

# A Day Lost

A Story of the International Date Line.

By CHESTER WILLIAMS.

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As old salt told me this story while I was waiting on the dock for an incoming ship. He was a queer looking old chap with rings in his ears.

"We was a-drawin' nigh New Zealand a year afore we'd listed an' set out at Wellington-Wellington's a town in New Zealand, boss, and arter sailin' clear round this ere globe a ship full o' cargo in heather lands and a-sailin' 'em in Christian lands was a-gittin' back to where we'd started from to settle up with the owners."

"Our cap'n knowed well enough how to trade, but he wasn't nowhere at navigation. He'd been one year afore the mast when his brother, in the ship, he'd die and died and left his share to me. He put the lump in with the owners of the Polly Mitford and got the command. He warn't fit to command a yawl, boss, and all the men knowed it."

"They made a plan to seize the vessel and put the second officer, Mr. Withers, in command. Now, Mark Withers didn't have nothin' to do with the gaitin', for he didn't know nothin' at all about it. He was the best man you ever sailed under, boss—kind and considerin' to the men and with a head like a spirit level with the bubble always in the middle. That was what the kind of man the cap'n used to sail with, and he hated Mr. Withers like poison."

"Well, list afore the mornin' was ready to spring some of the men weakened and give away the hull thing. Now, the cap'n had managed the sailin' of the ship as well as he managed it, but he was a-goin' to do he wouldn't do no trouble. He put Mr. Withers in command and made a court out of the men who were to give the plot away, and they understood well enough that if they didn't find Mark Withers guilty every mother's son of 'em ud have to stand trial when we made port."

"They tried him, and they convicted him. He was sentenced to be hanged from the yardarm at noon on Friday, the 30th day of June, till he was dead, and they laid merrily on that poor soul of his."

"Now, of all the men aboard that ship there wasn't none but think more of Mr. Withers than this mis'ers. He bulk well stands afore you."

"Well, I didn't sleep none that night. I lay awake and think—think what could I do to stop the hangin'?"

"You see, there wasn't no reason for it. We would reach port in a day or two, and there'd be a fair trial. But the cap'n knowed that we could prove his ignorance of navigation and that ud weaken his case. What he wanted was to get square with the men he hated afore it was too late."

"That night I goes on a-thinkin', I think and think till I reckoned the cap of my head ud spill off. Mr. Withers was to hang the next day but one at noon. What I was a-drivin' at was to delay the execution till we could make port. But there wasn't no way I could delay it, and what it ag'in without ag'in nothin' out."

"At afore mornin' I fell asleep, and I dreamed—dreamed a sure enough dream this time I ain't a-goin' to tell you. I dreamed, boss, but that dream give an idee. I didn't think it was much of an idee at the time, but it was better'n nothin', and I saw that there was one small chance for Mr. Withers. I stayed in my hammock long enough to think out a plan to give the prisoner that one chance, and when I turned out I knowed what I was a-goin' to do to do."

"When four bells in the mornin' was a-strikin' I started aft at the head of seven men. They was the best men on the ship, and they was the only best men. All the rest was worst. We marched aft to the quarterdeck, where the cap'n was a-standin', and we all showed up in line afore him."

"Well," he said, a-sailin' somethin' in the wind.

"Cap'n," says I, "here's eight of us come to recommend a plan of law."

"What do you know about law, you lubbers? Git back forward!"

"Cap'n," says I, "you have given Mr. Withers a fair trial. You see, I concluded to start in favorable and shift round arterward. Cap'n," says I, "seein' as you've given Mr. Withers a fair trial, don't you think you'd order give him a fair hangin'?"

"What do you mean?" says he, changin' his talk by shiftn' to the left instead of the right.

"I mean," says I, "that if you ban Mr. Withers tomorrow, you'll do it by marryin' law."

"Marryin' law? What do such things as you know about marryin' law?"

