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C. C. BARLOW

The life of Major Archibald W. Butt, as a soldier, newspaper man, aide to presidents and lodge member, and his heroic death on the Titanic were commented upon by his commander-in-chief, President Taft at Washington Sunday in an impressive memorial service.

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The Ball at Sea

By ANNA WOODWARD

The Indian ocean was a smooth gray blue, shining in the afternoon sun like a sheet of polished steel.

Every now and then fifty or a hundred flying fish would spring from the water, skim for some distance and drop into the sea like a shower of silver.

He kept leaning over the rail, quoting Kipling to himself and watching the play of these fairy fish, when she rested her book on the arm of her deck chair and said: "I waited for you for nearly half an hour."

He turned with the intention of sitting for a moment on the foot of her chair, a privilege to which he had come to assume some right, but she did not move her feet to make room for him.

"I am sorry," he said, standing before her. "Our challenge was to play quoits at half past four. I was on the upper deck precisely at the time appointed. I looked everywhere for you. I waited five minutes—even more. I thought you had forgotten."

"The wind had blown my hair. I had gone below for a minute. You might have waited. What became of you, anyway?" she asked, frowning a little.

"I have been in the music room," he said. "They wanted me to accompany a song."

"They? You mean Miss Roberts? Everything is explained—and forgiven," she added lightly.

"Jealous?" he said, smiling.

"Yes, dying with jealousy," she said and laughed merrily.

He was disconcerted. If he could have taken her by her shoulders and shaken her he would have done so with pleasure at that moment.

"Jealousy—it is, of course, an unardonable emotion," he ventured.

But the prince, who was sitting next to her, had bent over to make some trivial observation, to which she had begun to reply with animation.

He strolled down the deck toward the smoking room, quite light hearted now over his determination. Almost since they had left the docks at Tilbury, since Gibraltar, at all events, it had been plain sailing between them.

It was even possible he had been too devoted, he thought. He had been testing his power over her a little in the matter of this game of quoits. Tonight he would find out.

He was wanted to make up a party of four to play bridge. In two minutes he was happily absorbed in the smoke room. On the deck outside she, equally happy, was talking to the prince.

It was the night of the fancy dress ball and in his cabin the steward had laid out the costume he had brought for him, and to which she had put some finishing touches. It was the costume of an Arab chief which he had bought at Port Said, and though of all men the least vain, he might be excused for thinking that the sky blue cloak and vest embroidered with gold, the flowing white hair and scarlet slippers were not unbecoming.

The bugle sounded for dinner and he found himself descending to the saloon with a motley crowd of fellow passengers—a brilliant and gay assemblage, making a scene all the more impressive because this night those who wore fancy dress were seated together at the long tables down the center of the room.

She—her name was Iris—did not appear till rather late, and it was a sudden burst of applause which made him look up not to recognize her for a moment as an Egyptian water carrier, bearing on her head an earthenware vessel.

"The Egyptian will win the first prize," people were saying.

Certainly she looked beautiful and he was pleased at the tributes to her grace and charms. He had expected that she would take the vacant chair opposite to his own and it had crossed his mind that after all he would, as on the night of other dances, claim all, or nearly all, the waltzes; the Arab chief must dance with the water carrier of the Nile. But she found a place at the farther end of the table, a seat next to the prince.

After all, then, he would not dance; he would not even gratify her vanity by praising her costume, when, with her sister, she, as they always did, took their coffee with him in the lounge.

He went up early to secure the favorite sofa, ordered his cigar, his coffee and brandy, and waited.

But Iris and her sister did not appear until just as the procession of the masqueraders was being formed; before the dance they were to parade twice around the deck so that their fellow passengers might inspect the costumes and vote, and in the procession he found himself far removed from Iris.

It was beautiful on deck. The air was warm and delicious.

The competitors were divided into two classes, those who had made their costumes aboard and those who, like himself and like Iris, wore clothes they had bought on the voyage, in Italy or in Egypt; and there were some who, like the prince, were accustomed to the festivities of these long voyages and had come provided with wigs and false beards and elaborate costumes obtained from some theatrical outfit.

