The NEW PLAYS

A Real "Page" Captured Alive for Vaudeville Sketch.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

THAT angel-faced, brass-buttoned child who adds to the mystery of hotel life by taking your name in vain as he wanders aimlessly through the corridors, the lobster room and perchance the smoke-wreathed art gallery where you stand up to your drink like a man, is no longer the unwritten "page." He has been put on paper by Sewell Collins—whose regular job keeps him fairly busy drawing angel ladies for the magazines—and what is more he has been captured alive for the hungry, omnivorous vaudeville stage.

Heretofore the relation of hotel and stage has been purely commercial. One has been the branch box-office for the other, nothing more. But now the hotel clasps hands with the stage and calls it brother. To appreciate this you have only to read the line on the programme at Keith & Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre. The line:

CLAUDE (Courtesy of Hotel Breslin).....By Himself

Claude isn't there "by permission of Henry W. Savage," nor "kindness of Charles Frohman." He is there out of the Breslin's goodness of heart. Furthermore he is there "By Himself." Claude Courtesy of Hotel Breslin) just escapes having a walking part. As a matter of course, he has to get up and hustle occasionally, but his part isn't all in his feet. Every time Claude (by permission of Hotel Breslin) is disturbed he wanders off calling "Mist' Pla-pla!" He is given various names by the telephone girl, but he treats all alike. A less conscientious page might say "Mist' PLA-pla!" or "Mist' Pla-PLA," but with Claude it is invariably "Mist' Pla-pla!"

[illegible] he returns each time to report "Couldn't find him," and sinks once more into the novel that he carries close to his stomach. Your sympathies are with him. He has a good book, but a bad job. He does his best to acquire the reading habit, as you can see by watching his hard-working lips, but his life is filled with interruptions. The hopelessness of it all rings in his "Mist' Pla-pla!"

Thomas W. Ross as Griffin.
Margaret Moffatt as Millicent.

Yet Claude (courtesy of Hotel Breslin) is a chubby, healthy specimen of hotel life. He looks as though he slept in the kitchen, with a large apple dumpling for a pillow, breathing the sweet odors of the saucepans. Everything but his voice is beautifully rounded. It is only when he raises his hopeless cry that you feel like throwing your chair at him.

Claude (courtesy of Hotel Breslin) is supported in "Awake at the Switch" by Thomas W. Ross, as a "Kidder" of the common or switchboard variety; Miss Margaret Moffatt, who "slings plugs" and live-wire repartee, and Sim Wiltse, who has an awful time getting his number. Claude lets his three associates do the heavy dramatic work.

The plot runs like clockwork. It's a matter of twenty minutes, and every minute counts, for if the "fly" young man who mixes pleasure with business at the switchboard doesn't unload his feverish copper stock on the fat, baldheaded gentleman by 3 o'clock all will be lost. To add romance to finance, the telephone girl also carries three hundred shares of the stock. Although she had bought them two or three years before she still carries them in her stocking. Mr. Collins is a young playwright, but perhaps he knows best about these little matters. You never can tell about mining stocks. Anyway the careful telephone girl has her stock where she can put her hand on it at a moment's notice, and when at the last minute she gets the "fly" young man in one booth and the baldheaded customer in another she is "in on the deal" that is carried through over the "wire." By this time Claude (courtesy of Hotel Breslin) is asleep at the switch. "Awake at the Switch" is a neat little sketch, neatly acted. While it doesn't solve the telephone question, it gives you a line on the "page." Better still, it gives you something new.

Miss Valeska Suratt attempts to give you a thrill as "Cleopatra, with original Egyptian movements"; also with a snake. But the snake has been to the dentist's apparently, and it seems to have lost all interest in life. In fact, it looks as though it had been made for the Christmas trade. It does its best, poor thing, to help out Miss Suratt in her "Egyptian movements," but like the audience it doesn't seem to care for them. If it could have its own way it would probably writhe off to bed.

