

green leather book she always carries (even to service) is about, and which is the boy that got the college yell, and why that man and woman are always walking and never getting anywhere. You make up your mind she was his stenographer before they decided to go to Europe on a honeymoon; the "Boy," with which she addresses him, rustles with newness—and flattery; he must be fifty! Then the captain comes by and someone asks him when this rog will hit and what the deuce we're stopping for, and when will we get to London.

No, there isn't much active amusement on the steamer unless one is very young and enjoys the catch or breath and the spray in her face at the bow, or is interested in porpoises, or in being a Diogenes and searching for someone who knows why the water is phosphorescent. When you slide up and down in your berth like a piston rod, and the water comes through your port at deck-swabbing time and deluges the couch and its contents of books and clothes, and you ring and ring and no one comes, and you climb down staggeringly and step on an orange that has been playing hide-and-seek with a plate, and sit down suddenly on the swimming couch and get up only to be thrown against the lower berth, and step into the butter that accompanied your night lunch—when these little things take place, and the fruit doesn't last until the voyage is over, one simply must be very philosophical or he will say things.

HE men tell each other pet stories in the smoking room, and play cards and bet on how many knots the boat will make, until they get tired of each other and then they look up the girls and take them for walks round the deck. In the course of these walks one learns that the tall Englishman has been in Canada three years and knows all about sanitariums, and one gets acquainted with the thick book, which is a journal by snap-shot and vastly amusing. One finds in this passenger, with the delight of an old prospector, a delightful appreciation of the "Alice" books and "Peter Pan," and, side by side with it, a knowledge and love of Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat. He carries a copy in his pocket and it is underscored in several places as her copy is. One reads aloud some of the quatrains she loves best. The young man who is a preacher and smokes comes along just as she reads that one beginning, "Ah, Love, could and I with Him conspire," and asks abruptly if she believes and means that. And, although it isn't time for serious conversation, she says yes. The young man who is a preacher says the quatrains make him angry because they aren't true. And the tall Englishman replies rather inanely that "there's 'that' about it!"

Later on, the young man who is a preacher and the girl are found in a sheltered spot on deck with a New Testament and a much lined copy of the Rubaiyat. Among other things she finds out why he smokes.

Though the conversation begins bravely enough with books and the weather and the wisdom of not looking at the water when one is on a steamer, they never end there! No, indeed, men usually above flirtations on land find themselves saying pretty things to indifferently pretty girls before the voyage is over. The young man who is a preacher tells one soulfully how he has never found anyone before who understands him as she does, and the man who is interested in first impressions unburdens his heart impartially about English politics and suffragettes, and his ideal woman (who one comes perilously near being).

A rather embarrassing person, this last, to encounter upon a first essay into the joy-land of travel. He follows one about when anything unusual, like a steamer passing or a glimpse of the Scilly isles takes place, and reminds one awfully of the White King who was always making memorandums of things. "I must make a note of that," he says, evidently charmed with some silly remark, and is quite beside himself when, in response to his bewailing his antiquity over against one's young activity, she says that he is well preserved.

There are always little thrills of interest in the progress of other flirtations besides one's own. To this day, I haven't gotten over wondering about the English boy who borrowed my "Sonnets of the Portuguese," because "Gl—, Miss Smith," was awfully fond of poetry, and what she did with the book-mark he was at such pains to make with his card and yards and yards of pale blue baby ribbon which I gave him.

Sometimes on board there are games which are rather amusing—if one is inclined to be particular, she may elevate her chin at the common vulgarity of obstacle and potato races and athletics on greased poles.

There is always somebody who gets up a concert in aid of the Sailors' Orphans' Home or something.

There is a great deal of singing and playing and impromptu eloquence by a lot of people who have been falsely suggesting to themselves all their lives that they are gifted in these lines. It is one of



"Protesting almost passionately that I would not fall in love with a 'beastly Englishman.'"

those times when looking the gift-horse in the mouth is permissible.

It's great fun stopping at some port en route, as we did at Havre. The men produce Derbys from some sacred place and get their hands into gloves and look so thoroughly respectable that one wonders. "Oh, it's you!" said the tall Englishman, looking under my hat. "I was regarding the size of the hat with amazement and wondering!"

