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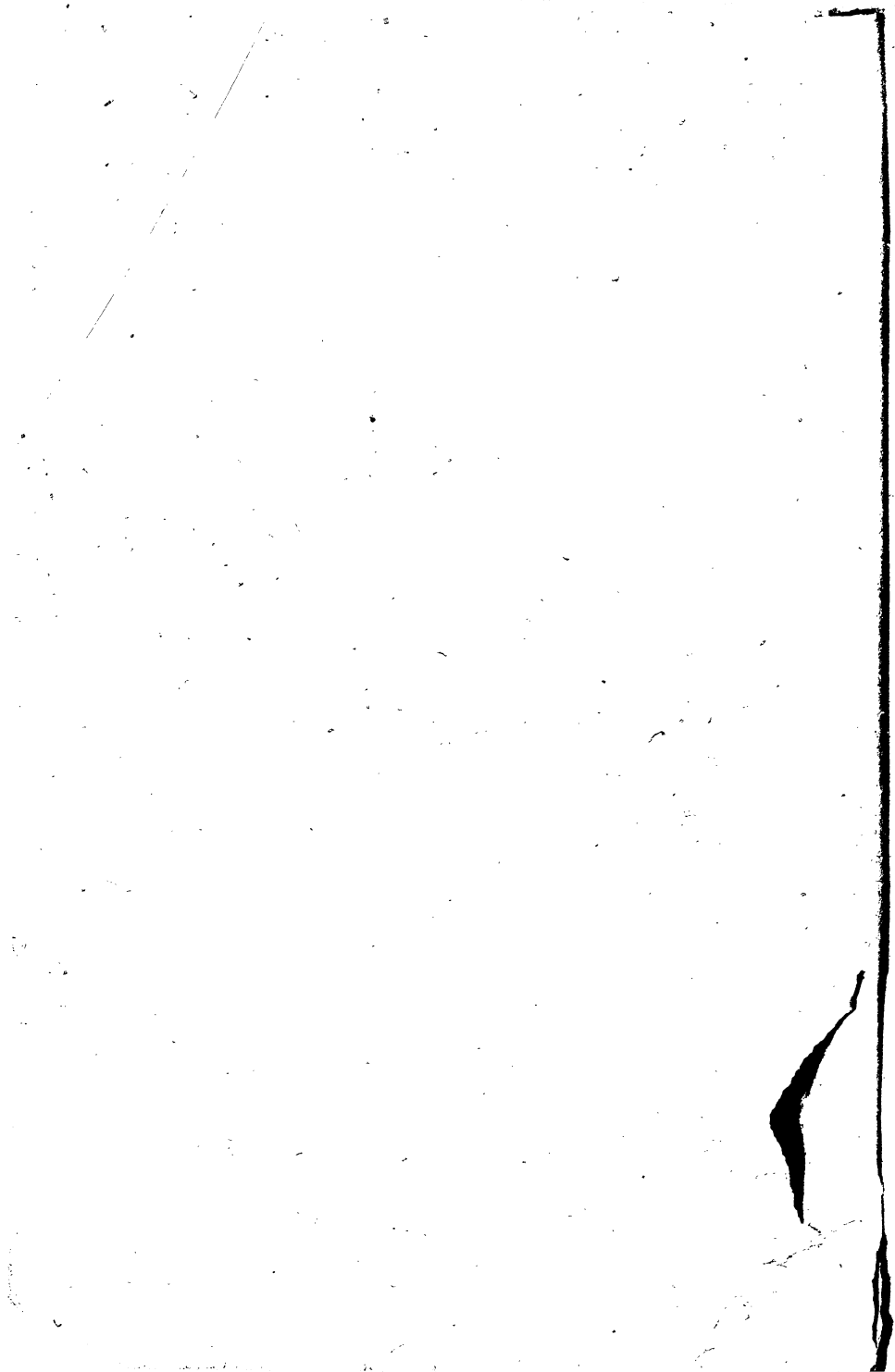
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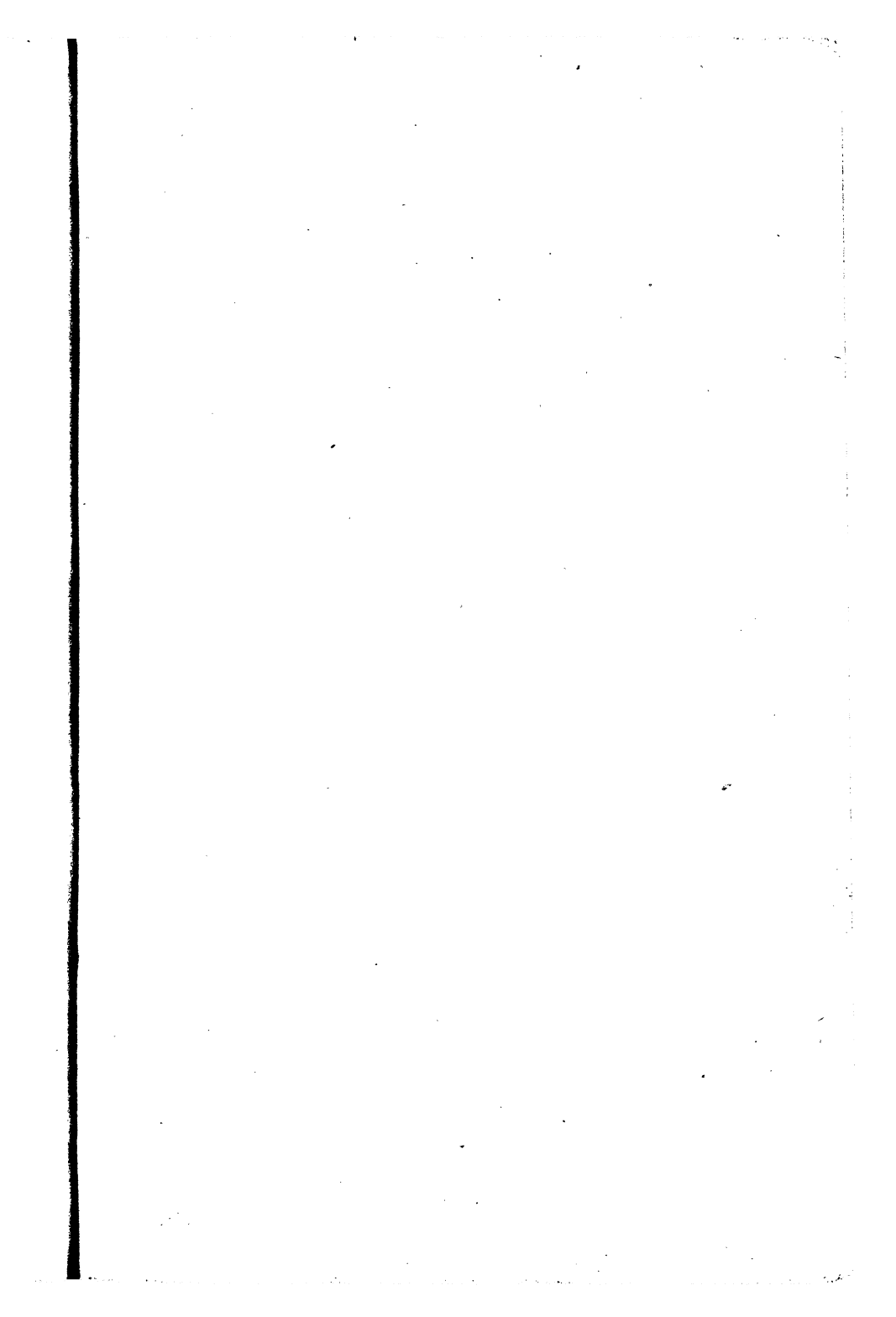
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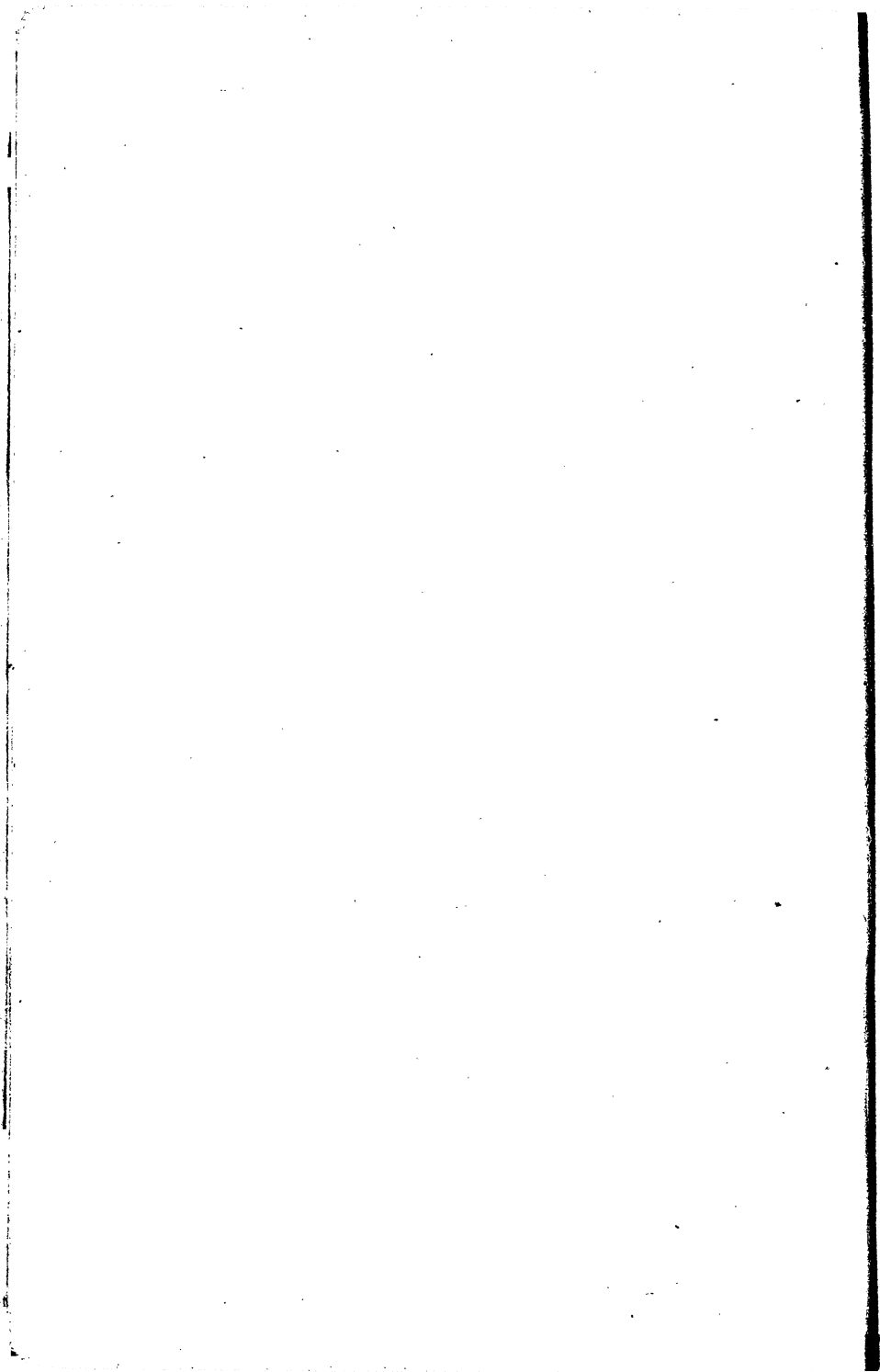
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THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS.

*Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the Office
of the Minister of Agriculture, by "In Black and White,"
in the year one thousand nine hundred.*









WE BEGAN TO FEEL 'COMFORTABLY EXPECTANT.'

RT

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS.

- BY -

GEORGINA SEYMOUR WAITT.

ILLUSTRATED

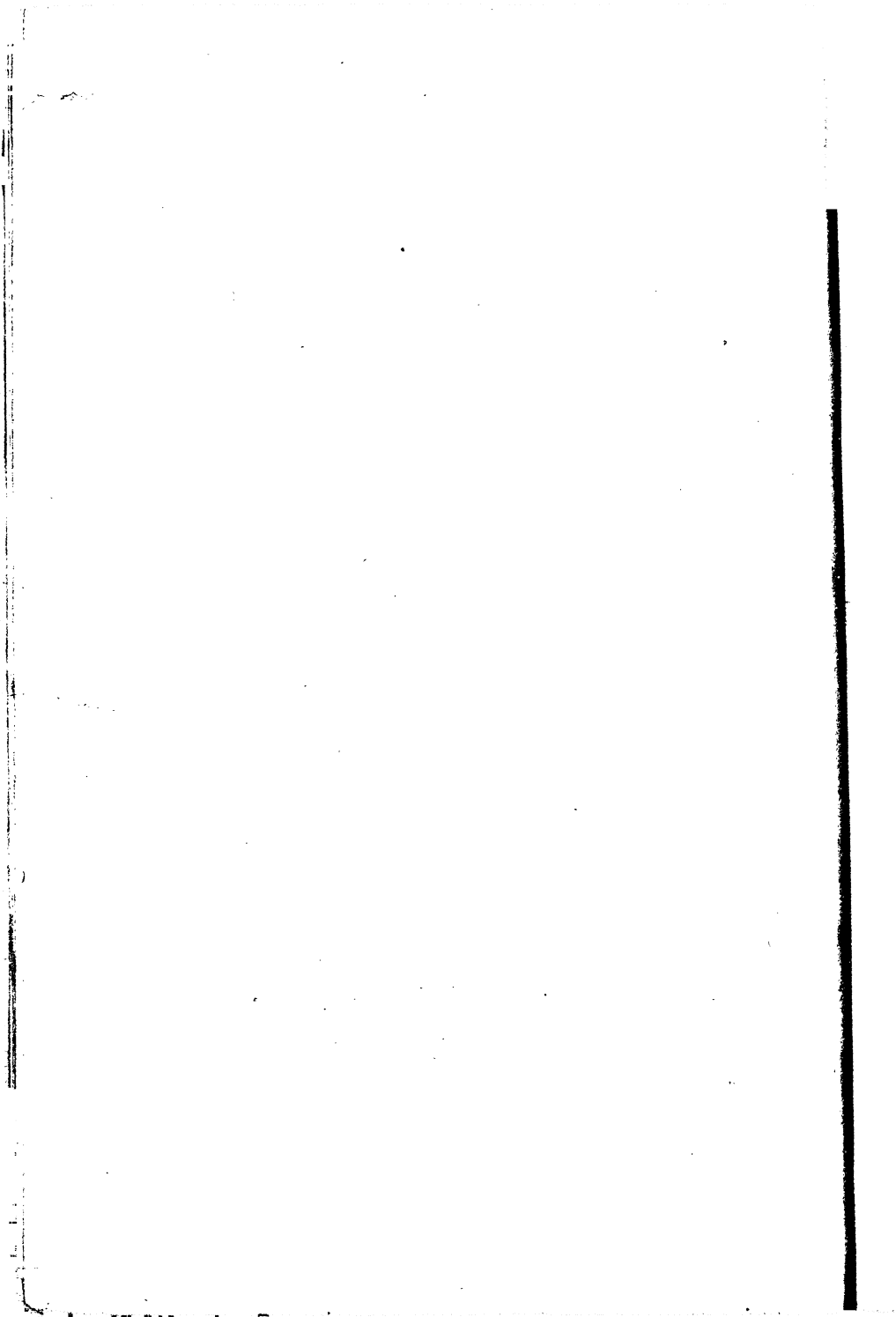
BY

C. ALLAN.



VICTORIA, B.C.

"IN BLACK AND WHITE," PUBLISHERS.



PREFACE.

I stand before you—a tall stripling of a youth, my feet just on the threshold of a world all new to me—and crave your indulgence.

The first-born of a brain, I come with fear and trembling. Perhaps I have no right to live; and looking back, my introduction has not been as full of flattering comments as is usually accorded to the newly born.

I well remember the first peep I got of this cold harsh world. She to whom I owe existence brought me forth with such a happy little feeling, as of a great favor conferred; and laying me upon her knees she explained to her Relation that I was intended to

be witty and funny. Then carefully unwrapping me she proceeded to read.

Looking up presently, as no audible comments were forthcoming, my Parent was struck by the utterly hopeless attitude of her Guest. With hands meekly folded she sat, gazing intently, utter dejection written upon her features.

“What is the matter? You are not well?” my dear Parent inquired.

“Oh yes, I am; but—but why do you waste your time upon such rubbish?”

To this day I have not been again exposed to her sacrilegious gaze.

Now, with this brief apology I come, not as a literary production, not as a book that will make you wiser, but only as a sketch, full of fun. To make hearts merrier, to call forth hearty laughs, is my sole mission, and if I fulfil my purpose, judge me not harshly—I am very young.

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS.

CHAPTER I.

We were sitting in Eileen's room discussing where we should go for our six weeks' outing. There were three of us—Amy, in the arm-chair; Eileen on the hearthrug; and I, sitting bolt upright, knitting. The clock had just struck three.

"Girls," I broke in, "I'm positive the canoe trip around the Island will be the best after all. There are so many difficulties in the way of the other amusements—chaperones, propriety, etc., that I, for one, shall vote for the sea voyage."

"Of course, if we went to Seattle, or Tacoma, we would stand a better chance of—of meeting with agreeable people," said Eileen.

Yes, I knew what that meant—conquests for Ei

12 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

leen. Eileen was one of those lovely ethereal beings with great dark eyes and coal black hair. Her prevailing characteristic was extreme lassitude, when there was anything to do, and she had a haunting dread of being confronted with work. Amy was nondescript. She never got very angry, never made bad friends, never "enthused" very high, nor felt very naughty. I was practical and common-place. If it had not been for me, we should never have started on that voyage. Mine was the head that had conceived the idea of three lone women starting from Victoria, B.C., in a canoe, and skirting Vancouver Island. We were to put into quiet bays and pitch our tent for the night, buy extra provisions at settlements along the coast, and practically "rough it."

Wednesday morning, bright and early, had been arranged as the time for starting, but it was well on towards noon before we reached the boat-house. Sam Jones, big genial fellow, was on the landing. "Oh, Mr. Jones, we sent down our things for a sea trip; have they arrived yet?" we all said together.

"Yes, Miss, they have been arriving all the morning. There they are, all piled in that corner. There were only three express loads of them," he added sarcastically.

"We are going on a cruise part way up the Coast,

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS 13

and want to hire a canoe of you, that will hold three comfortably."

"A canoe? And all that truck in a canoe. I'm thinking nothing but a whale boat will be big enough."

"Now, Mr. Jones, don't be mean. We must have everything that is there with us; there is no superfluous luggage. Give us a light boat, if the canoe will not hold us."

Finally, by repacking several times, we managed to stow away all we had, but it was so late by this time, that we resolved not to start until the next day. So we tramped up town again in our outing costumes—shirt waists, short skirts with bloomers underneath, and peaked caps. Eileen had a camera, Amy field-glasses, and I a gun, slung over our respective shoulders. We had, of course, told our most intimate friends all about the trip we were going to take, and, of course each of those friends had to be perambulating the streets as we went home.

