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When a Lady's
In the Case

Yacht and Fishing Smack
Race For Love, and
Both Win.

By DAVID WATSON
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The Daybreak slipped out of muddy Albemarle canal in tow of her pollarded mahogany launch just as an omnivorous fog sifted in from Hampton roads. Commodore Keelson's trim schooner yacht was on the way via the inside route from his leafy winter home at Ortona, Fla., to his cool summer retreat at Rivermouth, on the Maine coast.

Needless to say the owner was not aboard.

Captain Martin Gale, her fat little sailing master, wasn't going to cry baby at a little fog, especially as he was his own boss for the time being. So he pointed her down the ship channel through a thick weather bedlam of whistles, horns and bells, into which her own patent hair raiser boomed its own doleful contribution.



"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT JENNIE HILBERT?" HE DEMANDED.

As Sponson was ostensibly only going out to the grounds again to dog the mackerel there seemed no reason why her crew should have got her under way so stealthily when the silvery moon rays leaked through the first rift in the clouds about midnight.

And as Gale was avowedly going home leisurely through the canals there seemed no excuse why he should have followed the Gloucester man to sea so feverishly when the anchor watch routed him out and apprised him of her departure.

The inference is that Captain Gale and Captain Sponson "knew" each other of old.

Four days later the schooner-yacht Daybreak boiled in past rocky Montauk Point wing and wing before a southwesterly gale.

She certainly hadn't passed the last few days in "dawdling among the lily pads." The planking was gone from her bulwarks amidships, and the stanchions stood up lonely.

Captain Gale regarded the wild sky dubiously, shook his head, consulted his barometer again and ordered the reefed mainsail lowered.

"I hate like the devil to go in," he said, "but I callate the Vineyard will be plenty good enough for us tonight."

The mate, with an arm in a sling, agreed promptly.

But as the outer jib was downed off West Chop preparatory to joining the fleet of comfortably anchored shipping in the capacious haven Gale unceremoniously snatched the canvas cover of spyglass from the mate and squinted through it up the harbor.

"By the great hook block," he fumed, "if there ain't that alabaster plug of Sponson's in there to an anchor! Where in the name of the gods and little fishes did he drop from? Well, this harbor ain't big enough to hold us both to night, that's all! We'll run over to Hyannis, and then we'll have a thirty mile start on him when the weather gets straightened out again!"

Of course Gale had no right to risk his owner's property so recklessly, and Sponson, though he owned the White Sea, was hardly within the bounds of common sense in leaving a potential season's catch 500 miles behind and racing madly northward.

It all goes to prove once more John Gay's two-hundred-year-old assertion, "When a lady's in the case you know all other things give place."

The contemptuous eye of Captain Andrew Sponson had seen the maneuvers of the yacht, which he had believed hundreds of miles astern. Though his sails were hardly furled, he got the White Sea under way again and deftly ran out of the crowded harbor under headlands in pursuit of his fleeing rival.

Next morning, if the glass of the marine observer at Highland Light could have bored the thickness of the furious easterly storm which lashed the sands beneath him, it would have revealed the wallowing schooners Daybreak and White Sea, nearly abreast, heading resolutely across Massachusetts bay under balance reefed lower sails.

The marine observer, too, hardened though he was, would have marveled at thought of their night's experience in the wild gale which had ragged off Cape Cod since early in the evening before.

The course of each was laid for Eastern Point and Gloucester, sixty miles to the north.

The yacht's spindling topmast had finally succumbed, and the last shreds of a ruined foretopmast flicked straight out from the masthead, but the loss of this top hamper was a blessing rather than anything else.

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Gale appeared to realize that his was a losing fight. In such weather the fisherman was at her best, and the

parlor," continued Gale confidentially, overlooking his host's rudeness.

"What do you know about Jennie Hilbert?" he demanded. "It just happens that me and Jennie Hilbert—Why, man, you just keep out of Jennie Hilbert's parlor!"

"My poor fellow," said Gale, "I'm afraid your hard luck's gone to your head. Now, if I took ye anyways but a joke, I could show ye somethin'—and dinged if I don't!"

He tore open his ample blue coat and yanked a fragrant wad of pink envelopes from a tight breast pocket. A faint perfume filled the smoky cabin. While a pudgy fist guarded the precious documents Sponson was allowed to gaze for a brief instant at the magic words:

"Your ownest Jennie."

"You got anything you want to perduce as evidence?" said Gale triumphantly.

As if in a daze Sponson drew out another bundle of letters in identical stationery and Gale stared at the fateful line:

"Always your own Jennie."

"I don't bite for a cent!" sniffed Gale. "The writin's different."

"The perfumery ain't," said Sponson, with something like a gasp, "and it's easy enough to change handwritin'."

"Oh, have it your own way, ye big leg and arm factory!" said Gale wasrily. "We won't have to fight about it. She'll tell ye where you git off fast enough when ye git back to Gloucester."

"You pile out of here or we will be fightin' about it!" shouted Sponson.

"Well, I must be gittin' back out. What time do ye callate to git out of here in the mornin', Sponson—that is, allowin' it clears?"

