

2 VIRGINIA OF THE AIR LANES

mat, barefooted, weathered in garments and skin. Over his cheeks and nose were scattered broad brown blotches which, had it not been for their size, might have been called freckles. He rolled a cigarette, lighted it, turned his almost colorless eyes on his companion, repeating, "She's sho' boun' fo' N'Yawlins."

In the mien of the young man there was something of kinship to the elder, as there might be in a New England chemist or engineer something that is like his forty-second cousin fishing on the Newfoundland Banks. The softness of speech was modified to a subtle firmness and a subdued decision. The slight, tall frame was arrowy and erect; as if the youth had imbibed from some winier air a latent self-esteem expressed in the hint of incisiveness in speech, if one may call that incisive which was still soft and almost caressing. The boy also had the areas of mottled freckling, overlaying a pink glow. He wore a blue flannel shirt with a bright silk cravat; his shoes were scoured gray by the beach sand, and his well-shaped hat was powdered with it; his trousers were of cadet gray and were striped down the side; seemingly they were a part of some obsolete uniform. He sat on a great square timber half-buried in the sand, and had been studying a blue-green Portuguese man-of-war cast ashore and rolled up before the breeze, dragging its yard-long