"Oh, not gone yet; I thought it was your intention to start to-day, etc.?"

Dash what our intentions were, we had a right to do as we liked.

Eileen said it reminded her of a story she once heard her mother tell. Her father was out in the

14 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

country, and had intended coming back by a certain day, on which, of course, his wife was naturally expecting him. At twelve that day a mutual friend drove up and said that Mr. B. had decided to stay over for another day—if Mrs. B. had no objection.

Mr. B. was naturally a very absent-minded man. There was an excursion that afternoon to the spot where he was staying, and every one he met he asked them, if they were passing his house on their way home, would they mind calling and telling his wife he would not be home until to-morrow.

That night after Mrs. B. and the maid had gone to their respective beds, a man (seemingly very much the worse for liquor) stumbled against the gate, fumbled with the catch, hit the post with a heavy cane and walked very unsteadily up the steps.

Mrs. B., who was not yet asleep, crouched low, and thanked kind Providence that the door was well latched. It was probably some drunkard who had mistaken the house.

There was an appalling silence for the space of two minutes. Again he moved; the handle of the door was tried. Finally he found the bell and rang it, and then pounded on the door with his cane. Mrs. B.'s nerves were strung to their fullest tension. She

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS 15

could have screamed only she was afraid of waking the baby. The maid crept up the hall and said :

“ Meeses B.,” in a stage whisper.

“ Hush! Don't move; it's a drunken man,” Mrs. B. answered, clutching the maid by the arm.

They sat and shivered while the cold perspiration poured down their backs. The baby coughed and was nearly strangled in their efforts to keep him quiet. Finally the maid suggested that Mrs. B. should say :

“ Who's there?” in a bold bad way, and tell him to be gone.

“ Who's there?”

“ Oh, it's only Mr. Caudle, and I have got a letter for you from Mr. B. saying that he will not be home until Monday morning.”

Mrs. B. had just settled down to sleep again, when mysterious voices broke the stillness. The gate shut quietly and muffled footsteps stole along the walks. Flower thieves flashed across her brain, and jumping from her bed she determined to stop them in their depredations. She had reached the front door when a still weak voice whose owner caught sight of her through the sidelights, said:

“ Oh, Mrs. B., Mr. B. wanted me to tell you that he would not be home until Mon——”

16 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

“ You just go home and go to bed and stop disturbing peaceful citizens in the middle of the night.”

Then she turned on the light and resolved to spend the rest of the night waiting for a fourth contingent of excursionists to tell her that Mr. B. would not be home until—Monday.



CHAPTER II.

“Well girls what time shall we start to-morrow?”

Eileen said she could not be ready before two o'clock; she must take a bath if she was to be gone three weeks, salt water did not agree with her; and when she took a bath her hair always came out of curl, and then it would be near lunch time, and she did not propose starting on an empty stomach, especially as she was in doubt as to the kind of food she would have to put up with for some time and——

“Oh, that's enough, that's enough,” we both exclaimed, raising our hands in protestation. Amy suggested that she take the rest of the week to get ready in, and perhaps she would be duly washed and

18 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

labelled by Sunday.

It was three o'clock when we again stood on the landing, holding our skirts about us ready to step into the boat.

"Will you want a sail, Miss?" Yes; we thought we should, after a great deal of discussion.

"And double sculls, ma'am?" We looked at each other. We were not sure whom he was addressing. I nodded affirmatively.

"Now, Amy, you sit here in the stern and steer, and I'll pull stroke, but when I got settled in the boat Amy was pulling with me, while graceful Eileen held the lines in one hand and a parasol in the other. However, I thought, I'll be even with you yet my lady, the water will be rougher outside the harbor and it will be heavier pulling then.

"Eileen, I thought when we made out our list of necessaries, parasols were excluded. We said the sun was good for one's skin, and——"

"Oh, yes, I know you did, but I thought you and Amy would really enjoy an umbrella if the sun got awfully strong, so I brought it. That reminds me of a story I once heard of a Mr. Sampson. Mr. Sampson was a very big, strong fellow, and one day he espied what he supposed were

his two young sons, Harry and James, walking along in the pouring rain-storm in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. They were back to him, and wind and rain were driving in a steady sheet against their umbrella, but they did not appear to be hurrying as fast as the occasion seemed to warrant. I'll play a joke on them, thought Mr. Sampson, and dropping his own umbrella he rushed between them, grabbed their legs and seated them on his shoulders. Then he discovered instead of James he had a San Francisco bloomer maiden perched above him.

"Oh! girls, I say, look how the boat is rocking; I begin to feel awfully funny."

"Well, no wonder, Eileen," I ejaculated, "you are steering into the trough of the seas. Here, change places with me and I will get her head on to the waves. Don't stop rowing, Amy."

In fear and trembling we crawled past each other. We were off Clover Point now. The wind was blowing straight in our faces and seemed to be increasing. I knew I was steering properly, but somehow the nose of that boat would just catch the waves the wrong way, and the seas would break over her, hitting Amy and Eileen squarely in the back. They got terribly cross about it and began pulling all out of stroke.

"Girls, do be careful, you'll upset us. If she gets back into the trough we shall be swamped," I yelled at them.

"I don't believe you know a thing about steering, Sadie Hunt; we are heading straight out to sea," cried Amy, tugging valiantly at the oars. Just then Eileen's head went over the side.

"Oh! oh! oh! I know we shall be drowned, and the water is so icy cold. If it hadn't been for you, Sadie Hunt, we'd never have been out here on this tom-fool trip," and sinking into the bottom of the boat, Eileen dismally rocked herself to and fro.

Poor Amy still tugged at the oars, in the teeth of the wind, drenched to the skin. It was very hard work, for just as she imagined she saw a dark heaving mass of oily water to the right of her to dip into, and would strike for it with all her force, that oar would catch empty nothingness, while the left blade was buried to the handle. With almost superhuman energy, she clung to it, but no sooner had she extricated the oar on the left, than the other would catch in the crest of an incoming wave and a fearful sort of sizzling and gurgling would enwrap it, sending a shudder creeping down our backs, as the thought ran through us both.

"How horrid the first mouthful will be."

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS 21

"Pull on your left, Amy; pull on your left; there is a giant wave coming," I ejaculated. My hat had gone, my hair had loosened and stringy bits were blowing about my face, mingling with the tears and brine.

We were all thoroughly frightened.

"Kla-how-ya," sounded at our side. Eileen screamed and fainted; Amy jumped and stopped rowing, and the boat swung around with its stern to the gale and lay calmly to. We hadn't noticed it, but there—oh, joyful sight—was a big Indian canoe, with a native paddler in it.

"Bargain with him to take us up past Trail Island and on to Oak Bay," suggested Amy.

So I began.

"Ic-ta mi-ka per-sitcum dollar-er-er—Oak Bay—boat?"

"Ha-lo-cum-tux" (do not understand), he answered.

"Ic-ta mi-ka er-er—tillicum-mox quarter—four," holding up four fingers, "Oak Bay?"

"Oh, you mean you will give me four bits if I take you to Oak Bay?" came the question in plain English.

Eileen recovered from her faint.

As that was exactly what we did mean, we put

ashore and changed into the canoe, our Indian brave waking up another tillicum (friend), who was calmly sleeping in the bottom of his craft, and putting him in charge of our boat. Then running out a dirty little rag for a sail, the fragile looking craft breasted and rode those towering, combing waves; but we were quite fearless now, for no one ever knew a canoe to upset when propelled by a native paddler.

On, on we flew; past the "City of the Silent," nestled in its quiet bay, the sun, reflecting a thousand shafts of light from polished marble and granite; around the noble crest of rocks, whose sharp outlines hold a profile of England's "Grand Old Man." Cutting the sky with clear, firm decision, with nothing to soften the picture, but the firm outline of rock, a wind-blown pine, and a back-ground of blue ether; but what decision of purpose, what grand-firmness, and how like to him who has gone; always of one mind, always steadfast, always a towering rock of strength to his dear Queen.

My eyes lowered themselves to our dusky companion in the stern. His strong, well-knit figure was bending under the weight of the paddle. The tide was carrying us along, but it took all his strength to steer.

I glanced at Eileen. Her dainty nose was

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS 23

cocked in the air. She was half reclining upon a bit of dried fish sticking out of some matting; and as it is next to suicidal to move in a canoe her predicament was decidedly unpleasant. I burst out laughing and that concentrated all minds upon me.

I wonder why it is all Indians consider it the correct thing to smell so strongly of fish oil. Everything they touch has the same disgusting odor. I believe they think they could not be healthy unless saturated with it, and I am sure even germs would never tackle an Indian if they could help it. I said something to this effect to Eileen, and she said that reminded her of a friend of hers who gave a ball once. It was just after she returned from Alaska, and she had picked up a good many Indian curios. After the guests had all arrived a most peculiar smell was noticed, first by two friends, who, after looking hard at one another strolled away.

The next couple who occupied the sofa, had just got to the confidential part of their conversation, when the fact struck them that something was wrong. Weird, uncanny tales of dead bodies thrust behind bookshelves floated through their brains. What on earth could it be? The stench now became general. It permeated the room and

24 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

floated out into the halls. People held their breaths and mumbled of cupboard secrets. A loquacious gentleman mentioned to his friend that he had had the same thing happen once when he lived in New York, "it" had died in the walls, and when his rather nervous companions grasped his arm and asked, convulsively:

"What had died?"

He answered, "Rats!"

Finally the hostess and her young son entered the room.

"Oh, mother, hark to the smell," he said.

"Hm-m-m! Yes," and retreating to the halls she called her footman and had him remove an Indian woven hat from the wall.

"Have it sent to Oak Bay to-night and thrown into the sea," she ordered. The next morning there were six letters in the Colonist, complaining about the bad state of the drains on Oak Bay Avenue, and it was further reported that there must have been a subaqueous earthquake during the night, as a great number of dead fish had been thrown up by the sea.

I wonder why it is people have such an exalted idea of the Indians of the Coast, and sketch them in the English papers as tall, beautifully developed

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and always wearing fringed moccasins, and a wonderful head-piece of feathers. While, in reality, they are rather under the medium height, dressed in any old clothes they can buy, borrow or steal. They are generally dirty, unkempt, bescarred creatures, with small bleary eyes, and matted, filthy hair. Of course, as they have been exposed to the temptations of civilization that may account for their dilapidated condition. At one time their women were all "Mary's," and the men "Jim's or Tom's." An Indian once brought some fruit to the house to sell—wild blackberries, and upon my wanting a larger box than the one he held in his hand, he said, "All right, you come to the beach."

The tide was out and his canoe lay at some distance across the wet shining sand. Little rocks peep out—mussel-covered and slimy—and protruding bits of broken clam shells made walking bare-footed no mean pastime. He hailed his klotchman, and she waded out, dragging the canoe high and dry and came across the sand with the fruit. As it was quite a walk for her, I began asking him questions.

"What's your klotchman's name—'Mary'?"

"Hm?" he asked.

“What you call your klotch—Mary or Jennie or—”

“Oh, no; ni-ka name Evangeline.”

I nearly fainted.

We had now entered the tide-rips between Trial Island and the shore. Here the sea is perfectly relentless—nothing can get through unless going with the current. Its will is supreme. On, on it goes, dragging on its bosom the streaming hair of the anchored kelp—“forever—never, never—forever.”

There lay the dark fathomless, seething mass of water, boiling, boiling; only that thin papery canoe between us and certain death. The tension on our nerves was awful. There, on those rocks, a steamer was wrecked as she battled for life against wind and tide, for when the two combine to destroy there is no hope; and in the bow a man was caught and died from the fearful exposure to icy blast and freezing spray. Our eyes raised themselves to the spot, and then we looked at each other. There was a sob in Eileen's throat, and Amy's features looked pale and strained.

Ugh! how that kelp reminds me of lost souls. They float on and on in the maelstrom of vice, forever on the move, yet never stirring from the spot where they are anchored. Chained about with hell's corruptness,

held in vice by drink's strong grasp, every effort to rise is checked by the tide of those about them; on, on, but never moving, just the length of their own height; victims ever to the evil of men's depraving avarice. How I pity you, my sisters. How I long for the day when women shall stand together and turn the tide they now let flow on into their homes and lives; the strong lustful tide of bad men carrying all before them to satiate their greed; the lesser tide, in shore, of young men yielding to temptations held before too willing eyes. When, oh, when, will women make it an impossibility for man to so degrade himself, that the brute beasts are his superiors?

My thoughts were cut short by a scream. That hateful Indian, perfectly oblivious of our terror, had, in changing his course careened the canoe over until the water was coming in over the side.

Eileen put out her hand, intending to grasp the edge to balance herself, but I shouted at her:

"Don't touch it."

And there we sat most woefully out of plumb, with our hands nervously locked together.

But the danger was soon passed.

In a few minutes we had skirted the mass of straight, unpromising looking rocks, and were gazing at green fields, bestarred with golden yellow dande-

28 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

lions and pale white marguerites. Sharply outlined against the sky, were figures of men and women, with golfing irons in their hands; homely cows grazed in the foreground, and sea-gulls circled and screamed and alighted on conveniently floating logs.



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CHAPTER III.

It was twilight now; we had gone on beyond the Oak Bay Hotel, and had fixed upon a spot to camp for the night. We were all as cross as we could be. In the first place, it was late before the Indian in charge of our boat came up, and we were getting into that state of utter collapse a woman feels when in want of a cup of tea. And when we began to unload—well, I just gave those girls a piece of my mind. I never saw such a badly packed boat in my life. The bedding and wraps and impediment of all sorts were piled on top of the provisions, and we actually had to move everything in that boat before we could get at the edibles.

30 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

We had arranged to take alternate days at the cooking, so we drew straws to see whose turn it was to get tea. We broke them off, one long one and two short. Eileen had the long one. Amy I were quite delighted, and sat down to wait for our supper. But when three-quarters of an hour had gone by, and Eileen was still aimlessly wandering up and down the beach picking up a chip here and there, we began to think we had better turn to and help her, or we should never see that coveted cup of tea.

We started to rummage. Great heavy boxes of canned corn, canned peas, tinned salmon, rolls of blankets, sides of bacon, everything in fact in that pesky old boat that we positively could not use, stood in our way. We called for Eileen to help us lift them out. She was wandering off in the direction of a cottage with a little tin billy on her arm.

Poor Amy and I spent the next three-quarters of an hour unpacking that unwieldy old tub. We would start to lift out a box and just get a nice comfortable grip on it, when the boat would begin rocking from the swell of the sea. Down would come that hateful thing, hitting one or the other of us fairly with its keen sharp edge.

Then just as I stepped out backwards, a higher wave than usual would break under the boat and "seep" up over my shoes. Finally, after barking our

shins, wetting our feet, and tattooing ourselves in the ribs we managed to unearth a tin of marmalade and the butter. Hunt high and low we could not find the butter. Eileen came sauntering back just as we got everything out and the fire made. She was actually singing.

"I say, girls, I struck it rich up there. The old woman was making tea, and —"

"You brought us some?"

"No, she gave me a cup."

"Oh, you wretch!"

Finally our tea was made. It was weak and smoky, but we declared it delicious. Eileen had even found the butter packed in a square box. Fancy butter in a square box! But all our united efforts could not open it. Eileen said her brothers always spoke about "obtaining a leverage," but how to accomplish that we did not know. However, we all said butter spoiled the flavor of marmalade, so we ate our supper without it. We felt now we were equal to any exertion.

Eileen started up the bank with the axe in her hand. She said she was going to chop down a young pine and get a good tent-pole. Amy and I stayed about, washed up the dishes, sorted out the blankets, found the bag of oatmeal for porridge in the morning, made up a big camp fire, and then began wondering

32 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

where on earth Eileen could have gone. We started off in the direction in which she had disappeared, cooey-ing and halloo-ing as we went. We found her.

She was seated beneath a diminutive pine whose sides showed signs of having been hit once with an axe, nursing a chopped finger.

"Girls, I've nearly bled to death. I had just begun chopping when ——"

"How on earth did you hit your finger if you were aiming at the tree?" I enquired.

"Why, of course, I took hold of it to steady it and ——"

Amy and I laughed. This made Eileen awfully angry.

"You don't hold a tree to chop it, duffer. Here, give me the axe." I was bound to have that tree down, and made a swinging blow for it. The axe just grazed my foot, so I said:

"Never mind; there is no time now before dark to cut down trees. Let us hunt for something that will do instead."

So we wandered about until we found three poles of unequal length that we thought might do. We took the longest and leaned it on the bank, then we strung the tent on it, and propped it up with the other two. It was a sorry sight when up. The bank

was ever so much higher than the props, and the tent looked for all the world like a drunken man trying to stand straight, or a lop-eared poodle. By the time we had finished it, it was quite dark, so we crawled in under our shelter, spread the blankets out anyway, huddling close together, and tried to go to sleep.

But I was restless and nervous and began trying to decide what noise that was. Finally I located it. It was the sickly flop of the sides of the canvas as the wind caught them. Then I began to wonder which way the wind was blowing, and if the camp-fire was far enough off not to ignite our tent. As I lay there worrying, the wind caught the tent and took it up over our heads. We scrambled out and fixed it down with big stones, and were just settling off again, when a cow came along and began cropping the grass close to the edge of the bank, and this sent a little hail of loose stones and earth pattering down on us. Finally, the thing, after a great deal of grunting and laborious breathing, lay down, and we had the added accompaniment of crunch, crunch, crunch, as it chewed its cud, for a lullaby. It was to this music that at last we sank to sleep.

I shall never know at what hour it took place, but a benighted and well-freighted pedestrian came along the bank sometime between midnight and dawn

singing at the top of his voice. He just noticed the cow in time to avoid her, but missed his footing, kicked our tent-pole clear of the bank, and came down with it on top of us. When he regained his feet, he set off across the shingle at a run. We yelled and yelled. It was no use: he would not come back. I verily believe he thought we were part of a bad dream.

I never knew a tent had so much cloth in it. We tried our level best to get out, we started time and again from the centre, and each took different directions, and on our knees made bee-lines for the edge of that tent, but no opening could we find. Again and again we made the attempt, but always wound up by coming back to the same spot. We got hot and cross—it made no impression upon that hideous enveloping mass of canvas. It would, in spite of us, dabble its cold old folds over our noses, hit us an unpromising thump on the side of the head; or wreath itself around our legs until we wondered whether we had two apiece, or had they turned to mermaid's tails.

Then we held a consultation. Should we go on like this until morning or—no; we thought the best thing to do was to lie down close together and wait for daylight.

Oh, dear, never want to spend such another night.

Tired out with our ineffectual efforts at extricating ourselves, we huddled together and sank to sleep, only to waken every few minutes bathed in a cold perspiration.