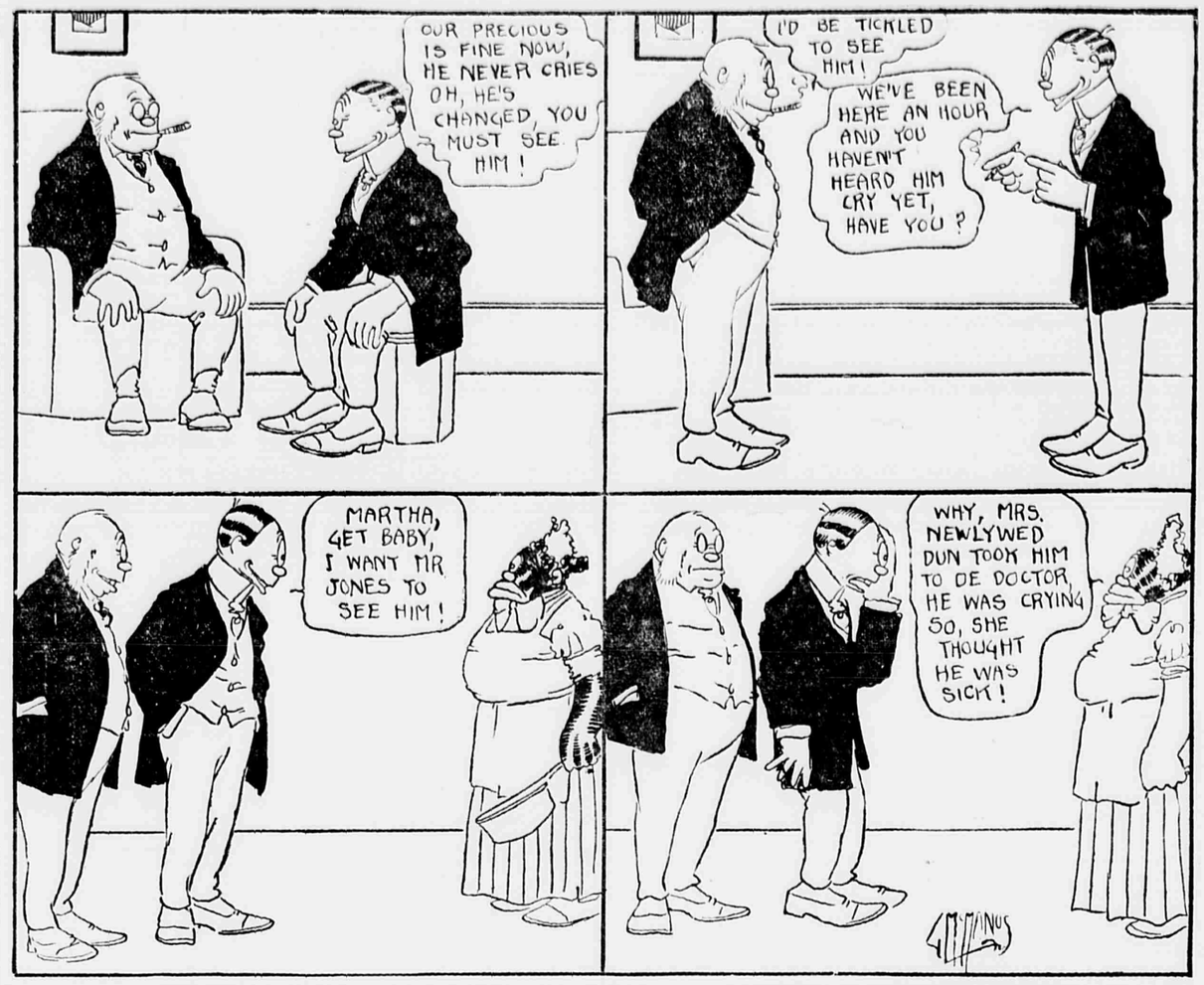
When you first see the snake charmer she is stretched upon a tiger skin, and you estimate that she is about three weeks from Cleopatra. She doesn't wear enough to interfere with her rest, but she gets up and worries the snake by going through various contortions more "original" than Egyptian. Her dress at the back is cut to a point that invites lumbago as well as inspection, and when she bends over she wrinkles in the back. Her back wins very little applause. Perhaps vaudeville audiences are beginning to see the necessity for dress reform. It's about time!

Valeska Suratt as Cleopatra.

Annette Kellerman, "The Diving Venus," has a good excuse, not to mention a good figure, for dressing as she does. It's a joy to see her spring into the air and take a header into the tank. Of course some people might say that she leaves little to the imagination when she gets wet down and trots around in a suit that clings closer than—but oh, splash!

The Newlyweds & Their Baby

By George McManus



Meditations of a Married Man

By Clarence L. Cullen.

SHE indignantly denies that women insist upon having the last word in an argument. But she claims, and obtains, the last word in the argument that ensues upon her denial.

