

"There's Uncle Fred, Willie!" squeals a fat woman next to me, proddin' me vigorous in the ribs.

"Not mine, ma'am," says I.

"Oh, excuse me," says she. "Why, there's Willie, over there. Hey, Willie! See Uncle Fred?"

It was that way all around me, and me not even doin' the wave act. After awhile though, I spots Marjorie. There was no doubt about it being her; for she looms up among that crowd along the rail like a prize Florida orange in a basket of lemons. It's plain Marjorie ain't lost any weight by her trip abroad, and she looks more like a corn fed Juliet than ever.

As she wa'n't expectin' me, but was huntin' for Brother Robert, I didn't see the sense in shoutin'. I went on lookin' over the rest of the passengers, sort of bracin' myself for any discovery I might make. Would they show up arm in arm, or with their heads close together, or how?

I'd looked the boat over from bow to stern and back again about three times before I happens to take another glance at Marjorie. And there, almost hid by one side of her, was a young lady in a white sailor hat with some straw colored hair showin' under the wide brim, and a pair of gray eyes that I couldn't mistake anywhere. It was Vee, all right; just