Towards morning a dog came sniffing along the beach and unceremoniously lay down on top of my face. I managed by strenuous efforts to prod him off. Then he got nasty and snapped at us through the tent, and growled and danced all over us. We said, "Go-orn you brute," in a horrid twangy voice, imitating a big coarse man, and then he backed off a short distance and barked and barked and barked. We yelled at him, and flopped the tent at him, and tried everything we could think of to stop him. It was of no use. Then we decided to lie perfectly quiet until he got tired out. Minute after minute slipped by; we thought surely every bark would be his last. Our brains began to measure out the sounds, and we caught ourselves waiting for each succeeding intonation. Eileen grew hysterical and began quietly chuckling in rhyme to the yaps.

The suspense from one wave of sound to the other, became unbearable. Finally Amy, whose eye had alighted on a streak of daylight, threw back the tent saying:

"Sadie Hunt, I hope the next time a dog chooses

you for a resting place, you'll have the sense to lie still and not disturb everybody else by making such a fuss."

This was the last straw, we all crawled miserably out, and wandered aimlessly up and down a wet slimy beach, in the cold raw morning air, a damp, depressed, yawning and dishevelled lot of women.



CHAPTER IV..

The next few days were delicious. We had camped in a secluded little bay, and as we were not going to move on for a day or two, we had unloaded the boat.

We had fixed our tents so cosily; we had improvised an awning for the lunch spot, out of a stretch of canvas we carried to cover the boat with in case of rain; we had cut pine boughs, and laid them in the crooks between the maples to form cosy seats; we had attached a little larder to the trunk of a tree, to store our perishable edibles in, and in the semi-circle we called home, for the present, no prettier spot could have been found. All around us lay the most gorgeous little scraps of landscape. Nature here seemed

38 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

running rampant, lavish in her Spring display, as she lingered in the warm winds, dreaming of the scene she 'd lay. Then with her arms filled high with color, she touches with her breath the earth, and pale green carpets blossom over, covering all the naked spots. Now with needle pricked with color, she etches out the buttercups; lifting each frail face, beseeching, with their mild timidity. Next she spreads whole fields with lilies, perky-eyed and sweetly-scented, lending by their added whiteness purity to color deep.

There beyond them stuck at intervals, on their slender upright stems, stand the peacocks, quite important of the sentinels they seem. Black tips reversed and yellow-eyed, they try to play at soldiering, and have just obeyed the order "arms reversed" the baa lambs gave.

Now at the back of her green patches, Nature sets the Douglas pine, tall and straight and majestic.

With needle points bent rigid, upright, these stand swaying to and fro, playing on the harp of Mother Earth. They whisper of the deeper passions, as they strike their brittle strings and murmur of continual sadness.

Then thinking that her picture still, is slightly on the side of green, she opens up the womb of Earth and raises slaty piles of rocks. These she paints in

dull grey colors, mantling them with lichen spots, and from their torn and jagged side, she rears a tough young heart of oak. Instead of fighting with the waves; instead of blood-stained battle decks, she tells him it is his only duty to cast his shadow o'er her fields. And there he stands with sunlight dancing through his polished leaves of green, while within his older branches sways the "old man's" hoary beard.

With countless pictures such as these, does Nature touch her Island home; and round it sets her snow-capped hills, and over all, an azure sky.

The sun had cast its westerling shaft and over all a crimson glow spread slowly; touched the hills and trees and turned the sky to molten gold. Then little straying fleecy clouds, put on the scarlet-coated hue, till all the earth was stained with it, and all the sky was gorgeous.

And gradually I watched it die—die out, that crimson benediction; fade gently off to golden glows, and slowly pass from gold to grey. Till only in the West held crimson, as if to show me what I'd lost; while long straight fingers beckoned upwards, and upon the listening senses came the sound of tinkling music. I think it was only a sheep bell, but pictures such as these always move

40 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

me. I turned and took up the milk billy and started off across the fields. I was still meditatively enjoying the pale, pearly lights, when looking up, I saw a cow just ahead. She was gazing straight at me. Truly she did not look very fierce, but my steps involuntarily went back towards some wild rose bushes I had just left. Then the thought of the "chaffing" I was sure to get from the other girls came to me, and I boldly took three steps forward. The cow was not directly in front of me, but I had to pass close to her. There was a path across the field, but on either side the land had been ploughed, and left rough and unharrowed. It was perfectly impossible to walk over the ridges, besides if the cow rushed at me, I never could have made headway over such uneven ground.

As I said, I boldly took three steps forward, when the cow raised her head and coughed; I nearly tumbled over myself in my haste to reach those rose trees.

Then I made another attempt and it was perfectly pathetic the way my hand went out to caress the thorns on those bushes at my back.

I felt sorry for myself.

That brute never budged, even when I tried by flopping my skirt at her and saying, "shoo mooley,

mooley," but gazed straight ahead. I gave her time to wander off, but she did not seem to have any inclination that way. Then when I had almost given up hope, she turned slowly around and began grazing. Now I thought I am all right, and bracing myself I began to walk quickly past her. I had got to within a foot of her tail, when the horrid thing choked again. I screamed and fled, certain that I was being pursued. I rushed into camp, and told the girls that a cow had nearly chased me. They rose simultaneously, and gathering their skirts about them, said:

"Where? When?"

I pointed to her and said:

"There."

They looked at each other and laughed.

"Why, Sadie Hunt," said Amy, "I've been by that cow fifteen times this week. Chased you! Why the poor brute has a lame leg and can hardly walk."

"Sadie, that old antiquated thing couldn't be persuaded to run if her life depended upon it. Here, give me the tin," sarcastically added Eileen, and grabbing it from me she started off. It was her turn to get tea so I had to do it.

Amy was unmerciful. She kept up a running fire of sarcasm all the time I was getting the fire laid

and the things out.

"Do you know I believe you would be afraid of a two day old calf. You make a fearful fuss over little things. You remind me awfully of a man named Smith—Tom Smith, who used to live at Saanich. He stood six feet two in his stockings, and was broad in proportion. He always rode a big deep-chested black horse, which had a habit of throwing his feet out in a most awe-inspiring manner. Everybody got out of the way when Smith was coming; he never stopped for anything, took gates and fences and fallen trees without ever drawing rein. I was visiting in the country one summer, and one day I was sitting at the window sewing when Smith came tearing along like a madman. He cleared the gate at a bound without ever waiting to open it.

I was sure some awful calamity had occurred. Wild thoughts of the city being burned to the ground with fearful loss of life flashed through my brain, and rushing breathlessly down the stairs, I reached the door just as his horse planted his two front feet inside the kitchen stoop."

"What is it?" I gasped, my eyes starting from their sockets, and my hands clenched to steady me for some fearful news.

"Please, Miss, will'ee lend me two eggs, the wife wants to make a pudding," replied Smith.

CHAPTER V.

After luncheon we decided that as the day was so beautifully warm, we would wade. Eileen was the first to reach the water, and an ear-piercing shriek made me think a devil fish had caught her big toe. "Oh! girls! Oh!" she wailed, "the water is like concentrated ice. Oh! I shall never get over the chill of it. It feels as if an electric shock has run right up my leg and along my spine to the base of my brain."

Anny had by this time deposited her shoes and stockings, and with the delightful assurance, that if you ran quickly into the water, you did not feel the chill of it so much, she suited the action to the words and went in just over her ankles.

44 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

"Ah-ung! Ah-ung!" we heard her exclaim. Her mouth was wide open, her forehead wrinkled, her eyes blinking. When she regained her breath, she said:

"Oh, girls, it is like a thousand hornets stinging you. Oh, I don't believe I can stay in a second longer."

"Stick to it, Amy, I am coming in a minute," I assured her.

It was cold, but nothing to make so much fuss about. Eileen would not venture in again; she sat on the sand with her knees drawn up to her chin, skitting little pebbles at our legs, and making unenviable remarks. First she declared that I hadn't enough fat on my legs to freeze, and that ham bones never felt chilled even when in cold storage. Then she screamed and told Amy she distinctly saw a long dark, thin object reaching out for her. Amy ran to the beach, but I waded boldly out, to the spot where she had been. Then Eileen remarked that probably even ham bones would be a luxury to a devil fish. However, I got the best of her when I waded ashore dragging a long, sinuous piece of sea-weed behind me.

But what did trouble me was my abominable skirts. We were still too near civilization to abandon them,

and it was perfectly impossible to keep them dry.

Have you ever noticed a woman in wading? She starts off with a little toss of her head, as much as to say, "I can be as independent as any man." She holds her skirts up with her left hand, and puddles with a stick with the right. So long as she is in water not more than ankle deep, she is safe enough, but let her try to get out, even to the depth of her calves, and she soon becomes miserable. To do this she must clutch both sides of her skirts. She is just enjoying it when a bit escapes, the left side of her petticoat is dangling in the water. She grabs it up, and the wet, floppy thing dabs its clammy folds against her legs. Then a dear friend whispers to her that she has her clothes too high. In her haste to lower them, they all fall down and go spreading about her in a beautiful fan-like device.

Oh, for the ease that a man enjoys. How he discounts us in a case like this, or on a windy day. I can see nothing wrong in a woman wanting the same freedom, it is only a matter of skirts to the knees and bloomers.

And it is coming, girls, it is coming. You dress your daughters in bloomers in the college gymnasium, and their common sense will do the rest.

I waded ashore and began discussing the subject

with Amy and Eileen.

Eileen was quite disgusted. She said, "Women would lose all their attractiveness for men if they adopted any other style of clothing than that they now wore. It was her very secludedness that caused her to be sought after. Once let her adopt man's attire, and her attractiveness would be gone, why—"

"Then I don't want to be attractive," I broke in, "if it depends upon drabby skirts, and a caged-in mode of living. They distinctly belonged to the last generation; and although men wooed women longer, and fought harder for favors, still the majority of those women did not retain their husbands' affections. It was only the extreme delicateness of the woman that appealed to him, the dainty, languid ways, the shell-like complexion, the tapered fingers, and scented locks. Now when men condescend to marry, or women consent to trust their future to a mere male man, they do so for a decided liking they each have for the other, and if she proves capable of discussing matters with him, practical and with sensible views of her own, she retains his affections, and it grows, and ripens, and expands, until their souls cling to each other, not for the mere scent of her hair, or the sensual love of her lips, but for the light that shines out of her eyes, and the developed being

he knows lies within their depths. He would not dream of wronging her, because he could not wrong himself, and she is part of his individuality; he cannot tire of her because of her 'infinite variety'; she is his other self, and a true companion for life. She can understand and appreciate all he explains to her, and is not merely his toy or spoiled darling. There was so little difference between a man's wife and his mistress, in the old days, that more often than not he chose the latter, because he could leave her when she worried him. They both had empty, hollow, shallow natures; they both wept, and smiled, and pouted; their brains could hold nothing above pretty dresses and baubles. But the advanced woman's husband will need no other companionship than that of his own wife, because—."

I glanced at my companions.

They were both asleep. Thus we kill by ennui all the noble aspirations of great souls.

It is on account of our inertness that the world is still the same old troublesome place to live in, as it was in ages past. I lay back and let the sun caress and soothe me, and little ripples of wind lift my hair from off my forehead, until I too dozed.

CHAPTER VI.

We were loathe to leave our camping spot, it was so beautiful. Across to our right was the giant Olympic Range, so still, and white, and marvellously beautiful. Here we could lay in our hammocks, and have a most gorgeous panorama spread out before us. To our left the snow-clad Mount Baker gleamed and glistened, cooling our heated pulses, by the very chastity of its icy mantle. Fairy islands filled the foreground, variable and verdure covered, while the tide-rips roared and echoed, as they passed the anchored buoy. We spent most of the day-time in drifting about with the tide: reading aloud when the mood took us, or quietly reclining upon cushions and studying the sea, the sky, or the lichened rocks; but

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS 49

more often than not just "thinking great thoughts."

It is Nature's way to open her heart to those living close on her bosom, and tempt them with sweet pictures and quaint contrasts. Here, within a sloping corner, set on a carpet of emerald green, a flock of sheep are grazing. A snow-white ewe lifts up her head, and with a mother's instinct, bleats for her young wandering lamb. With heels in air and side-long movement, he comes ambling o'er the green, and we look at each other and laugh, it is all so simple and homely. Little wild ducks skim the water, diving with such hasty energy, as if their tiny lives depended on the quickness of their work. A solitary sad-eyed seagull lightens on yon floating log, gravely swaying up and down, as the ground-swell rocks his perch.

Now our boat has drifted in-shore, and our gaze can reach the bottom, where among the slimy pebbles, little fish dart to and fro. There lies sprawling, right beneath us, on the hard uneven surface, a giant star-fish, from whose sides the slanting sunbeams gravely dance. Nearer, nearer, now we're drifting, till there comes that soothing sound, of the lapping of the waters, as they roll the pebbles over, and tinkle backwards to the sea. There we sway and laze and idle, dreaming all our time away, scarcely touching

50 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

reading matter, Nature fills our senses so.

That evening Amy cooked a most elaborate dinner which Eileen and I heartily enjoyed, but which made us quite jealous of her culinary art. We said we must try to outstrip her.

Afterwards we lighted a most glorious camp fire, and sat on a log toasting ourselves, for the nights are always cool even in July and August. This was the only time of the whole twenty-four hours that I really wished a man had been about. There was such an awful lonesomeness in the dead blackness that lay all around. It seemed so dense and utterly impenetrable. Of course I would not have acknowledged to the girls the eerie creepy feeling that took possession of me, but the impossibility of seeing or hearing anything outside of our ring of fire, made me always feel nervous. I would not have gone a foot along those sands after the fire was lighted, for a thousand pounds. Frequently people hailed us from the water as they passed, but we could not get a glimpse of them, although we were plainly visible.

Eileen always made it worse by relating all the weird, horrible things she could think of as soon as darkness covered us. She was awfully fond of Poe's "Black Cat" and similar horrors. Amy and I tried our best to stop her, but it was of no use, she took

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS 51

added delight in tormenting us. Finally, Amy and I resolved to thoroughly frighten her. One evening we got her opposite to us, with her back to the long, uneven stretch of sand, and began. We knew Eileen hated Chinamen, and was always distrustful of them, so we took them as the base of our story.

"I read an awful thing in the San Francisco Examiner," I began.

"Yes," inquired Amy, "What was it?"

"It seems that a few miles outside of San Francisco there are large vegetable gardens owned almost entirely by Chinamen. They lay side by side, and stretch for miles."

"A gentleman, a tourist, was wandering about in that direction one day, and leaving the main road, he started to cross the fields. On, on, he went, over turnip fields, through rows of onions, across hillocks of potatoes, until he thought he would never reach anywhere. Suddenly a peculiarly nauseating smell permeated the air, and filled his olfactory organs. Meat, meat, he was certain it was meat, but what a hateful added flavor. Then he perceived straight before him a pot boiling and bubbling, and it was the awful sickening scent of the steam that he was compelled to breathe. He started to run, run, run, to try and escape it; on, on, still over the same un-

52 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

even ground, going over fences and through gaps in the hedges, but still pursued by the smell of the boiling kettle. Now he noticed that at stated intervals these pots stood brewing in the hedges over live coals. It was impossible for him to avoid them, he must get back to the high road. Then he noticed a heathen hoeing and resolved to question him.

"What you boil-ee—what you cook-ee in that pot. You show me way go home. Sab-ee."

"Me heap sabee. You no go home. Molican man bones cook in pot. Bime-by you go pot to. Heap good soup-ee."

Horror-stricken he turned and lifted the top of a pot. Sure enough it was human bones and human meat rotting, that had turned him so deathly sick. He seemed frozen to stone, he thought two horrible gabbering Chinamen seized him; and one with a cimeter sliced his head off over a pot, but it would roll back to its natural position and unite again with his neck, and he had to go through the pain of it over and over again. Oh, Eileen, what is that close behind you?"

Eileen screamed and fled to the tents, and we were not troubled with any more weird tales.

The night was so mild that we thought it would be nicer to lie with the flaps of the tent caught back,

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS 53

and our cots pulled to the opening. We had got comfortably settled and were on the eve of dozing, when Eileen said,

"I remember, once when I was in Southern California, I was visiting Miss Cassy Lake and her mother. She was a very rich old lady, and so eccentric. The heat that summer was intense. All day long we sat and fanned ourselves, and drank iced drinks in a vain attempt to keep cool.

After sundown it became slightly more bearable, and the evening proved to be the best part of the day; but when we retired for the night it was awful. We would strip to naught but our nightgowns; we would throw up the windows their full length; nothing seemed to make any difference. There we lay, and tossed and tossed, while the perspiration stood out on us in great beads. I stood it for about three nights, then I told Cassy it was no use, I should positively melt to a grease spot unless something was speedily done to put me out of my misery.

She said she was not used to killing even chickens, but she would do her best if I insisted. It was the only way she knew, of really getting away from the heat, but then if all the stories one heard were true, even that might not be efficacious. However, she knew that outside of my body, I was but very imper-

fectly developed, so there would not be much of me to burn."

"For goodness sake, do be quiet," I said to her, "and listen if you can. I am going to sleep outside to-morrow night. It will be far cooler."

"But do you know—have you ever heard—of the dreadful stories they tell, how Spaniards steal stealthily up to you and stiletto you while you sleep; how animals with one spring land upon your breast and gnaw your vitals out; how ——"

"Now, Cassy, that will do. I'd just as soon die quickly as by inches," I broke in. We discussed it at the breakfast table next morning. Cassy's mother was quite shocked, but when she found we were determined, she gave in; stipulating, however, that we should have a chaperone.

That was her one failing—propriety. I had been told that a young man started to woo Cassy once, but he was so persistently met with chaperones that he backed out. He said he was afraid he would be encumbered with one on the wedding tour and ——

However, I am off my story. That night after dark we stealthily carried out our beds. We had made them up in the house and only had to carry them into the garden under the row of pepper trees. Stately and solemnly we marched out one after the other.

We must have made an unearthly looking picture. The beds looked decidedly like covered corpses; for we had tacked little necessaries under the pillows. We lined them up side by side.

Now, Cassy always wore a nightcap, and when she had donned this, a row of curl-papers fringed her face. Then she folded a kerchief, and tied it carefully about her throat. She looked for all the world like a decorated ham in a paper frill. We talked quietly for a while, enjoying the mild humidness of the air, and then peacefully slept.

Wolf, the dog, had followed us out and took up his station between Cassy and I.

In the midst of our slumbers, something came flop on all three beds simultaneously. We shrieked and sat bolt upright. With a horrid leaden thump, thump, thump, as of some legless, helpless animal they jumped about our cots; until with a low "cheek" they fell to the ground. Then we discovered that three pea-fowl had fallen from the tree behind us and were even more frightened than we were. Again we rested. I was just in the midst of a beautiful dream all about angels and heaven, when Wolf scented something in a distant hedge, uttered an ear-splitting bark, and leaped over my bed and away into the neighboring wood. We turned as cold as marble,

56 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

and lay there and shivered, but as nothing happened we dosed off again. By-and-by the moon came up and we gravely sat up and opened three green sunshades, and propping them over us to shield us from its brightness, sank to sleep again.

I have often thought what a queer picture we must have made—the three cots side by side, the three green umbrellas open, the three sleeping heads with the night-capped and curl-papered one in the centre, and three pairs of hands encased in old kid gloves.



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CHAPTER VII.

Something awoke me at four the next morning, and, lying as we did with our heads towards the opening of the tent, I rolled over and looked out.

