

"Why, Archie, they're beauties!"

"Sure they are! Do you think I got 'em at a sale of unredeemed pledges?"

"You shouldn't have spent the money, though."

"I'm making money. Got a five-year contract with the biggest producers on Broadway. Didn't I turn a frost they had into a knock-out? It was you put me on to the idea that my best bet was travellin' ahead of a show. I'm known, now. I bought a little present for the missis, too. A silver hair-brush. She's got such peachy hair! You give it to her. I haven't the crust."

"Hold on, man, you must give it to her yourself."

"No, I got to go. I can't stand this good-bye business. Makes me feel like a fool. So long! So long! Don't forget Archie the Mutt!"

After the young man and the young woman had boarded the ship and the bell was ringing for non-passengers to go ashore, one more friend arrived to bid them farewell. A figure all legs and arms dashed up the gang-plank, clutching a hastily-wrapped bundle. The two saw him coming and hastened to the gangway.

"Oh, Tom! I was afraid I'd be late!" gasped the boy. "They made me wait for this." He thrust the package on the young man.

"Look at the Kid!" said Neil. "He grows overnight. What's in this, son?"

"A model of a cutter. I made it myself. I just had it varnished. I'm afraid it's rather sticky."

"The Kid's going to be a sailor," the young man explained to the young woman.

"You bet!" said the boy. "I couldn't do a thing in ordinary school. Got a head like a hickory-nut, I guess. I was crazy for a life of adventure. Everybody jumped on me until Tom came along. He said, 'Why don't you be a sailor?' Hit the nail on the head. He got my father to let me go to the school of navigation. I made good there. Next year I'll go to sea."

The young woman looked at her husband inquiringly. "Is this——?"