

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS 147

warships on the Queen's Birthday. She was behind them and saw the whole thing. One of the girls—tailor-made all through—bent on collecting curios, rushed up to an officer, and, holding out a pair of scissors, begged him to give her a memento of himself.

"Do, please, give me just one souvenir. There, **that** one just there will do. It is not sewed on very securely."

"But we cawn't, don't cher know. It's against orders," he answered, backing off. "Oh, please, I'll give you——" He turned to address more arrivals, and she slipped up and cut off both his coat-tail buttons before he could defend himself.

"'I was wondering,' says my sister, 'how he would maintain the dignity of Her Majesty's Navy, for British sailors have died before now rather than make laughing-stocks of themselves. He turned and, calling the officer in charge of the gangway, said:

"'Here, Little! Hold the launch a minute. This party wishes to go ashore.'

"And he insisted on seeing them all safely on board.

"A few minutes afterwards Captain Franklyn stepped out of his stateroom, where he had been entertaining some gentlemen, and addressing the officer, said: