"Done To A Turn"

THE UPPER CRUST

By the Author of HE COMES UP SMILING, THE MYSTERIOUS "CHARLES SHERMAN."

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CHAPTER VI Continued.

The girl saw that he was surprised and embarrassed and made no attempt to help him out, simply gazed at him seriously, anxiously, and slowly uncrossed her legs and swung them back and forth along the side of the sloop. At last Algernon turned to her.

"Why did you tell me?" he asked soberly.

"I wanted you to know," said she simply. "I am Molly O'Toole, the Todds' summer housekeeper."

Algernon felt that it was only fair to meet frankness with frankness, that he owed it to the girl to do so, but stronger still was the temptation to remain silent and not spoil the rest of the summer by premature disclosures. He was sure if Molly knew that he was Algernon Van Rensellear Todd she would refuse to stay longer in Mrs. Todd's employ, and he hated to contemplate the blank life would be without Molly O'Toole.

"Am I the only one who knows?" he asked.

"The only one," said she.

"You can trust me?" said he earnestly, in as much of a question as a statement.

"I wanted you to know," replied the girl again.

She rose, stood a moment lightly poised on the edge of the deck and then dived straight and slim out of sight into the rolling for-wrapped waters of the tiny cove. Algernon waited until she reappeared, fearful as he was each time she dove, that she would never come up again and he would have to go after her, and then he joined her and they swam to the beach, side by side, in silence.

At the parting of the ways, Algernon caught her hand in one of his.

"Why did you tell me?" he asked, half frowning, half smiling, wholly tender and amused as he stood looking down at her. "You make me feel mean, as if I, too, ought to confess and I—can't."

She looked at him out of wide eyes. "Have you anything to confess?" she asked. "I did not think so. You seem so young."

"I am young," said Algernon flippantly, "but I'm awfully tough."

"Is it nasty?" She threw back her head and looked straight at him, drawing back as far as she could while he still held her hand.

"No," he answered earnestly. "It is simply—foolish."

"About a—woman?"

"No, no," he laughed gaily, and she smiled with dimpling mouth and suddenly mischievous eyes.

"Don't confess," she advised. "I do not want to hear." She pulled her hand free but he caught it again.

"Molly," he cried, "will you take me at my face value?"

"With men one has to," said she with a wise little nod of the head and the bitterness he had seen once before creeping into her eyes and around her delicate mouth. "If they once began to confess, they would have no value."

"I know," agreed Algernon. "They are all wretches, but tell me that I am an exception. I am."

"Haven't I engaged you as chauffeur?" she laughed. "And did you have any recommendations? I think not, for I didn't see any. Would I engage any other man without recommendations?"

"Not as a chauffeur," said Algernon, "but maybe as a husband."

"In a husband a bank-account is recommendation enough for me," said she brazenly, as she broke free and nodded a laughing goodby, hurrying away down the woodland patch through the dripping trees and bushes.

Algernon watched her until she disappeared around the rhododendron thicket, then he turned to take the path to the garage, shivered and realized that he had forgotten the blanket he usually draped about him for his stroll through the woods to and from the beach. For a moment he hesitated whether to go for it or not, finally decided to and returned to the beach.

A man stood at the water's edge, gazing thoughtfully out to sea. He was tall and thin, dressed in light gray, with a soft expensive Panama on the back of his head, while a rim of pale blue silk stocking was just visible above his low shoes and of a color to match the band of his hat. His hands were thrust in his pockets, and a cloud of smoke from the cigarette in his mouth drifted about his head on the still air.

Algernon paused surprised. He and Molly had been so engrossed that neither of them had heard the stranger approaching through the woods. He must have seen them, however, as they took the path for home and stood chatting by the thicket. The stranger, as though aware that he was no longer alone, turned like a flash, white and startled, and Algernon beheld the long lean visage, the twinkling eyes and humorous twisted mouth of Mr. Joseph Holmes, the stranger of the night before. A slight tinge crept into his sallow cheeks and he laughed gaily as he recognized Algernon and came forward with his hand out.

"Ah, Todd," said he. "Howdy-do."