If she must say "glahss" and "hahlf-pahst" and "ahfternoon" and such like when her nifty women friends are visiting her, why wouldn't she kid a fellow along a bit by employing the same pronunciation when alone with him—if only to keep in practice?

She has virtually succeeded, by now, in leading you up to "your" Christmas gift to her that she picked out and had put aside last October. And, somehow, you'll always imagine that you selected it for her, at that.

Don't tell her that you're going to slip a $5 note to your downtown letter carrier as a Christmas gift. She's suspicious enough as it is of the postman who delivers letters at your office.

If Anthony had seen Cleopatra "greasing" her chapped hands, and drawing an old pair of his gloves over them, would he have chucked away a world for her, just the same?

Domestic arithmetic: If both parties to the sketch are for bathing on the same night, and there's only enough hot water for one bath, which of the two invariably wins?

When she suffers from a touch of dyspepsia she diagnoses it as nervous prostration. When dyspepsia grabs you, however, it's just dyspepsia, resulting from your gourmandizing.

You imagine yourself to be pretty rugged until some morning you see her devour before breakfast about half a pound of chocolate candies and then sit down and partake heartily of pork chops. Thenceforward you know that she has it on you.

"Curiosity killed a cat," she taunts, when you want to find out something you've a right to know about. Then she proceeds to read the last chapter first of the new novel in order to find out if "they" get married at the wind-up.

She tells you, with more or less assumed umbrage, that such and such a man, in the car or somewhere, "kept staring and staring" at her. But what is she always doing with her own eyes that she sees all of this "staring?"

You catch her failing to thank the man who has given up his seat in the car to her, and you tell her about it. Her answer to that is, "What did you expect me to do? Throw my arms around his neck?" Whereupon, although you're right and she's wrong, you pipe down, as usual.

No matter in what bad trim your finger nails may be, she can't see why you should have them attended to by a manicure—unless she selects the manicure.

If her sense of humor really is not embryotic, why is it that she always has so much tittering fun when, in calling you up on the 'phone at your office, she says: "This is Tottie" or "Myrtle" or "Mabel?"

When, again, your women guests at dinner are excessively pretty and interesting, why does the spouse of your bosom insist upon telling 'em all of the scandalous things that your mother has told her about the disgraceful doings of your babyhood?

Women Who Put on Airs

By Lilian Bell

IF women had a sense of humor, do you think they would ever put on airs?

I trow not. For while they can, as Mr. Dooley says, "form an imposing sight to those who can be imposed upon," sooner or later they will forget that it isn't all true, and will be airy with some one who knew them when they were doing their own work; and then—well, nothing on the stage is half as funny as the woman who forgets her audience and struts before some one who knows her.

Alas, I have just had an experience with one—not personally, but she was explaining to me how another woman, whom we both know, had come to her for help and how she had refused it.

Now before her husband made a fortune out of a stolen invention, the first woman was one of the simplest, nicest, most sincere women I ever knew. She lived humbly, made a joke of her straitened circumstances and was frankly the friend of the artistic set in which she then moved. For at that time she was writing books, albeit publishing them at her own expense.

Then the real inventor died and it was safe for Mrs. Blank's husband to steal the invention outright and exploit it as his own, which he is now doing. Whereupon poor little Mrs. Blank betook herself to Paris, decked herself in velvet brocade, furs and jewels suitable for a dowager, put one of her boys in Oxford, engaged a French tutor for the other, laid aside her pen, forgot her literary aspirations and offered herself seriously as a candidate for society.

All of which would have been well, had she done so frankly. But she forgets herself once in a while and announces that she was born to the purple and that poverty is not was not, nor ever has been, as far as she and her family are concerned.

Alas for the conventions which custom imposes!

Instead of sitting a silent auditor to her future humiliation when she thus struts and cackles, wouldn't it be kinder if one should put out a restraining hand and say:

"Don't, my dear! Please remember that I know how you are lying and how awfully mortified you will be when I am gone and you come to!"

I wonder if this particular woman has come to yet! For no longer ago than last week she told me of one of the old artist set who had begged a temporary loan of her to tide the poor woman over the cost of an illness and Mrs. Blank refused it, telling me that she had answered through a secretary, "kept simply to answer begging letters," that, instead of lending the money, she had "preferred to assist" by causing her husband to order material of the husband of the old friend for goods needed in the thieving inventor's business—goods which had first to be manufactured, so that delivery and payment would be postponed at least three months! And the need was urgent!