Sponson appeared not to have heard for a moment. Then he said absently: "Oh, not till the tide ebbs—8 o'clock, I callate, allowin' it clears."

"Well, good luck! Sorry we couldn't fix up that little race," said Gale, seemingly anxious to heal the breach.

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DAYBREAK AND WHITE SEA NEARLY ABREAST.

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Two
Trespassers

One of Them Seemed Inclined to Commit Burglary

By ETHEL HOLMES



"NO, ANDY, NO—WELL, JUST ONE!"

To women flowers are irresistible. Men sometimes love flowers, but it is questionable if any man ever felt toward them as a woman may feel. To a man flowers may be beautiful; to a woman they may be companions. She may tell them what lies nearest to her heart, and she will derive sympathy from them.

Effie Tisdale was one of those girls to whom flowers thus appeal. In the spring she would watch for the first wild flowers and take long walks in the country to gather them. She would have cultivated flowers had there been any ground for the purpose about her home. Living in a city, she was obliged to go elsewhere for her favorites.

One day toward the close of the summer, when the flowers that are cultivated in the open were fast shedding their petals, Effie concluded to take one of her long walks. If she could not find flowers she might at least enjoy a beautiful view she had often looked upon several miles from a town. It was a good day for walking, the air coming out of the northwest and laden with the first crispness of autumn. She stepped out briskly, drinking in the beauties of natural scenery as only one who has been endowed with the gift of such appreciation. When she came to the view she sought she sat on a stone and feasted her eyes upon it, her whole being refreshed with it as if she had drunk some delicious beverage. She was looking from an eminence toward a gap between two ranges of hills or, more properly, mountains. In places the foliage had begun to lose its deep summer green. Here and there a light smoke from some house curled up against the landscape. Over all the afternoon sun spread a golden glow.

When Effie had feasted her eyes for some time she arose for her return, which she chose to make by another route. At the foot of the declivity beneath her the road turned and led into another which would take her back home. She descended from her perch, her eyes lingering upon the view before her as she walked, passed around the bend and ascended another rise in the ground. On this elevation was a country place. The awnings to protect the windows and the porch from the sun were still in their places; wicker chairs and hammocks had not been taken in. The gate was open. A gravel walk led up to the house and a conservatory beside it. Most of the plants had been removed from their beds to their glass winter home. The open gate and the gravel walk were inviting. Effie was drawn by the sight of verdure under the transparent house to go in and inhale that delicious odor so enjoyable to lovers of plants. But dare she? That was a question she alone could decide.

She looked longingly for some time into the inclosure, expecting to see some one moving about. Despite the appearance of occupancy, no one appeared. The place had surely not been closed for the coming winter or the porch furniture would have been removed. If sure the occupants had gone away, Effie thought she would venture in; if not, she would refrain.

While she was peering wistfully she heard a step, and a young man in hunting costume and with a gun on his shoulder approached. Effie wondered if he would know whether the coast was clear.

"Can you tell me," she asked, "whether the family living in that house are the new?"

"Why do you wish to know?" asked the young man.

"Because—because—well, I would like to go in and look about—the conservatory?"

"You don't mean that you are afraid to do so?" the huntsman interrupted.

"It isn't that. If the family were not there it wouldn't be so much like trespassing."

"But it would be trespassing all the same, wouldn't it?"

"I don't know. There would be no one there to be offended."

"Well, such being the case, suppose we go in and have a look."

"I will if there's no one except the caretaker."

"There isn't. The occupants went to the city yesterday, leaving the butler to close up. Come! Let's go in and make ourselves at home."

Effie shrank back. "If only wish to see the plants in the conservatory," she said. "I don't know if I would be allowed there."

"I'll be allowed there," was the reply, "and if any one attempts to put me out he'll have to fight for the privilege."

The timid girl looked with admiration and envy on this fearless man who dare invade another's premises and followed him meekly into the grounds. She felt somewhat anxious, since he had a gun, lest he might shoot some one. But when he reached the house he deposited the weapon, together with his other hunting paraphernalia, on the porch, then continued his way toward the conservatory. The door stood open and, deferentially standing aside for Effie to pass in, he followed her. She stood inside, looking around her admiringly.

"How different this air is here from outside!" she said.

"Kind of moldy; something like the inside of a tomb."

"Not at all like a tomb. It's a home for living plants. The odor is their breath."

She stepped up to some flowers that were fading and inhaled their perfume.

"I love flowers. Don't you?" she asked.

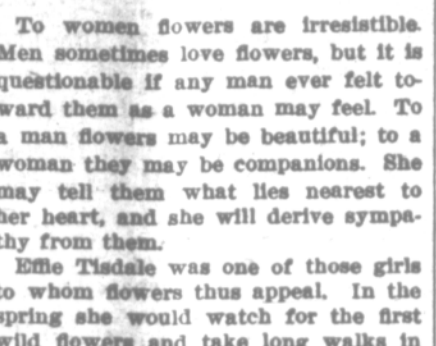
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loved friends to me. They talk to me."

"I've heard girls say that before. I wonder what it means. What do they say to you?"

"All sorts of nice things."

He led the way to a bank of chrysanthemums and said, addressing them: "Hello, Santhy! How are you feeling today?"

After pretending to listen to the reply he asked Effie if she knew what it was.

"What was it?" she asked.

"Santhy says that I have a very nice girl with me, but I'm doing very wrong in leading her to trespass on other persons' property."

This recalled Effie to the situation, and she looked anxiously toward the door.

"Don't be frightened," said the young man, then addressing the flower: "Santhy, just you tell whoever is in charge of this place that I can throw stones even if I do live in a glass house."

He said this with a pretense of valor that made Effie wonder all the more, though she was a bit frightened at the prospect of a battle with the butler.

"Santhy's talking to me again," said the poacher. "He says: 'Take all the flowers you want and give them to the little girl with you. She's just the daintiest, prettiest creature that has ever been in this conservatory. Don't you see all the flowers bowing their heads before her? Look at that aster over there. He's dying of envy of you.'"

This sounded very pleasant to Effie, and she blushed a little.

"Which one of you flowers," continued the young man, "could put on a tint like that? The best any of you could do would be like the paint on a red wagon in comparison. All you're fit for is to decorate her."

With this he began to gather such flowers as were in bloom and turn them over to Effie.

"Oh, don't!" she cried. "You mustn't! That's robbery!"

"I love robbery. I think I would like to have been a burglar. By the bye, suppose we break into the house."

He said this so seriously that Effie was not sure but that he meant it. At any rate, she caught her breath.

When he had loaded her with flowers he said:

"Come! let's see what we can find elsewhere. If I meet any one I'll make him set up something to eat."

Urging Effie to go with him, he left the conservatory and, ascending the porch, rang the bell. The summons was answered by a middle aged serving woman.

"Is there anything left in the larder?" asked the burglar.

"There's some crackers and cheese, sir, and a part of a cake."

"Bring them out and make a pitcher of fruit punch."

Effie's mind was so imbued with the belief that her companion was a trespasser that it did not occur to her that he had any right whatever to give such an order. Her imagination helped her to hear this order given in a commanding tone. Instead of waiting for the refreshment she took to flight. Laughing, the young man ran after her.

"Hold on," he said, "and I'll explain. I live here. My mother and sisters have gone to town. I remained for some shooting. Forgive me for imposing upon you. You looked so wistfully innocent when I saw you peering in at the gate that I couldn't help it. Won't you take a bite with me on the porch? The butler's wife will wait on us."

Effie had no mind to accept such an invitation, though she consented to keep the flowers. Her entertainer offered to take her home in his car, but she declined this offer too. Bidding him good day, she set off to walk home. Presently she heard the sound of an auto behind her, and along came the trespasser. He drove the car beside her and finally convinced her that she might as well ride with a strange man as walk while he rode beside her.

When a man determines to ret a woman for himself his superior dominant power is a great advantage to him. This man had impressed this girl with the fact that he possessed a daring which was foreign to herself, and, though he had admitted that he had been chaffing her, the impression did not fade. He had followed her in his auto and rendered it absurd for her to be walking while she might be riding. Besides, she would much rather ride with an agreeable young man than walk alone.

Thus far it was all resistance on her part. Now they came to a part of the road where it forked. One fork led to her home directly, the other by a roundabout way. The driver turned into the fork of the road. Effie made no move to induce him to take the other. Perhaps she delayed till too late. An auto is a hard vehicle to turn. It requires much backing. When they reached her home they had ridden many miles.

During the following winter a sister of Effie's entertainer called on her, and she was the recipient of flowers from the conservatory on which she had trespassed.

PERILOUS ATHLETICS.

Sport That Wrecks the Heart an Evil to Be Avoided.

"No one will gainsay the value and pleasure of outdoor exercise graduated to suit the needs of every individual throughout life," says the Journal of the American Medical Association, "but the species of overdoing called for in the intense competition of the great contests of our schools and colleges can no longer be defended by platitudes regarding the alleged psychological value of its competitive features. The time has come when statistics regarding latent athletic injuries must be reckoned with and the lives of our youths safeguarded by making a distinction between sane sport and insane participation in the intolerable strain of competitive games of the extreme type."

The same paper says the authorities of colleges need to be reminded in an emphatic way, in the words of Dr. B. N. Wilson of Philadelphia, that "no form of athletic event is sane that demands of the participants the semiconscious state of heart exhaustion at its conclusion."

And it denounces the daredevil forms of "sport" that depend for their thrill on nearest possible approach to death by the actors in them, such, for example, as "looping the loop" in an airplane or driving a motorcar a hundred miles an hour. Such, it says, are not sport, but degeneracy.

"Cured!"

Mrs. Gus Griffith, of Everett, Mo., writes: "I suffered for three years with various female troubles. My life was a misery. I was not able to do anything... bearing down pains in my back and limbs, and headache... weak and nervous. Dr. ... recommended Card-u-i to me."

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