## EDITORIAL

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PLAYING SAFE By HENRY C. ROWLAND

The Story of a Man, a Girl and An Amazing Adventure That Came on the Wings of the Storm.

Having nothing else to do. Claire Mac-Norton went down to the station early, then fretted about, calm outwardly, but raging within until the gates opened and she was permitted to take her seat in the sleeper.

Traffic was heavy at the moment and, having suddenly decided to leave, she had been able to secure only an upper, which was well in the middle of the car. This, if possible, added to her fury, which was of a particularly upsetting sort, being mingled with a really sincere grief and a tremendous disappointment.

It is always grievous to find one's self left out of an expected large inheritance, especially where this has been verbally promised. But when added to this there is an honest mourning for the deceased because of past ties of love and gratitude, the conflicting emotions are disturbing in the extreme. The mind is angry, the heart is hurt, pride is humiliated, and confidence in human nature crippled.

Claire had traveled two days and nights by rail to reach the bedside of her dying godfather, a millionaire and a past benefactor of many acts of kindness and generosity. She had hoped to arrive in time to minister comfort to his last moments, but had reached her destination too late, and she had remained to hear the reading of the will. Expecting with just cause to inherit richly, she had managed to secure the proper mourning, including a veil which, as one very close to the deceased, she had not raised. And now she was glad that she had not done so. Later the lawyers had explained the reason

of her omission as a legatee.

"When our late client learned of your engagement to marry Mr. Van Schaik he was furious," the dry little councilor had said "It appears that Mr. Van Schaik's father was not only a business but a personal enemy, and a man by whom he considered himself to have been defrauded and villified. He swore that the son should never profit by a penny of his, and he therefore caused your name to be stricken immediately from the will."

"But I had just written to him to say that I had broken the engagement," Claire protested, in a choking voice. "I learned a few things about Reggie Van Schaik which made all idea of marrying him revolting."

"Alas' my dear young lady," said the lawyer, "your letter must be among those which arrived after the stroke. Let me see." He summoned a clerk, who brought a heap of correspondence, and from this he selected and handed to Claire the letter which, by its retarded delivery, had cost her perhaps a quarter of a million dollars.

So here was Claire, a penniless girl, dependent on the bounty of a relative, her engagement to marry a wealthy profigate broken, her expectations shattered, and in her heart an aching grief for a man who had proven her best friend, now beyond reach of appeal, and all the result of a horrible misunderstanding and an inefficient postal service.

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to realize what had happened. There had been a cloudburst and a low trestle crossing some torrential river-bed, normally dry at that season, had been washed out and given way. And here she was imprisoned, probably the only one in the car to be thus helpless, as otherwise there must have been cries for help.

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No doubt the torrent was continuing to rise, in which case she must be drowned like a rat

in a trap unless speedily released. "At any rate this solves my problem," she thought, and at that moment there came the sloshing of water in the aisle and a voice said cheerfully, "Now I'll soon have you out of this. Keep over against the window side."

Followed a smashing and splintering, apparently the blows of a train ax directed against the partition at her feet. But as these continued, the flood rose higher about her until her body was half submerged. The car seemed to settle a little so that Claire's body was covered and she was forced to raise her head to keep it clear. And all of this in Stygian blackness.

"Now, we'll see," said the vibrant voice huskily. Claire's hands were against the lid of her aqueous coffin, when she felt it suddenly lift. "Slip out," panted a voice.

She squirmed through the aperture and found herself splashing about in two or three feet of water.

"All right," said the voice, and a hand fumbling about griped her by the shoulder and helped her to her feet.

The car was at an agle of 45 degrees and, like people aboard a sailing vessel in a gale, they managed to craw, and scramble to the platform. Crossing this they entered the car ahead which was slanted at a lesser angle, while the water in the aisle was not so decp. They made their way the length of this. Stephen in the lead, and on reaching the forward platform he paused with an exclamation of dismay.

"Good Lord!---the rest of the train is gone." "Into the river?" Claire said tremulously.

"I don't think so." He peered out into the murk. "It's not very deep and we could see if it had. We were moving very slowly when the side of the trestle gave way. This car is on the track. The passengers from ours must have gone through to the car ahead of this when they uncoupled the train and went on."

The black water was swirling past, two feet deep over the platform, while the rain was crashing down in solid sheets. Then as they stood there a shudder seemed to shake the car and it lurched over at a greater angle.

"We've got to get out of this and quick," said Stephen. "The trestle is apt to go at any moment, or our car might roll over and drag this one after it. We're shipwrecked in Arkansas. Wait a moment."