"I reckoned it was about time to shift the wind a few points, so I sawed off of brackin' myself. As cap'n of this ere vessel if you permits an illegal execution you'll be liable to be tried for murder 'till as soon as we make port."

"He changed his tack ag'in and give me a quiet a-cry. I knowed the matter didn't rest easy on his mind noway, for I saw his whites. However, ever, that I saw his whites. However, ever, that I saw around and it cut on me: "If this is a plan on the part of this 'ere crew."

business to hold on to Mr. Withers to make him master of this 'ere ship. I want you to understand that there ain't a-goin' to be no interference with justice. If necessary I'll hang eight more men." And he turned his eye on us as if he was a-measurin' how much of the ship's rope would be required for the job.

"There ain't no such intention, cap'n. There's a wald reason why Mr. Withers' hangin' tomorrow'll be contrary-wise to good law."

"What is it?" he yelled. He was a gittin' mad fast.

"Mr. Withers has been sentenced by the court to hang at noon on Friday, the 30th of June. There won't be no such day for us. This 'ere ship left Wellington a year ago and has been a-sailin' and a-sailin', till we've gone clean round the globe. You're navigat'or enough to know, cap'n, that we've lost one day in our reckonin'. Tonight we'll cross the International date line and jump a day in our record. It won't be Friday, June 30, but Saturday, July 1."

"Boss, you'd oughter seen the way he looked at me when I said that. It seemed as if the idee struck him hard."

"This is Thursday," he said, "ain't it?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"If we don't reach the date line afore tomorrow noon it'll be Friday, and the hangin' will be legal."

"Aye, aye, sir. But if we do reach the date line afore tomorrow at noon it'll be Saturday accordin' to the new reckonin', and Mr. Withers can't be swung accordin' to the sentence of the court."

"The cap'n looks up at the sky and skins his eye along the horizon. Then he turns to the first officer, who was standin' by."

"You got the sun today, didn't you, Mr. Greaves?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"How far do you reckon we are from the one hundred and eightieth meridian?"

"'Bout ninety miles, sir."

"Then the cap'n put his eye round the horizon ag'in. I knowed well enough what he was a-thinkin' about. With the wind we was a-gittin' we couldn't make the date line afore the time set for the hangin'. Worse'n that, the wind was a-dyin' out."

"Well, my man," he said, kind of chucklin', "I reckon Mr. Withers 'll hang, and hang legally."

"Boss, as we men walked forward, do you know, every mother's son of 'em had his eye on the sky a-tryin' to see some sign of wind. But there wasn't no sign nowhere. A thin thickness stood on the horizon, but that didn't mean nothin', so far as I could see, and I didn't see no hope. I went below and put my arms round Mr. Withers, who was a-sittin' pale and thoughtful-like, and tried to tell him about it all but my speakin' tube was clogged, so I couldn't say nothin', and one of my mates had to tell him. He thanked me and asked how the wine was a-holdin'. I says it was a-dyin' down. The color went out of his face, and he said solemn-like, "Then there's no puttin' off my sailin' day for the big ocean."

"I rubs my shirt sleeve ag'in my eye and goes up on deck to look for wind. Do you know, boss, the sails was a-flappin'. I turned my eyes skyward, feelin' as if there wasn't no hope nowhere, and seen that the thin thickness was a-thickenin' some more. Besides, there was a few bits of clouds wot looked nigher 'n the misty bank behind, with dark centers and ragged edges. I turned about to the quarterdeck and seen the cap'n was a-lookin' at 'em too. Then some of the other men on deck begun to watch 'em, and pretty soon ud comes all the off watches, every man a-lookin' out at them ragged clouds."

"Arter awhile the cap'n, seein' it wouldn't do to put off preparations any longer, called all hands to shorten sail and git the ship ready for a gale. Well, it struck us 'bout eight bells. It wasn't none of them white squalls wot blows over in a hurry, but a roarin' wind, backed by a big bank of clouds."