Never shall I forget the exquisite beauty of that scene. I was so overawed with it, I forgot to call the girls until it had passed.

The heralds of Dawn had risen, and across the eastern sky, shot great shafts of light straight upwards, fading off to arrow-tips. These they dipped in rainbow colors, pink and mauve and pearly tints; while between them, reds and yellows flamed like swords with jewelled blades. Mount Baker in the foreground lay, black and dark and steely-edged; not one

ray of light had touched her, standing 'neath her weight of snow. But nearer yet, and in the water, all the lights were shadowed there; in their varied prismic colors, like ribbons lay they to my feet. How can I describe that color; how the tone that in it lay; how the richness of the landscape, and the power it seemed to hold?

Those little islands lay like bronzes; polished black, yet soft withal, and tempered all the glorious coloring, with a mellow, softened light.

And there a Mighty Spirit brooded; there lay a power on the deep; a heavy sorrow seemed to grip me; and all the world was weighted care. I felt as if some saddened angel poised between me and the dawn; and my soul was drawn towards it, out across the waste of waters.

I listened and the heart of Nature, pulsed in rythm to my own, and my senses held in thrall were, as of some instinct yet unknown.

Burdens more than could be borne, I might have brought them to her feet; and refreshed by her great calmness, eased myself of all their care.

I looked, and angels spotless, radiant, travelled down those bars of light; and heaven lay not in the distance; but nearer than it had before. It seemed as if an angel resting, caught and lifted up my soul,

and the mighty praise of millions swelled my heart to bursting point.

Now the sun has sheathed his colors, the heralds have been marched away; and across the pale blue canopy, I saw a shield traverse the sky. Till with the flash of chrysal prisms, God ushers in the King of Day; and straightway the mountain sides are tinged in scintillating pink.

Then I yawned, turned over and woke up those lazy girls.

"What time is it?" they asked.

"Time," I replied; "why past six, of course; weren't we going salmon-fishing? Hurry up or all the fish will have had their breakfast."

"I do not think I feel well enough to fish," murmured Eilcen. "I've been rather restless in the night."

"Eileen, that's a fib. You have not stirred the whole night through, and if you don't get up and help us out with the boat, I'll turn the contents of the water-bucket on you."

This threat had the desired effect, for Eileen is mortally afraid of cold water, excepting on her face.

It was rather raw and damp as we struck the morning air coming up off the water; and our eyes had a peculiar sticky feeling, as if they did not like the idea

of being opened quite so early. But we persevered bravely, and after hunting for three-quarters of an hour, managed to dig out the rowlocks from about a ton of sand.

I never knew of anything quite so tantalizing as rowlocks to take on a camping party. They have more patience losing themselves than two-year-old children. Do what you like with them, you can never find them together. First we tried putting them down between the tents with the boat cushions and oars, but when we came to look, we could always find one but not the other. We would scratch around in the sand, turn over the cushions, shake the tents and even look in the larder. There was one of them—but not the other.

Then we would get mad and dig up half the beach, and pull out the tent-pegs to give us more scope. But it was not there. Then we would shake everything inside and out of the tent; take up the beds, and just as we had given up the search altogether, that rowlock would be lying on the sand just in the position we had put it in the night before.

That evening when we hauled the boat up, we would hang the rowlock over the tent-pole.

“Now,” we would fondly whisper to ourselves, “we’ve got the best of it; it’ll be there when we

want it."

But it wasn't. We would attempt to argue that we must be under the strange delusion of an optical illusion; that although the rowlock was there we could not see it. But it did not effect that rowlock, and we could not use the illusion to propel the boat with. Then we would hunt about, and swear and say:

"Oh, conglomerate the blooming thing," and talk about the total depravity of inanimate things and say:

"Well, we'll just give up boating until we can leave the rowlocks with safety in the boat."

Then Eileen, who had been getting on her knees—for Eileen never did any hunting, she was always busy dressing while Amy and I perspired about—would say in a dear little canary tone of voice:

"Oh, girls, here's the rowlock inside-my shoe."

As a last resource we decided to try tying them together. We thought if we had them firmly tied we will be sure to find them together, when we DO find them. But that did not work any better. We would hunt, and hunt, and hunt, and when we came across them, one would be way out below the tide-line, firmly bedded in six inches of sand and mud, and the other so fixedly stuck in a cleft of rock, that with our united efforts and all the leverages obtainable it would take us one solid hour to dig it out.

Amy rashly suggested after this struggle that we should keep them on the box we used for a dressing table; but I vetoed this proposal at once. I knew that if they once got in amongst the hairpins, curling tongs, and brushes, there would be no disentangling them at all. Finally we got so that we sewed them up in a little leather bag, sewed that to the tent-pole, and anchored the pole with an extra rope. After this we had no more trouble; but it always took Eileen all the spare time after she got her boots on, to "un-bag" those rowlocks.

We went down to the boat now, and putting in the oars, rowlocks, and fishing tackle, started to launch her. The tide was rather far out, but as there was a good incline, we did not expect any trouble.

We all got hold of her, and I called out:

"Now, push together!"

But she did not budge. Then Amy walked to the stern, saying she would have more room there to exert her strength; and I said:

"Heave ho! girls."

She moved about an inch. We made four more attempts, but her nose seemed firmly wedged into the sand.

Then we got mad, and called each other nasty names across the boat, and scowled at each other, and

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS 63

each said it must be the other's fault, that a boat was an easy enough thing to move, if you only had a couple of sensible people helping you. Until suddenly Amy thought of putting a rolling log under the stern, and letting her come down on that.

Then we beamed upon each other again; and walked off arm in arm to find the log, and brought it carefully, and gently, and considerably across the sands, and laid it by the boat.

We told Eileen to roll it under while we lifted. But contact with that boat put us fearfully out of temper again. It seemed that seconds slipped into minutes, and minutes into hours, and still we were holding that boat.

"For goodness sake roll it under some time today," we called to her. "Do you think we want to hold the bally old thing a fortnight?"

Then she did it so suddenly she squeezed her fingers and said :

"Oh, hang it!"

But in pushing under the log we had imbedded the bow more firmly than ever. Then we looked appealingly around the landscape, to see if we could possibly see a mere male man.

I believe Eileen really thought one was going to drop from the skies. She was sitting on the wet

beach, her arms about her knees, gazing away into space with a happy contented smile on her face.

"Eileen, what DO you see?" we questioned.

"I was thinking," she drawled in a aggravatingly lazy voice, "of a dear little boat I saw just around that point yesterday. It's about half the size of this one and belongs to ——"

"Well, we'll go and get it. I don't propose to miss my morning's pleasure because I cannot launch that old tub," I said. "I'll just give Mr. Jones a piece of my mind when we get home. The idea of sending us out in such a heavy old thing."

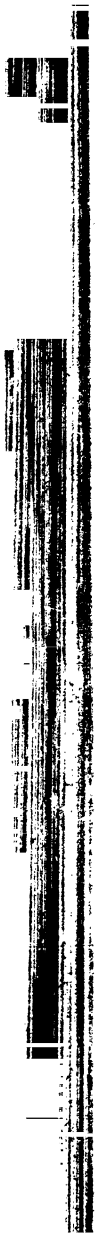
So off we set across the sands, carrying our rowlocks and oars and tackle.

As we approached that other boat, we saw a tiny tent hastily put up in a niche between two boulders, so we crept up on tip-toe, grasped the oars and rowlocks, which were lying just outside in a careless nonchalant manner on the sands, and—dropped them suddenly.

Our hair froze to our heads; our eyes stuck out of their sockets. What was that awful noise we heard, like the muttered growlings and snarlings of some fearful beast of prey, proceeding from the tent. Yes, there it was again. Could some wild animal have stolen in, in the night, and was even now feeding on



AND THEN, OH JOYFUL SIGHT! I SAW A MAN.



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the vitals of the unhappy mortal who ——

Tear welled to my eye, and streamed down my nose at the awful picture I had conjured up of the victim within.

Then Eileen gave a quiet chuckle and said:

“It’s only the beast snoring. Jack sounds like that sometimes; only this fellow has left the drop in the bucket sound out.”

Then Amy and I reassured, lifted the boat into the water, and Eileen stepped in and took her place in the bow. So at last we were really off. I looked at my watch and was in reality now. The sun was getting a warmer feeling in the rays of light; there was a freshness and buoyancy in the air never known during any other part of the day, and we began to enjoy ourselves. I paid out my troll, and sat contemplating the lovely surroundings, and half an hour passed. Backward and forward came my line. Fishing is a thing I never tire of.

I remember the first time I ever went salmon-fishing. It was with three gentlemen. We took rather a leaky old boat; but they were all good swimmers, so I knew I was safe. I was sitting in the bow. For nearly three-quarters of an hour we pulled steadily without a bite, then the young fellow said:

“I’ve got him,” and a pleased benign smile spread

66 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

all over his face. He said to the others:

“I think you had better move up. It will give me a better chance to land him.”

They did, and so did the water. I sat up to my knees in water while he pulled in—a stringy piece of seaweed.

Amy said she remembered once she was picnicing near a camp of young men. One evening one of them ran joyously down the bank and said :

“What do you say, Miss Amy, to half an hours fishing before dinner?”

He was an awfully nice young man, so she went. They got near the kelp, trolling as usual, and after going up and down several times they began to talk. He became so interested he forgot to keep the line moving. Presently it was stuck hard and fast in a piece of kelp. They pulled back to it, and just as they thought they saw it, the tide took them and swung them across the spot. Then they paddled back with the left oar, and he reached over too far and nearly tipped the boat over. Then Amy said she became “a weight of nerves without a mind.” The water surging past, seemed to rush between them. She got fascinated, and although he was within four feet of her, she imagined the water was boiling and bubbling in between them. He had his back to her

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS 67

as he struggled, so did not notice the set look of her features.

"I'll have it off in a minute now," he said reassuringly. But he didn't. He would just get that floating bulb of seaweed in sight, when it would give a lurch and careen around to the other side, dragging the line under the boat. Then he grabbed an oar, put it under the weed to raise it, and the other end flew up and hit Amy a smarting lick on the nose. Finally by main strength, he pulled that thing up high enough to reach the hook, and when he cut it out, he roiled up the tackle, and started for the shore. Then he noticed his companion had fainted.

Now, he was more used to fishing tackle than women, which was not saying much; and the only remedy he could remember, was water, so he filled his hat and emptied it over her. When she reached shore, she was wet, depressed, cold, and hungry. They had been out an hour and a half. The dinner was stone cold, and the rest of the crowd never stopped teasing them. She had to spend the evening dressed in his old sweater and coat and they both smelt of smoke. This was having him at too close quarters. There was too much of him in those clothes. She never turned her head, but the scent of "him" was wafted to her; she never raised her arm, but what his

coat sleeve brushed her face; if she put her hand in his pocket, she struck cigarette papers and tobacco and dirty pipes. She had rather liked him before this; but she began to hate him now. There was altogether too much of him about. Amy said she had never been out fishing since.

Now Amy and Eileen were no fisherwomen. I mean, they were no women-fishers. I mean they did not enjoy throwing a hook and line overboard and waiting for a bite. So Eileen said:

“Sadie, if you were not so stuck on keeping that line out, we might have a lovely time poking into all the little beaches, and examining all the tiny nooks.”

“That’s so, Sadie, do put up the line, and let us have some pleasure. I’m awfully tired of pulling like this, and I am sure we shall never get a bite.”

“All right, girls, if you insist; but—I’ve got a bite,” I added breathlessly.

We were all excitement in a minute.

“Crawl into the bottom of the boat, Eileen,” I whispered. “Amy, you get the sick ready. Ah, he has turned, and is making off. Don’t row, for goodness sake, don’t row! Now he has turned a’n. He’s coming. Ah—there he comes—the e he ome. My, isn’t he a beauty. Oh if I can only land him.”

Hand over hand I pulled him in. It got so excit-

ing as he came nearer. First he would shoot off in one direction; then turn and fly off in another. In my excitement I got on my knees in the bottom of the boat. Finally he jumped out of the water, and with a mighty flop, I landed him. Now getting a salmon into a boat is quite an easy thing, compared to keeping him there afterwards. He began to flip and flop, and jump, and ziggle (a word of my own).

"Hit him, Amy! Oh, hit him! He'll be over in a minute," I cried imploringly.

Meanwhile I tried to grab and hold him for her; I was too excited to care. If he had been an ordinary trout, I would not have touched the jumping, squirming thing for worlds, but let that salmon go—never.

Finally, in my desperation I laid right down on top of him, and held him to the bottom of the boat by main force. Then when he saw, poor thing, it was utterly useless to try and move under so much *avoidupois*, he lay still, only flipping his tail a tiny weeny bit; so grabbing the stick, I hit him on the nose, and he was mine—my very own.

Force is often a very good thing if properly used—from a little force applied to a child, to force used to make one's best young man toe the mark.

I remember once a remarkable incident of the ef-

70 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

fect of force. Our three-hundred-pound washer-woman had threatened to "sit" on her daughter-in-law unless she turned to, and tidied up her house.

We begged her not to. We pointed out how frail and thin the poor little woman was; and the serious consequences of her young children being left motherless. We coaxed her with tears in our eyes not to be so inexorable; that suffocation by such a process would be terribly painful; but no, she had made up her mind the woman wanted a good lesson, and she should have it.

Then we rushed off post haste, and told the woman of her mother-in-law's dreadful threat to "sit" on her; and the thoughts of that agonizing miserable death, and the three hundred pounds, seemed to put new life into her. She buckled to, and scrubbed and cleaned so assiduously that when her mother-in-law drove out, she hunted for four hours before she could find the house; and when she did, there were just two planks and the bed left—the rest had been scrubbed away!

But to return to that fish and the horrib'e state I was in. I was fish right up to my eyes; my jacket, my skirt, and my boots reeked with oozy slimy fish scalps.

"Row me ashore! Oh, row me ashore!" I pleaded

while I sat there, and the film on my hands hardened, and the streaks on my face grew rigid and stick—plasty (another word by me. I shall compose a new dictionary. The present one is not adequate enough for my descriptive faculties).

There on the edge of the bank, I washed and scraped, and sluiced away. I believe that boat was in almost a worse condition than I was; for there was gore mingled on its sides; but I managed to get it clean, while Amy and Eileen sat at a distance and chatted.

Then I got in, shipped the oars, and started off.

"Hi, hi—here—com back for us!" they shouted, suddenly becoming aware of my existence, and jumping up they waved frantically to me.

"Not much! You can walk," I replied, and I coolly pulled off towards the tents.

But when I got in sight of that young man's camp, I wished I had brought them with me. They were just on top of the bank above him, and I knew they were waiting to see me "present" the boat. What a fool I had been to go off like that without them. Eileen's dark eyes and plaintive voice would have been such a help towards tempering his anger; besides, they ought to have taken some of the blame. There was no help for it now though.

72 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

I could see him plainly as I drew nearer. He was working over his fire with one knee on the sand; then he crossed to his tent and returned with a black pot.

"I'm just in time for breakfast," I grimly thought, for I rather expected an embarrassing meeting.

He never took the slightest notice of me. Now, if he had only come down to the edge of the water, and torn his hair, and stamped up and down, and called me nasty names as my brother-in-law always does, it would have been so easy; but to totally ignore me—oh, it was hard.

I pulled the boat in and then I got out and pretended to try, and try, and try, to haul it up the bank, and I found I was much too weak for such a herculean task; and that horrid human animal knelt at the fire with his back to me, and never appeared to KNOW I was in existence.

I got angry then and shouted at him.

"Hi! there! you man! Come and give us a hand with this boat, will you?" and I sat on the edge of it defiantly.

He crossed the sand and raised his hat, the tantalizing thing. How did he expect I could tell him it was his own boat, if he would not speak. The girls on the bank began to titter. I could hear them plainly, but he did not seem to notice.

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS 73

"It's too heavy for me to replace alone," I volunteered.

"Oh is it," he said, and a wicked gleam shot out of his eyes.

"I hope you will excuse our taking it this morning, but we tried to launch our own and could not—it is so much heavier. Of course we ought to have asked if we might have it, but there were such peculiar noises —"

"Oh, that's all right," he interrupted, "I'm glad to find it was in such safe hands."

I could hear those girls bursting with laughter on the bank. Then they came boldly into view and crammed their hands in their mouths and held their sides. They were too far away to hear what we were saying, but they thought I was having an uncomfortable time of it.

"Will you join me at breakfast?" said this exceedingly nice young man.

"Oh, no, I thank —," I had begun when I thought what a splendid joke it would be on the girls, so I added, "Well, I believe I will. I'm really very hungry."

And then I showed him my lovely salmon, and he asked me to go out with him after breakfast and I said I would.

74 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

Well, when those girls saw me sit down and begin my breakfast with that nice young man for a companion, they sneaked off along the bank, and never looked back, and had such a mean, woe-begone look, that I began to laugh.

Then I had a lovely time. I told my gentleman acquaintance all about our funny time trying to launch our boat, and he kept getting on his knees in front of me as he helped me to different things, and then he would suddenly look up, and we would gaze at each other, and study each other's face; and then a happy contented smile would edge the corners of his mouth, and we would go consciously on with our breakfast.

And all the time the salty-tempered air would blow around us, and the sunlight danced upon the shining pebbles, and struck his bare head, and lighted up his eyes, and he showed me how to clean a saucepan with sand, and it was lovely. And then he took out his gun and explained it to me, and smiled when I seemed afraid of it, and got behind him; and then he primed it, and told me to aim at some plovers, and when I shrinkingly told him I was afraid of a gun, he said:

“Why, I thought I saw one among your belongings as I came across the beach.”

“Oh, yes, so you did,” I said with a saucy little

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS 75

jerk of my head," but it is not to shoot game with. We took it just to frighten anybody with, if they bothered us."

And then he threw back his head and laughed boisterously, and I saw the flash of his perfect, even teeth.

Then we got into the boat, and I insisted on pulling, and as we shot out, I caught sight of our own fire, and one of the girls shaded her eyes and pointed towards us. And then the other looked, and then they both turned their backs and started to work as hard as they could—and I was perfectly happy.

And we two in the boat talked and talked. What about? Oh, nothing in particular. He said he had never caught a salmon in his life, and I said:

"You never will if you don't keep that line moving," and then he wanted to know where I had learned so much about fishing; and his eyes said as plainly as possible: "How jolly you are."

And then he said excitedly:

"Do you know I felt the line kick," and I crawled over by him, and took hold of it and said:

"Yes, there is a fish on it. I know by the twitching," and we both smiled into each other's face. I told him to bring him in quickly, but evenly, and not to give him too much play.

76 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

He landed him all right and did not seem to mind whether he ever hit him over the nose or not. Then almost immediately we caught another, and then we fished for a long, long time but got no more bites. So he suggested that we pull in the line and he would row, and I agreeing, we made the change. Then we talked about everything under the sun. He asked me if I believed that "what is, is good," and we discussed the subject a long, long time, and finally got on to theosophy, which is always a safe topic if you know nothing about it.