He plunged into the oblivion of the car and, above the crash of the rain and the gurgling sounds of the torrent, Claire heard the clattering and banging of loose planks. Lacking the resourcefulness of her rescuer, she could not imagine what he hoped to find as material for a raft in a sleeping car. But she was enlightened when a few minutes later Stephent emerged and propped in the doorway what sounded like a heap of planks.

"These are the triangular partitions from between the upper berths," he said breathlessly. "They'll float us until we ground somewhere. It's not as if we were a thousand miles at sea. I'll get a couple more."

He accomplished this and taking five of the partitions he laid them in the water one on top of the other beside the downstream edge of "."

with a flat roof. This on a slant which brought one side of it awash, possibly from the weight of a stove inside, as its pipe projected.

"We had better trans-ship," said Stephen. "We've drifted out into the Arkansas not far from where it empties into the Mississippi, and if we have to go on to Vicksburg we will be more comfortable aboard a larger vessel. Let's kick this boat of ours ahead."

He shifted himself around to the side of Claire and they began to strike out with their feet, driving their float at a fair progress which promised soon to overhaul the house not far ahead. There was slight danger of the partitions sliding apart, the buoyancy of those beneath thrusting them up against the submerged one on which their weight rested; also because the apex of their triangle was between Claire and Stephen.

"A twin-propeller craft," Stephen observed "noncapsizable and nonsinkable."

"One ought to play safe with a big gold shipment," answered Claire.

"Right-o. Especially when you happen to be chained to it. Lucky for me we swapped berths. I was half awake when we got let down, so I grabbed the curtain rod and swung there till I got a foothold. Providentially my berth jammed or it might have crushed you."

"Thanks to you, I'm still alive and kicking," Claire answered.

And, thanks to the kicking, they were soon able to exchange a precarious float for a more stable one. The floating house, which looked like a big square box, had revolved in an eddy so that its front was now presented obliquely to them, about 10 feet of it being above the water, while the rear was awash. Two upper story windows were clear of the stream, and above these was painted an inscription in crude vermillion letters, the n's and the s's reversed: "Cotton Pickers Bank," and beneath, "Storage."

"Good thing for the cotton pickers they haven't started to pick," Stephen observed. "Let's kick this thing around to the back."

They accomplished this and found the rim of the roof about a foot under water. Stephen passed his values aboard, scrambled up after it, then turned and held out his hand to Claire, who now for the first time realized with a shock that she was scarcely clad at all. But there was no help for it, and being a sensible girl, she took the outstretched hand and a moment later was standing, as Stephen expressed it, "on the quarter deck." a superb, unshrinking figure in her thin, wet pajamas. Stephen without glancing at Claire began to drag the pieces of Pullman partition up onto the roof. Their weight had caused the filmsy structure to careen at an even greater angle.

"We'd better save our lifeboat," said he, "Might want to abandon ship if we should happen to run aground. Besides, once the sun gets up this tar paper is going to get awful hot."

He fitted the triangular pieces together near the front of the roof, when Claire sank down upon them with a sigh of fatigue, less from exhaustion than the tremendous strain of the last three hours. The day was coming apace and presently the sun rose and sent its crimsor horizontal beams across what much resembled a sea of fluid mud. Sitting side by side with their hands crossed in front of their knees, they looked out across the desolate waste. Here and there were farms along the banks of the river and far ahead a jetty ran out into the stream. Some motor boats were also visible moored to the shore, but no immediate succor was in sight. There was also about them a great mass of floating debris, trees, and logs, and fragments of shacks, and not very far distant a waterlogged skiff which Stephen eyed covetously. But Claire observed that never once his eyes rested upon herself, and this fact gave her new esteem for him. She reflected that she really was about as much in his debt as it is possible for one person to be in another's; that, resistant to the panio of the other passengers who had fled forward while there was still time, he had remained terribly incumbered by the heavy valise, not only an inconvenience but a grave danger, to fight for and accomplish her release. She believed absolutely that he would have gone to the bottom of the creek with the car sooner than have abandoned her, had been in danger of doing so at any moment with the coach at a perilous pitch which needed but the slightest setting of its support to roll over into the This knowledge sent a warm glow stream. through her and made her feel that she had done him great injustice. "It's going to be scorching hot in about an hour," he said, "but we are sure to be taken off before we begin to crisp up. Besides we can always keep wet. We could do with a bite to eat, though." He rose, crossed the roof, and returned with two flat stones from those cemented around the base of the stove pipe, then reseated himself at her side. "What now?" asked Claire.