"The Polly Mitford went over on her beam ends, but the flyin' jib had been left, and that stidded her, and arter rookin' to port, then to starboard, then to stern, she slid down from the crest of a high wave and was buried in a sea of butter-milk."

"At any other time, boss, we'd rather not seen that wind. Now we prayed for it to keep a-blowin'. But as night wore on we found the ship was a-leakin'; then she listed, and—well, it began to look as if one man'd better hang than a hull crew go to the bottom. I ain't a-goin' to tell you 'bout that black night, them roarin' waves, that howlin' w'l 't."

"All to onet the flyin' jib busted into ribbons. The cap'n lost his head and was a-givin' orders so wild that no one would obey 'em; the first officer was a-shakin' with fear, and it began to look like we'd got to git some un to command or founder."

"There was a rush for the forward gangway. Down went half a dozen of us, and up we brings Mr. Withers and puts him in command. The cap'n didn't make no protest. He was too skeered to think of anything except a-dyin' w'l. Mr. Withers took the helm himself, sent me below with a gang to work the pumps, managed to git up another jib and saved the ship."

"The next mornin' the wind dropped to a ten knot breeze, and there on the horizon was land. We knowed we'd crossed the date line, and Mr. Withers was saved. Afore noon we rounded to in the harbor at Wellington."

"Of course there wasn't no more tryin' anybody. The cap'n had been tried afore a jury of wind and waves for fitness to command and had been found a-shakin' with fear, and it begun to look like we'd got to git some un to command or founder."

"He changed his tack ag'in and give me a quiet a-cry. I knowed the matter didn't rest easy on his mind noway, for I saw his whites. However, ever, that I saw around and it cut on me: "If this is a plan on the part of this 'ere crew."

# The Line of March

A St. Patrick's Day Story

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Matthew Golden rearranged the newspapers and periodicals on his counter into their customary order. March issues of the Ladies' Own Periodical confronted him. There on the cover encircled by a wreath of sham rocks, was Margaret Devlin's beautiful Irish face, blue black mist of hair forgotten eyes fringed thickly with black lashes, saucy nose and smiling red lips.

The name of the artist was fantastically blurred into the background, yet it was clear enough for Matthew's jealous eyes to decipher "Connors." His hands clinched savagely. He knew Connors by sight—big bulking, red-headed artist from the top floor of the studio building around the corner. He had walked past twice with Margaret Devlin. Once there had been a little thin faced girl with them—some new friend of Margaret's whom Matthew did not know.

Just then the door opened, and he turned to confront Margaret herself, bewitching in fur turban and coat of chine-billa. Her blue eyes did not lift above his firm chin, they rested there while she spoke.

"Good mornin'! Is the March number of the Ladies' Own Periodical out yet?"

He placed a copy of the desired magazine on the counter before her and turned away that he might not see the look of startled pleasure in her eyes when she beheld her own beauty on the cover.

"I'll take all the copies you have," said Margaret crisply, opening her jingling silver purse. "How much?"

Even then her eyes were not lifted above his chin.

"Forty-nine copies at 10 cents—\$4.90—thank you." The bell on the cash register changed noisily as Matthew made change. He laid the coins on the counter. "Shall I send the magazines to you, madam? They are very heavy." His tone was very impersonal.

"If you please," said Miss Devlin thoughtfully, with one gloved hand on the knob of the door.

The young man who worked for him came back from lunch the errand boy returned from the familiar number in Seventy-fifth street, and still Matthew worked on relentlessly.

The door opened, and a strange thrill down his spine told Matthew Golden that Margaret had returned. He heard her low pitched voice speaking to the clerk. The latter spoke:

"I see we are all out of the Ladies' Own, Mr. Golden. When will we have some more?"

"I shall not order any more."

The store was empty, and he pushed his chair away impatiently and locked the books into the safe. Then he reached down his hat and went out to dinner.

It was his luck that the only vacant seat in the restaurant should be opposite Margaret's father, Tom Devlin.