"Hullo," said Algernon. "You seemed in a bit of a hurry to reach Canada, last night. What has detained you?"

Holmes laughed. "Some ride," he suggested good-naturedly. "My car got out of repair and I have to wait until the driver can fix it. Deucedly inconvenient. I didn't know that was you last night whom we had that fun with. I would have enjoyed it more if I had known it, believe me."

"You seemed to be in a hurry last night to get away," said Algernon. "What's the matter with your car? Maybe I can fix it."

"The Todds' chauffeur, eh?" laughed Holmes and slapped him on the shoulder.

Algernon flushed and felt a sinking feeling at the pit of his stomach. How could he keep his identity hidden now that Mr. Holmes had arrived in town? In the country gossip is always on the keen jump, and Holmes must know already that Mrs. Todd had a new chauffeur and that the chauffeur's name was Holmes, Joseph Holmes. Algernon could picture the surprise of the hotel-keeper as his one guest signed the register by the same name as that of the Todds' new chauffeur. It had been stupid in him to choose the name of any one he knew, though he had done it on the spur of the moment and it had never entered his head that Mr. Holmes himself would ever come up among the lonely hills and dreary slowness of North Brockton. Holmes was in truth only passing through on his way to Canada. He would soon be gone, fortunately, but meanwhile, Algernon wondered if he could buy his silence. He had no ready money, but a check would do. Molly probably had one of his mother's check-books and he could get hold of it somehow without her knowing. Holmes seemed particularly well dressed, in a combination Algernon recognized as his own favorite colors and remembered that he had worn the same when he had made Holmes' acquaintance that day in June beneath the wayside trees. He was going in a day or two at the longest, and Algernon might be able to hasten him on his way by mending the car himself. Holmes was watching him with twinkling eyes and frank amusement. Suddenly he laughed and Algernon dodged another slap on the back.

"My dear boy, trust me. I won't give you away, not for the world," said Holmes, and he winked slowly.

"I suppose you heard when you signed the register at the hotel?" questioned Algernon with assumed lightness and indifference.

"I didn't sign the register," laughed Holmes, "not by the name of Joseph Holmes, at least, believe me. I had heard about the Todds' chauffeur as I ate breakfast and I had no desire to spoil your sport, believe me."

"That's mighty good in you," returned Algernon. "How did you know it was I?"

"Guessed it," declared Holmes, drawing out his cigarette case and offering Algernon one. "Have a smoke. Here's a match. I heard about the Todds' place in detail from the waitress, and about their chauffeur. So when I heard of the youth in the long duster and no hand luggage, I judged it to be you, running home to mama, stony broke from the peddling business."

"Not to mama," said Algernon.

Holmes laughed. "No, I knew that. To whom?"

"A cousin of my father's," lied Algernon promptly. "She came up here to get the place opened and in order for mama in the fall. We had never met before and when I presented myself—"

"In the balky horse-runaway," interrupted Holmes genially. "Quite so. I see, believe me. It was certainly amusing and I don't blame you for—for being Joseph Holmes and the Todds' chauffeur, not by a jugful, believe me."

"It's mighty good in you not to have spoilt things by signing your name," protested Algernon gratefully. "But I can't put you to that trouble."

Holmes held up his hand. "My dear boy, say no more. I am leaving town in a day or two, as you know, and it is amusing, really, believe me, besides a great pleasure to be of assistance to you."

"Maybe I can be of assistance to you," said Algernon. "I may be able to fix your car for you. I am good at that sort of things. What is the matter with it? If it only needs a new part—I may have it—"

Holmes frowned. "It's quite annoying," said he, tossing away his cigarette. "Something broke last night as we slowed down. The man says he has to send to Boston for a new part. It won't be more than a day before we get it, but I was in a hurry to meet my wife in Montreal and the delay is annoying, believe me."

"Why don't you take the train," suggested Algernon eagerly helpful, "and let your man bring the car on?"

"I did think of that, but when I inquired about trains, I found that I could make just as good time if I waited two days and then went up in my car. The train service isn't very good and there are so many changes and stops to be made to get from a little place like this, that the car is really the faster," sighed Holmes.