Claire had taken the blow squarely on her two feet: she had shed some tears, these of sorrow, quite free from all recrimination. And now, facing the situation, she was obliged to admit that her immediate future was not a brilliant one.

Since death of her parents her home had been made with a rather tyrannical widowed aunt, whom she suspected of being by no means averse to a second marriage, and Claire had reason to believe that her entertainment was largely due to her usefulness as a decoy. There was nothing of the flapper to her. She had just turned 25, was possessed of sense and character, alluring of face and with a ripeness of physical charms unusual for her age. Moreover, she was steady of head, cultured, and she legarded social problems squarely.

Facing the present one, her gray eyes grew thoughtful, her firm little chin was set at an angle of decision, and her cool little nose apeared to raise itself a trifle, as if in self-conmpt for the mess that she had made of things as the result of a swift infatuation for a libertime.

But underneath was a burning rage, this directed not against her kindly godfather, but the vultures who had profited by his bequests. She was convinced that a swarm of these had profited by her own fall; so that when presently the porter conducted to the seat facing hers a lean but squarely built young man, whom she recognized instantly as having seen at the reading of the will, Claire's emotion was for the instant homicidal.

She did not remember the amount of the legacy he had inherited, but that did not matter. As she figured it, no doubt correctly enough, her godfather, on striking out at the eleventh hour the considerable fortune previously bequeathed to her, had been left with a residue which he had probably divided among a number of people having no special claim upon him. A moment later she had reason to feel convinced of this. The young man who was to occupy the lower berth of the section appeared, encumbered with

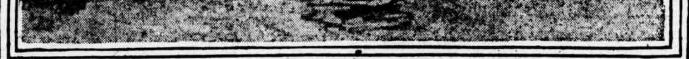
good deal of hand luggage, which the red cap had set down indiscriminately, and the Pullman porter, observing this as he passed, proceeded to stow these pieces in more orderly fashion. A suitcase went under one seat, a soldier's seabag was stuffed under the other, while a roll of steamer rugs with the corner of a Navajo blanket protruding was hung from a hook overhead. The porter then stooped to pick up a small square black valise which the young man had set down in such a manner as to incommode his feet. But this inconspicuous bit of luggage did not come up. The porter had reached for it negligently with one finger, and the expression of his sable face was that of one who might lay hold of the empty trunk left by an indigent boarder and finds it nailed to the floor

"Lan' sakes!" said he, and tried again, this time with success, though at the cost of some considerable effort, then stood staring with perplexity at the fine steel chain which was attached at one end to the value and at the other to the wrist of the passenger.

"Never mind that, George," said the young man, crisply. "Just a little white mule. We have to ride close herd on it nowadays."

The porter gave an explosive negro laugh. "Yassir," said he, "but I never hefted no white mule weigh lak that." A knowing look spread over his face as he turned and went about his duties.

Claire had missed no part of this. She could easily guess that "white mule" was a term for the country's forbidden fruit, but she knew that no spirits could so ballast the little valise, which was not more than the size of two shoe boxes. A solution of the problen. flashed across her uick mind. Here apparently was a fore-handd young man, who was taking no chances on the prompt custody of his inheritance. He had evidently by some special favor received his legacy in gold, and put it in the baby sultcase, which he had secured to his person by a chain The roll of rugs suggested a rea voyage in immediate prospective. She thought it probable that he was leaving the country, and wondered by what right he could expect to take with him what must be a considerable fortune in gold.



## "We'd better save our lifeboat. Might want to abandon ship if we should happen to run aground."

The train presently pulled out of the station; Claire's vis-a-vis picked up a technical magazine of engineering, upon which he concentrated his attention. This gave her an opportunity to study him surreptitiously. Under other circumstances Claire would have found him distinctly attractive. He was the type of man which pleased her most; clean cut, clear of skin and eye, and with a set of features which bespoke race. The left hand resting upon his knee was strong and well shaped, the fingers straight and rather widely spaced-the hand of a craftsman -and on the little finger was a heavy gold seal ring engraved with arms. He was extremely well dressed in a gravish cheviot, very light but of the finest wool, of an English cut which rather belittled the breadth of his shoulders, with a shirt of pongee silk no longer to be found ir America, heavy and resistant to maltreatr .nt of the laundry, and his tie was of a snug woven silk also of foreign fabric.