Mr. Devlin was as homely as his daughter was beautiful, and his plain features now lighted up into genial friendliness. "Matthew, me dear boy," he said, with just a touch of the brogue. "I'm glad to see ye. What's the matter? Ye haven't been wearing out the doormat at No. 842 this day's age. I've been looking for ye to come around and have a game at cribbage with me—Maggie's head's so full of wedding clothes." Mr. Devlin attacked his salad with twinkling eyes busy over the proper mixture of the dressing.

Matthew's heart gave a frightened leap, one or two hard thumps and then apparently went out of business all together.

"When is the wedding?" he heard himself ask carelessly.

"The 17th," returned Mr. Devlin.

"This month?"

"Sure."

"St. Patrick's day, then," murmured Matthew dazedly.

"Like to have ye come, Mat—9 o'clock at St. Francis, Maggie would have it so, though Connors wanted just to step into the rectory and let Father Friley tie the knot."

Matthew scraped back his chair and waved the proffered desert aside. "Must be going along. Good night, Mr. Devlin," he said heavily.

"Then ye won't be there on the 17th?" asked Devlin, with a tinge of disappointment in his tone.

"Can't. Sons of St. Patrick parade at 9 on the 17th," said Matthew. "My congratulations to Miss Margaret."

Devlin was speaking to the waiter, and Golden took his hat and went away into the brightly lighted streets. He walked for hours up and down the hard pavements, seeing nothing and feeling nothing save a tearing pain in his heart.

Dark in his little store, now closed to customers, he leaned his head wearily against the desk and thought bitterly of what had led up to the approaching wedding on St. Patrick's day, but a fortnight away.

He and Margaret had been engaged for a year when she suddenly announced that Connors was to see her as a model for a magazine cover—design.

After that announcement matters moved rapidly. Matthew forbade it. Margaret defied him, and without explanation on either side their truth was broken.

Six weeks had passed since that memorable night, and he had scarcely caught a glimpse of her face, save at a great distance, until that morning when she came into his news store.

Two weeks dragged slowly by, and the morning of St. Patrick's day found Matthew Golden arraying himself in the splendid uniform of the Faithful Sons of St. Patrick. He drew wreathedly on the same anniversary a year ago, when Margaret had stood on the cushionette and waved a green and gold flag as he passed by. It had been the happiest day of his life for that very till 2 o'clock in the morning and he evening he had asked Margaret to marry him and she had consented. By contrast today would be the bitterest he would ever know.

He strode down the street, admitted by many feminine eyes and quite unconscious of anything except the event that would occur at 9 o'clock. A little past that hour the parade would march down the avenue past the very portico where Margaret would emerge changed in us the forever.

Trumpets blared drums rattled, a fire riddled as the several bands of music fell into place. There were brass commands, the shuffle of countless feet on the pavements, shrill cries from the throngs gathered about, and the parade started.

As they neared St. Francis' grandly bulk Matthew's heart almost stood still. He prayed hard that he might be spared the sight of Margaret's wedding party emerging from the church. The uniforms of the men were white with green and gold, with splendid sashes of emerald satin fringed with gold made a ribbon of color down the broad avenue. Matthew was in the outer set in a grim line of despair and his feet mechanically moving to the strains of the "Wearin' of the Green."

Then, just before they reached the church, he saw them—his Connors's wedding party emerging from the church. The uniforms of the men were white with green and gold, with splendid sashes of emerald satin fringed with gold made a ribbon of color down the broad avenue. Matthew was in the outer set in a grim line of despair and his feet mechanically moving to the strains of the "Wearin' of the Green."

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# Her Dowry

By JEANNETTE D. CARTER

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A waiter in a coffee shop in Vienna was arranging the tables, seeing that the waiter that usually kept on them was in order, when the door opened, and a gentleman walked in and asked for a cup of chocolate.

"You are too early," said the waiter. "Do you suppose we can serve guests till 2 o'clock in the morning and be up at 4 to begin another day? You'll marry him and she had consented. By contrast today would be the bitterest he would ever know."