And I said :

"Fancy worshipping a bit of your own self and the highest aim being eternal sleep," and he said:

"If I come back, I'd want to be a cow. It leads such a peaceful, easy-going life."

And I said his mouth was not large enough for a cow's, and he looked conscious and it spoiled the argument, if there was any.

Oh, we had a lovely time. And then he took me home, and I had to take his hand to get properly out of the boat, and it sent a thrill away up my arm. The girls were not in sight, and I asked him to stay to lunch, but he said he had promised to lunch with some friends who were camping at Cadboro Bay. He looked quite sorry.

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS 77

And then he raised his hat and was gone.

I sat there and dreamed and forgot to get the lunch ready, and when the girls came back, they were horribly cross and nasty.



CHAPTER VIII.

Amy asked me if I would go for a walk with her across the fields, and I said of course I would. She said she had to change her waist, but would not be a minute. Well, I waited about for some time and then started doing odd chores. I went and filled the water-bucket, gathered chips for the evening meal, and then I got tired, and taking a book I wandered off a little bit and laid down behind a stump and went fast asleep.

Girls are the most tiresome things when they are dressing that I know of. I remember once I was going boating with a party of young people, and I wanted to go to town first and get a piece of ribbon. In an evil hour I popped into a friend's house and suggested that she should accompany me.

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS 79

"Why, yes," she said, "of course I will go." I haven't got my hair done yet, but I won't be a minute, and then we can go right on to the boat-house and meet them there."

She rushed off and just when I thought she was about ready she bounced back and said:

"Come in here with me. I've just cleaned my boots, and won't be long now."

If I had had any conception of the time it took that girl to dress I never would have waited for her. Hours went by and still I sat there. First she did her hair three times. She said it was an unusual thing, but she supposed the talking bothered her. I suggested that I wait for her in another room, but she would not hear of it. She said her hair might as well get used to being done in public, and as she said it, she had such a knowing self-conscious smile on her face. After the third attempt it was done (so she said), but it seemed so loose and untidy I was sure it was not secure. Then she wasted five minutes wandering what dress she had better wear. She stood before her wardrobe with her finger on her lip as she made the choice. I suggested her dark navy-blue, as I had noticed her looking longer and more critically at that than at the others, and I thought it might expedite matters. She immediately chose her brown.

I thought to myself that just shows the natural coariness of a woman.

She had just started to h'ok up her bodice when she suddenly remembered her dress would never set properly unless she made a necessary change. Then when she had got her dress waigt on, she discovered she had left off her underskirt, and she said she would not dare to go boating at night without that, she would be sure to catch her death of cold. She had got nicely buttoned up again when a hairpin came out. I endeavored to put it in place for her; but this unfortunately let the whole of her hair down. Her dress was so tight, she could not possibly raise her arms in it, so off it had to come and the underneath bodice after it, while she fixed her hair. Then she opened her upper bureau drawer, and after tossing over all the neck ribbons in sight she declared that none of them suited the waist she had on, so off she bounced on a tour of the house to find her younger sister and borrow a green piece that she had taken a fancy to wear that night.

It was too late to go to town now. The crowd would be gathering at her house in a few minutes to start from there to the landing.

She got her hat pinned on, and one glove well on her hand, and went out to the front door. Her best

young man had arrived, and for a few minutes she stood talking to him. Then other groups strolled up. They were all there now but three, when she happened to look at the sky.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I believe it is going to rain. I must change my dress. I won't be a minute, Fred. Don't you others wait," and she bolted back into the house.

We strolled in groups to the boat-house and hung around there for an hour, at the end of which time she smilingly appeared, saying:

"There, I told you I wouldn't be five minutes. Get in everybody."

* * * * *

Amy was quite cross with me when I went back. She said I had spoilt the whole afternoon for her. She had been hunting for me everywhere. Eileen spared me a reply by suddenly saying:

"Sadie, do you mind how I cook that salmon."

"Why no, of course not," I answered, "as long as it is good."

So she retired to the tent and unearthed a great big book. This she spread upon her knees and for a while she kept wetting her fingers and turning it backwards and forwards in a vain attempt to find the right place. Suddenly she struck the spot she wanted and there she sat lost in contemplation.

Then with her finger on the place and her head in the air she began to recite to herself like a child at her lessons. Finally she closed the book and started for the salmon.

82 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

She got out all the knives and pots and plates she could put her hands upon and chipped and sawed and got her fingers all mixed up in the fish's gills, but by dint of hard work and perseverance she finally unearthed its interior. Eileen is an awfully untidy cook. She got every one of those dishes in a fearful state. We asked her what she was doing. There was a harrowing smell of burnt onions and potatoes every once in a while, but we hoped for the best. She said she was going to stuff it. Finally she pulled our stove to pieces and tied a sort of tripod across the fire, and hanging the salmon through its gills began to roast it. She threw potatoes in the ashes to bake, and we both congratulated her and said how clever she was, and how funny, neither. Amy nor I had thought of doing fish that way before. We all sat around with our elbows on our knees and said how lovely and gypsified it all was, and how much better things tasted when cooked in the open air.

Eileen slowly poked the fish around every once in a while with a long stick, and we smacked our lips and got up a splendid appetite, dreaming of the lovely flavor it would have. The sides looked such a fine crispy brown and its head began to have a "done" look and we began to feel "comfortably expectant."

We were just thinking it was about finished when the whole of it slid into the fire, leaving its head and backbone floating from the pole.

Then we got up and sadly putting out some bread and butter, dined off them.

CHAPTER IX.

"Why, Eileen, what in the world are you crying for?" I said. I had just come across the poor girl sitting behind a log and weeping copiously. She looked so dejected, but quite pretty. The tears, welling up in her dark eyes, were caught for a moment in the long curled lashes, before they fell in crystal drops on to her clasped hands.

Now, when I cry I never look nice or pathetic. I am not very good looking at any time, but if I do indulge in tears, it takes me a good twenty-four hours to get over it. Perhaps it is because I never cry because I am sad; for I am always angry when I give way to tears. Then they come down in great bucketfuls, and I souse all the handkerchiefs I can lay my hands on, and when I have used them all up, and have

84 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

wrung each of them two or three times, I begin on the sheets. My nose gets horribly swelled and has a huge bulbous look about it, and my eyes shrink to narrow little slits, and patches of red decorate my face. And still it pours.

And because nobody ever has any sympathy with me, I begin to feel awfully sorry for myself. And by the time I have cried all my anger away, I begin weeping again for the huge lonesomeness that is making its awful presence felt. And then I roll upon the bed, and my hair is dishevelled, and I soak the pillows in a vain effort to quell the awful deluge. Finally from sheer exhaustion and because I cannot cry any more, I have to stop and go and wash myself. But this only makes matters worse, for my nose swells "wisibly" under the bathing and my face is tattooed in dead white and bright scarlet patches, and I have to go about the house in this uninteresting state and I catch a gleam of mirth in the eyes of those that pass me.

I stood Eileen's tears as long as possible, and then I went and put my arms about her, and begged her to tell me her trouble. My sympathy seemed to upset her worse, for she buried her face and "took on most awful," as the old woman said.

"There, dear, tell me what is the matter?"

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"Oh, I don't dare to," she wailed, "I have kept my secret so long."

I began soothing her and stroking her hair (an awful good plan this in case of tears. Young husbands, please take notice. If you try to comfort a person with kisses, you are sure to have a tear drop into your mouth and salt water is never nice to the taste.)

"Promise me if I confide in you, you will never, never breathe a word of it to a living soul," she went on.

"I swear it," I answered.

Then she began with many falterings and stoppages.

"Well, you know, it was while I was in San Francisco that the war with Spain broke out. Being a Britisher, I did not take much interest in it at first, but the people I was staying with—the Buggley-Thompsons—were very influential down there; and before I knew it I was right in the swim. Mrs. Buggley-Thompson was the President of the Red Cross Society, and Mr. Buggley-Thompson, the Chairman on Committee of Supplies. Some evenings we would be going to the theatre, and had already congregated in the hall when the telephone would ring. They had two telephones in the house, one on each side of the

front door connected to different circuits.

"Hello," we would call through it.

"Is Buggley-Thompson at home?" would come the question. We would call him and he would just get to talking when the other phone would ring and Mrs. Buggley-Thompson would answer it. Then this is the style of conversation we would hear:

"Oh, yes, I think it's quite important—Not a bit of use—should say it would require about twenty yards of red flannel—and pork and beans and bacon—Where does the first train start from—Right in the middle of his eye—Um, Um, yes. Poor boy—Well, I will send up those bandages—Oh, yes, they'll do to feed on—If it's four yards long."

Then they would turn apologetically to us, and say it was perfectly impossible for them to go out that evening; and we feeling inwardly cross, would outwardly smile inanely at each other and murmur.

"For the good of the cause," and would toil up stairs, go to bed and read the evening away.

After a few weeks we were kept in the house night and day sewing. There were working bees that lasted by the week, and as soon as one was over, another began. We made nightshirts and undershirts and bandages by the bolt. The house was turned topsy-turvy with rolls of flannel and lint and cotton,

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and some of the girls even went to the trouble of button-holing the edges of the bandages.

"But what has that to do with your tears?" I asked.

"Wait a bit, I am coming to that," she answered with a sigh. "Well, the first lot of volunteers came through, and were camped at the Presidio. Company after company followed. Then they needed feeding and Mr. Buggley-Thompson was almost frantic. We heard of nothing but carloads upon carloads of bacon; whole flocks of sheep done down in the cold storage state; barrels upon barrels of flour, sacks upon sacks of potatoes. Then we girls were set to cutting sandwiches. Mrs. Buggley-Thompson would have them done up in good style. No good-sized hunks of bread, with a ripping big piece of meat between, but dainty sandwiches tied with red, white and blue ribbons.

"And there we stood, and cut, and cut, whole hampers filled with sandwiches, whole bookshelves loaded with them; until they over-ran the house. Did we go to get out the baby-carriage, it was piled full of sandwiches; did we turn to our wash-basin, it held sandwiches, our trunks reeked with sandwiches. We never sat down, but what we got up with a sandwich tacked on to us somewhere. Our clothes were per-

meated with ham, and do you know to this day, the smell of it nearly drives me crazy, and yet, and yet (sob), it brings back, oh, it brings back so much.

"Some girls tied little mottoes on their lampers and tucked them into the bundles of bandages. We said, 'Why, the poor wounded fellows won't stop to read mottoes or goody-goody poetry, such as 'Remember thy mother for when thou wert young.'"

"Well, the doctors can," they assured us, and I thought what child's play this war seems to some people, but I am afraid it will be a terrible reality to others. One day Mrs. Buggley-Thompson said she was going to take us to the Presidio to see some of the troupes embark. She told us we were all to dress as Red Cross Hospital nurses, out of deference to her, as leader of the order. She furnished our costumes, and they proved most becoming.

"There were about thirty of us in the party, and we created quite a stir in the cars. People thought we were nurses being sent out to Manila. One dear old gentleman came over to me and said:

"'May the Lord go with you, and give you luck with every soldier whose wounds you nurse,' and the whole carload said 'Amen,' and I was too much of a hypocrite to disabuse their minds.

"As we got out of the car at the Presidio, Mrs.

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THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS 89

Buggley-Thompson said :

"Now, I want you girls to separate, and go and talk to the volunteers. It will give them courage, and help them, when they are far from feminine influence, if they think the women left behind take a kindly interest in them."

So she just let us loose, and we were not long in following out instructions.

"I got to talking to an awfully nice looking young fellow, and—and—I stuck to him all day."

Here Eileen broke out crying again, and for some time could not control her tears.

"He—he talked so gaily of getting pot-shots at the Spaniards, and—he—he—he let me try his hat on, and—and shoulder his gun; and I gave him my picture in a bullet proof frame. He said it was the third he had had that day, and he took out the other two, and threw them into the bush, and put mine in a little pocket just over his heart, which he had had purposely made to hold it.

"And then he took my hand, and we wandered away out past the cemetery and he took me over a rise in the ground, and said:

"Would you be awfully offended if I were to kiss you. You know I may be shot in action, and it would be such a comfort to me —"

"And I burst into tears and he gathered me to him, and kissed me several times, and said, 'You dear little tender-hearted thing,' and when I looked up there was another soldier, with another girl, behind another tree, and the two winked at each other and my Willie said:

"'Never mind, he won't tell. He's a pal of mine,' and cutting off a button he told me to keep it in memory of him.

"At last the hour of parting came, and we had to go back home. He told me he would write, and in a month's time I got a photo."

Here Eileen carefully unfastened a locket I had seen dangling from her neck night and day, and handed it to me.

"I cannot make it out," I said. "What is it, Eileen?"

"It's—it's," she said between her sobs, "the photograph of a flea that bit him just as he fired the first shot at the Spaniards at Manila. A comrade got him out of focus and took it. Oh, if I could only have been on that dear neck where that flea was!"

I burst out laughing, and got into such a hysterical state, I could hardly stop.

"You wouldn't have laughed if you had seen them come back," Eileen said, angrily, "nearly the

whole of San Francisco was there watching them land, and they were ordered to stand at ease in bunches of about two dozen, while we each kissed as many as we could. Some of them were nice to kiss, but some looked awfully sick and haggard, and smelt dreadfully of iodoform, but we went through a batch once we had started. We took their buttons for mementos. Some of the girls were so late they could only get common buttons, and the poor fellows had to sit down for fear their clothes would come off. And when there were no more buttons, the people began snipping little pieces out of their hats and coats. They were rather a sorry looking crowd when we had done with them, but—well, they knew we appreciated them.”

Amy, who had been sauntering about by herself, now came down over the bank, and threw herself upon the sand.

“Do you know there is a Chinese vegetable garden just over here,” she said. I saw poor Eileen shudder. “And I came across a Chinaman singing, and what do you think he was humming—I’m wash-ee, I’m wash-ee, I’m wash-ee in the blood of —”; but he did not look as if he had seen water for years. He said he was “good Clistian now,” and I said to him, ‘What you believe in, John!’

92 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

“ ‘Um—ah,—Um—ah!’ he hesitated, ‘my name not John; my name—ah Samson now; just likee ti-ee fightee man in Good Book. Me don’t know velly muchee whatee I b’lieve since me been Clistian. Me chang-ee my head plenty times, so me think-ee hi-yu many things.’ ‘You likee saw wood, Samson?’ I asked. ‘No, no, me heap likee sell whiskey Indians, mak-ee plenty money; no good saw wood!’

“ ‘No, Samson, no,’ I said, ‘that’s no good. One man get fined \$203.00 cause he sell whiskey Indians.’

“ ‘No, no, me savvy! ’Spose he lik-ee he go sit-ee down in jail three months. Heap good. I lik-ee go sit-ee down in jail thlree months. No pay money!’ ”



CHAPTER X.

Our camp was all topsy-turvy. We were on the move again. We had decided to go around Ten-Mile Point and up as far as Sydney at any rate. It was afternoon before us had all our paraphernalia stowed away. Eileen said:

"Let us run out the sail. We haven't used it at all yet, and it is such a nuisance in the boat."

But Amy interposed.

"You had better be careful, Eileen. I don't think we know enough about sailing in as strong a breeze as this. We might get upset."

"Nonsense," I exclaimed, "it's only when you turn around that sailing is dangerous, and we won't have to turn." So we tried to "step" it. We had to move quite a bit of the luggage first, and this we

94 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

piled in the bow. The boat was rocking very freely from the swell of the incoming waves, so we pushed her off shore a little and anchored her. Then we found that the bow was ever so much lower than the stern, and we tugged and hauled to get her evenly laden. Amy and Eileen were carrying a big square box between them (that boat seemed to be full of square boxes), when Eileen, who was going backwards, caught her foot in something, and came down "ker—plunk" on the edge of the boat and bounced off into the water. Fortunately it was only to her arm-pits, and we soon hauled her in, and then—we wished we hadn't.

She was so nasty and wet. She dripped all over the bedding, she soused the oatmeal, and edibles, and everything tasted of salt water for a week afterwards.

We rowed ashore and made up a roaring fire and managed to fish out some dry clothes for her. It was well on to five now, and we did not dare attempt the trip around Ten-Mile Point at that late hour, as it was a long pull, so we resolved to spend the night where we were. We got out the things for tea, but we were not happy. The taste of Eileen permeated everything. There was a distracting flavor of her sodden woollen dress about the bread, we had the rel-

ish of white straw hat in the butter; she had managed to soak through the tea-chest and our supply for the rest of the voyage had a decidedly brackish accompaniment. We told her had we known she aspired to be the salt of the whole universe, we would have left the other bags home, and this somehow seemed to offend her. At least, I noticed she did not help replace the things in the boat.

We had decided it would be foolish to unpack the tent again, and said in a jovial way to each other that we were quite willing to spend one night aboard the boat even if we were not quite so comfortable.

Amy looked at her watch and remarked that, as it was nearly half-past eight, perhaps we had better anchor the boat out, before it got too dark to see possible rocks that might strand us, so we got in and gingerly poled ourselves away from the shore.

The sea slept.

Calm as that last majestic slumber that wraps the mortal frame in death. With all its troubles surfaced over, it lay, like some cold marble thing, lifeless, pulseless, pale, transparent, dead for want of stir within.

There, centred in a spot of light, our little boat a-dreaming lay; a shining thread the anchor held, and firmly chained us to the sea.

I suppose it was because it was so early, but we could not get to sleep. We had improvised beds; Amy's was in the bow, and Eileen's and mine in the stern. Eileen began talking about all sorts of horrid things.

"Supposing a smuggler was to anchor just off here to-night, and the men were to spy our boat, lying as it would between them and the shore, and supposing just as we got to sleep, we were awakened by a man's breath, heavy with the smell of whiskey, and a voice at our ear would say:

"I've got the young 'un, Jim. You knife that big one there, and I'll attend to these two. Ugh——"

"Eileen, do be quiet. You're too intensely realistic."

"This uncomfortable bed reminds me awfully of a week I spent with my sister once," she went on, "her husband had to be away and she was nervous if left alone in the house. So she asked me to stay with her. she said how nice it would be; so much like the times we used to enjoy as girls together, and how funny it would seem to sleep together again; etc. I was quite looking forward to it.

"You know, she has three children, and I never knew there could be so much of three children in my life before. The baby quite outdid the other two in

spreading himself. My sister asked me about half-past eight if I was ready for bed. She said she had got in the habit of going to bed early, and rather liked it. I never go to bed before eleven at home, but I did not like to object, so I said I was agreeable.

"Now, when I am at home I always turn on the light and brush my hair well, and take my time about getting undressed. We had no sooner struck the bedroom than my sister said, 'Hush,' and commenced to talk in whispers. The hall light was burning, and I saw we were expected to undress by that. When a knot became unmanageable, she would wander out there and untie it, and then come back again into the bedroom. We disrobed in a sneaking shame-faced way like a pair of thieves and crawled into bed. It was melancholy and tragic, especially tragic when I let one of my boots fall, and saw her scowl. I could not get to sleep for some time, so I lay there conjuring up pleasant stories and I heard the town clock strike ten. Then I rolled over and forced myself into dreamland.

