

"Dearest, you mustn't!"

A soft rustle told that Dorothy had gathered her mother in her arms.

Before the eyes of the man, listening in the hall, the low light from his daughter's room swam in a golden haze. He had to brush the wall with his finger tips to guide himself back to the bedroom. Arrived there, he sat on the edge of the bed in the dark, hunched over like Rodin's primitive man, struggling through the blackness toward thought.

It came as a wave of feeling at first, a sea breeze of clear understanding blowing over his mind, lifting, shredding the old hot unrest. As the veiling fog of discontent was lifted, it was almost ludicrous, the clarity with which he could see. He was free from the habit of self-pity which was embittering his life. Ruth's words had done that.

Life had hampered him, confined him, had it? He had been cheated of his coral seas, had he? And he was sulking over it like a spoiled kid! What a welcher he was! He flung the term at himself, a shamefaced grin breaking on his face.

He had had a free choice, hadn't he? And, after all, he had chosen the better part, just as Archer Rutledge told

him. He remembered the bleak look in the other man's eyes.

"A fellow gets lonely," Archer had said. "A wife and a son—"

That brought Richard up with a mental jerk. A white question was blazing at him through the darkness. Was Rick to go through life with the same sense of bitterness welling in his heart? He, the boy's father, held a precious gift in the hollow of his hand. Was he going to be less generous with his son than Ruth had been with her daughter?

Richard rose and walked to the window. The maple-lined streets were tranquil in the starlight; but the man did not see them. He was watching the magic casements closing. As they swung shut, the old vision glimmered through with all the old allure.

Richard put it resolutely from him by contemplating another picture. He saw Rick coming home from Yucatan, brown from travel, his eyes alight with the interest of a new world. He would regain his own faëry lands through his son's glamorous youthful eyes.

Ruth was coming down the hall, for he could hear the soft brushing of her slippers. With a sudden warm glow of tenderness he groped his way quietly to meet her.

### SEA HUNGRY

I WANT to watch the seas! My eyes cry out  
 For seas! Oh, I am tired of towers that rise  
 Like pagan creeds into the stagnant skies;  
 The lowered backs of toiling folk, about.  
 I am sick of the savage iron shout  
 Of dredge and crane; the frantic clash of feet  
 Beneath the grind of traffic on the street;  
 Mortar and steel that sneer and gibe and flout.  
 Oh, I am weary of the harsh commands  
 Of cities; the insolent stride of trains  
 And the contorting grip of mighty chains.  
 I want the sea wind on my chest and hands;  
 I want a vessel limping gloriously  
 Up, up the ocean slant—the sea, the sea!

*Walter Evans Kidd*

# Dangerous Occupations

HERE IS A ROMANTIC ANGLE OF THE INDUSTRIAL RISK TO LIFE  
AND LIMB THAT WOULD CAUSE AN INSURANCE  
EXPERT TO DO SOME HARD FIGURING

By T. F. T. West

VIOLET LANE discovered that the chunky boarder who wore the atrocious tie with the blue shirt was named Johnny Dugan. Everybody at Mrs. Morgan's boarding house called him "Sandy."

The girl had not caught his name in the first mumbled introductions on her arrival at the very high class place on Twenty-Fourth Street, and for several days it eluded her. Nobody spoke of or to the young man except by his nickname.

It was the tie that attracted Violet.

No doubt every young male selects a tie with an eye to its effect on the women, and this tie had effect.

It made Violet faintly ill.

An arabesque pattern of pink, liver hue, sulphur yellow, and a poisonous pea green fought for supremacy on the broad blue bosom of Sandy Dugan's shirt front. The fact that the wearer had made further concessions to a prevailing mode by imprisoning the points of his soft blue collar with a long, narrow pin set with garnets, did not help in the least toward soothing the outraged feelings of the beautiful young woman who had to sit next to the tie every evening at 6.30 o'clock sharp.

After her first uncomfortable sensations, Violet began to feel sorry for the tie's wearer. She wished that he had a nice woman friend with good taste and the proper motherly instincts who would buy his ties for him.

The annoying part about it was that Sandy Dugan did not seem in the least to be overwhelmed by his tie. He was cheerfully immune to its noxious color disharmony. That tie should have sickened a dog, and instead it only made this Dugan cheerful and consistently, buoyantly radiant. Actually the barbarian appeared to be fond of the tie!

A week after her arrival at Mrs. Morgan's, Miss Violet Lane turned the street corner coincidentally with Mr. Sandy Dugan, and they met face to face. He was wearing the tie and the inevitable blue shirt and a saffron hued suit of tweeds and a hat of green, the last named two items evidently quite new.

He removed the hat instantly, and his habitual cheerful grin broke out all over his tanned and reddish young face.

"Hello, Miss Lane!" he exclaimed. "Gosh, I was hoping I'd bump into you. Say, Miss Lane, will you listen to me a sec' and not think I'm getting fresh or anything?"

"Of course I will," Miss Lane agreed, answering his smile. "What's on your mind, Mr. Dugan?"

"Well, it's like this: I just got paid off for a job, understand? And I've got a pocketful of money that's just yelling to go.

"And I'm all dressed up," he added as he surveyed the saffron tweeds with