THERE never was a more beautiful sight than Havre, seen from the highest point where the signal stations are, lying in the mystic purple haze of that October afternoon. My heart was full of poems as we leaned on the bluff watching silently the sun sinking into the purpling sea, until the nice English boy dared me to race to the bottom, and recalled me to earth and the startling fact that the tall Englishman was holding my hand to keep me from getting dizzy and falling over.

We rushed back to dock with the blood-curdling toot of the motor horns, with which all the trams are supplied, taking all the poetry from our souls, and discovered the mighty steamer in which we had put our trust lying off from the wharf, and the dinner-bell going madly on deck. The ship's doctor doubled up his fists and said things. A young man scrambled daringly through the nearest port-hole—with ample assistance from the rear. But he never smiled again—in those clothes! The tall Englishman paced up and down at my side in the uncomfortable darkness and asked if I didn't think that only women who had been disappointed in love were capable of being suffragettes. I said yes, that I was always disappointed in it myself. But I felt that I had not lived that day vainly because the White King, in the interests of first impressions, had given us tea out on the street and had allowed me the joy of choosing the delicious little cakes in the windows.

Oh, the last day on board! Everyone is confused and hurried. Everyone braces himself and begins packing—and tipping. The stewards have evidently conceived a deep and slavish regard for the passengers. They hunger for service. Everyone agrees that it has been a delightful voyage—even the woman in the green tea gown who stopped me on deck every day to deplore weakly "the impossible conditions" and "the impossible people" and who thought she'd feel a little better if the service wasn't "so impossible," and who had to resort to her green-leather Walt Whitman for strength.

But, as I was saying, everyone pledges himself to remember everyone else and gives everyone his card and says to let him know if you ever come to—Toronto. Everyone promptly becomes sentimental. "What do you think of me?" murmured the nice English boy at my side. "I never think of you," I replied, softly. "But I'm awfully, beastly,

rottenly fond of you, you know. Can you—?" "All children are," I return softly. The young man who is a preacher promises to remember me in his prayers—he means it, too, I think—for the moment.

When we ran up on deck the next morning at Southampton, there was a strange sensation in my throat. The White King's hat was off. A heavy mist lay over the land, all kinds of vessels tossed at anchor in the harbour. England was an indistinct blur. A boat of some sort was sinking, bow first, into the murky water. "Is that part of the Invincible Armada?" I queried—because this impression was uncomfortably like sadness.

MEN began running about throwing trunks down hard everywhere. But we were through the customs house at last. A silly little engine puffed importantly into the station with a shrill, hair-raising shriek. "Where's the boy?" I inquired of the White King. "The Boy?" "Yes; who drags the train. Do they allow us to sit on top, and don't one's feet drag a little?" I continued, looking suggestively at the tall Englishman.

"Well?" queried the W. K., "your voice isn't tiny enough." I said, "not tiny—I!" in amazement. "Oh, 'Alice'!" the tall Englishman laughed appreciatively. "It's exactly like the coach Alice rides in, in my book," I said. I bravely swallowed the ginger ale—or whatever it was—that the nice boy had provided, and munched biscuits and looked at the scenery. When the porter locked the compartment, I was ready for anything. "Where are they all?" I demanded. "All?" from the W. K. "Why, yes, all the people who inhabit these little islands. I expected to find them standing shoulder to shoulder! And will the engineer be able to stop before we run off the edge, if we go so?" At special request the nice boy ceased to be interesting so that I could look at the scenery. The hedges were too irregular for a chess-board. From a hint the W. K. dropped, I knew I was expected to be greatly impressed with Waterloo Station, and I kept getting more and more nervous as we sped past the green little fields and the criss-crossing hedge-rows. When we stopped at last the station reminded me, I don't know why, of my grandfather's barn, and I couldn't get over the disappointment of not seeing swallows swinging through its rafters and hay bunches filled with chattering sparrows! Which I confided meekly to the W. K.

But this was dingy, smoky, wonderful old London! The streets roared and the cabbies talked in a language we couldn't understand, and the porters banged trunks everywhere. People rushed in every direction and because of the numerous frock-coats and top-hats I thought half of the inhabitants of London town were on their way to a wedding.

Life looked very interesting—this was a new land—mine yet not mine. I wondered if my mother would be kind to me, this tiny, dear old mother-land!

MILLIONS OR—MORALS?



Shade of Disraeli: "We used to speculate in our days, too, but we did it rather differently. The Suez Canal shares I bought from the Khedive at £4,000,000 are now worth £44,000,000—and I bought them for England!"—"London Bystander."