"I shall be around to se if I can't do somthing, declared Algernon. "What name did you sign to the register?"

Holmes laughed, waving aside his own troubles airily. "My wife's," said he, "Mr. Peterson."

"I'm mighty grateful," declared Algernon, holding out his hand. "You must let me show how much some time. Look me up if you come down to New York in the fall."

Algernon had been brought up to feel that he was conferring untold honor in giving a man an invitation to look him up, when the person was not only a stranger, but poor in Algernon's estimation, and not of his set. Mr. Holmes seemed to appreciate the honor at the same worth as Algernon and grasped the latter's hand and wrung it warmly.

"Say no more," said he genially. "I shall enjoy the little masquerade more than I can say, believe me. It will help to pass the time of waiting, believe me."

Algernon gathered his blanket around him and Holmes accompanied him down the woodland path to the thicket. There they shook hands again, Algernon promised to come around that afternoon and see if he could duplicate the part of the machine that was broken, and Holmes begged him not to put himself out at all, that he enjoyed the little comedy immensely, believe me.

So they parted for the time, and Algernon hurried to the garage, feeling reassured and yet uncomfortable. It seemed such a colossal thing to ask for another, that he go under an assumed name for a time. It was annoying and he wished vainly that Holmes had been allowed to reach Canada last night without any unintentional interference on the part of himself and Molly O'Toole.

CHAPTER VII.

Bills, Bills, Bills.

Algernon sat in the shade of the vegetable garden and watched the big red touring car of the owner of the Pines turn in through the high granite gate posts. Hancock was at the wheel and Molly sat beside him. She was in gray from the large veil-swathed hat to the little shoes. They had been out since early morning and now it was late in the afternoon. Algernon watched them until a turn in the driveway hid them, then he shook his head dubiously, thoughtfully, and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

It was very warm in the shade of the hedge, sheltered from the sea breezes by the pines and the dip in the land. Overhead the fog was hearlding its evening approach by little wisps of vapor, floating past like ghosts of tiny clouds. Everything was very still but for the shrill persistent hum of the crickets and the grasshoppers in the meadows back of the stable. Occasionally Algernon could hear the high discordant whistle of the under groom and once in a while the scathing remarks of the head groom anent the musical ability of his subordinate. Algernon cleaned his pipe, put it in his pocket and stretched himself luxuriously in the soft sweet grass. He pulled his hat over his eyes and prepared to finish the afternoon with a nap, but could not get the thought of Molly and young Hancock out of his head long enough to allow him to sleep. And the thought of Holmes' presence in the neighborhood was vaguely irritating. He had been down to the hotel that afternoon and overlooked the strange car in company with Holmes' chauffeur. The car was a steamer and the pipes coming from the engine had become full of dirt, causing the engine, having no water in it to blow out, though the register indicated that it was full because of the dirty pipes and the ignorance of the chauffeur who had failed to keep the pipes clean. Algernon saw he could do no good. A new boiler would have to be sent for and until it came, Holmes would simply have to wait in patience or take the railroad cars, which he seemed to Algernon's annoyance, in no hurry to do.

Algernon felt—and he knew that his mother would feel the same—that he was not exactly competent to oversee the morals of the young. Nevertheless he longed to caution Molly that unless she was more careful, she would give the whole thing away through the publicity of the press and he would be left alone in the big house as Mr. Todd, with no amusing little masquerade to pass the time away. It was not entirely clear to him yet what her object had been in assuming the name and position of his mother. It could not have been with the intention of marrying young Hancock, at least, not at first, for none of them knew anything about the Pines or Hancock before she had come, and she must have taken the name of Todd on her arrival as it would have been impossible to have assumed it later, on Hancock's account. Then, what did she do it for? Molly O'Toole was clever and she would know, none better, that a slight irregularity, to speak mildly about it, such as she was practicing would be impossible to explain clearly to any one and most of all to his mother, in whose employ she was. Why was she risking a good position, with the excellent recommendations it would give, for the doubtful pleasure of fooling a few farmers?

