

## ENOCH CRANE

"Thank you, Tim, for the hot water," smiled Enoch, "but I've washed. Are you married, Tim?"

"Yis, sor; to as fine a little woman as iver came from the County Kerry."

"Any children?"

"Three, sor—two byes and a gurl."

"I want you to wish them a merry Christmas when you reach port," said Enoch. He dove into his pocket, separated two gold sovereigns from some keys and silver, and forced them into the astonished steward's hand.

The man's eyes slowly filled with tears.

"God bless ye, sor," he said, and paused. "'Tis thim that'll bless ye, too. May I be so bold as to ask if ye have any childer, sor? If ye have, sor, 'tis Christmas Eve, an' I wish thim a merry wan."

"Two," said Enoch. "Both married."

"They'll be missin' ye to-night, sor," said Tim. "'Tis a long ways to land."

The first gong for dinner reverberated down the corridor. As the steward withdrew and closed the stateroom door, Sue came laughing down the corridor, followed by Joe.

"Uncle Enoch, may we come in?" she asked, knocking at his door.

"Come in, my children," cried Enoch heartily, flinging his door wide open to them both.

"Oh, it's glorious on deck," cried Sue, pushing back the soaked hood of her ulster, her fair hair glistening from the salt spray.