

## THE BOSSCACKLE TWINS

### I

WE meet the twins at Claridge's Hotel, where their mother, Mrs. Bosscackle, of Trentopolis, Missouri, had taken a *roi-en-exil suite* of rooms. She was contemplating buying a London house later on, and was seriously concerned at the moment over the evasion of paying double income- and super-tax if she settled for more than six months in England. Her London solicitors made it plain that evasion was impossible. She could, of course, sell out her large American interests, and reinvest her capital in gilt-edged British securities. But the children's fortune, under the terms of their late father's will, had to remain in the Mid-West, in the hands of American trustees. Any money allocated to them and sent over to England would be subject to tax. The twins—a boy and a girl—were exactly alike. They were just eighteen. Their likeness became confounding when Hermione shingled her pretty pate, which she did, without her august mother's consent, three days after arriving at Claridge's.

Mrs. Bosscackle happened to be remotely of kin to Lord Saltash of Saltire. Everybody in Trentopolis knew this and smiled compassionately when the lady changed the Bosscackle "home" into a stately Georgian manison, engaged an English butler and a French governess. The late Hiram Bosscackle had called himself a hundred-percent American, but he, too, smiled compassionately at English furniture and an assumed English accent. Mrs. Bosscackle, as a spinster, had spent a season in Mayfair

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and made the acquaintance of Lord Saltash. As Hiram put it: "She'll never get quit of him."

When the twins were ten years old, Hiram told his wife that his tenure of all worldly goods was precarious. An organic form of heart disease, brought about by an excess of "pep" and "push," might carry him off at any moment. For seven more years Mrs. Bosscackle lived with this impending sword of widowhood above her head. Dreams of the future were imposed upon her. When Hiram talked of *his* children and *his* plans for them, she nodded and held her peace, because domestic peace was dear to her. She had been born an American, but her great-grandfather had been an English lord. When her husband died she found herself in possession of half his fortune. She mourned his loss, sincerely enough, for a full twelve months.

Then she and the twins sailed for England.

Lord Saltash called upon her promptly.

"This gentleman," said Mrs. Bosscackle to the twins, "is your cousin."

"Ought I to kiss him?" asked Hermione.

Saltash laughed and kissed her without more ado. Whereupon young Hiram remarked sharply:

"Hermie hates kissing. No petting parties for her."

"I'm not a petting party," replied Saltash pleasantly. "I'm an old gentleman with privileges."

Upon this and more Mrs. Bosscackle smiled graciously. She had a word apart with the head of her family.

"I'm English at heart," she confessed. Saltash nodded, mildly amused. "The children are very American. In spite of my protests they use a Mid-West slang, particularly when excited, which you will hardly understand. What is best over here must percolate slowly to what is best in them." Saltash guessed that what was deemed by



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a fond mother to be best in the twins had not been implanted by their father. Mrs. Bosscackle went on blandly : " You must aid and abet me."

" To what end ? "

" They lack—tone, polish, good-breeding."

" They struck me as—hot stuff."

" My dear Saltash—— ! "

" I mean it as a compliment. The youngsters radiate heat and light."

" They were born in a detestably hot climate. You like them ? "

" Like them ? One must, perforce, love or hate them. Time will determine which emotion they will arouse in me. We must leave it at that for the present."

They did.

## II

A month passed. The popularity of the twins increased measurably when it became known that they were " useful " at tennis and past-masters of the art of dancing. Hermione, to the indignation of Hiram, was nicknamed " Honey-pot." Busy bees and drones hovered about her. She flirted delicately with all of them. Saltash, as a mere looker-on, reassured his kinswoman in regard to the drones.

" They won't taste her honey."

The amount of honey in such an alluring little hive had been, of course, grossly exaggerated.

Just before Ascot, the Marquess of Boone began to pay marked attention to Miss Bosscackle. She sat on the box beside him when he drove four blood chestnuts down to Ranelagh and Hurlingham ; she applauded his prowess at polo ; she admitted that he danced passably well for an Englishman. Mrs. Bosscackle purred whenever his name was mentioned. When she asked Saltash

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if he knew anything about Lord Boone, he replied guardedly :

“ He is good at games.”

Somehow, she asked no more questions. Perhaps a week later on Saltash was confronted by Master Hiram ; and by this time the twins had stormed his affections, being, in their boisterous way, as simple and unaffected as he was.

“ Say—who is this guy ? ”

Saltash held up an admonitory finger.

