

Then in an instant the fight was over. The stability of the world dissolved; their eyes were full of dust, but they saw the gray face of the cliff rushing past them, and they knew that they were falling.

"Ha!" the old Indian cried, and instantly the three paddlers backed water and checked the motion of the canoe. Like a great whirling spider the two bodies dropped, still clinging together, and in the air around them grew a constellation of falling stones.

Thirty feet above the surface of the water a sloping ledge jutted out from the face of the cliff, and against this the avalanche struck. The stones rang loudly and rebounded, falling with a clatter on the

narrow stone bar at the other marge of the river; the bodies thudded, rolled over once, and splashed into the shallow water. A cloud of pale dust descended slowly after them, spread itself over the face of the river, gleamed for a moment and was lost among the ripples.

"The madness of the gringos has destroyed them," the old Indian remarked indifferently. "Now I must seek another husband for my daughter, since I had promised her to the black-haired one."

The canoe slid past the shattered bodies, and the Indians paddled a shade more rapidly.

"The devil protects his own," the old man observed. "They had touched his gold and it had made them mad."

### STILLED WINGS

FAR down 'neath the red horizon  
That dips to the Southern Cross,  
Where the palm trees sough and rustle,  
And the blue waves leap and toss,  
Lies the Port of the Missing Seamen  
Who never will ship again,  
But safe and secure in their haven  
Are done with the world of men.

Oh, strange are the tales they tell us  
Of the good ships lost at sea  
In the rack and wreck of the mighty deep,  
Where the storm clouds dip and flee;  
But stranger still are the newer tales  
Of the white ships in the sky  
That dart and play in the Great White Way;  
Like hurricane clouds that fly.

But they, too, have come to anchor  
In this port of the waving palm,  
And their birdlike ships are lost at sea,  
Patchworked with its storm and calm;  
And the valiant hearts that have braved the deep  
Are one with these newer men  
Whose bright wings fluttered against the blue,  
And never came home again.

Now the throb of each motor's silenced;  
The whine of their struts no more  
Shall sing through stinging morning air  
High up on the sky's blue floor;  
But safe in that sheltered haven  
That nestles behind the hill,  
In the Port of the Missing Seamen  
Lo, their restless wings are still!

*Newton Rosser Smith*

# Lovely Enough to Frame

THE PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER FINDS HIMSELF SLIGHTLY  
OUT OF FOCUS, BUT MANAGES TO MAKE A SPEAKING  
LIKENESS WITH DAN CUPID'S AID

By Helen R. L. Valentine

HE wasn't really following the young woman. He just happened to be walking up Fifth Avenue right behind her.

There was something interesting about her, he told himself. She carried herself with supreme ease. She walked so well. And the color of the hair which showed at the side of her small black hat was something to write about. Keating always noticed such things.

Dion Keating was a photographer. He was not, however, a man who took pictures. He took portraits for which he charged a hundred dollars, and he wouldn't take any one who didn't interest him. Naturally he had more requests for appointments than he could possibly handle.

Keating wasn't a bit susceptible to feminine charms, except as they would appear through the eye of his camera. Perhaps he saw too many beautiful women. Mayhap he saw too much of them.

His pictures had a sly way of emphasizing traits, just a bit in the manner of the moderns. "Portrait of Miss M—" You know the kind.

Even "beauties" suddenly discovered that they had flaws—when they saw the evidence of their proofs. And it was rumored that Keating took a definite delight in retouching just as much as he pleased, and not one line more.

Keating watched this girl critically as she swung up the avenue. She stopped before a window of etchings—good ones. He caught a glimpse of her profile. Ah! It was the sort of face one would photograph in profile.

She turned. No, it wasn't! Not with those eyes.

"Um," he thought, "she's just about lovely enough to frame."

Away she went. Some finely modeled shoes in a shop window brought her to another halt. No wonder. With feet like hers, who wouldn't be interested in a shoe display?

Next she threw a glance over her shoulder at a window of tailored, smart frocks. But before a display of semiprecious stones, she stopped dead, quite rightly. She was the sort of girl who should wear jade and turquoise and—yes, amethysts.

At Fifty-Ninth Street she glanced at her wrist watch. Her pace grew brisker. She must have an appointment, Keating decided.

She was the sort of person, he mused, who really sees things in shop windows. The girl was not one of those who look into windows containing everything from fruit to furniture, and see only their own reflections in the plate glass.

Suddenly he realized, with a start, that she had disappeared into a doorway. It was one of those pleasant houses in the Sixties. Before him was a group of three, bafflingly alike.

Into which one had she gone? And how had she managed to get through the guarded gates so quickly? She must have used a key. It was curious. People who live on Fifth Avenue in the Sixties don't usually carry keys.

Confound it, why hadn't he watched to see which house she entered. Well, what difference would it have made if he had?

He sauntered over to the park side, jumped on a bus and rode down to his studio at Twelfth Street. Why, he asked himself, did he feel this interest in a strange