The stranger made no reply, but left the shop. Walking across the street, the waiter watching him the while, he entered another coffee shop and made the same request.

"Sit down, sir," said the landlord cheerily. "The chocolate will be ready in a moment."

While the guest was waiting for his chocolate he conversed with the landlord. He did not take the proffered seat, but walked back and forth. He asked many questions about what was going on in the neighborhood—whether the people were satisfied with their condition, how the city government suited them and if the inspectors troubled them much.

While they were talking the landlord's daughter, Rosina, a very pretty girl, came in with the chocolate. The stranger wished her good day and made some very pretty speeches to her. When she went out, pouring the chocolate, he said to her father:

"She is a nice girl. But I warn you that she is not always in bud even in bloom. She should be married before she fades."

The landlord, who stood before his chocolate, with a napkin on his arm, shrugged his shoulders, spread out his hands on either side and rolled up red head and a girl's figure beside him.

"She is fading very fast," he said, "not from age, for she is only nineteen, but because she loves a young man, and since I have no dowry to give her she cannot marry him."

"Who is the young man?" asked the stranger.

"He is an optician, a maker of glasses, a fine young man. He served his term in the army and was very brave. He fought for the emperor at Sadowa and received a medal for saving a standard from falling into the hands of the enemy. He was badly wounded and was brought home here Sons of St. Patrick that day. My daughter saw them at the most unexpected corner, always smiling and waiting care of the young soldier. It was their flag at him. He began to feel like one of the family again and to realize that there was a blunder somewhere—a mistake for which he might be devoutly thankful, for it was not body, and Matthew did not care who, for so long as it was not Margaret Devlin.

When the parade was over Tom and Margaret were on hand to escort Matt home. He entered the big touring car that sprang from somewhere and found himself between Margaret and her father. The girl's cheeks were flushed, and her blue eyes evaded Matthew's questioning glance.

Once at the familiar house in Seventy-fifth street Tom Devlin disappeared and left the two together.

"Margaret dear," Matthew was beside her instantly—"I've been a jealous fool. Tell me the mystery. Did you marry Connors or what?"

"Of course I married Tom Connors. That's why I let another girl go off with him," mocked Margaret, and then suddenly her blue eyes filled with tears and her head found its place on his broad shoulder. "If you'd had a little more faith in me, Matthew," she said, "you would have been happier your self and made it easier for me to do a good deed."

"You'll have to explain, dear. I'm all at sea," he pleaded.

"Connors has been engaged to Agnes Leo for a year, and he hasn't had a chance to show what he can do. He needed to get out one successful drawing and then he could have all the orders he wanted. Till then he had to wait for the home she wanted. You bit Agnes is skin and bone and honest, and I'm not. So I went to Connors and suggested the picture you saw on the magazine cover. He wanted to help them, that's all. He takes her soldier with her. They will sell the drawing, get another and larger order, and when the magazine came out father and I bought up all the copies we could, and they got out a second edition. What do you think of that? Of course Tom Connors is 'fixed' now—they recognized what he could do. I didn't really want my face on a magazine cover, Mat, but I had to help them out. They love each other just as we do. Father and I got them married and off on their honeymoon, and now, Matthew Golden, were you ever happier than you are this minute?" she asked, solemnly.

"Yes," replied Matthew solemnly. "I was happier when I looked up and saw you standing on the curbstone waving your flag at me, darling. I shall never forget the change from despair to happiness, and I have one thing to say."

"What is that, Mat?" she asked with softly luminous eyes near his own.

"That you may forgive me for being a jealous fool and spoiling the sweet deed you were doing and that all my life, when I'm on the line of march and meet troubles and sorrows, I can always look up as I did today and see your sweet face smiling on me; that's all," said Matthew humbly.