Algernon dozed off after a time, and was finally awakened by the honk, honk of Hanoock's machine as it turned out of the gates and took the road to Brockton in the gathering dusk. He sat up and watched it disappear in a cloud of dust, then he arose, stretched and decided to go up to the house and give Molly a gentle warning that she must be good, for he did not care to have his fun spoiled thus early. She had taken him into her confidence that morning, so could not look upon him as bold as she otherwise might consider him under the circumstances.

The front door of the great house was open to the sweetness of the summer evening and Algernon looked in. The hall was empty but for a hound that raised his head quickly as Algernon entered, and seeing who it was, lay back again, thumping his tail lazily, and scaring the pup, who had followed his master timidly up the terrace steps, down again to the seclusion of the garage and the safety to be found under the great red touring car nearest the door. Algernon heard some one in the library, walking up and down restlessly. He went to the door and then hesitated.

What could he say? He couldn't very well go in and tell Molly that she was not behaving as even the temporary bearer of the name of Todd should behave. She would get angry and everything would come to light as irrevocably as if he held his tongue and let gossip do its worst; it would, indeed, end all promptly, whereas gossip would give him at least a week or two more of fun. There would be a scene, and Algernon hated scenes. They made him nervous and uncomfortable. They were usually so strenuous. He was about to tiptoe away and make up a plan of action in the seclusion of the garage when he heard the steps of one of the maids coming along the hall above on her way to the stairs. He did not care to be caught there and the nearest place of concealment was in the library itself. He knocked hastily, and without waiting for an answer, he jerked aside the curtains, opened the doors that he found shut and entered.

Molly O'Toole had been pacing up and down the room, and as Algernon entered she stood near the door, facing him, startled and surprised.

"What do you want?" she asked sharply. She was worried and anxious, and the strain of keeping up before Hancock having relaxed, she gave way for the moment to her frayed nerves.

"Hello," said Algernon lamely, not able to think of anything else on the spur of the moment. "I was just thinking—er—that you would be afraid of losing your position."

Molly was leaning against the table, but even in the dusk of the room, Algernon could see her face change color and her small hands tighten on the edge of the table as she struggled to keep her composure.

"My position?" she questioned. "What do you mean?"

She came forward, cool and sweet with sudden composure in a white frock, a string of turquoises around her slender throat, and on her small feet, peeping from under the hem of her gown, slippers of a blue to match, frankly regardless of the widow's weeds she had made no attempt to wear. She was so pretty and dainty with her tip-tilted nose and saucy mouth, that Algernon wanted to put his arm around her waist and kiss again the crimson lips. Her superb composure after the first start of surprise and the frank audacity of her plan and manner won Algernon's deepest admiration.

"I just wanted to say," he broke forth boyishly, "that you had better look out or you will give the whole thing away."

Molly's cheeks turned as white as her dress and her composure toppled like a house of cards. She leaned toward him, one hand clenched on her breast. "Who is he?" she demanded hoarsely, scarcely above a whisper; "that man in the village?"

"Patterson," stammered Algernon, miserably unhappy over her distress. His one desire was to help her, not to add to her trouble and fright. He could no more have worried her than he could have cut that soft white throat which fluttered in her fear like the breast of a captured bird. "Patterson," he repeated. "A stranger on his way to Canada."

"Does he know the Todds?" she asked quickly.

"No," said Algernon.

"How do you know?" she demanded, still unconvinced.

"We were talking about them," lied Algernon, "when I was overhauling his machine this afternoon. He never saw them in his life, was never in New York."

The girl drew a long breath and leaned back against the table again, one hand raised to her hot cheek, into which the blood was rushing in a crimson tide, the other still clenched on her breast, her graceful head slightly turned as she bit her lips and struggled for composure.

"You see," said Algernon gently, as one would speak to a startled child, "he does not know anything."

The girl nodded and motioned to a chair for him to be seated. "Sit down," said she simply. "We will talk things over. What did you mean by saying I would lose my position," she laughed lightly, "and why did you come? I have lost my position now, don't you see?"