"I had just got comfortably off when the baby woke up and commenced to cry. I say, commenced, for I do not believe he stopped for more than fifteen minutes until morning. I kept expecting him to let up and go to sleep, but when nearly an hour had gone

98 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

by, and he was still fussing and whining, I said:

“ ‘What’s the matter with him?’

“ ‘Oh pshaw! What made you speak,’ said my sister, ‘he was just going off so nicely!’

“ Well she patted and pounded him, and sung to him and jiggled the cradle, but it didn’t seem to help him any, and finally she lifted him into bed with us. Then he completely covered the bed. I tried by lying right on the extreme edge and stiffening myself until I felt like a ramrod, to get that much bed for myself. I felt I was really entitled to it and quite intended disputing it with him. Just as I thought he had sunk off to sleep he would wheel around and come down flop on my chest. I did not dare move for fear of waking him, and his hair was sticking in my mouth and tickling my nostrils. When I was just on the verge of suffocation, he would veer off and plunge into his mother. Then his feet would come from somewhere (goodness knows where his head was now) and keep up a tattoo on my legs. I would try stealthily to push them over, and then he would commence to cry again, and gradually sink off into a half-sobbing moan, and I would feel sorry for the little fellow, and think what a mean despicable auntie I was not to let him tattoo me black and blue if he wanted to. Then for fifteen minutes he slept, and just as I really

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS 99

thought he had gone off at last, I would feel his little face nosing me all over, and before I could push him away, he had a piece of my cheek in his mouth, and when his mother woke up and found me remonstrating with him, she said drowsily, 'John, I think you might let him alone when he does go to sleep,' and she would roll over and sink off again and leave me to nurse him.

"Then I would sit up in bed and take him in my arms and rock him up and down, and as long as I held him he actually snored, but the minute I laid him down he howled. I don't see how he managed to wake up so thoroughly in such a short time.

When morning came and the other children were clamoring to be dressed, and we had to get up, that baby rolled over and never stirred again until close on to noon.

"At the breakfast table I questioned her:

"'What was the matter with baby last night? He didn't seem well?'

"'Well?' echoed my sister, "why, he's perfectly well.'

"'But he was so restless. He didn't seem able to sleep.'

"'Why, I thought he was wonderfully good,' she answered.

“Does he act like that every night?” I inquired.

“But I don’t think she heard me. She had gone out to spank one of the children for sitting on the other one.

“This was a sample of the whole week through. We would get them all dressed and ready to go out, and find that Tommy had upset the water-jug on Madge’s dress and soaked her to the skin. Then we would send him upstairs for a punishment and resolve to stay at home ourselves and before long we would hear one of them screaming dreadfully. We would rush up to see what was the matter, and find Madge holding Tommy out of the window by his legs, and saying in the most unconcerned manner:

“Ain’t that fine, Tommy! Ain’t that fine!”

“Or we would get Tommy and Madge dressed and put them out in the garden, and tell them to be real good children, and keep clean while we got our hats on and the baby-carriage out, and when we went to look for them, we would find them round by the water tap splashed with mud from head to foot. If Tommy ever got in the back-yard for two minutes there were two or three dead chickies lying around, and he would look up and say sweetly:

“Think that’s enough, Auntie! Think that’s enough?”

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS 101

"The baby was no better. If you counted on his sitting still and playing with some bran new toy, you got sadly left. That was the very minute he wanted to be up in your lap slobbering all over your face. It just came to me then what a difference there was in my sister. From a bright, carefully dressed girl she had grown into a slovenly-dressed, worried woman.

"And yet they were sweet enough children in their way. Nothing could be prettier than the baby with his great dark eyes and fair curly hair; nor could anything be 'cuter' than the answers little Tommy gave at times.

"I told my sister I thought they were badly handled. I said you ought not to lose your temper with them; you ought to enquire more into their misdeeds and punish them systematically for them.

"She glowered at me terribly and said impressively:

"Eileen, there are only one kind of children that ever behave themselves properly, and they are an old maid's children. As it is perfectly impossible for me to have that kind, I must put up with those the Lord has sent me."

"Well, I'd look out the Lord didn't send me any more of the same kind if I were you," I said unkindly.

"One day she asked me if I would mind being left

with them for a few hours. She had some particular shopping she wanted to do and ——

“ Well, in an evil hour I was weak enough to consent.

“ Poor thing I thought a few hours of peace would be really enjoyable to her.

“ How she did worry about leaving them. She gave me about fifty instructions, and turned back twice before she really got started.

“ She said:

“ ‘ Now, you will be sure and give baby his food at four o’clock:. Taste it first and get it just luke warm.’

Then she rushed off, and got dressed and came back and said:

“ ‘ If Tommy or Madge should happen to swallow poison while I am away, remember to mix starch—common washing starch—Jane will show you where it is, and make them drink it until they throw up. Give it to them rather thin.’

“ Then she took off her hat and veil and said:

“ ‘ You will find the Friar’s Balsam in the front left hand corner of the medicine chest. It is the very best thing in case of cuts to stop bleeding, or to put on jammed fingers of any kind.’

“ Then after putting on her gloves:

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS 103

“ ‘If Tommy or Madge should get into the water while I am away, you run right over for Mrs. Smith, just next door, you know; she knows all about how to restore people, and——’

“ ‘Goodness gracious sakes alive, Nellie, I’m not going to run a hospital while you are away,’ I blustered.

“ ‘Oh, dear! I don’t really believe I ought to go. I ——.’

“ ‘Well, I think I am quite competent to take care of three children for a few hours. Now you just go on, and make your miserable life happy for a little while, and if they are all dead when you get back—why so much the better for you, you will be able to sleep nights.’”

“ Then I kissed her and pushed her out of the door.

“ I don’t believe she had got to the corner when I saw Tommy and Madge get up from their toys, where they had been sitting quietly (for a wonder), and sneak off outside. I knew they were going to concoct some mischief, so putting on the baby’s bonnet, I followed them.

“ Sure enough they were planning trouble.

“ ‘Now, Tommy, you just let me jam your finger in that gate and when Auntie comes, you will see how

sorry she will be for you,' Miss Madge was saying.

" 'But it'll hurt, Mad-se.'

" 'Oh, but a little hurt don't matter. Auntie will tie it all up so nice and perhaps, Tommy,—perhaps, she will send us up to buy some candies. Just think how nice that will be. Come on, now like a good boy, and you shall have the biggest piece of candy.'

She was actually leading him up to the gate, rather unwillingly on his part, I must admit, but surely nevertheless, when I stepped in sight.

Madge's face fell; she was awfully disappointed.

Then I gave them a lecture firmly but meaningly.

" 'Madge, if you get Tommy into any mischief to-day, I am going to whip you soundly, and lock you up so you had better take warning.

" 'Will you lock Tommy up, too?' she questioned.

" 'No, Tommy will stay with me.'

"For a whole hour they played beautifully with each other. Then something vexed Madge and she grabbed Tommy, and bit him, and scratched him, and pulled his hair, and plumped herself down upon him. Now, if I had children of my own they should never contract these kinds of habits.

"I gave the baby to the maid, and I took that child and gave her a jolly good spanking and put her in the bath-room. I told her she could cry as long as she

wanted to, but if she screamed she would get it again. She lay and screamed, and kicked and—she got it again. Then she tried to torment me by turning on the water-taps.

“I fixed her by tying her hands behind her, and I did it all quite calmly. She saw she was not tormenting me, so she was good after that.

“When I got back into the garden, Tommy was feeding the peas the maid had just shelled, to the chickens, and he seemed quite astonished when I told him he was a naughty bad boy. He did not understand. He had been led to believe such things were expected of him, that it was his mission in life to be a nuisance. He did not like it a bit when I set him to picking up every pea still in sight, and I staid by to see that he obeyed me.

“‘Tommy,’ I called to him presently, ‘I told you not to sit down on the wet ground.’

“‘I’m not,’ he answered. ‘I’m sitting myself on a piece of board.’

“‘Oh, all right, dear! Do you feel nice and warm?’

“‘No, I likes myself cold.’

“The cherub, who could be angry with him long. Then I went in and let Madge out, and she was as good and quiet as a little lamb.

“‘Madge,’ I said firmly, ‘if ever I catch you bit-

ting or scratching Tommy again I am going to wash out your mouth with soap and —”

“ ‘But, Auntie, soap has such a horrid flavor?’

“ ‘I know it has, but little girls who do horrid naughty things must get horrid punishments.’

“ ‘It was not twenty minutes before she got Tommy behind a corner and was begging him to bite her hard and scratch her.

“ ‘Play, you are a nasty bad tiger-cat,’ she suggested.

“ ‘I am afraid that child is bad all through. When she saw she could not get her way with Tommy she would not play with him any more. She took her doll, and every time he came around one side of her, she turned her back and would not even let him look at her.

“ ‘Then Tommy got tired, and turned his attention to me, and commenced asking me all sorts of questions.

“ ‘Auntie, what makes the sun round?’

“ ‘I don’t know, dear; because it is,’ I answered sleepily.

“ ‘But what makes it that way?’

“ ‘Well, I guess it’s because it was born that way, Tommy.’

“ ‘But who borned it, Auntie?’

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS 107

" ' Goodness knows, I didn't,' I answered pettishly.

" ' But, Auntie——'

" ' My dear child, do let a person rest for a minute.'

" ' But you're not a person; you're only my Auntie,' he said, with astonished round eyes. Then he settled down and played with his blocks, and before long I heard him murmur.

" ' Now all those man's are too tired,' and his little chubby cheek was laid on his arm, and he slept."

* * * * *

" And I think it is about time we slept too, Eileen," I yawningly suggested.

At last slumber claimed us for her own. I was dreaming that some awful cruel weight was being driven into my chest and pressed on to my temples, and that the pain was so great I could not even scream. But I could feel the scalding tears run down my face, and they were making furrroughs, they were so cutting, and my leg was cramped from being tied in a horrid straight position.

Then across my waking senses, came the echo of a voice; far away t'was calling me, but still it spoke of help at hand. Now I was fully awakened, and battling with the great heavy load on my chest, and when I had rid myself of it, I sat up and looked out.

Then I burst out laughing, for there on the sand

was poor Eileen struggling to get out of her bed-clothes. She had been the heavy leaden weight I was struggling under, and I will tell you how it had happened. The tide had gone out. And the boat had naturally gradually rested on the sand, and keeled over on its side. We had slept so soundly, that Eileen had rolled on to me, without either of us waking up.

But how to get me out of the boat was the next difficulty. I seemed to have grown to it in the night. They tried to lift me, and I wouldn't lift. They moved some of the things and still I was wedged there tight. They worked away with the heavy boxes that seemed to still be there in spite of them. They hauled off all the bed-clothes and began digging underneath me, still no results. They ripped up the seat, and putting it under me, both of them strained with all their might on the other end. They had nearly given it up, when s-w-i-s-h, they landed me in the wet sand.

It was an awfully mean thing to do, and made me frightfully cross. The sand was slimy and clingy, and left a hateful round patch upon my costume, and when I stood up, it oozed off down on to my stockings.

Necessity, they say, is the mother of invention. I dropped both skirt and stockings and began gambol-

ling about the beach in my bloomers.

Oh! but it was delicious. I danced all the fancy steps I could think of, and then hung on to my toe and tried to spin about. I don't think it was very graceful or edifying, but I was thoroughly enjoying it; when looking towards Eileen, I espied her gazing through the field-glasses at something.

"What is it, Eileen?" I shouted.

"I'm just trying to make it out. There seems to be three or four young men in the party, and they are splitting their sides at something."

"It can't be at us they are gazing? They are too far away."

"Why, yee-s," she drawled, "but they seem to have glasses or bottles up to their faces, and when they take them down they have to slap each other, and——"

I grabbed the glasses and looked. They were nearer now. Sure enough each man was looking through field-glasses straight at our beach, and they all seemed to have hysterics. My conscience! Was it my dancing they had been having so much fun over? I bolted up the bank, and into the woods, as they were drawing closer every minute. Anywhere, anywhere; but hide I must. The undergrowth was not thick enough for my purpose, so I turned and

climbed a maple; I was securely screened by the leaves. I peeped from my search and saw I had a good view of the beach.

Eileen picked up a book as they got nearer, and assumed a more graceful position. Amy kept steadily on getting out the breakfast things.

Then one fellow, taking off his shoes and socks, waded ashore and accosted Amy.

"Have you any wattaw?" he asked. Could you oblige me with a little wattaw, don't cher know?"

"There is a cottage just through there, where you can get some," she replied.

While he went after "wattaw," the other two got out of the boat, and started to make themselves agreeable.

"Do let me help you gather chips," said a voice I thought familiar, and stooping over to get a good look at him, I found my gentleman acquaintance of two days ago, gazing into Eileen's eyes.

"I didn't know I wanted to gather chips," she said, a smile wreathing the corner of her mouth and gradually getting the better of her. "But if you insist—"

"Oh, no; certainly not," he answered. "Why, you are one of the young ladies who so unceremoniously cribbed my boat the other morning. Where is your

friend?"

"Oh, she's——" began Eileen, when he broke in:

"By George, was she the elegant female we saw cutting a 'pas seul' on the sand as we came up?" and he simply roared.

"Dear me, no," replied Eileen, with dignity, "that old thing was a half-breed who fancies herself the Princess of Wales, and always goes about in bloomers."

You darling, I thought. Then they got up and sauntered away, and Amy came along with the third chap in tow.

"I say," he ejaculated, just as he got within hearing distance—they were laying the cloth—"which one of you was it enjoying a bloomer dance as we came up?"

"Sir!" said Amy, facing him, and something in her eyes made him change his tune considerably.

"Who was it on the beach in bloomers as we came up dancing for your benefit?" he said, correcting himself.

"That," said Amy, "oh, that is a herd boy. His name is Smith. He often wears those baggy knickerbockers."

Then the first chappy came back. He was a little, weak, thin fellow, and had a perky look like an

112 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

undersized chicken. We called him Bantam.

"I sigh, don't cher know, let's all have bweakfast together. It'd be so deuced jolly, and all that sort of thing, don't cher know."

We often get specimens like this out here. They say there is not room enough for them in England; but they never want for room here; they can always have the whole of outdoors, and lots of fresh air. Not that they want to be any fresher. They are often too fresh as it is; but they are no trouble to the regular inhabitants. There is plenty of elbow room around here.

Amy's young man looked to her for an invitation; Eileen's young man looked at her; then Amy said:

"Will you; we should enjoy it so much." And that fixed me up in the tree.

When Bantam got to his ham and eggs, he suddenly asked:

"I sigh (he meant say), who was the dawncing girl as we hove in sight, don't cher know?"

Amy's young man said: "Oh, that was a herd boy"; Eileen's young man looked hard at something away past her.

Bantam went on:

"A herd boy? Yah don't say so. H—m! a herd boy; and he wears a shirt waist with a pleat down

the front, don't cher know!"

"Yes, he does," firmly said Amy's young man. I saw he intended to defend her.

"A herd boy," Bantam kept on, "and long hair and a sailor hat. Deuced queer kind of herd boys out he-ar, don't cher know!"

"Sidley, shut up, and eat your breakfast," said Amy's young man.

But some way the incident seemed to have cast a gloom over them, for nobody talked after that.



CHAPTER XI.

It was nearing three o'clock now, and those men had not gone yet. I was nearly starved, and so cramped and cold. I believe those girls had forgotten I was in existence; but I found out afterwards they thought I had taken refuge with the woman who supplied us with milk, and never for a moment dreamed I was up a tree.

Watching them to be got so monotonous, although the little Bantam was very amusing. He seemed to think both couples needed him, and first he would worry one and then the other.

Amy would be soulfully telling her young man about the trying time she had had learning to ride the bicycle.

She said she had insisted upon learning in long

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS 115

skirts, much to the chagrin of the great big fair fellow who was to be her teacher. It was while she was in San Francisco; and the way she divided her attentions between **grabbing and tussling, first with the wheel, then with that man, was unique.** Her foot would bounce into space and he would shout:

“No, no. Not up there, Miss. There’s no pedal on the ceiling; the pedal’s down here near the floor.”

She said he had got the handle-bars set like a racer’s, and her head was down, and she felt for all the world like the piece of iron that connects two engine wheels.

She would pedal, and try, and perspire, and he would shout directions and make her nervous; and then she would let go the handle-bars, and grab him round the neck, and he and she and the wheel would be all tangled up.

The next time she mounted, her skirt would get caught, and she would feel herself gradually being wound up, and would wonder what the end of it all would be.

Here the Bantam would stroll up and say:

“Bicycle—aw, weally, do you wide” and then he would listen for an instant and say:

“But, don’t cher know, how could your feet weach the ceiling; you’re not very tall, don’t cher know?”

Amy would look at him, as much as to say, you inane little jackass, go home and let your mother feed you with a spoon, and she would stop talking and scowl at him; but, bless your heart, he never noticed he was annoying anybody.

And Eileen would be explaining to her young man, in a sentimental lovely style, that she believed souls were made for each other; that love was not just a passing fancy in this life, but that it had been begun in ages past, and it only came suddenly to your knowledge in the present, but would go on throughout all eternity; that love given and returned in this world, struggling on as it often does in adverse circumstances, will be love perfected in the great hereafter.

Eileen always looks lovely when she is talking like this. Her great dark eyes dilate and deepen with the emotion of her thoughts; her features have a lofty look, and her long, graceful hands are nervously fingering a flower, or a leaf, or a fern.

It was terribly hard lines for me to sit up there in that tree and hear her talk to my best young man about souls and love. But the Bantam was approaching. Oh, joy!

"But, Miss Eileen," broke in my young man, or her young man—I really don't know who owned most

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS 117

of him—"what about we poor mortals who have never met our ideals here? Are we to go unloved through all eternity?"

"You wretch! and you saw me day before yesterday," I thought to myself, and in my excitement I snapped a branch.

"Oh, no," answered Eileen; "you have missed each other, you——"

"He, he," snickered the Bantam; "wonder who's chasing around trying to find me, don't cher know? Good joke—must advertise it in the paper. Other half of Mr. Sidley Saddletaps, please apply."

Just then Eileen looked up and caught sight of my face through the leaves, and she began to laugh most immoderately, and held her sides and crammed her handkerchief down her throat, and Amy and her young man heard her, and thinking it was a case of hysterics, ran over to see what was the matter, and the Bantam spluttered:

"No, no, pon honor, weally never meant to be so funny!"

Finally Eileen shouted:

"Look, look, it's just going over the brow of the hill. Run, run; oh, do be quick, or you'll lose sight of it."

The three men tore off at break-neck speed. Eileen

118 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

kept up the laugh until the Bantam's coat-tails were lost to view, then she said breathlessly:

"Quick, get Sadie's shoes and stockings!"

"Where is she?" questioned Amy.

"Never mind—get 'em," she yelled back as she ran down the beach, grabbed my skirt and flew to the foot of the tree.

When those men came back, after their chase, they found a third young lady, whom one of them at least was acquainted with, and they were quite dumb on the subject of the hunt.

They helped us to get all our luggage into the boat, and they fixed our sail for us, and put the right ropes into our hands, and the three stood on the beach, bareheaded, as we started for Ten-Mile Point.

