

was always bearing them in his hands. After this little she heard no more, and waited, finishing her sketches, working on a novel and teaching fishermen's children to swim.

This last employment she undertook as an imperative duty. When in mythology a triton woos a mortal maiden and bears her away to his deep-sea cave—that may sound attractive. But the sobs of mothers and the rugged grief of seafaring men when their children are brought home drowned—close to the shore—in shallow water—Monica found heart-breaking. Not a man in the place could swim, no woman of course, and no child.

Monica had known of many quite useless superfluous disasters of this sort. Just recently, three girls were drowned—all bathing near the shore in still water. A young child ventured a little too far, and the others, trying to help her, were lost with her; one, the oldest, a girl of fourteen, the pride of the hamlet. Monica proposed her scheme to the village fathers, and it was accepted thankfully for the boys, but declined for the girls, as unfitting. She persisted however, and finally persuaded her intimate friend the Burgomaster and her other friends, Petersen the schoolmaster, Kamp the pilot and Thom the