It was evident to Claire that his clothes were not American, although their wearer was distinctly so, as evidenced by his speech, which might have been that of a New Yorker, possibly a Bostonian.

"Here," thought Claire, bitterly, "is a man already well provided for, who is making off with a good part of what should be my inheritance." She glanced at the end of his suitcase under the seat and saw the label of a Washington hotel, also the remains of one of the French line. This suggested that he might be in some branch of government service, a naval officer, perhaps, about to be ordered to European waters.

Then as the train rumbled on she made another discovery. It was suffocatingly hot, with a low barometer and a lurid, heavy sky which predicted some sort of meteorological disturbance—earthquake weather, as a Californian might have said. Some of the men in the car had taken off their coats and were sitting in shirtwaists.

A dining car steward announced the first call for dinner. The young man opposite Claire laid down his magazine and rose, when for the first time he appeared to take an active interest in her presence. His features relaxed in a friendly expression and he spoke to her in the pleasant inoffensive way of one accustomed not only to travel and its exigencies but courteously offering to render service to his fellow travelers.

"Perhaps you'd rather have the lower berth," said he. "It's rather awkward for a lady to scramble up and down the ladder, and I am quite accustomed to it."

t- "Thank you," said Claire, "if you're sure you don't mind."

"Not in the least. The upper is really better on a sultry night like this, more free air, and I'm used to that, too." He glanced through the window. "Looks as if we were going to

the window. Looks as it we were going to catch a cyclone or cloudburst or something Hope it doesn't blow the train off the track" he glanced at his valise and smiled—"just when I've got all my eggs in one basket. I believe I saw you at the funeral of Mr. Lothrop."

"Tes," answered Claire, surprised that he should have recognized her heavily veiled. "Mr. Lothrop was my godfather."

His eyes flashed at her a look of sudden interest. He seated himself. "Then you must be Miss MacNorton. Mr. Lothrop often talked to me about you. I am Stephen Goddard."

Claire's gray eyes hardened. Her godfather had also spoken frequently to her of Stephen Goddard, whom she knew to have been a sort of protege for whose scientific education he had paid.

"I owe him everything," said Stephen. "I have delayed the sailing of a government vessel to go to his funeral."

"Your duty appears to have been well rewarded." said Claire. He looked surprised. "I don't think I quite open but the air which filtered through it was not and oppressive.

Claire glanced significantly at his wrist to
 which the light chain was attached. He caught
 the trend of her mind and smiled, then frowned.
 "If you'll pardon me for saying so, I was in-

tensely surprised at not hearing your name mentioned in the will."

"So was I," said Claire bitterly; "but that is a matter which I prefer not to discuss."

She turned to look out of the window with the manner of one who desires a conversation discontinued. Stephen appeared to hesitate for a moment, then picked up his valise and walked down the aisle toward the head of the train, indifferent to the curious eyes of such of the passengers as happened to observe his manner of safeguarding the small piece of luggage.

Claire continued to stare out at the dull, monotonous country with eyes as hot and brooding and sullen as the lurid sky, now thickening into a dark opacity as the daylight waned. It was suffecting in the car, and such heavy air as there was to breathe seemed charged with a sort of poisonous depressant. The faces of the passengers were humid, some congested, and across the aisle a plethoric man was panting for breath and started up fitfully from time to time as he dozed. Claire wondered how she was going to be able to pass the night.

She was angry with herself for having accepted the offer of this complacent young stranger whom she felt had profited at her cost. "Playing safe," said Claire to herself, and her full lip curled scornfully. "That's the way to get what you want in this world. Play safe. If I'd had the sense to play safe I'd be safe now instead of a beggar and prospective outcast."

For it was borne in upon her mind that the reception of her aunt and hostess was apt to be affected by the knowledge of her disinheritance. It was one thing to entertain a prospective heiress and another to dispense a grudging hospitality to an indigent relative who had first broken her engagement with a millionaire and then found herself left portionless.

Blacker and blacker grew Claire's mood, until she found herself in a state of desperation. She could see no light ahead. The discovery of the character of her fiance, which led to the breaking of her engagement, had been catastrophe enough, she thought, but assuaged to some extent by the prospect of independence. Now that this was withdrawn she felt herself a derelict. There were a number of men who greatly desired to marry her and, although not one of these made any appeal to her as husband, she began to reflect that it might be wise to gelect the most desirable and do her duty as a wife to the best of her ability.

