



A PROMISE OF THE MORROW

previous afternoon through the Sound. In the former case it was a trip through semi-inland waters. Now it is, to all intents and purposes, an ocean journey. There is the same apparently limitless expanse of tumbling waters, the same fresh, salty, intoxicating breezes, and the same feeling of restfulness and freedom from care that possesses the traveler en route to Europe.

Already the wonderful vacation elixir is beginning to assert itself.

One cannot possibly be lonely in this part of the Atlantic, however, for this is one of the most crowded pathways of commerce.

Vineyard Haven. The next twinkling constellation to be passed is Cross Rip Lightship, and then in regular order come Handkerchief Shoal Lightship, Shovelful Lightship, and Pollock Rip Lightship. When this last-named beacon is reached, the "Prince Arthur" has completed the first half of her journey.

Passing out through the "Slue" and into deeper waters, the steamship begins her voyage across the Gulf of Maine, whose cool currents have so much to do with tempering the summer heat to the dwellers along the New England coast.

Daylight finds the ship about 40 miles east of Nantucket Shoals, her course now being E. N. E., directly for Yarmouth Light. The voyage now is in marked and delightful contrast to that of the



A YARMOUTH GARDEN