Yet even these were rivaled by some of the dresses made on board by ingenious feminine fingers.

But splendid beyond all the others was the costume of the Arab chief.

He determined to seek out Iris for the first dance, but before his end of the procession had completed the second turn of the deck the band had struck up and he perceived that the pretty water carrier was already the partner of the prince. He found a chair next to her sister, who declared herself too old to dress up to dance, and sat there rather moodily watching the brilliant scene.

After all it was not much fun to dance on the floor which at every roll of the ship changed its angles and least of all with a girl who seemed to have forgotten the fact of his existence. In two days she would get off at Colombo and this special friendship which had been so delightful, might as well end tonight as a few nights later—yet, as a matter of form, he would ask her for a second waltz. But the interval ended, the second waltz began and Iris had not returned to her chaperon.

"The prince promised to show her the southern cross, which will appear tonight for the first time," said her sister. "It was rather a long lesson in astronomy," she remarked a little rebukingly, when Iris made her appearance at the end of the second interval.

Iris looked radiant, and he put his pride in his pocket and determined to beg for the third dance, but before he could rise from his chair the first officer had come up to claim her. He watched her furtively, determined she should not have the gratification of knowing that he was even aware of her presence.

"How Iris enjoys herself!" said her sister. "And you—are not dancing tonight?"

"Not tonight," he said. "I am weary, and shall turn in early."

Nevertheless, he remained watching the dance, and each time that Iris returned to sit down a partner appeared as if by magic to take her away. All the evening they had not exchanged a word.

He turned to her sister. "When the ball is over we will have claret cup and sandwiches here," he suggested.

He was feeling restless and unhappy. The evening, which might have been so delightful, had been wasted; he had been badly treated; he had been deliberately slighted; but what he felt most, he said to himself, was the discovery that Iris was like every other girl; that if she had not flirted with the prince and the first officer, with all the officers and all the eligible men on board, it was because she had been having fun at his expense. He lashed himself into a fury.

The band had already begun to put away their instruments. Deck hands were taking down the Chinese lanterns and still Iris did not appear.

A storm of jealousy swept over him, for at all events should not be found sitting there waiting till she should graciously return. He got up hastily, pleading a headache, and went below.

It was the first time since the voyage started that he had not said "good night" to Iris.

After 20 minutes he was conscious of suffering unbearably. He went on deck again, hoping to see her; the lights were turned out; the deck deserted.

The next morning he was on deck soon after six. There was, of course, no chance that she would be visible before nine; but the mere fact of being up and dressed seemed to bring her nearer to him.

His own anxiety now was to see her to explain everything, to apologize, to beg her forgiveness.

He was amazed to see Iris advancing toward him. It was still very early; sailors were washing down the decks, one or two men in pajamas and dressing gowns were taking exercise before their bath.

Their eyes met while they were still some distance apart and, moved by the same instinct, both turned.

It was inevitable, however, that they should meet on the other side of the deck. Iris greeted him almost timidly. The radiance of the previous evening had vanished, there was tenderness in her eyes, gentleness in her voice.

"I could not sleep," she said. "I rose early to see Minekol."

He noticed for the first time the beautiful coral island, the gleaming white beach and the waving line of coconut palms that seemed floating on the blue.

"It is a dangerous place," he said. "Three or four ships have sometimes been wrecked there at the same time."

"We at least have run no risks," she said.

"About last night," he began, and stopped.

She gave him a radiant smile. "If I deserved it you punished me," he said. "And you looked so beautiful!"

"Last night we were masquerading," she said.

"I have decided, like you, to spend a fortnight at Colombo."

"It is a decision we must celebrate," she said, "by having breakfast together. My sister will not be up for hours. And we can go on with our conversation where you ended yesterday. Jealousy is, of course, an unardonable emotion." Go on.

"If it is carried over from one day to another," he ended. "Come, there goes the bugle for breakfast."

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