And then Mrs. Blank explained to me at length about the secretary!

Alas and alack! Has she forgotten the days when she had to borrow—not money only—but china and silver, in order to give her dinners!

I'd laugh except that I feel more like weeping.

What a spectacle a woman presents who shams inherited wealth when her pocketbook bulges with unaccustomed fatness—who pretends ancestral halls in a house which glistens with fresh paint and reeks of varnish!

The shams in evidence are at once the most amusing and the most pathetic things exploited in that bill of continuous vaudeville men call society.

Home Hints

For Busy Housewives.

Cheese Balls.

ONE cup grated cheese, add pinch salt and three drops sauce; mix gently with whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Make into balls the size of walnuts. Roll in bread crumbs and fry in hot, deep lard. Nice with bread and butter or serve with salad.

Italian Spaghetti.

HALF a box of spaghetti, washed and boiled in salted water; when cooked drain in colander and wash in cold water; drain again. Put into saucepan with one can of tomatoes, a little salt and red pepper. Fry two slices of bacon with one onion; add this to the mixture and let all simmer one hour. Turn into baking dish, cover with bread crumbs and small pieces of butter and brown.

Celery and Cabbage.

A PALATABLE dish can be made of the outside and roots of several stalks of celery which is not tender enough for table use. Chop up fine with half head of cabbage, boil half hour, season with pepper and salt, one tablespoon of butter, boil nearly dry, then thicken with tablespoon of cornstarch dissolved in a little cold water; add cup of cream or rich milk.

Peach Dessert.

PEEL nice peaches, roll each one in powdered sugar, prepare a soft icing of confectioner's sugar, roll the peaches in this till well coated, then roll again in grated cocoanut. Serve on china plates with lady fingers or some nice wafers. Canned peaches may be used if fresh ones are not in season.

Betty Vincent's Advice On Courtship and Marriage

"IS there any sure sign by which a woman may tell if a man really loves her?" is the question which many a perplexed girl has asked me to answer.

According to the old song, "men were deceivers ever," and there is nothing more difficult than to tell when a man is in love for keeps or when he is only amusing himself by playing at the game of love. Still, there are certain indications which, while not infallible tests, are pretty good tips as to the state of the barometer of a man's affections.

When a man calls regularly it is almost always a sure sign that he is on the road to matrimony. Of course, a mere casual visit now and then means nothing. Too much stress, however, should not be put upon the fact that he calls two or three times a week, for this may be merely habit or due to the fact that his lady-love has a good cook or provides comfortable chairs. If, however, a man acquires the Sunday night habit as well, and looks morose and injured every time any one else drops in, you have a right to regard it as at least a premonitory symptom of the tender passion.

The next straw which shows which way the wind of love blows is when a man begins to lecture you about your clothes, what you eat and the care of your health. Put no trust in the beau who feeds you chocolate creams, compliments you on your appearance in a lace waist on a frosty night, or fails to notice that you are wearing low slippers on a damp day. He never expects to have to pay your doctor bills.

The third sign of the awakening of love is when a man discusses business with his sweetheart. This shows that he is commencing to regard you as a silent partner in it. A final test that a man is genuinely in love is when he begins to try to conciliate the girl's family. When he sympathizes with mother over the servant problem, listens to father's story and puts up with little brother John's pranks, she is pretty safe in sending in a hurry call for wedding bells.

A Surprise Party.

Dear Betty:

WOULD you please tell me what is the right way to give a surprise party. Do the men bring cake and fruit and the girls also, or do the parents furnish the food? The party will be in the afternoon and evening.

M. G.

It is usual for the men and girls to supply the food at a surprise party. Some bring cake and the others sandwiches, fruit and ice cream, for the party being a surprise, the parents would not be prepared to entertain a number of guests.

In Love With a Cousin.

Dear Betty:

I AM twenty-one and am in love with a third cousin of mine, but have been told that I should look upon her only as a cousin. Do you think the fact of her being a third cousin should be sufficient reason for giving her up?

ANXIOUS.

There is no reason why you should give up the young lady you love merely because she is your third cousin. The relation is not close enough to be any obstacle to matrimony.

Beauty Hints

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Oily Hair.

