

The Miss-adventures of Jimmy Carew.

(From the Log of Harold Brooks.)

By G. R.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Trial in the Tent.

"I call this meeting to order!" said the Chairman, sharply. "It was convened to consider Mr. Weatherbee's protest of a foul——"

"I renew my protest against Rule Ten being waived in favour of Carew and Vanderbilt and Brooks!" broke in Weatherbee, in his high, down-east voice. "Let Carew deny that he spent twenty-four hours in Rome on account of the society of a young lady there, intimating his confidence that your Committee would waive Rule Ten for him! And let him deny that he loafed for half a day in Bellamy Lake——"

"The question of the eligibility of those gentlemen was decided by this Committee before the race for the Trophy Cup came off," said the Chairman curtly. "Special permission was given for the sake of sport. Vanderbilt was unavoidably detained in New York on business, as he wired us. Carew and Brooks, being detained by two days of inclement weather on the lakes, during which navigation would have been arduous in the extreme, did not reach Rome until Tuesday morning, day before yesterday, and so could not have reached camp here by paddle forty-eight hours before the first race to-day. We are of opinion that Mr. Carew showed the true spirit of sport in paddling more than twenty miles to-day against a stiff head wind on the mere chance of this Committee waiving Rule Ten for him; especially when he was aware that Potts had come on here in a spirit of spite to reduce that chance to nil if he could."

"I know nothing about Potts," sneered Weatherbee. "The man who gave me the information said his name was A. Mutt——"

"Then your case isn't strengthened, Mr. Weatherbee, by the fact that you based your first protest on information given you by a man who kept his real name dark," said the Chairman, drily.

"Carew admitted that the information was correct!" retorted Weatherbee.

"He did very frankly, which helped his case. And in view of the interference which was practiced by Potts, alias A. Mutt, this Committee——"

"I don't know anything about his 'interference!'" interrupted Weatherbee, quivering.

"You benefitted by it, but collusion is not charged," the Chairman said. "If it had

been dreamed of, your protest might not have been considered at all. And before proceeding with it, I would advise you of what Potts, alias Mutt, doubtless did not: that he tried in criminal ways to reduce to nil Mr. Carew's chance of getting here in time for the big race to-day."

"How about Carew's alias?" cried Weatherbee, furious. "There was a man on the river this afternoon who swore that Carew's real name was Stevens; and in the interest of amateur sport——"

"In the interest of amateur sport," capped the Chairman blandly, "we will now proceed to consider your protest of a foul in the race for the Cup."

"Then I charge that I was deliberately fouled near the finish by Carew!" shrielled Weatherbee, in a fine rage. "As a result, I was upset when I had the race in hand!" He stopped, quite beside himself, and Jimmy, smiling, filled in.

"I claim, Mr. Chairman, that Mr. Weatherbee's protest is out of order," Jimmy said blandly, "and that it may not be entertained. Under paragraph one of Rule Ten of the Racing Rules he should have given notice to your Committee *before leaving his boat* at the finish of the race; whereas, for reasons best known to himself, perhaps, he *did* leave his boat first."

"Head first," I murmured bashfully.

The Committee rubbed its several noses, smiled, and scanned paragraph one. The Chairman said:

"The point is well taken, though it turns the protest into a paradox. However, we will be placed in possession presently of evidence that should satisfactorily settle the point in dispute. A photograph was taken of the two canoes in question at the moment of the alleged foul, and we are expecting the proof at any moment. I may add that a photographic record was taken also of the deliberate interference practiced by Potts alias Mutt. Meantime——"

"Meantime," sneered Weatherbee, "it would be interesting to hear a *phonographic* record of the deliberate interference practiced in behalf of Carew alias Stevens by his friend Giggs. Giggs found it very convenient to chase after Potts. Oh, it's all right for you to smile, Carew!"

"Stevens," corrected Jimmy, blandly.

"No doubt! Where's my property you've withheld ever since you got here? Why haven't you handed over the locket that I lost en route, and that you found as I know very well? I suppose I'll have to take a leaf out of your friend Giggs' book and