get to shore."

"Just the same," said the man, "I want to thank you for saving my life."

"Oh, that's all right," said Fanny.

"It was awfully sporting of you," he insisted. "If I hadn't read those articles about how to be rescued I might easily have dragged you down to a watery end too."

Fanny's eyes were on the sagging sail. "I shouldn't have cared—much."

"No?" He made an effort not to smile. "Is there anything the matter?"

Fanny considered. "Everything."

"That's a comprehensive statement." He too considered. "Is there any way

perhaps in which I could help you?"

Fanny shook her head. "No," she said finally. "I'm a failure."

"I see," He smiled again. "And yet I can't help but believe I might help you."

Fanny looked at him. "Not even if you were a prince."

The man gave a slight start. "Let me try, because," he paused, "as it happens, I am a prince and not without a few feeble resources."

This time Fanny stared. "Well, I never."

"True, nevertheless," said the man. "And I give you my word I'm at your service. That is, in case we get to land again." A faint breeze puffed out the sail of the boat. "And I do believe we're going to."

"I suppose so," said Fanny. Then, at once, an inspiration seized her. She looked at the prince, who, even wet and dishevelled, was quite handsome. "I tell you what you could do, in case you really feel grateful."

"I do," said the prince.

"You could make love to me."

"Now?"

Fanny shook her head. "I don't mean privately. Privately we will be just like this. But publicly. I—" she stopped. "Well, you see, I'm not popular. That's why I ran away from the dance. Also, my heart is broken, although that's silly. I never really had a chance. Of course I've no hope of ever getting him, but if you could just be conspicuously nice to me in public, even though I knew you didn't mean it, it might help to get me back a little self-confidence."

"At least it would be worth trying," said the prince. The boat was sailing nicely now. "How about beginning this evening?"

Fanny stared. "In these clothes?"

"No." He grinned. "You sail me back. Then you go back and change and I'll meet you at Mrs. Van Dusen's."

HOW did you know it was at Mrs. Van Dusen's?" Fanny demanded.

"Because I was asked myself. But I just arrived from New York and I was so hot and dusty I decided to cool off before dressing. That's the dock where I'm staying." He pointed. "If we hurry we can make it in a half hour."

"You're on," said Fanny. "And remember, I won't misunderstand you, no matter how nice you are."

"I'm going to be most frightfully nice," said the prince, "and it won't be just gratitude either."

Fanny smiled. (Continued on page 66)

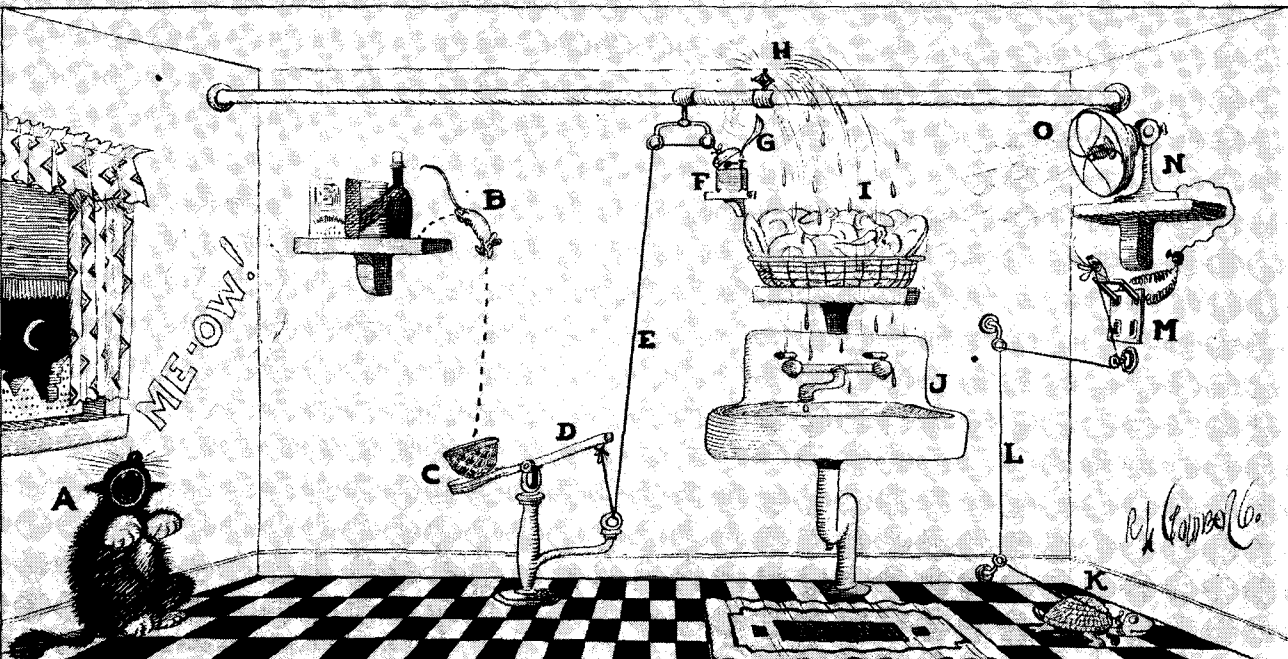
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By Rube Goldberg

THE PROFESSOR TURNS ON HIS THINK-FAUCET AND DOPES OUT A MACHINE FOR WASHING DISHES WHILE YOU ARE AT THE MOVIES.