A. C. R.—The best thing for oily hair is vigorous scalp massage. For the first few days the condition will seem more excessive, but when the scalp is somewhat more flexible the natural oil will be more evenly distributed and the greasy look will disappear. Shampooing too often with borax will not help. Wash the hair every ten days or two weeks with a pure soap, or liquid green soap, and once a day apply this tonic: Cologne, 8 ounces; tincture of cantharides, 1 ounce; oil of English lavender, oil of rosemary, ½ dram each. Apply to the roots of the hair once or twice a day. It is positively necessary that the scalp should be kept clean.

Hair Turning Gray.

NINA—When gray hairs begin to show themselves they are very persistent and can seldom be arrested. Scalp massage will, however, sometimes do it, by invigorating the circulation, and you had better either take a few treatments from a scalp specialist or be your own masseuse. Apply the tonic (formula printed here) once a day. Red hair is especially prone to turn gray prematurely, but since your scalp is in a bad condition and the hair is falling out it is possible that proper treatment may stop the white hairs. If not I fear you will have to resort to hair dye or stain in order to restore the natural color. Here is the tonic formula: Sulphate of quinine, 1 dram; rose water, 8 ounces; dilute sulphuric acid, 15 minims; rectified spirits, 2 ounces; mix, then further add glycerin, ¼ ounce; essence royale or essence musk, 5 or 6 minims. Agitate until solution is complete. Apply to the roots every day.

A Romance of Mystery, Love and Adventure. THE BLACK BAG By Louis Joseph Vance.

Author of "The Brass Bowl," "The Private War," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS

Philip Kirkwood, a young Californian, is stranded, almost penniless, in London. He falls in with an adventurer named Calendar, whose daughter, Dorothy, wins the American's affections. Under Kirkwood's escort Dorothy goes to a deserted house by night to get for her father a mysterious black Gladstone bag hidden there. A man grapples with Kirkwood on the stairs of this house and Kirkwood knocks him senseless. Dorothy and her father depart from England. Returning to the deserted house in search of a purse he had dropped in the struggle, Kirkwood resuscitates the unconscious man. A woman enters the house. She is Mrs. Hallam, a confederate of Calendar's, with whom the latter has apparently quarrelled. The man with whom Kirkwood fought on the stairs is her son, Frederick. Kirkwood returns with them to the Hallam house. There Mrs. Hallam tries to convince Kirkwood that Dorothy is an adventuress and that the black bag contained family jewels stolen by the girl. Fearing lest Dorothy may be in danger, Kirkwood resolves to follow her to the continent. He goes in search of the ship on which she and Calendar were to have sailed.

CHAPTER IX.

(Continued.)

"Below Bridge," and Beyond

LONDON had turned over and was pulling the bedclothes over its head and grumbling about getting up, but the city was still asleep when he paused for a minute's rest in front of the Mansion House, and realized with a pang of despair that he was completely tuckered out. There was a dull, vague throbbing in his head; weights pressed upon his eyeballs until they ached; his mouth was hot and tasted of yesterday's tobacco; his feet were numb and heavy; his joints were stiff; he yawned frequently.

With a sigh he surrendered to the flesh's frailty. An early cabby, cruising up from Cannon Street station on the off-chance of finding some one astir in the city, aside from the doves and sparrows, suffered the surprise of his life when Kirkwood hailed him. His face was blank with amazement when he reined in, and his eyes bulged when the prospective fare, on impulse, explained his urgent needs. Happily he turned out a fair representative of his class, an intelligent and unfuddled cabby.

"Jump in, sir," he told Kirkwood, cheerfully, as soon as he had assimilated the latter's demands. "I knows precisely wotcher wants. Leave it all to me."

The admonition was all but superfluous; Kirkwood was unable, for the time being, to do aught else than resign his fate into another's guidance. Once in the cab, he slipped insensibly into a nap, and slept soundly on, as reckless of the cab's swift pace and continuous jouncing as of the sunlight glaring full in his tired young face.

He may have slept twenty minutes; he awoke faint with drowsiness, tingling from head to toe from fatigue, and in distress of a queer qualm in the pit of his stomach, to find the hansom at rest and the driver on the step, shaking his fare with kindly determination. "Oh, a' right," he assented surlily, and by sheer force of will made himself climb out to the sidewalk; where, having rubbed his eyes, stretched enormously and yawned discourteously in the face of the east end, he was once more himself and a hundred times refreshed into the bargain. Contentedly he counted three shillings into the cabby's palm—the fare named being one-and-six.

"The shilling over and above the tip's for finding me the waterman and boat," he stipulated.

"Right-o. You'll mind the 'orse a minute, sir?"

