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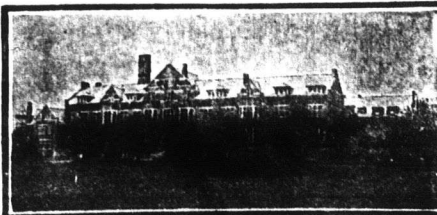


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a comfortable position. He was proud of his position, proud of his connection with the business world, proud that his son held a position under government, and his eldest daughter had married a well-known merchant. Is it to be wondered at that such a man should look askance at the humble bo's'n of the Gull. Of this both William and Susy were aware, and coming events cast their shadows before. As yet nothing had been said openly. They had known each other for years, though only of late had their acquaintance ripened. William had made occasions to call at the house, but had avoided treating Susy any different from her sister. It was when they had met alone she had learned his true feelings. Johnathan, therefore, had little suspicion of the state of affairs. But now they both felt it would be necessary to speak to him, and William, with characteristic decision of character, decided to do so at once. He was bound to sail on the morrow, and he would know, one way or the other, what to expect.

When they neared the house, therefore, they parted by mutual consent. Susy went to speak to a friend in a neighboring

far forget her position as to form an attachment for a common sailor. But the fellow before him must have unduly persuaded her against her better judgment. His anger blazed out against William, and he did not seek to conceal it. He cut short his speech with an impatient gesture.

"It's no good, young man," he said, curtly. "You can spare me farther details of your so-called affection for my daughter. You are wasting your time and mine. Girls like followers, it amuses and flatters them but there's nothing in it. As for you, you may be excused for wanting to better your position."

His tone was offensive, and William could but resent it. The suggestion was that Susy was merely flirting, and that he sought only the financial gain it might bring him. With an effort he controlled himself and answered calmly.

"As to that, your daughter is the best judge of her own feelings, and I have only my word to give you that I seek her affections and nothing more."

William saw it was useless to proceed further but he put a question to the other.



Each of the Allied soldiers represented here is giving the military salute of his country. It is exceedingly interesting to note that the signs of respect of each of our Allies are different with the exception of the Belgian and Czechoslovak, which are nearly alike. They are represented in this photo starting at the top from left to right: British, American, French, Belgian, Greek, Italian, Polish, Serbian and Czechoslovak.

dwelling, and William to see her father, if possible alone. He was fortunate in finding him outside, smoking his pipe as he paced about the large garden that surrounded the house. He returned William's greeting with a nod, and after a few remarks respecting the weather, spoke of the prospects of the coming voyage of the Gull, saying, no doubt, William was tired of life ashore and would be glad to be afloat again. This gave the young man the opportunity he sought, and he plunged at once into his subject. At first Johnathan listened in silence, taking his pipe from his mouth occasionally and emitting a cloud of smoke. He was hardly surprised. It was natural that any young man should consider his daughter a desirable asset. Was not he a man of position, and might there not be reasonable expectations of a comfortable dowry, to say nothing of future expectations? But when William intimated that his suit was returned, and that Susy was not only partial to him but had given her word of consent, his anger rose. He would not have thought it conceivable that his daughter should so

"Were my position equal to her's would you give your consent?"

"Possibly, but," with a cynical laugh, "it is really so unlikely that we need not discuss it further. Good-night. I wish you a pleasant voyage." And turning abruptly he entered the house.

William made no attempt to follow. He left the garden and passing a little way down the road, turned through a gate that led to a meadow. Here as he expected he encountered Susy waiting for him. It was nearly dark and they were quite alone. He took her hand in his and she read at once in his face that his appeal had been unsuccessful.

"Susy," he said, with a strange mixture of playfulness, regret and tenderness. "He will have nothing to do with a poor bo's'n."

She looked at him a moment, then impelled by a sudden impulse flung her arms around his neck and laid her cheek against his.

"But I will!" she cried. "Poor bo's'n, indeed! Was he not less than that at one time himself? But he forgets and thinks only of his position, and I would