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CHAPTER XII.

It was a lovely afternoon. There was just wind enough to fill the sail and carry us along comfortably. I sat there, my hand upon the tiller, drinking in the beauty of the surroundings. The whole scene was buoyant with life, joyful life, expectant life, life running on and anticipating itself. The swiftly hurrying tide, the white, fleecy, scudding clouds floating into different shapes—now a long-robed angel, now a bird with spreading wings, now a cloudy, fleecy veil—seemed to hold a purpose. Even the circling, screaming gulls had something more than their natural vitality about them.

120 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

Have you ever noticed such days as these, when, if you take a walk, you can almost see things grow; when each blade of grass seems to have a personality, and the wee ground birds seem to feel it and pee-wit in their affrighted little voices; when everything lends itself to the pleasure your feel, not because something out of the ordinary has happened, but because to-day you have entered into living. This is the way I felt, and then a great yearning to write something about sailing in a good breeze that nobody else had thought of, that would be above and beyond all other inane lines, took possession of me. Here it is immortalized:

Lead up, glide on, thou senseless boat
Thou hast no life—
Tis only in the bellied sail
Thy progress lies;
And yet as my small weakly hand
The guide ropes hold,
Thou frettest like some wounded bird
Longing to flee.
The wind blows free across thy beam
Bidding thee live.
It whispers of a purpose in
Its soft caress.
It woes the fields until its breath
Scent-laden is,
And whistles o'er the ocean's breast
A tuneful chime,
And when the dark winged God of Storm
His pinions lower
With merciless screech it rushes through
Rigging and spar
All still is held in check, restrained,
Subservient to
The Great Commander whom the winds
And sea obey.

I recited this to Eileen and Amy and asked them how they liked it.

"Well, what is it supposed to be?" asked Eileen.

"Why, poetry," I said.

"Poetry? Why, there is not a single rhyme in the whole thing."

"Oh, I scorn rhyming," I answered. "Poetry, to me, should be above such things. It should be the natural outlet of great minds; the avenue by which they may impart their thoughts to less gifted mortals."

"I can't see a word of sense in any of it," said Amy doggedly.

Alas, poor human nature. If we could only inspire the hard, uncompromising clay about us; if we could only make them see through our eyes, and feel what we feel; if we could only live with wholly congenial people who would understand us, how ethereal life would be; how we could soar on and never be jarred by the awful density of our more material relatives; how they could share with us our noble aspirations and grand thoughts and——

I told my thoughts to the girls, and Amy said:

"H'm—yes—Bohemians! I've noticed they are people who never have anything to give away themselves, but are perfectly willing to share what you

have."

"But, Sadie, I don't believe you would get even Bohemians to share much of that poetry with you," said Eileen; "they might for a little while, but— Oh, I say, but it's getting rough. Don't hold her up so close to the wind."

"Well, I presume you want to go around Ten-Mile Point, don't you? We're not supposed to be heading for Seattle or Race Rocks, are we?"

And I pulled the rope in closer, but the boat keeled over so, shipping quite a bucketful of water, that I had to ease her off some. You see, we had struck the tide, and it was dead against us, but we trusted to the wind to carry us around the Point. We worried her up as far as she would go, then held her there for a minute or two, but gradually she would lose ground, and inch by inch slip backwards. The water was swirling and eddying about us. It did need courage to head her into that boiling mass, but I was bent on getting through if possible.

Three times I tried it. Those girls acted awfully. They buried their heads every time we came to a tide-rip, and refused to help me.

"Oh, Sadie, do let's go back. I'm so afraid."

"You had better come and help me put her through," I yelled. "If we go to turn her now, she

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS 123

is sure to capsize. Besides, we shall never have it finer than this, and if you intend to go around Ten-Mile Point——”

“I really think I ought to go home,” wailed Eileen; “my mother will be so anxious about me. She said she did not think we would be gone more than a week.”

“Oh, that’s nonsense, Eileen,” I broke in. “I’m going to try it once again at any rate.”

We had drifted away back by this time.

“Sadie,” asked Amy, “would you mind landing me just over there. I’m getting fearfully seasick, and——”

“No, I’m not going to land anybody,” I said bluntly.

Then they sat up amidships and sulked.

I got her head up in the wind and made for the Point again. On, on, she went—up, up! Now we’ll go by——

Not a bit of it. We just stuck at the same point and lost ground.

I was terribly cross with those two; there was no need for them to be such geese. If they had only helped me a little I am sure we could have managed. They I began to speculate. I’ll run her out across the tide, then back and beat up. I was just brimful

of all these nautical terms, and I thought what a lucky thing it would be for some seafaring man if he should get me for a wife.

Swish—over came the sail, and Amy, just bobbing up at the minute, caught it on the back of the head. Then I keeled the boat over far enough to make it very uncomfortable for Eileen, who was on that side; and then I thought I had done my duty. She ran out beautifully (I mean the boat, not Eileen), and I thoroughly enjoyed it. Truly, she seemed to be running down rather far, but I was sure that in at least two "tacks" she could be got around the Point.

Eileen had crawled over by Amy, and there they sat, holding each other's hands with such a resigned and martyrlike (please get this word copyrighted for me) look about them. Then I shoved the rudder over and tipped them up the other way, and for about three minutes she held to her course; and then slid backwards at about double the rate she had been progressing forwards. We had got right into the tide-rip now, and the wind was dying away. We were drifting rapidly to leeward.

"Sadie! Sadie! Look behind you! There's a horrid bed of kelp and we're in a line with it," said Amy.

I distinctly felt my heart turn over, and go thump

away down out of place. I turned to look, and the rope that held the sail slipped through my fingers and away it went. Then the boat turned right around, and dipping and dancing went racing along with the tide. Our faces now expressed frozen horror. Did you ever see it—frozen horror. Your hair seems pulled up straight by the roots, your eyes bulge out, the lines of your visage are all drawn downwards, and your teeth and jaw seem set like a vise. You feel as if you had been kept in a plaster of paris cast for months, and nothing would ever undo you again.

We knelt, expecting each moment to be our last.

Then we struck the bed of kelp and swung around, and started drifting through it backwards. The sail passed over us, and I had an idea of grabbing it.

Then it suddenly struck me that we were in the hands of Providence, and I let it go. It is funny how one always likes to cast the blame of any accident on Providence. They never think of it when they are safe and sound on shore; but as soon as they have got themselves into such a mess and tangle that there is only one chance in a thousand that they can come out alive, they straightway throw themselves upon Providence, and expect deliverance.

God willed it so, is a frequent expression of professing Christianity, when half the time they make

it totally impossible for God to will it anything else. Now, while I was rounding that Point, I never thought of God in the matter at all; but as soon as the boat got beyond my control, I expected Him to pay special attention to my needs.

Of course, I did not think these thoughts while we were being tossed about. It was afterwards, when I was in the cool and calm of my own room, that the thing struck me so forcibly.

And now we waited and prayed; and the huge ugly heads of the kelp bobbed up at us, like sinuous snakes, and seemed to mock us as if they knew they had only to bide their time, and then they could enchain us; and great dark floating objects rushed by us hurryingly, hopelessly, shrinkingly; and we cowered and knew not when the blow would fall.

And then we drifted beyond the kelp, and we looked down, and oh, the water was so deep and full of hateful shadows and horrible bubbles and round gurgly holes that seemed to bore themselves to the bottom.

Eileen began to cry and moan and ring her hands, and Amy and I sympathized with her, and they clung to each other; and I pulled out a rope and threw it to them, and said:

“Girls, ti—ti—tie—yourselves—together—so that

in death——”

And Eileen screamed, and flung herself back and sobbed:

“Oh, I cannot do it—I cannot do it.”

But Amy firmly passed the rope around Eileen and herself, and secured it to the boat.

“But you, Sadie?” Amy sobbed.

“I will die alone,” I said, and I felt a beautiful look of martyrdom overspread my face.

“We shall be carried out to sea,” sobbed Amy. “Oh, Sadie, if you hadn’t persisted.”

“Girls, it is not my fault,” I said, as I licked the tears off that came pouring down my face. This was the special spot where I was sorry for myself, for I was not only suffering, but misunderstood. “Had you helped me, this accident would not have happened. But I forgive you all freely as I—ough!”

The boat had bumped heavily against something, the sail swung over, and then, oh, joyful sight! I saw a man!

He was standing on the bank—a long, lean, lanky man, leaning on a hoe; but I was thankful he was a man. We were sadly in need of one. He stood there, chewing a straw, and looking at us. His hat was tipped down over his eye, and he had his sleeves rolled back, but I would not have gone past him—

no, not for worlds.

At that moment he was the one man for me.

"Hi there! Hi! Come and catch us quick!" I shouted to him.

He slowly sauntered down the hill, put out his hoe, and caught us just as we were drifting off again.

"Dew tell, wall, neow, I'll be jiggered! What made yew stay out thar so long?" he questioned.

"Stay out there," I retorted. "We've been nearly drowned."

"Draowned! Come neow. Yew've been nearly draowned," he mumbled; "why, yew air ez dry ez smoked herrings. Why didn't you come ashore sooner?"

"We lost control of the boat, and we were expecting to be swept out to sea."

"Do yew want to go a-out to sea?" he questioned.

"No, stupid, of course we don't," I answered. "You'll be asking us if we would like to be drowned next."

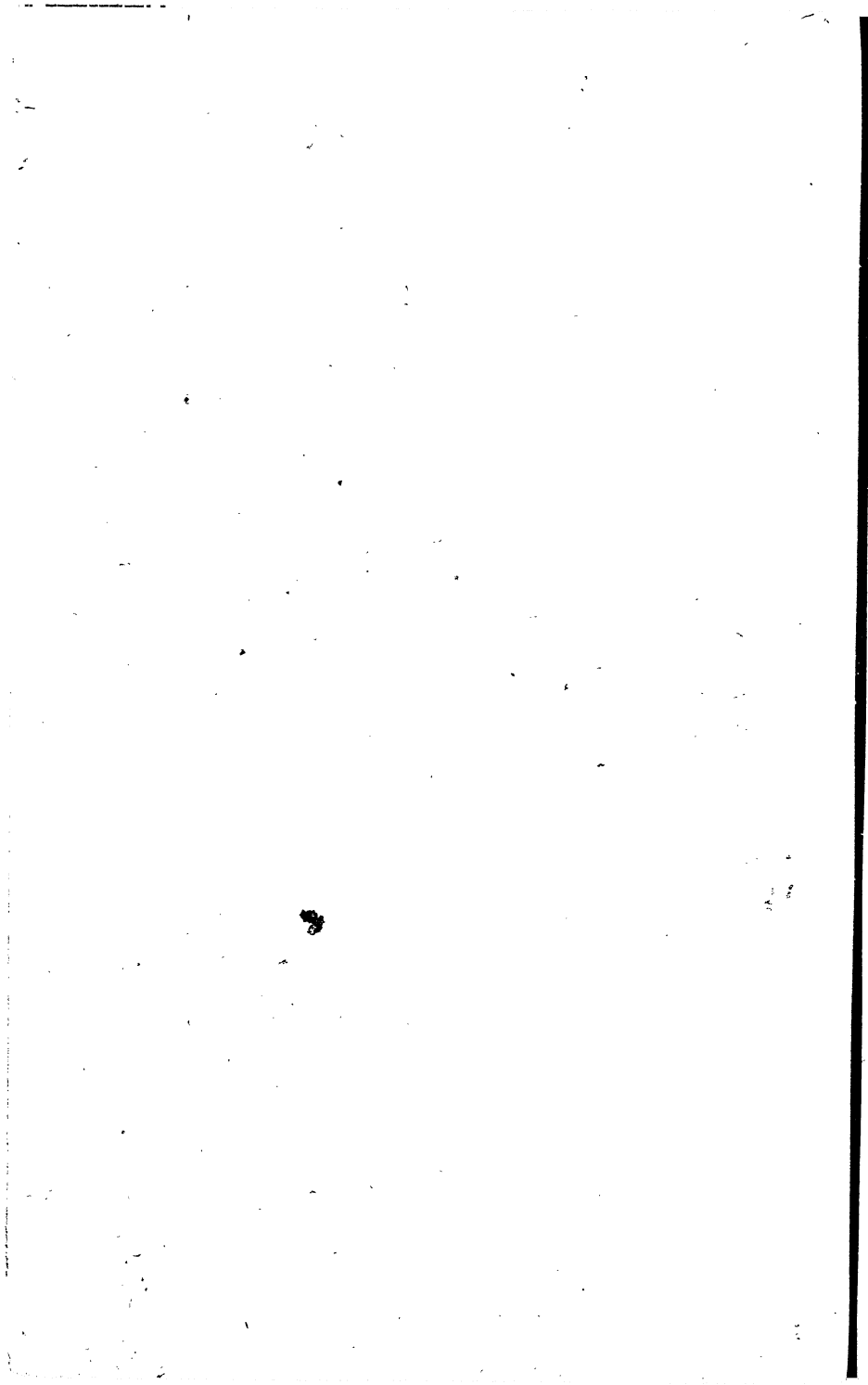
"Wall, why didn't yew come ashore befo-ar?" he still persisted.

"Goodness gracious sakes alive, what are you?" I yelled; "can't you understand. Our sail blew away."

He deliberately stared at it. Poor fellow. I burst out laughing. He could not imagine how it had



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blown away and was still there. It was no use trying to explain, so I changed the subject. I saw we had drifted over to **Discovery Island.**

"Does anyone live on this island?"

"Wall, ye-as, I dew," he answered.

I looked at him then for the first time. He had the funniest face I ever saw on a man. His mouth was drawn to a pucker, as if he intended whistling every minute, but he never accomplished his object; and little lines verged out from it, and seemed caught up to the corners of his eyes. When he was not talking, the pucker was still working. But he had the kindest of smiles.

"But I mean are there any women folks on the island?"

"Oh, ye-as," he answered; "the old woman and the gal are up at the heuse."

"Is it along this path?" we inquired.

"Wall, there hain't no other," he said, and commenced hoeing again, after fastening our boat for us.

He didn't seem to think it was necessary to go with us.

We went up the path single file, rather wondering what kind of a reception we should get from the "old woman." Of course, I had to lead the procession and take the initiative. I wanted Amy or Eileen to go

ahead, but they said:

"Oh, no, Sadie; you know you can do it so much better than we can."

We heard a great big dog baying as we got nearer, and my usual courage forsook me, but the girls said:

"Keep right on, keep right on, and don't appear to notice him. If we run now he is sure to catch up with us."

And they pushed me along in front of them. He did not seem in any hurry to come up to us, and I am sure I was not in any hurry to go to him, but finally we turned a corner and—found him chained.

A short, fat motherly woman came waddling down the steps and across the yard to us. Her hands were covered with flour. A great big smile wreathed her face, and took the corners of her mouth more than half way around to her ears; and she gave a happy little gurgle of a laugh between every word. She welcomed us as if she had been expecting us for months.

"Do-o coom in and rest a bit," she said; "sit-ee down, there's nought to 'urt thee," and she dusted off a chair, which was already spotless, with her apron.

"How-ty coom so far?" she questioned.

We told her in glowing terms of our terrible experience, and she only bobbed her head and smiled, as

if it was the most natural thing in the world for people to come to her door like that. The daughter came in now, with three pats of creamy butter on a plate. She was a thick, heavy-set girl, awfully wide across the hips, and with short, heavy legs. She took not the slightest notice of us; we might have been pieces of furniture stuck against the wall as far as she was concerned. Her eyes never even "sized us up." The old lady held a little corner of her apron between her fingers, and gurgled and chuckled, until the daughter had left the room; then she said, in a fond maternal way:

"She be main proud, she be," and jerked her head towards the opening where the daughter had disappeared.

We said yes in an aimless, tired sort of way, and the dear old body took the hint,, and waddled around and set us out an immense store of food. Everything in her larder was there, if we could but eat it. There were three kinds of cold meat, and she cut us a piece of each: there was lovely creamy bread: four different kinds of tarts—strawberry, raspberry, blackberry and plum. The table fairly groaned under the good things. The old lady seemed to think it was our duty to have a hunking great helping of everything, and we came to look upon it as a duty we owed her.

Amy did try to pass pickled fish, when she had cold lamb on her plate; and the old woman asked her if she didn't like fish, and perhaps she would rather have fried bacon; and her dear old eyes looked so hurt, and her mouth narrowed up so, that we each resolved we would never pass anything again.

I felt sorry for Amy. She looked as if she had been witnessing a hanging, after being one of the jurors. She had an apologetic, hang-dog expression on her face.

But when the old lady handed the fish to Eileen, and she helped herself without a word, we all beamed again.

There were five kinds of home-made pickles, and Mrs. Truckle was quite hurt because we would not have some of each on our plate, all at once. She chirruped away while we fed, and told us all the family history; and she spoke of the people as if we had known them all our lifetime. They were her world, and she could not imagine any one living out of it.

"The lad 'ave gone across to the toon the day. T'were yester-een he ga-ed. 'E'll be back afore dark wi' the mail."

She told us how lonesome she had been since she had lost Tottie, and she took us into the spare bed-

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS 133

room, and she said Tottie had always slept in there. We asked her what had happened to her, and the old dame took a corner of her handkerchief and wiped her eye and said she had "died o' cancer."

"I never reared her, but she were wi me for years. Eh, but I looed her like my own darter, and I used to talk to her all the time. Liza there be-ant much o' a hand to talk to. Tottie were the most comfort to me," said the poor dame, and she sat on the bed, and the tears dripped off her nose, and she sniffed and wiped them away.

"Yew two mun sleep here," she said, "and the tother," with a jerk of her thumb over her shoulder towards Eileen, "can have Aaron's bed."

At first we would not hear of it. We told her we could put up our tent under the apple trees; but she seemed so hurt that we could not refuse, and made up our minds to occupy the beds, if only for one night. Then she went out to see to the dinner.

Amy and I looked at each other, and Amy murmured:

"She died of cancer, and that's her bed!"

We shuddered. To get rid of the impression we wandered into the parlor, and Eileen began playing lively waltz tunes. Amy and I took up an album. A long stringy piece of hair lay between

the leaves—the dead girl again. We turned from each other in disgust.

I started looking around the room, and the first thing I came across was a photograph surrounded by wreaths and crosses.

Oh, how I wished they had buried her. She seemed to be all over the place. Her finger-marks were on the bedroom door; her work lay in the top drawer; the place fairly reeked with her.

Go where you would, it was nothing but Tottie. Tottie was worked in hair work, and hung up on the wall; the name Tottie stared at us from out a magenta background done in wool work in a footstool. We seemed to be walking in a crypt dedicated to the memory of Tottie. I looked to see if her inscription was set in the front door.

The old woman toddled back, and said to Eileen:

“Eh, but thee does play beautiful! I’m sure yew mun be a comfort to me—now Tottie beant here.”

Great Caesar! It suddenly dawned upon us that probably we were in a house for incurables. We were to be kept there for years, and the old biddy was our nurse. She lived but to bury her patients. No wonder she had welcomed us so naturally. She thought that now Tottie was dead, we were the next installment to die of some dread disease on her hands.