Kirkwood nodded. The man touched his hat and disappeared inexplicably. Kirkwood, needlessly attaching himself to the reins near the animal's head, pried his sense of observation open and became alive to the fact that he stood in a quarter of London as strange to him as had been Bermondsey Wall.

To this day he can not put a name to it; he surmises that it was Wapping.

Ramshackle tenements with sharp gable roofs lined either side of the way. Frowsy women draped themselves over the window-sills Pallid and wasted parodies on childhood contested the middle of the street with great, slow drays, drawn by enormous horses. On the sidewalks twin streams of masculine humanity flowed without rest, both bound in the same direction; dock laborers going to their day's work.

Men of every nationality known to the world (he thought) passed him in his short five-minute walt by the horse's head—Britons, brown East Indians, blacks from Jamaica, swart Italians, Polaks, Russian Jews, wiredrawn Yankees, Spaniards, Portuguese, Greeks, even a Nubian or two; uniform in these things only, that their backs were bent with toil, bowed beyond mending, and their faces stamped with the blurred type-stamp of the dumb laboring brute. A strangely hideous procession, they shambled on, for the most part silent, all uncouth and unreal in the clear morning glow.

The outlander was sensible of some relief when his cabby popped hurriedly out of the entrance to a tenement, a dull-visaged, broad-shouldered waterman ambling more slowly after.

"Nevvy of mine, sir," announced the cabby; "and a fust-ryte waterman; knows the river like a book, he do."

The nephew touched his forelock sheepishly.

"Thank you," said Kirkwood; and, turning to the man, "Your boat?" he asked with the brevity of weariness.

"This wye, sir."

At his guide's heels Kirkwood threaded the crowd and, entering the tenement, stumbled through a gloomy and unsavory passage, to come out at last upon a scanty, unrailed veranda overlooking the river. Ten feet below, perhaps, foul waters purred and eddied round the piles supporting the rear of the building. On one hand a ladder-like flight of rickety steps descended to a floating stage to which a heavy rowboat lay moored. In the latter a second waterman was seated bailing out bilge with a rusty can.

"'Ere we are, sir," said the cabman's nephew, pausing at the head of the steps. "Now, where's it to be?"

The American explained tersely that he had a message to deliver a friend, who had shipped aboard a vessel known as the Alethea, scheduled to sail at flood-tide; further than which deponent averred naught.

The waterman scratched his head. "A 'ard job, sir; not knowin' wot kind of a boat she are mykes it 'arder." He waited hopefully.

"Ten shillings," volunteered Kirkwood promptly; "ten shillings if you get me aboard her before she weighs anchor; fifteen if I keep you out more than an hour, and still you put me aboard. After that we'll make other terms."

The man promptly turned his back to hail his mate. "'Arf a quid, Bob, if we puts this gent aboard a wessel name o' Allytheer afore she syles at turn o' tide."

In the boat the man with the baling can turned up an impassive countenance. "Coom down," he clinched the bargain; and set about shipping the sweeps.

Kirkwood crept down the shaky ladder and deposited himself in the stern of the boat; the younger boatman settled himself on the midship thwart.

"Ready?"

"Ready," assented old Bob from the bows. He cast off the painter, placed one sweep against the edge of the stage, and with a vigorous thrust pushed off; then took his seat.

Bows swinging down stream, the boat shot out from the shore.

"How's the tide?" demanded Kirkwood, his impatience growing.

"On th' turn, sir," he was told.

For a long moment, broadside to the current, the boat responded to the sturdy pulling of the port sweeps. Another moment and it was in full swing, the watermen bending lustily to their task. Under their unceasing urge, the broad-beamed, heavy craft, aided by the ebbing tide, surged more and more rapidly through the water; the banks, grim and unsightly with their towering, impassive warehouses broken by toppling wooden tenements, slipped swiftly up stream. Ship after ship was passed, sailing vessels in the majority, swinging sluggishly at anchor, drifting slowly with the river, or made fast to the goods stages of the shore; and in keen anxiety lest he should overlook the right one, Kirkwood searched their bows and sterns for names, which in more than one case proved hardly legible.

The Alethea was not of their number.

In the course of some ten minutes the watermen drove the boat sharply inshore, bringing her up alongside another floating stage, in the shadow of another tenement—both so like those from which they had embarked that Kirkwood would have been unable to distinguish one from another.

In the bows old Bob lifted up a stentorian voice, summoning one William.

