
Broken Barriers

see a large white motor launch coming round the corner. The deck was gay with awnings and bright dresses and parasols.

"Great Heavens!" said Croyden. "I know that launch. It's the Appin-Jones's."

"The Appin-Jones's!" cried Clara. "Why, we know them too. Don't you remember, Harold, the Sunday we spent with them on the Hudson?"

Instinctively we had all jumped for cover, behind the rocks.

"Whatever shall we do?" I exclaimed.

"We must get our things," said Edith Croyden. "Jack, if your suit is ready run and get it and stop the launch. Mrs. Borus and Mr. Borus and I can get our things straightened up while you keep them talking. My suit is nearly ready anyway; I thought some one might come. Mr. Borus, would you mind running and fetching me my things, they're all in a parcel together, and perhaps if you have a looking-glass and some pins, Mrs. Borus, I could come over and dress with you."

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