Eileen rushed outside, and Amy and I sat down resignedly upon the edge of the bed and held each other's hands. I stroked Amy's hand and tried to comfort her. I said I would plan some way of escape the next morning, and she must not worry; we must sleep where we were for the one night.

"But, Sadie, if we do, we shall die of cancer," Amy sobbed. "The place is fairly saturated with it now. This room has a horrid smell about it."

"Courage, child, courage," I said practically; "the food is awfully good."

Eileen came in now, and said she had been all through the stables with the old man; and she further informed us that she did not think he was any fool. He had a fine large lot of cows and horses, and the barns were immense. Amy suggested that we should go out and view them for ourselves, and try and take a little comfort while life lasted. And we followed Eileen out the back way. We had to unseat a few hens from the steps, and climb over a couple of pigs that were snouting around the barn-yard floor before we reached our destination; but what is that in a lifetime when you are bent on trying to glean enjoyment.

The ramble outside put us in better spirits. The situation of Mr. Tuckle's farm was simply idyllic.

Lying as it did on a slope, the whole place stretched before you, blocked off into different greens. Here the tint of the barley, there the sere green of the already reaped timothy, beyond the fairy waving heads of oats; while nearer to you the greens were intermixed in kaleidoscopic splendor—the flat blade-like shoots of a younger generation of oats, the feathery heads of waving carrots, the blood-tinged tops of beets, the stately rows of cabbages, the spiral-like sage-colored onions. And they were all blocked off in such regular military-like squares and oblong patches, and there was such a precision about their regularity that they caught the eye and held it. The blue and white streaked water circled all, and tiny islands formed green dotted mounds beyond, and the clear health-laden air, pure and rich with life-giving properties, restored us to our usual excellent spirits.

We wandered into the barns, and the clover-like scent of the hay, and the warm, mellow odor of the milking kine assailed our nostrils and was like sweet incense to us.

Mr. Tuckle asked us if we would like to milk, at which the farm-hand (who had a tooth out in front) turned round and grinned broadly. Amy said she would like to try. She pushed the stool about two feet away from the cow, and took hold of the teat in

a gingerly shame-faced way, and squeezed it close, and never a drop of milk came. Amy seemed inclined to blame it on the cow, and had a determined, square-shouldered look about her that gave one the impression that she knew that the cow had gone dry on purpose.

Then I tried. I sat right down close to the animal, and began pulling at her up and down, and was getting a few drops out, when the brute switched her tail and stung me in the eye. This made my aim erratic, and the next flow of milk sprinkled my dress, and the one after that hit me in the other eye and decorated my hair. Then I gave it up.

Of course, Eileen would not come within ten feet of a cow; but I am always brave when the brute is securely anchored by the head.

Some funny things happened while we were at dinner that evening. The old man sat down with us. He still had his shirt sleeves shooved up, and he leaned his right elbow on the table, and slapped about with his fork into first one dish and then another, until he had hooked what he wanted. Then with his knife in his left hand he sawed off big hunks and fairly threw them down his throat. He put tomato ketchup on his plate, then soused a lot of green pickles on the top of it. I passed him the sweet

pickles, and he actually took some of them too. Mrs. Truckle ambled around to my side, and said:

"These be gooseberry pickles. Wilt ta have some?" I already had some sweet pickles, but I took a couple to please her, and then began wondering if she had any good strong brandy in the house, and how long it would take to get a doctor. I was not used to treating my interior to such doses. Presently the old man asked us if we knew Brown—George Brown—the butcher. He'd been in Victoria twenty years, and always drove for Smith & Sons.

We told him we were sorry, but we did not.

He said:

"I reckoned as ha-ow you might a-knowed him. He's been took to the hospital. They had to put an anecdote into his eye and take somethink a-out thet's been a-bothering him."

We assured him we were very, very sorry for George Brown, and should make his acquaintance at the first opportunity.

Then the two of them, Bidy (as we had nick-named her) and her spouse, got into an altercation about what day in the week it was. He declared it was Wednesday, and she was equally sure it was Tuesday. They appealed to us, but we could not say positively; we thought, however, it was Wednesday.

Finally she vanished out of the door, and presently returned, and laid a side of mutton on the table.

"Hey, Silas, what did I telt thee just noe? There be only six chops ta-en from it! It be Tuesday sure!"

Dear old dame, she was in the habit of telling the day of the week according to the number of chops that had disappeared from the hind quarter of meat.

I saw by the old man's face he knew her method never failed. He sat very straight, but after that he did not take his eyes off his plate.

The daughter we never saw anything of. She stayed in the kitchen to get things ready for her mother. She did not seem to resent our presence, but she simply refused to have anything to do with us personally.

We spent quite a pleasant evening playing and singing. The two old people seemed to thoroughly enjoy the music. The old man sat back in an easy chair, and his mouth would perceptibly draw up more and more and pucker and pucker and work around until we were sure he was going to break out into a whistle, when it would as gradually subside.

The old woman seldom got further than the door, where she stood holding on to the corner of her apron. When we did press her to come in, she sat uncomfortably on the edge of the sofa, still chuckling softly. Poor old dame. She was not used to sitting down.

Presently the farm hand came in and sat behind the door, and a neighbor from across the way wandered in from kitchenwards. He was "all taken aback" when he saw the "company," and set first one eye on

Amy and then the other on Eileen, until he made them nervous, wondering whether he had an affliction or whether it was fright. His eyes had the same effect a monocle has to a man's appearance.

"Say, jest play that there Yellow Coon again," said Mr. Truckle. "Humph, that's a corker, that it." And I complied. I got quite a musical reputation on the island. When I came to the ludicrous part, the hired man snorted and chuckled, and poking his head out from behind the door convulsed the girls with the oddity of the absent tooth.

The old man's pucker worked faster than ever, and Amy said the neighbor's eyes tried to dance a jig.

At nine o'clock the old man got up and said good-night, and dragged his slippers off to bed. He said a fellow had to "up and dust" pretty early when there was so much to do.

"Guess yew feel a bit streaked after yew're time in the water," he said as he got to the door, and a naughty, roughish twinkle overspread his face. We knew he was laughing at us. The old lady fussed about and then said:

"Wilt ta coom and I'll show thee Aaron's room. He can sleep wi his feyther."

"But where will you sleep then, Mrs. Truckle?"

"Oh, we and Liza can sleep the 'gether," she said. "We've oft done it."

"But Mr. Truckle won't like that. He won't like your being turned out of your own bed," we argued.

"Eh—bless thee," she said, "he never knows who's abed wi' him."

CHAPTER XIII.

We sat on the edge of the bed after th old woman had left us, discussing our day's adventure. All was silent about the house now. Eileen came up thc hall, and told us that there was no lock on her door, and wondered what she had better do. She was afraid if Aaron did not come home pretty soon his mother might forget to warn him that his room was occupied, and it would be awful if he wandered in there. We reassured her, and said probably he would not come now bfore morning and not to worry. So she resolved to make the best of it.

Somewhere in the middle of the night we suddenly burst into consciousness through a most unearthly noise. We sat up and listened. Sure enough there it was again. It seemed to come tearing down the wind like a hopeless, helpless wail, until it was lost in

142 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

the deep-chested tones of a man's voice. It sounded as if a child were undergoing some awful torture, and the cry was beyond even its strength—the wail was no outlet to the pain it felt, but was rather forced from it. Again it broke the stillness, starting high up and running down the scale like a calliope. Our blood seemed creeping through our veins; our listening senses were strained to bursting point. The deeper tones of the man seemed to be muttering and expostulating, and were intermingled with the firm tread of bare feet.

“What are they doing to her—what are they doing?” I managed to say to Amy, for my tongue seemed glued to the roof of my mouth. We sat there, clutching each other's hands. We dared not go to the rescue, for we knew not what awaited us. At last we could stand it no longer, and jumping from the bed, I started groping for the matches. I had put them right on the left hand corner of the little stand, but, of course, I could not lay my hand upon them. I even wandered away over by the bureau, and bumped my nose against the edge of the door. The noise came wailing forth again while I stood there, and I distinctly felt the goose-flesh stand out on my bare legs. Then a voice broke the stillness.

“Be you a-skeared?” it said. “Thet's feyther got

to going and he's letting off his wheeze."

And there in the doorway stood Mrs. Truckle with her broad beaming smile.

Then I knew why the old man's mouth puckered so in the daytime. It was getting ready for the night, and I verily believe the old woman cultivated the smile that went the other way to offset him.

I found the matches just where I had put them, and climbed into bed. I think that darkness takes a very unfair advantage of one. Things seem to grow small and vanish as soon as night covers them, and other obstacles get abnormally out of proportion and stick up at inconvenient spots. I used to long for the electric light when I was home, and think what a pleasure it would be to always know just where to put my hand upon it. Finally it was put into the house, but it acted no better than the matches that had gone before it.

I would slip into the room, and be perfectly certain the light hung there in the middle. I would measure off four steps, and stand there pawing the air. Then I would back off a foot, and pass my hand round and round above my head then up and down, and then sideways. Then I would go back to the door and count as I came up again, and as I took the third step I would knock my shins against a chair that had

grown up there while I waited, and that put on an extra ugly edge for the occasion. Then I would shut my eyes and try again, and another piece of furniture would hit me a thumping whack in the ribs, and I would find I was handling the side-board. Now, I was perfectly certain that that light hung right in line with the centre of that side-board, so I would feel around and put my hand directly in the middle of it and with the other I would reach round and round and up and down. Still no globe could I find. Then I would move away from the side-board and stand directly in the centre of the room and paw and paw again, until finally, in disgust, I would give it up, and would go to leave the room altogether; then the bally old globe would bob up and give me an unmerciful thump on the nose that made me see stars.

* * * * * *

I was wandering about the farm with Mr. Truckle the next morning, helping him feed the pigs, when I casually said to him:

"Mrs. Truckle seems to have been very much cut up over Tottie's death?"

"Ye-as," he said, "she do carry on most awful. I'm glad she's dead. She were a cussed nuisance."

You inhuman old wretch, I thought. I suppose

you did not want to support her.

"How old was she?" I questioned.

"Oh, aba-out twelve, I reckon," he replied.

"Oh, she was quite a child. I thought, by the way, she spoke——"

"Che-ild!" he drawled. "She warn't no che-ild; she wor a dawg."

We stayed for a week on the island and had a most delicious time. We wandered out under the trees and enjoyed the balminess of pine odors, and we took a snap-shot with our cameras at everything that came in sight. Aaron brought the mail and late papers from the city, so we **did** not want for news **from home**. We thought as we had plenty of time on our hands we might as well develop what pictures we had. We particularly wanted to get good ones of Mr. and Mrs. Silas Truckle. Amy and I said we would develop them, while Eileen lazed around and took it easy.

We were some time in preparing the things—the dishes with water, and one with the chemical, and the absolutely dark room necessary for their proper manipulation. Finally we went in and shut the door and worked away.

You know you have to be most careful how you handle the plates, and you have to rock them gently until something appears. Well, I rocked the first

146 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

picture until my arms ached, but nothing but one little black dot appeared. Amy and I could not imagine what it was intended to represent. We thought perhaps we had not kept it going fast enough, and decided to give the next plate a better chance. It came out beautifully. We could see it was a scene, but when it was printed it looked as if a dreadful storm had been in progress at the time we had snapped it—the trees were leaning so to the left. Then we tried some more. Not one of the others produced a thing, excepting Mr. Truckle's. We were dreadfully disappointed, as we had no more plates. We dried the two and then started printing from them. I finished one of Mr. Truckle and took it to him. He looked at it "a spell," and then said:

"Wall, ne-ow, do tell. Is it the guinea pig?"

"No, of course not. It's your photograph."

"Sho-o, ne-ow. Ef I look like that?" and he wandered off into the house to show it to his wife. She absolutely refused to give us a sitting after seeing it.

Just then Amy sauntered up with a letter in her hands.

"Say, girls," she broke in; "you know what a craze the Americans have for navy buttons and old hats and braid and such like things. Well, Hattie has just written me about an American party that visited the

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS 147

warships on the Queen's Birthday. She was behind them and saw the whole thing. One of the girls—tailor-made all through—bent on collecting curios, rushed up to an officer, and, holding out a pair of scissors, begged him to give her a memento of himself.

"Do, please, give me just one souvenir. There, that one just there will do. It is not sewed on very securely."

"But we cawn't, don't cher know. It's against orders," he answered, backing off. "Oh, please, I'll give you——" He turned to address more arrivals, and she slipped up and cut off both his coat-tail buttons before he could defend himself.

"I was wondering," says my sister, 'how he would maintain the dignity of Her Majesty's Navy, for British sailors have died before now rather than make laughing-stocks of themselves. He turned and, calling the officer in charge of the gangway, said:

"Here, Little! Hold the launch a minute. This party wishes to go ashore."

"And he insisted on seeing them all safely on board."

"A few minutes afterwards Captain Franklyn stepped out of his stateroom, where he had been entertaining some gentlemen, and addressing the officer, said:

148 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

“I say, Dodds, why are those people going ashore so soon? Have they been over the ship yet?”

“Saluting, the Lieutenant replied:

“No, sir; they were sent ashore for mutilating Her Majesty’s Navy.”

“And he pointed to the buttonless coat. Rich, wasn’t it?”

“Eileen remarked that it was the date of the Hospital Ball.

“I’ll never forget the first big ball I ever went to,” I replied. “It was given by the Admiral, and two of the officers were very busy making everybody happy, by introducing their comrades, who couldn’t dance to the best dancers in the room. I had struck three such snags. The first was a tall, lean fellow, with great gold epaulets on his shoulders. It was an utter impossibility to avoid those things. They kept coming up and hitting me in the most unexpected places. I tried by turning my head almost completely around to keep them from scratching my chin. This might have answered, if I could have found out what step my partner was dancing. The band was playing a waltz, and he kept taking long, swinging strides, with a little hitch at the end of them, and every time the hitch came, he would bob up against me and almost take my chin off.

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS 149

"My second partner had an idea he was a teetotum, and I was the stem he was rotating around. My skirts flew out and I couldn't see, we were revolving at such a rate. I got so dizzy I had to shut my eyes, but the motion did not seem to bother him any.

"The third was a long kangaroo sort of man, and he ambled about in a swinging, aimless sort of way, and drove up against couples who the minute before had been at the extreme end of the room. He tread on everybody's toes, and punted them in the ribs, and said 'beg pardon,' but never seemed to know what a terror he was on the floor."

"My aunt says it is immoral to dance," broke in Amy. "She says that you are contaminated when you allow a man to put his arm about you, and she quotes Burns and other highly 'moral' people to sustain her point. She says waltzing should not be allowed.

"'Why, auntie,' I said to her one day, 'waltzing is a mild kind of dance compared to the whirl-wind. Did you ever see the whirl-wind?'

"'No indeed,' she said. 'I have not and I do not wish to, if it is any worse than the waltz.'

"'Oh, it is simply immense,' I yelled at her, in a highly excited voice. 'Your partner flings his arms about you, and whirls you around and around at a

150 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

terrific rate, until finally, with an awful thrust, he sends you nearly up the chimney.'

"'Amy, Amy! My salts, my dear,' the good dame cried. 'It is outrageous, indecent, immoral—positively awful!'

"Poor old dame, after that the waltz seemed tame to her."

* * * * *

That afternoon we had been promised we would be allowed to churn the butter. We all said it was one of the delights of farming to make your own creamy pats, and it was the only thing about a cow that was really enjoyable. I noticed Mrs. Truckle looked pitying at us, but I thought it must be because we were going to deprive her of the pleasure. We gathered in the cool stone cellar, and hovered about, and stuck our fingers in the pans of cream, and jostled up against the bench which held them.

We seemed to be awfully in the way, or else the cellar was too small but Mrs. Truckle beamed upon us with her broad, beautiful smile, so we crowded up to the churn expectantly, all excepting Eileen. You couldn't expect her to relish anything like real work. She just gave a sickly little screech, and said: "Oh, I saw a mouse in there," and she went away.

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS 151

Amy and I only hopped to the other side of Mrs. Truckle. We felt that if a mouse struck her, he was bound to get lost in her ample skirts.

It took some time to get the cream in the churn and the cover on. Then at last we settled down steadily to the churning. We told Mrs. Truckle to leave us. We would make the butter and call her when it was done.

But it did not prove as idyllic as we had anticipated.

Amy seemed to be so anxious for me to work the churn, and I was afraid of monopolizing it. Our arms ached, and we got warm.

We took off our hats and rolled up our sleeves and worked, and worked, and worked. There were funny little hard lumps that refused to turn through the churn every once in a while. Amy said that was the butter forming, and for a while I believed her, and worked harder to make the rest come.

And we got warmer and warmer, and the perspiration ran down our faces, and our clothes stuck to us, and we took off our collars and ties, and dickies, but even that did not seem to help us much. Finally we became so exhausted we lifted the churn on to the floor, and sat down with it between us, and churned, and churned, and churned.

152 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

Then Mrs. Truckle came back, and when she saw our plight she said:

“Poor lassies, ye be-ant a-used to it,” and she “felt” the butter, and said:

“Aye, but it’s coom,” and we forgot all our labor, and jumped up and peered into the churn as she took the cover off, and I said:

“Oh! does it come like that—black and white?” for I had caught sight of a funny little black spot in it, and she soused it around with her hands, and then lifted it out. And then we clutched each other, and gasped, for five little heads were sticking out of it, and five little mice had been entombed in our butter-making.



CHAPTER XIV.

And now the day of our departure had come. We did not want to go; we had had such an enjoyable week.

The morning broke clear and calm, with a good stiff breeze blowing. Mr. Truckle was going to sail us over and come back with a neighbor. Mrs. Truckle came down to the landing, and stood there bare-headed, with the corner of her apron still in her hand. Her face was wreathed in its broadest amiability, and her happy chuckle gurgled up and down, and vibrated so, that it made her broad expansive bosom tremble like a jelly. Silas Truckle took his seat in the boat and waited patiently, while we stowed away all our belongings, and when we got

80

154 THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS

quite comfortably settled, he slowly pushed off.

It was a delicious sail across. Mr. Truckle was a master hand at the tiller, and he gave the boat a firm, even course, and held her to it. She acted like a coquettish belle. She dipped and courtesied and spread her skirts, and tossed her nose into the foam, and sent it curling and away out of sight. She swerved in a naughty rebellious little way, and answered quite saucily when he pulled her up. She made bee lines for rocks when she thought he wasn't looking, in a frolicsome happy-go-lucky style; and when he deliberately changed her course, she sulked and would not keep up her pace.

It was lovely that race in the morning air. I felt an uplifting of the spirit, a joyous, happy, comfortable feeling. It was being in touch with nature. Within an inch of me those ever-restless waters raced, but I was master of them now. They were my playthings. They added just another taste to the joy of living. I seemed to feel the life of that boat throb through my veins and chain me and subdue me, and I was sorry when our holiday ended, and Amy and Eileen and I stood disconsolate with all our belongings about us on the beach at Oak Bay.

THE END.