In answer to the third ear-racking hail, a man, clothed simply in dirty shirt and disreputable trousers, showed himself in the doorway above, rubbing the sleep out of a red, bloated countenance with a mighty and grimy fist.

"'Ello," he said surlily. "Wot's th' row?"

"'Oo," interrogated Old Bob, holding the boat steady by grasping the stage, "was th' party wot engayged yer larst night, Bill?"

"Party name o' Allytheer," growled the drowsy one. "Wy?"

"Party 'ere's 'ookin' for 'im. Where'll I find this Allytheer?"

"Best look sharp 'r yer won't find 'im," retorted the one above. "'E was at anchor off Bow Creek larst night."

Kirkwood's heart leaped in hope. "What sort of a vessel was she?" he asked, half rising in his eagerness.

"Brigantine, sir."

"Thank—you!" replied Kirkwood explosively, resuming his seat with uncalculated haste as old Bob, deaf to the amenities of social intercourse in an emergency involving as much as tenbob, shoved on again.

And again the boat was flying down in midstream, the leaden waters, shot with gold of the morning sun, parting sullenly beneath its bows.

The air was still, heavy and tepid; the least exertion brought out beaded moisture on face and hands. In the east hung a turgid sky, dull with haze, through which the mounting sun swam like a plaque of brass; overhead it was clear and cloudless, but besmirched as if the polished mirror of the heavens had been fouled by the breath of departing night.

On the right, ahead, Greenwich Naval College loomed up, the great gray stone buildings beyond the embankment impressively dominating the scene, in happy relief against the wearisome monotony of the river banks; it came abreast and ebbed into the backward of the scene.

"Are we near?" Kirkwood would know, and by way of reply had a grunt of the younger waterman.

Again, "Will we make it?" he asked.

The identical grunt answered him; he was free to interpret it as he would; young William—as old Bob named him—had no breath for idle words. Kirkwood subsided, controlling his impatience to the best of his ability. The men, he told himself again and again, were earning their pay, whether or not they gained the goal of his desire. * * * Their labors were titanic, on their temples and foreheads the knotted veins stood out like discolored whipcord; their faces were the shade of raw beef, steaming with sweat; their eyes protruded with the strain that set their jaws like vises; their chests heaved and shrank like bellows; their backs curved, straightened and bent again in rhythmic unison as tiring to the eye as the swinging of a pendulum.

Hugging the marshy shore, they rounded the Blackwall Point. Young William looked to Kirkwood, caught his eye, and nodded.

"Here?"

Kirkwood rose, balancing himself against the leap and sway of the boat.

"Sumwhere's * * * 'long * * * o' 'ere."

From right to left his eager glance swept the river's widening reach. Vessels were there in abundance, odd, unwieldy, blunt-bowed craft with huge, rakish, tawny sails; long strings of flat barges, pyramidal mounds of coal on each, lashed to another and convoyed by panting tugs; steam cargo boats, battered, worn, rusted sore through their age-old paint; a steel leviathan of the deep seas, half cargo, half passenger boat, warping reluctantly into the mouth of the Victoria Dock tidal basin—but no brigantine, no sailing vessel of any type.

He sat down suddenly. "She's gone!" he cried in a hollow gasp.

Old Bob panted: "Dawn't—see—nawthin'—o' 'er." He resumed his seat.

"There's no hope, I suppose?"

The elder waterman shook his head. "'Carn't sye. * * * Might be round—nex' bend—might be—passin' Purfleet. * * * 'Point is—me an' young Wilyum 'ere—carn't do no more—'n we 'as. We'd be wore out."

"Yes," Kirkwood assented, disconsolately. "You've certainly earned your pay." Then hope revived; he was very young in heart, you know. "Can't you engage something? I've got to catch that ship."

Old Bob wagged his head in slow negation; young William lifted his.

"There's a rylewye runs by Woolwich," he ventured. "Yer might tyke tryne an' go to Sheerness, sir. Ye'd be positive o' passin' 'er if she didn't syle afore 'igh tide. 'Ire a boat at Sheerness an' put out an' look for 'er."

"How far's Woolwich?" Kirkwood demanded instantly.

"Mile," said the elder man. "Tyke yer for five-bob extry."

"Done."

Young William dashed the sweat from his eyes, wiped his palms on his hips, and fitted the sweeps again to the wooden tholes. Old Bob was as ready. With an inarticulate cry they gave way.

(To Be Continued.)