

## The Girl of the Golden Gate

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recovered himself quickly, and indicated a door to the left. She opened it and passed inside followed by a woman in black, evidently a maid. The clerk's eyes trailed after her with something of awe in them. There was hardly a glance in the room which was not turned in the same direction.

"Out East here we—we see nothing but little, dark women," the clerk began apologetically, facing Whitridge again.

"Ever see Burne-Jones' 'Springtime'?" interrupted the Englishman eagerly. Whitridge nodded. "Gad! Isn't she like it?" Another nod answered him.

"Now, sir," interrupted the clerk, spreading out a diagram. "*The Cambodia* calls at Honolulu, you——"

"I wish to book through to San Francisco—an outside room, if possible."

"Luck's with you, sir. The last one," and he indicated with a pencil point a small space aft on the port side. Whitridge nodded his acceptance and at that moment the office door at the left opened quickly.

A middle-aged man, evidently the agency manager, emerged, preceding the "Springtime" woman.

"Burr! Reserve an outside room on the