

By Alphonse Courlander

When the dawn broke Jean-Baptist put the helm hard down, and the trawler swung round towards St. Lys. All the long night they had ridden the high waves; and now, with the first gleam of silver behind the heavy gray clouds, the sea was only gloomily gray.

for it was today that she was to give him his answer.

What a lucky thing, he thought, that she was to give him his answer today. He had looked upon them good-naturedly as just playmates. And then it came, the day when Jean-Baptist was to give her his answer.

through the night they stand on the quay looking seaward, with prayers in their hearts.

Through the night they stand on the quay looking seaward, with prayers in their hearts. Sometimes they see a ripple, a shadow, a shape, that makes them start and shudder.

"Where is Jean-Baptist?" she cried again, clutching his sleeve.

"Where is Jean-Baptist?" she cried again, clutching his sleeve. "He is not here," he said, "but he will be here in a moment."

sea, calling wearily: "Marie-Louise! Come and say farewell to me."

Sea, calling wearily: "Marie-Louise! Come and say farewell to me." "I will," she said, "but I must go first to see Jean-Baptist."

hated and the fear that only the wives and daughters of the fisher know.

Hated and the fear that only the wives and daughters of the fisher know. Sometimes she heard the big boom swing over quietly, as the trawler went to the place where she took him.

By Helen Frances Huntington

They looked silently into each other's eyes for the space of 10 long heart beats, then Maxwell said, in a voice of frozen civility, "It was at Algiers that we last met, was it not?"

gram—anything to decently cover my sudden leave.

Gram—anything to decently cover my sudden leave. Maxwell tried viciously to warn him in time, but he was too late.

don's face leaving it ghastly white.

Don's face leaving it ghastly white. He nodded and fixed his haggard eyes on his fingertips which rested lightly on the table.

blind prodigality of unreasoning youth

Blind prodigality of unreasoning youth. You have a man's natural thirst to taste life as it really is, in all its dexterity and variety.

was utterly mistaken for women who love men.

Was utterly mistaken for women who love men. He had never said anything like that before.

sympathetic faces of the listeners.

Sympathetic faces of the listeners. He looked at them and saw how they were all leaning forward.

THE NEW WOMAN'S CLUB—Old Fashioned "Reading Circles" Giving Way to Civic Clubs

The old-fashioned "women's reading club" is losing its popularity. At least it is doing more than its name implies, and those former pleasant evenings with best authors are nowadays varied with practical plans for civic and social betterment.

A BUNGALOW

By all the winds of New York Times. Who takes to the camp again? Who takes to the camp again? Who takes to the camp again?

THE MID-SUMMER CALL TO THE OPEN--Continued From the First Page of This Section

Coney Island, perhaps, is the greatest resort in the world. People from all parts of the country, from every class, flock to it.

Average Length of Life.

Average Length of Life. From Cassell's Saturday Journal. The man who lives till he is more than a century old and the child who dies in infancy are alike included in the law of averages.