WHEN SPOILED TOMCAT (A) DISCOVERS HE IS ALONE HE LETS OUT A YELL WHICH SCARES MOUSE (B) INTO JUMPING INTO BASKET (C), CAUSING LEVER END (D) TO RISE AND PULL STRING (E) WHICH SNAPS AUTOMATIC CIGAR LIGHTER (F). FLAME (G) STARTS FIRE SPRINKLER (H). WATER RUNS ON DISHES (I) AND DRIES INTO SINK (J). TURTLE (K), THINKING HE HEARS BABBLING BROOK BABBLING, AND HAVING NO SENSE OF DIRECTION, STARTS WRONG WAY AND PULLS STRING (L), WHICH TURNS ON SWITCH (M) THAT STARTS ELECTRIC GLOW HEATER (N). HEAT RAY (O) DRIES THE DISHES.

IF THE CAT AND THE TURTLE GET ON TO YOUR SCHEME AND REFUSE TO COOPERATE, SIMPLY PUT THE DISHES ON THE FRONT PORCH AND PRAY FOR RAIN.





"I must go away for a year," he said. "But you will wait for me"

The Sea King's Luck

By Maude Radford Warren

The story of a lost love, a love which lived a lifetime to bloom again in the teeth of a death-laden gale

THERE is a northern island in Lake Michigan cut off from the mainland by a bitter strait aptly called Death's Door. A stranger walking on the island among blue-eyed fishermen and sailors, only a generation or two from Scandinavia, could fancy himself in some Arctic land near the salt sea. And in a storm he might think himself a fugitive on the one solid scrap of earth remaining in a world of seas, beaten by unchained and relentless winds.

Up to the time of the last great storm a man used to sit on a small dock he had built in front of his shore land where the water was deepest. Behind him was his log cabin, painted white, with a front garden full of high-colored, tall flowers and the back yard full of fish rigs and bits of neatly piled wreckage. At one side of his dock was the wreck of a boat he had built long before and had seen beaten to pieces within a few hours of its launching. Upon the slip lay a boat he had built and never used. The islanders passed him by with a casual glance; to them he was only old Goodmander Goodlaxssen, the Icelandic sailor, looking at the two boats he would never use.

But Goodmander Goodlaxssen was a sea king—yet a king in thrall. A man

with a spirit as free as the winds and seas, he had been bound perforce and in a long life had not been able to break loose. His soul was as scarred with striving as the body of any fettered prisoner, and his face, to anyone who could read, was the page of his life.

A splendid crag of a head he had, with wild white hair sweeping up from his forehead like a tide; wide-set blue eyes as deep in color as his northern seas under sunshine, and a fierce mouth that was now set to endure, though it was made for conquering. His wide shoulders had not bent under the years, and his great hands were strong as a young man's.

EVERY day he sat on the dock watching the fishing boats go out. From the four harbors of the island they went to fishing grounds which the islanders believed were the best in the whole United States. Their great frames were promising enough of their skill and prowess.

When the boats were out of sight Goodmander Goodlaxssen would go into his cabin and string nets until it was time for them to return.

He was waiting for his luck to come back. For more than forty long years he had believed that it would: that it must. Other faiths and hopes had fled away, but that had never wavered. When that went he would go too, but he felt that he must not go so long as his luck was waiting somewhere.

When Goodmander Goodlaxssen looked back over his life he began to reckon it from the time when he first felt a sense of power. It was while he was yet a child, with bones growing large and with an ability to lift weights that caused the older boys to show him a respect that playmates of his own age were quick to recognize. He began, then, to hold his head back like the viking at the prow of his father's boat which had been carved from a picture that hung in the town hall. His mother gave him a man's share of food and be-

gan to consult him as she did his father.

At eighteen he was called Goodmander the Giant. He stood a full head taller than any of his friends. He could lift with his left hand the tallest girl in the village, and with his other her tall lover. No one had such luck with the nets as he; it was as if he could charm the fish. In a storm it was given him to steer the boat; no one else was so keen of ear to hear the breakers; no one else so skillful in riding mountain waves safe to harbor. Men began to call him Goodmander the Lucky. His mother and the other women who knew that he never drank and was always kind called him Goodmander the Good, but under their breath, so as not to offend his sense of manhood.

GOODMANDER took his strength for granted; it was in his luck that he gloried.

"But no," he said to his best friend, Arni Halldor, "I will not believe wholly in my luck till I am the captain of my own boat."

"Ho," jeered Arni, half worshipping, half jealous, "where will you get the money to build your boat and the money to pay wages to your men?"

"Come with me," Goodmander said; "come now and be my man for a week