Algernon threw his hat on a chair and drew another up to the table, relieved and happy again now that the girl was herself once more and realizing as never before how pretty Molly was and how lonely he would be without her now that they were getting acquainted as fellow-conspirators.

"I came," he explained amiably, "to let you see that you really can't afford to set people talking about you, even in this backwoods town. It could get into the papers and put an end to everything, my position and yours. Can't you see that?"

The girl nodded, and Algernon went on. "These people up here don't look on things as we do in the city. If a man calls on a girl here he has as good as proposed."

(To be Continued.)

GLENWOOD REUNION AUGUST 26 TO 29

Glenwood, Aug. 13.—The eighteenth annual reunion at Glenwood, Mo., will be held Wednesday, Aug. 26. to Saturday, Aug. 29. Wednesday will be Odd Fellows day, when many visitors are expected. The Centerville band is expected to be on the program. Miss Nila Lowry of Moulton gives a reading. C. C. Fogle will deliver the morning address, subject, "Now and Then." In the afternoon Rev. W. S. Kight, grand chaplain of the grand lodge of Iowa, will speak. Also Ben W. Weilde, grand secretary of Missouri. Fifty-seven subordinate lodges and twenty Rebekah lodges have been invited to Gleenwood for this day.

Other big days will be as follows:

Thursday, Aug. 27, Temperance day—Mrs. Nellie G. Burger will speak on National Constitutional Prohibition, also James T. Lloyd of Washington, D. C., and W. L. Hale of Brashear, Mo., on the Thirteenth Amendment.

Friday, Aug. 28, Farmers' day—Speakers are Sydney J. Roy on the Development and Advertisement of Missouri; James T. Blair of Jefferson City, and Prof. H. G. Swanson of Kirksville.

Saturday, Aug. 29, Soldiers' day — Mrs. Duckworth of Centerville, one of the musical numbers . Speeches by Prof. A. S. Hill, Green City, Mo.; Rev. N. J. Nicholson, Moulton, and T. P. Bence, Bloomfield.

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But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

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Little Benny's Note Book

By LEE PAPE

Ma and pop went to church aftir suppir Sundey, pop saying to ma wile he was getting reddy, Say, mothir, don't you think we had bettir take Benny with us for his awn good, not to say awn the prinsipil that mizery luvs kumpiny.

Serteny Benny has to go with us, sed ma, the soonir he lerns to like churtch the bettir, I dont no ware he ixpeckts to go wen he dies, enyway.

Aw G, I sed, cant a persin be good wirhout going to church.

Serteny he can, sed pop, in fackt its my private opinyin that sum of our best sitizins think thares a danse going awn sumwares wen they heer the stranes of Onward Christyin Soldyers, but thats not the point. The point is that in this nawty werld a reputayshin for beeing good is werth moar than a block of gilt edged but invizibil shares in the kingdum of hevvin, so hussel and comb yure hare, for he who looks righteous in the eyes of the multytood can afford to smite blind orfins and raise cane with the widows mite.

Aw, G, pop, do I haff to go, I sed.

You herd my ultimaytum, sed pop. Meening I had to go, and I sed, I got a ingagement.

A wat, sed pop.

A ingagemint, I sed.

Then brake it, sed pop.

Its not rite to brake a ingagemint is it, I sed.

In a good cause, it is, sed pop.

Its not rite to brake a ingagemint with a lady is it, I sed.

Perhaps not, sed pop, a lady is entitled to brake an ingagemint with a gentilman into a millyin peeces if she feals like it but if a gentilman so mutch as puts a dent in an ingagemint with a lady, hes no gentilman, so trot alawng to yure ingagemint, but dont forget to keep next Sunday nite open so you can go to church and sho yure sole a good time.

Yes sir, I sed. And I kwick brushed my hare awn akkount of it needing it, and went erround to Mary Watkins house, and heer she was wateing for me awn the frunt steps, saying, Well its a wundir you woodent take a lawng time kuming.

I pritty neer had to go to churtch, I sed. And we took a wawk out to the park, wich was the ingagemint.

