

get the village constable, eh? As for Giggs —,”

“Order!” rapped the Chairman. “What interference was practiced by Giggs?”

“He signalled Carew on a whistle!” retorted Weatherbee.

“State the case.”

“He signalled Carew that he was in danger of fouling me——”

“You have protested that you were deliberately fouled.”

“Well, when Carew saw he was in danger of fouling he made the foul deliberate.”

“Hm! And what was the signal that Giggs gave?”

“How do I know just what it was?” Weatherbee flared, heated by the Chairman’s bland tone. “I don’t know what code these fellows — Carew and Brooks and Giggs — have between them! The whistle was given by Brooks to Giggs at Rome. Does Carew deny that?”

“He does not,” said Jimmy, with a grin. “Giggs knew to-day that the Morse ‘D’ — which was the signal he blew — was a call understood between Mr. Brooks and me to stand for ‘danger.’ But I am at a loss to understand why Giggs blew it to-day, — unless——”

“Unless?” sneered Weatherbee.

“Unless,” repeated Jimmy, in his serene tone, “he wished to warn me of any danger I may have been in of being fouled.” And Jimmy lit a cigar.

A boy had hurriedly entered the tent, with a package, which he handed to the Chairman. As the latter opened the package, he said judiciously:

“Rule Eight of the Racing Rules says that neither pilotage nor direction will be allowed from boat or shore, and any one accepting such assistance may be disqualified. In view of the facts of Mr. Carew’s frank explanation, the signal blown by Giggs might be construed as ‘direction,’ though rather of the nature suggested by Mr. Carew; but it would remain to be shown that Mr. Carew *accepted* such direction; and, indeed, whether he saw the ‘danger’ or not. I have now in my hand the photographic evidence in the matter of the alleged foul. It is very clear.” The Chairman held up a large-size rough-mounted positive, and Weatherbee glared with sullen eyes. “This photograph,” continued the Chairman, “shows the stern of Carew’s craft being carried to port on a swell, and that the swell had not yet reached Weatherbee’s canoe. It shows, however, Weatherbee’s craft pointed to starboard, and Weatherbee in the act of taking a propulsive stroke with his left-hand blade, which would of necessity impel the bow of his boat still farther to the right. And, in conclusion, it shows that if the arc of the circle being described by Weatherbee’s canoe had been completed his bow would have swept clear of the stern of Carew’s boat. As, indeed,

it did, because there were besides a camera several pairs of keen eyes on the launch. If, on the other hand, Weatherbee’s bow had *not* swept clear of the stern of Carew’s boat I am of opinion that a foul—I will not say deliberate—would have been committed by Weatherbee. I was promised some rapid developments in the case,” concluded the Chairman, as he handed the photograph to his brothers of the Bench, “by the photographer in camp in whose hands I placed the plate, a highly sensitized one, immediately after exposure.” The Chairman took up a pen. “Our decision is that the protest in this case has not been sustained,” he added, a few moments later; and he proceeded to write.

“I’ll take the case to the Executive Committee!” shrilled Weatherbee, at white heat.

“This Committee may feel constrained to report to the Executive Committee that you have been guilty of conduct ungentlemanly and unworthy of a member of the American Canoe Association,” said the Chairman severely, as he despatched a package to the Secretary’s tent by the boy. “In which event you may find *Article Thirteen* of the Constitution, and Chapter Twelve of the By-laws to be much more relevant to the case than any section of the Racing Rules.” The boy, departing hurriedly, caromed into the Commodore and Giggs, just entering the tent.

I thought that the threat of expulsion would cool Weatherbee, if he had a saving grain of sense. But his ire had superheated spite to such a degree that the grain was scorched.

“I’m the active representative member of a reputable club, from the service of which that fellow was dismissed!” he cried, levelling a quivering finger at little Giggs.

“An’ w’y was I dismissed from your club, w’ich I was caretaker of for two years?” roared Giggs. “Tell the gentlemen w’y! Tell ‘em ‘ow I spoke my mind to you about your tricky w’ys in racin’, like you was tryin’ to pl’y t’-d’y, an’ ‘ow I says to you, ‘Pl’y fair,’ I says, ‘or don’t pl’y at all!’” Giggs’ dialect became more acute and he dropped the first letter of the alphabet liberally in the excitement of his wrath and utterance of it. “Tell ‘em ‘ow you ‘ated me for it, too! Tell ‘em ‘ow you never could tyke a beatin’, like a man, not bein’ one, like you couldn’t tyke one t’-d’y at the ‘ands o’ one! Tell ‘em ‘ow you took young Carter out the night afore, the time o’ the spring rices, one year, an’ got ‘im so fuddled an’ sick, ‘im that was tryed so fine, that ‘e couldn’t row ‘is rice on account of ‘is stummick givin’ hout! Tell ‘em w’y you did it, w’ich was on account of your ‘avin’ sneaked down hev’ry mornin’ to ‘old your watch on ‘im, an’ knew ‘e was goin’ to trim you if you didn’t fix ‘im some’ow. Tell ‘em, tell ‘em all! An’ don’t forget to tell ‘em ‘ow you fixed me,