

## The Girl of the Golden Gate

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a Chinese tramp she was, and men who knew deep waters were still marveling how he had brought her through the vitals of a typhoon—the worst in their memory—which had swept the coast in a fury of destruction.

Chinese tramps and those who go in them are of little moment, but on the morning two months before that the port had awakened to find in its fairway a salt-crusted thing called the *Kau Lung*, minus funnels and masts and suggesting only vaguely a steamship, it knew that it looked on one of the deep's wonders. The sea must have swallowed her and spat her up again, and those who said this had in mind that tramps which fly the dragon cloth are the unsweetest things upon big waters.

Yet not only through stress of storm had he weathered her, but through a mutiny whose blood rusted her decks. Without mates and alone save for a big Cantonese serang he had done this thing and then come silently ashore to nurse his wounds.

Presently Whitridge stood at the head of the line. A man who looked ill and who told the booking clerk with a nervous laugh that he hadn't seen "the home country" in twenty years gave way to him.

"Now, sir, your pleasure," said the clerk.