"Id better take my medicine and play safe." she told herself with a sort of bitter scorn. "I've no talents, no business ability, no coquetry nor faculty for getting something for nothing. The first thing I know I'll be developing into a hard, acrimonious old maid. Better play safe like my self-satisfied neighbor."

She sent the porter for a sandwich and a glass of milk, then waited in another seat for him to make up her berth. Inside it with the curtains drawn she felt as though buried alive in a misfit coffin not far removed from the infernal regions. Nervous depression added to the intensity of her bodily discomfort. The perspiration ran from her in little rills, but without the agreeable sense of depletion to be found in a Turkish bath.

"I'll be a sodden mass by morning if I live through this fearful night," said Claire to herself. It was difficult to understand the reason for such extra discomfort. The porter had assured the protesting passengers that all of the ventilators were open, even to the screened apertures of the windows. That of Claire was

open but the air which filtered through it was hot and oppressive.
As she lay there unable to sleep and reflecting on this final torture by the high gods or low devils as the result of her journey to the southwest in midsummer, she heard Stephen's voice asking the porter to bring the steps and a moment later the curtain rustled as he crept into his upper berth. For some reason the near presence of the successful heritor infuriated her and she reflected that one might cheerfully sup-

and she renected that one might cheerfully support the intense discomforts of the night with a gold-filled valies secured to one's person by a chain. Presently she drifted into an unrestful sleep

but was awakened toward midnight by what seemed to a crashing and battering of the car and a fine spray upon her face. She discovered then that the train appeared

to be caught up in a cyclone, while the roar upon the roof of the car was as though it were passing under a cataract. The porter was hurriedly closing the windows and ventilators and the train had slowed its speed.

"Now," thought Claire, "we shall quickly suffocate and that will be an end to it." She almost regretted when the porter requested permission to close her own and instead of the cooling spray there was the sodden smell of wet bedding.

"Some cyclone, ma'am," said the negro. "I reckon we done pitched into a cloudburst."

Claire presently dropped off again, but this time her sleep was fraught with troubled dreams. She thought that she was aboard a ship which had broken down and was drifting toward a maelstrom. Then suddenly it reached the brink of this and she felt it plunge down into the vortex.

"All is over," thought Claire with a sort of resigned relief, and at that moment there came a most terrific sense of falling accompanied by a rending, splitting sound and culminating in an appalling crash.

She woke suddenly and flung up her hands. They struck a hard, smooth surface which slanted down across her and completely blocked her exit from the berth. The car was keeled over at a slight angle to the other side and the air was filled with muffled shreiks and shouting and the roar of waters. Terror-stricken, Claire reached for her light, only to find it extinct. She thrust up the curtain of her window but the darkness without was impenetrable and there seemed to be a flood pouring down the glass. She was imprisoned in a triangular space and immediately guessed that the chains supporting the upper berth had parted and that it had fallen to leave an aperture of not more than six inches on the aisle of the car. Through this she shrieked wildly for help.

"One minute," shouled a vibrant voice. 'I'll get you out."

The cries and screams seemed growing fainter, and from a little distance came a smashing, splintering sound. She heard the man beside her roaring for help to raise the berth, which had jammed, but there was no response. Then presently, as he struggled, it seemed to yield.

t for "Lie on your back and shove straight up a the with your arms when I count three," he said. alive Claire obeyed and they seemed to gain two or e in- three inches.

ne "It's jammed against the partition," he panti- ed. "Don't be frightened. I'll get you out." ut She suddenly found herself alone. There

were no more sounds of human presence, nor crushing fabrics, but a torrent of water seemed cascading over the roof of the car as a river flows over a dam, with swirling, sucking gurgles. Then, to her horror, Claire felt a warm trickie about her, and thrusting her arm through the aperture felt the flood up to the very edge of her berth.

In those few terrible seconds she was able

platform, and as he did so there came another ominous shudder and the car careened slightly. Stephen went down the steps and set his valise on the improvised raft.

"Come on," said he to Claire. "Lie halfway across this thing and we'll cast off. Hurry. The car's apt to topple over at any minute."

Claire followed his instructions and a moment later they were swirling away through the inky murk, partly submerged but floated easily by the wood partitions. The water was warm as new milk and about as thick, though this was not immediately discoverable. As the bed of the stream was smooth there were no waves, but occasionally they were caught in a whirlpool and twisted from side to side.

"We ought to wash ashore pretty soon," said Stephen, "that is if we don't get floated out into the Arkansas. But even in that case we ought to land somewhere in time for breakfast."

