

MILDRED THROWS DOWN THE GLOVE

"She's such a beautiful woman," said Nance.

"Oh, she's beautiful," replied Miss Walters.

"Do you think so?" asked Sam, for picturing her now he saw her as repellent. The eyes, recalled, were treacherous, the lips cruel, the face hard.

"There's no doubt about it," said Nance.

"And I don't trouble about the way she spoke to me. But I don't see what kind of pleasure it can give her to make a man do fool things for her—for nothing!"

"That's because you're not built that way," remarked Miss Walters.

From the porch Mrs. Webley called softly: "We'll be getting down to the boat, you people"; and a few minutes later they were clattering over the slope of shingle, lanterns (thoughtfully provided by Sing) in hand, lanterns that they hardly needed because of the soaring moon. Franklin stepped into his boat and got ready. Webley bent over his engine.

"We've got Mr. Franklin with us," said Mrs. Webley, "so if it breaks down we can have a tow!"

"Break down nothing!" growled her husband in tones that set them all smiling. "We'll have a race home."

"Not with the ladies on board," pleaded Sam.

"All right?" asked Franklin.

"All right," responded Webley.

"Thanks for a good time," said Mrs. Webley.

"And congratulations on your home," added Webley.