RELATES HER EXPERIENCE IN CROSSING THE ATLANTIC; IN FIELD OF ICEBERGS

Miss Mary Campbell of Knoxville, Ill., a cousin of Mrs. R. W. Funk, 114 East Maple avenue, has written a very interesting letter to her relatives, descriptive of her ocean voyage to Europe. Miss Campbell was a guest at the Funk home during the summer of 1913 and is quite well known here among the younger people. She was graduated from St. Mary's school for girls at Knoxville with the class of 1914 and the trip which she tells of in her letter was given her as a graduation present by her uncle. Miss Campbell is at present in Europe but her exact location is not known as her relatives here have not heard from her for some time. Her letter follows:

On board S. S. Ascania,
Monday, July 6, 1914.

Ship ahoy! Ease the anchor to starboard! etc. You see now in your beloved child a seasoned old sea dog, having gone through experiences the like of which the captain himself had never seen! I am surprised and thankful that I am still alive, but if I am ever to do justice to all the thrilling things that I have experienced, remains to be seen. Before I have finished writing, you will see why the boat is so late. We reach Plymouth, where I hope to mail this letter, tomorrow morning, but we who go on to London have another day or so. So when I mail this I can't say that I have arrived safely at my destination, but at least I shall have arrived at Plymouth. To begin with the trip up the St. Lawrence was lovely, indescribably beautiful. We passed Quebec and the beautiful falls of Montmorency which were still as milky and lovely as ever. The Chateau Bel Air still stands on the Isle O'Orleans, and I actually saw some people playing tennis on the court. The light house that we visited looked snowily white on the same old rocks. This was on Saturday afternoon, the day was fine and clear, the sun shining brightly and the water a brilliant blue. On Sunday I went to church service in the dining room. By evening it was so cold that I had to get out my big coat with the fur collar and run on the decks to keep warm. By Monday we were in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, rather a dull day (the weather I mean). Later I shall tell you all about the gorgeous people I met, and the heavenly times I have had. Of course, this is the most fun I have ever had, that goes without saying.

Now comes Tuesday, June 30th, the day that I shall never forget, entered in my diary as the "ice berg" day. I awoke that morning at 3:30—the fog horn was blowing, and upon looking out of the port hole I saw rather small pieces of ice floating about the ship. Knowing that we were in the ice berg region, and realizing how foggy it was, of course I didn't sleep any more that night (up here so far north it is broad day light at 3 o'clock a. m.) About half past six the stewardess called me and told me to put on my coat and hurry out to see the largest iceberg that had ever been seen by any one on board. So up I went. I stepped out on deck to find it bitter cold, the sun shining brilliantly, and the boat absolutely surrounded by icebergs of every size and shape, and of the most heavenly shades of emerald and blue, all sparkling in the sunshine. On the port side, with everybody on board training eyes, glasses and kodaks on it, floated the most wonderful snowy white berg as big as a cathedral, in the shape of a natural bridge. The boat could easily have sailed through the berg. It was the most awe inspiring sight I ever saw. All that day the good ship crept through fields of ice. At times the fog closed down and the engines were stopped.

Speaking of Arctic explorers! People alternated between admiration and fear. The captain didn't leave the bridge for over twenty-four hours. (He had had a Marconi message that the straits were free of ice, so we took the northern route.) I saw him at night—tired, heavy eyed and exhausted and he said "I wonder if you have realized what you've been through today. An experience that one might not meet with in twenty years of constant seafaring. Its been like trying to find a hole in a stone wall to guide this ship through the bergs." Of course no one did much eating or sleeping—every one stayed on deck and watched the ever changing scene. One moment there was sun and multitudes of colors, the next dull fog and formidable looking shadows about the ship. Of course this steel ship was never intended for Arctic exploring and if, when we were in a field of ice, it had taken a notion to close together we'd have been crushed like a paper boat. The pleasures of skipping rope and playing shuffle board were forgotten. By sunset we had passed most of the ice and the most glorious sunset I ever saw formed a glowing back ground for distant ice bergs. One I remember was shaped like a church with towering spires.

