

# A Jill of All Trades

By Amy Rosemary Miller

THERE was the usual rush of deck hands and passengers, endless clang and clatter, cries of "Look out, there," "Good-bye," "All aboard, A-L-L A-B-O-A-R-D." Lines were cast off, bells rang, passengers cheered and waved handkerchiefs, and, amid deafening roars from countless throats, the "Ruritania" was off, homeward bound for New York.

"That is Miss Daphne Carlyle," confided Mrs. Leverett to her husband in the hushed aside that accompanies marital understandings. "She belongs to the famous Winthrop family of Boston. Looks to be twenty, but she must be thirty-five. They say that she just went on the stage to shock her folks. She makes loads of money, and goes to Europe every year after the season."

"So?" queried the husband, glancing at the lady indicated. "Oh, yes, now I remember. She's the one they were talking about down in the smoking-room. She made a hit in the name part of 'The Search for Susan,' that new play of De Launay's. The Winthrops are all rich, so, of course, she must be on the stage from pure love of it, eh?"

"She's booked here as Arabella Winthrop." Mrs. Leverett ran a languid eye down the passenger list, pausing at the very bottom among the W's. "They say she's a milliner, too; makes loads of money, buys her stock in Europe, and manages all her own property."

A tall, dark man strolled slowly past Miss Arabella and came up abreast of the Leveretts. Mr. Leverett stared for a moment in surprise before grasping the stranger's hand and giving it a pump-handle shake.

"My dear, you remember Carter Sibley? Well met, old man. I thought you were in little old New York."

"I am riding the waves regularly now," laughed Mr. Sibley, showing his white teeth in a pleasant smile.

"I thought that you were a government

detective?" broke in Mrs. Leverett, glancing up at him quizzically. "You told us that you made the waves of crime your duck pond."

"Often ducks become ambitious and paddle in deeper water," he laughed.

"Oh, how perfectly lovely," gushed Mrs. Leverett. "Are you on the track of a criminal, Mr. Sibley? If so, please whisper and tell us. I am dying to know something of the inside work of the great detective bureaus."

With a twinkle in his dark eyes Mr. Sibley paused to lean over and whisper, in a stage aside: "If you have any smuggled lace sewed upon your petticoats be sure the stitches are good."

"Oh-h-h," cried Mrs. Leverett, disgustedly, "is that it?"

Mr. Sibley laughed loudly.

"Women are perfectly crazy about gore," observed Mr. Leverett, "and yet they faint at the sight of a mouse."

"Of course you understand that this is not official news," cautioned Sibley, as he moved away to greet passing friends.

"Mum's the word," Mr. Leverett replied reassuringly.

That evening Miss Arabella appeared at the dinner table in a black lace evening gown, stately and resplendent. At her belt was a huge mass of American beauty roses and about her plump white throat was a necklace of graduated gold beads linked together by a tiny chain. Both roses and beads harmonized exquisitely with her abundant golden hair, bringing many admiring glances from her fellow-passengers.

"H'm, the usual assortment. I fear I'm in for a dull trip," she commented inwardly, noting the family party headed by a stout and fussy father returning from the Carlsbad waters—fat and perspiring mamma with three pasty, giggling girls in tow, also the young and very sporty only son, who prided himself upon being a devil of a fellow with the ladies. Further down