Claire began to laugh, not hysterically, but from the absurdity of their situation. It seemed a fitting end to her disastrous trip, to be floating down through the pitchy darkness with nothing left her but her life and a suit of silk pajamas, very thin and torn. While opposite her was a young man similarly clad and chained to a bag of treasure which was rightfully hers and which he had been at such pains to safeguard.

"What do you think now of playing safe?" she asked.

"There's no such thing. I've hung on to it so far, though," and he rapped the panel beneath him with his knuckles.

"Well, I don't begrudge it to you, now. You saved me from a very oozy death. What if you hadn't been able to get me out?"

"Then I'd have kept you company. There's no good in hating one's self for all one's life." His hand was close to hers. Claire laid hers

on the back of it for a moment with a sudden impulsive pressure. "Thank you," said she.

The pressure was returned and for several moments they drifted on in silence, then Stephen said:

"This is the first time I've been comfortably cool since my morning tub, and that was fairly lukewarm. Not getting chilled, are you?"

"Not a bit. It's very refreshing."

"The daylight can't be far off," said Stephen; "then we can make a landfall and lay a course for somewhere."

The rain stopped suddenly as though somebody had turned off the faucet of the shower and the silence struck upon them with a sort of shock. There was no noise beyond the low murmuring voice of the flood, a sort of deep, musical diapason. Then presently the heavy clouds seemed to roll at the edges and the brilliant summer stars shone down upon them from a widening zone of fathomless sky. Dark high banks loomed up on either side at a distance of several hundred yards. But looking downstream was like looking straight out to open sea.

"Just as I thought," said Stephen. "This is a big shallow torrential tributary of the Arkansas, and it can't be very far away." His eyes pierced the gloom, now rapidly lightening, and suddenly he gave a gasp of dismay.

"Good Lord! look at that. We're out in II the river."

For the clay banks on either side had dwindled abruptly, then disappeared, and they saw that they were swirling out upon a broad expanse of water. A higher draft of air had swept away the rain clouds and there was a growing light which announced the dawn. This brightened rapidly as the sky cleared.

and presently a brilliant crimson glow spread itself across the firmament and edged the distant volumes of dissipating vapor with glorious color.

"Lovely morning," said Stephen. "What's that thing ahead?"

"A house," said Claire.

The day rushed in a good deal as a stage is lightened in a morning scene. They found themselves well out in a big muddy stream the color of yellow paint in the reflected light from the sky upon the turbid water.

The force of the torrent had propelled them nearly to midriver and the low banks looked to be a mile away on either side. Not far ahead of them was a square wooden building "Watch and learn," he answered.

Stretching the chain across the corner of one stone, he began to strike it with the other, about a foot from his wrist.

"You think of everything, don't you?" asked Claire.

"Ah! but you see I'm an inventor!"

"But is that playing safe?" she asked, amused.

"It would prove so if I should happen to fall overboard. But my present object is to swim over and get that skiff. Then we can split paddles off our raft and row ashore."

He contined his hammering softly, so as not to break the stone, which was wearing considerably from the process.

"I suppose you think," Stephen observed as he tapped away, "that the contents of this valise should by rights belong to you."

"Not now," Claire answered. "Any such claim is more than settled."

He shot her a sidelong look, then glanced quickly away, reddening slightly. "Then you consider that there is no existing claim between us?"

"I didn't say that. I said that what possible claim that I might have on you was settled."

Tap! tap! tap! His head was bowed over his task, and Claire, glancing at him in turn. discovered that his shipwrecked condition added to rather than diminished his attractiveness. The water had curled his chestnut hair in please ing fashion and his skin was very clear and fine, his eyes doubly fringed with long, black, curving lashes, and his profile of pure classic Grecian type, but without the softness lent by the chisel of Praxitiles. He had more jaw and his chin was square rather than rounded, while the lips, instead of being full, were straight and firm.

Then, watching his task, its method puzzled her, for instead of tapping continually en one point of the chain he now spread it the length of the stone and proceeded to hammer his sege ment flat.

"Why are you doing that?" she asked. "Watch and learn," he answered.

Satisfied presently with the result, he picked up the chain, of which the links were now hammered so closely together that there was no play between them, but remained stiff like a plece of wire. Taking this between his hands, he began to bend it back and forth at the point which he had first eroded. The result was almost immediate, as the chain, no longer able to articulate, broke at the eroded part.

"Easy enough when you happen to be an ineventor," and glanced at Claire with a flashing smile which brought the color to her face. But this was not because of her deshabille. She was beginning to forget about that, or at least to dis-

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