In the evening the ship's concert was held, and it was most enjoyable. They wanted me to play, but after such a nerve racking day the doctor thought I'd better not. This ended a day in my life which I wouldn't go through again for ten million. It was so cold that besides winter underwear and flannel blouse, I wore two pairs of stockings and two coats and then usually kept the steamer rug about me. The day after the iceberg day, Wednesday—we had the first rough sea. Not pitchy, but a long, lazy swell. I awoke to find the furnishings of my room dancing the Tango and Dip. I bravely rose and donned my clothes. With a queer sensation in my head, and queerer one lower down, I did the hesitation to the dining room. With fear and trembling I drank some water. All being well, I consumed an orange. Nothing happening, I ventured on a roll. All behaved nicely. I took one spoonful of oatmeal. With a swift but graceful motion I arose and precipitately left the room. My hurried flight down the corridor seemed miles long. Let us draw a kindly veil over the proceedings of the next half hour. My breakfast gone, but not forgotten, I sallied forth on deck, and although we have had a hundred times rougher sea yesterday and day before, I haven't had a single unpleasant sensation. That afternoon I joined in the sports and won everything I went in for. Yesterday we had a real sea. The great waves would break up over the upper deck. They had to put racks up on the table, and the way people and furniture careened about the ship was funny. Almost every one but me and my Harvard freshmen and Wisconsin U. graduate were sick. Hence, we had a lovely time. The waves were glorious, dashing and half the time the propeller was out of the water. To the top of the waves, imagine sails on an ocean liner. And then how we flew before the wind. Sailing a rough sea is surely the most thrilling experience. Today the sea is calmer, but is a bit foggy and there's no telling when we shall reach London.

Of course I have done everything there is to do on the boat—visited the engine room and stoking room, played shuffle board, and skipped rope. Oh, its been a constant round of bliss. I go to my bunk every night at nine o'clock. Sometimes its awful hard when we are all sitting on the deck in the moonlight singing. Every one on the boat is perfectly lovely to me. All the youngsters chase me about and the one poor little cripple boy that's going to London for an operation seems desperately devoted to me. I wheel him up and down the deck and tell him stories. I am doing something every minute. I haven't read much or written a single letter. We shall probably land in London on Wednesday. I haven't been really homesick ,but Sundays make me think about good things to eat at home. The food on the boat is pretty fierce. If it wasn't for beef juice at eleven, and tea at five I'd starve. I've had a wonderful, joyful time and it seems to me that I shall never be at a loss for something to talk about as long as I live. When I have more time, I will write more details of the trip. This world is a glorious place, even a world of water and sky. I had a grand and glorious fourth. I wore my red, white and blue dress, and Mr. Bradley shot off a bunch of fire crackers I found in Helen Lander's box. I wish you were all here with me on the deck of the Ascania looking at the heavenly blue waves and the white gulls. I must stop now. Love for all the family.

Mary.

Hull; vice president, E. W. Edwards; secretary, H. A. Halverson; treasurer, J. J. Blythe.

Eugene Heth of Pittsburgh, Pa., is engaged to give the flying exhibits each day of the fair.

Liberal premiums have been offered and a fine line of exhibits are promised.

The following are the superintendents:

Speed, Dr. F. C. Bowman; horses, Geo. L. Dane, Howard Nicholas; Cattle, P. J. Leahy; swine, Phil Jones, Cy Evans; sheep, Charles Boland, Sr.; poultry, W. L. Williams; farm products, Hon. Edward Boland, Warren Shaul; fruits, Millard Harrington; flowers and plants, Mrs. Anna L. Black; pantry stores, Mrs. J. J. Williams, Mrs. David Roberts; fancy work, Miss Elma Zimmerman, Miss Rilla Gallagher; machinery, J. H. Penly; school exhibit—Miss Edna Ogden; children's department, Mrs. Claus Gode; pavilion hall, J. C. Nicola; exposition hall, William Simmons; better babies contest, Mrs. F. W. Tomasek Mrs. A. C. Moon, Mrs. Walter Harrington.

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