

ENOCH CRANE

"Great!" cried Joe, filling the doorway. "Ripping old weather—splendid old sea—smashing right over her," he declared. "We've been watching it for hours. Hello! there's the second gong. I'm as hungry as a bear."

"Do you realize it's Christmas Eve?" said Enoch, meeting Sue's eyes. "Your first Christmas Eve together?"

She looked up at him radiantly, then she flung her arms about his neck, pressing her fresh, girlish cheek to his, and kissed him.

"A merry Christmas, dear," she whispered. "I'm going to wish you a merry Christmas now; I just can't wait till morning."

Then the three struggled down the long corridor to dinner.

"I've been thinking things over since luncheon," said Enoch, as they entered the dining-saloon. "What do you say to our taking in Venice on our way back, and going straight to Cairo? Venice is as cold as Christmas in January," he added gayly, as he turned Sue's chair for her and slipped into his own beside her, next to the captain.

THE END