# Jimmie the Kid

By M. QUAD

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Miss Alice Denton, stenographer, was a reformer in a very quiet way. In the village she had left behind her there was no show to carry out her ideas, but she had not been in the city a month when she had Jimmie the Kid on her hands. She picked him up on the street one evening. He was fighting with a bigger boy and getting the worst of it, though doing his best, when Miss Denton rushed to the rescue and the bigger boy fled. By that act she made Jimmie her friend.

Jimmie was taken into the boarding house and he had washed off his face and his hair combed, and then he was questioned. His name was Jimmie Skate—so named because he was an orphan skating round for a living, no home, no relatives, the copper boarding him from morning until night because he would not steal pennies and divide with them. When his story was finished he had the girl in tears. At the end of another half hour, by talking to Jimmie of his dead mother in heaven, Sunday school, the ways of goodness, and so on, she had him in tears. A partnership was formed. She was to be a guardian angel to Jimmie, and he was to mend his ways. Five dollars was handed him to get a suit of clothes, and his profits selling newspapers would rent him a cheap room and buy his daily bread. At frequent intervals he was to call on Miss Denton and report and receive further aid and encouragement. He was not to swear, fight, smoke or do anything else to militate against the career mapped out for him.

Two evenings later Jimmie called, wearing his new suit. He had had his hair cut also. He quite looked the orphan whose motto was excellent. Thank you he didn't need any more money; he was getting along famously. As he said this he winked in an expressive way at Miss Denton. She didn't understand it, and she didn't quite like it, but she didn't want to push a poor orphan to the wall all at once. Two hours were spent in trying to teach the boy the first four letters of the alphabet, and then he took his departure. Later on the girl found the sum of \$13.50 on the stand. She knew it was not her money, and she racked her brains in vain to solve the problem. Next morning the landlady solved it in a moment. She said it was money sent by Providence to one who had been good to an orphan.

Two or three evenings later Jimmie called again. The collar had been ripped off the new coat, and he was about to be charred with fighting when he explained that he had jumped off a ferryboat to save a would be suicide and the would be had torn the collar from its fastenings. He was kissed instead of scolded, and he felt so good over it that he went right at it and learned to distinguish the letter "U" from the letter "O." His daily profits allowed him lobster salad once a day, and he was feeling that he had something to live for. He winked the same wink as before. It would have been understood by a man to mean that the pair understood each other, but the girl failed to make it out and was a bit plighted. An hour after Jimmie's departure she found a new silver purse with \$4 in it under a chair. Here was a new mystery for the landlady to solve. She was equal to the emergency, however. It was explained that when Providence began rewarding a reformer it kept it right up and that she would not be at all surprised to see a horse and buggy driven into the house some evening.

Jimmie never missed two calls per week and sometimes made three. He was eager to make mental progress, and at some stage in the proceedings he always indulged in that expressive wink. One evening it was taken to task for it, but instead of being cast down he winked again and muttered something about "grada." Sooner or later after he left Miss Denton made a find of money or jewelry. One afternoon a messenger left a valuable muff at the house for her. Again it was a new jacket. If she hadn't been a reformer and if the landlady hadn't been a believer in Providence the key of the mystery might have been sooner grasped. As it was it seemed un-fathomable.

Two months had passed and Jimmie had come so near the governmentship that he had learned the alphabet down to "Q" when Providence let go of the case and a detective took it up. The boy called one evening and handed out a diamond bracelet which he said he had received free stopping a runaway trolley car and saving the lives of forty people. He was praised for his gallantry and a promise made to keep the jewel safe for him, and just then the detective entered and took him by the neck. This was practical. He took Miss Denton by the neck theoretically. When the landlady came in and talked about the ways of Providence she was also invited to go along to the station house.

All the plunder had been preserved. Miss Denton and the landlady had to get a lawyer and do a great deal of weeping besides to get out of it, but Jimmie did no weeping. He just winked. He continued to wink until the two women took the stand against him, and he was sentenced to the reform school, and then he ceased to wink and said in a voice of reproach to Miss Denton:

"I thought youse understood dat I was to do all de eatin' and make a fair divvy. What youse that I was dat's all dat wakin' up?"