



As they watched it swirl by into the shrieking night they descried the lettering. It was the Edith Corrigan No. 2.

Duluth—"She stopped and glanced appealingly at Corrigan. I thought that she was seeking encouragement. He stood in the center of the room, his hands thrust deeply into his trouser pockets, the firelight playing on his heavy jawed, rugged face, made even ruddier by the dancing flames. He didn't speak, and the slender young girl in the doorway resumed.

"My mother is seriously ill, and the news upset her dreadfully. I wouldn't have let her know, only the telegram came while I was at the office, and my little brother didn't realize the gravity of the message. She knows that the Edith Corrigan will be the last freighter to clear Duluth harbor this season. It's so treacherous on Lake Superior now, and the terrible gales and snowstorms—"

Corrigan waved an impatient hand, and his great rumbling voice cut in on her speech.

"You Mallory's girl?" he queried.

"Captain Mallory is my father," replied the girl quietly, "and because you have ordered him to bring the Edith Corrigan to Conneaut with ore, so late in the season, I thought"—she paused as if aghast at her own temerity—"I thought you might rescind the order and let the boat winter at Duluth. Even the knowledge that father's in any danger, the doctors say, will probably cause a fatal ending to mother's illness. Surely one cargo of ore is not worth the price of a human life. It will mean very little to you, Mr. Corrigan, and it will mean a great deal to mother. She can't sleep when it storms, thinking of Dad out on the lakes, and since she's been so sick her fear has gotten worse. If you only could, I'm sure—"

But again Corrigan rumbled in.

"Nonsense, my dear girl; nonsense. Sailing orders are sailing orders. That's the way that we do business. Captain Mallory will get through all right; he's the best man on fresh water. The difference in ship and rail tonnage prevents train shipment of ore, and the Conneaut

docks need the hematite. The old girl has got to clear; in fact, she clears tonight at 9."

"A wire would countermand the sailing order even now," urged Mary Mallory tremulously. Her face was very pale, and despite the plainness of her garments I thought that there was that about her that suggested Steve Corrigan's daughter. I even hoped that the resemblance might appeal to him, but it didn't seem to. He laughed harshly and turned to stare out into the night.

"A wire would countermand the order," he agreed dryly. "But it won't. The Edith Corrigan sails on schedule. She's the best ore hog on the lakes, and a squall or two won't feaze her. Besides, it's a matter of several thousands. And we're paying Captain Mallory top money to take her out when freight rates are climbing."

A glow of red blazed in Mary Mallory's pale cheeks, and her eyes flashed her Irish spirit.

"SEVERAL thousands!" she exclaimed warmly; "what are several thousands to the lives of twenty-eight men—and a woman! Hasn't flesh and blood got anything but a commercial value to you? You can spare several thousands better"—she choked and tears ran down her flaming cheeks—"better than mother and the rest of us can spare Dad. It'll be a nice thing for him to learn, if he does come through all right, that a matter of a few thousands has cost mother's life."

I believe that any man on earth but iron jawed Stephen Corrigan would have been moved by this appeal. I watched him narrowly as the indignant girl rushed heedlessly on. He turned leisurely—and yawned! Miss Mallory checked her torrent of speech. He waved his

great mutilated paw and spoke as if to terminate the conversation.

"It's no great trick to come down Superior and Huron in December," he deprecated. "It's been done lots of times by poorer boats than Mallory's."

"That's what the Inland Empire people said," interjected Mary Mallory heat-

who doesn't have to count pennies. Well, I'll tell you. It's for her, every bit of it. She's the greatest lass in the world. There's nothing she can't have that her old dad can supply. She's just like her mother before her, God rest her soul. Her mother didn't live to see us on the top of the heap, and there were some things she might have liked, perhaps, that she didn't have. But Edith'll have 'em. I don't care what they are. Her old dad will get them if money can buy them. That's why I'm against havin' unions eat in on quarterly divi-

dends. That's why I watch the pennies. That's why Mallory will have to come through."

As I breasted the driving sleet that a forty mile wind hurled stingingly into my face I thought of gray headed old Dan Mallory out there on Lake Superior, straining his aching eyes into the gloom ahead of the bridge of the Edith Corrigan. I seemed to see the ice incrusting ton by ton on the blunt bows of the great red freighter. I tried to imagine Captain Mallory clinging to the ice-incrusted bridge, and thinking, perhaps, of the wife in far off Ohio. I thought of the long expanse of unprotected hull and shuddered to think of the possibility of a keel plate shearing, or a hatch cover becoming loosened.

Then Edith Corrigan's beautiful face loomed up before me, and I wondered what she might have thought had she known the price that other people—men, women and children—were paying for her limousines. I rather wished she could have heard the interview between her father and the daughter of his senior captain. But I had not seen her at all at the Corrigan home, and concluded that she must be out of the city.

I WAS with Corrigan when the loss of the freighter Edith Corrigan, bound down with ore, was announced. She had broken in two off Whitefish Point, the "graveyard of the lakes." Details were lacking. An Alworth liner limped into the Soo with the information. They had sighted her masthead light at 3 o'clock on the preceding afternoon. They were both heading in toward the Soo, through a blinding snowstorm. At 5 o'clock they thought they heard the wall of her siren. At 5:30 the light on her forward mast dipped and disappeared. The Alworth freighter worked over as far as she dared, through billowing black seas that hissed sharply against her ice-caked bows. The light from a porthole on her starboard bow played upon an upturned lifeboat. As they watched it swirl by into the shrieking night they descried

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