“ You miserable Yank ! Are you sacrilegiously alluding to one whom the King addresses formally as a noble and puissant prince ? ”

“ Come off it. I mean Boone. He's made a hit with Hermie. How am I wise to that ? I'll tell you. The silly kid doesn't mention him to me. Got it ? ”

Saltash admitted that he had it.

The boy went on :

“ It's up to you to tell me all about him. I have a sort of hunch that Hermie might marry an Englishman, just because he's forbidden fruit. I guess Mommer told you about Pop's will.”

Saltash looked uncomfortable.

“ Nothing beyond this—you and your sister have a still undivided interest in half of his estate.”

“ That's so—but on conditions. Pop was a good citizen ; so am I. If Hermie marries a foreigner, her money comes to me.”

“ Bless my soul ! ”

The boy, beardless as Adonis but wise beyond his years, continued excitedly :

“ I don't blame Pop. He made his dollars back home, and he wants 'em to stay there. By our laws he couldn't put a cinch on Mommer. Maybe he was scared that she'd come over here. You take it from me that Mommer



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doesn't care a continental about that old will. She thinks that I wouldn't touch Hermie's little pile. And she's rich enough, anyways, to divvy up with Hermie. Have you got that? The worry is all on me. I've a notion that this fellow is—junk."

"Junk——!"

"Not—all wool, as you are."

"Thanks. Out of the mouths of babes——! Well, between ourselves, Lord Boone has not—er—too good a reputation."

"Gee! I knew it soon as I looked at him. Too much façade! His goods are in the show window; and the kid is flattening her nose against it. Mommer doesn't look at him. She's looking up to Heaven, saying her prayers to a God who talks English and thinks the English His chosen people. Mommer is a dam' sight more Britisher than you are. Now, say, we've got to jazz up. No use yapping. We must get to work. Would a mint julep lubricate your thinking apparatus?"

"No, nor yours."

"Oh, I'm on the water waggon. You tell me, honest Injun, what's wrong with Boone. Show me the spots. Then I can show 'em to Hermie."

Saltash wondered whether he was blushing. The "spots" on Boone could hardly be shown to this boy, who looked about sixteen, nor to his sister. He temporized.

"Now look here, Bud"—this was Hermione's name for her twin, an abbreviation for brother—"we must trust to a decent girl's instinct. Boone is a rank wrong 'un. You dropped on to that. So will she."

"Gosh! Ain't you an optimist about girls? Now, in my experience, the girls who make the biggest bloomers over men are the decent girls. What the kid knows about indecency you could put into your corn-cob and not know it was there. I don't say she's innocent; she's just

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ignorant of how beastly men can be. He looks a swell. That cuts ice."

"We will speak of this again," said Saltash.

However, before the cousins met again, something happened which quickened the "jazzing up." Lord Boone offered to take Miss Bosscackle to the play of the moment. It will never be known whether a mother who had many Victorian characteristics knew anything about the play. Let us hope, charitably, that she didn't. Probably she trusted a man of rank and position. She accorded a majestic consent. Lord Boone was to call for Hermione at two, and after the *matinée* it was arranged that he should take the girl on to Boone House, to introduce her, for the first time, to his mother, who, apparently, had come up from the country to meet the young lady. Over such a thoughtful arrangement Mrs. Bosscackle purred contentedly. It is true that Saltash had hinted to her that Boone was not a marrying man, and at least twenty years older than Hermione. But—hardened bachelors come in due time to the right whistle, and men nearing middle age make tender and considerate husbands. We leave her purring.

But Bud, as we must call him, had another hunch. He had not seen the play, but he found out that it was hardly the right entertainment for ignorance or innocence. And here again his ingenuous face constrained his informant to withhold salacious details. What he did say was enough for Bud.

He tackled Hermione in her bedroom, where she was surveying joyously half a dozen frocks laid upon a virginal bed.

"See here," began the son of a masterful man, "you ain't going to that play."

"But I am, sure. Why not?"

"It's off colour, kid."



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Hermione pouted. She adored Bud, but she regarded herself as years older than he.

"Who says so?"

"I do."

"Have you seen it, baby?"

"Nope."

Hermione laughed.

"Sa-a-ay, Bud, I believe you're mad because Lord Boone didn't ask you, but he couldn't. Two stalls were given to him. It's the swellest piece in London. You have to book seats months ahead."

"I'm just mad that you should be going to such a show."

Hermione smiled at him.

"Now, Bud, don't you play the baby boy. Would Mommer let me go if the piece wasn't right, would she? Would Lord Boone take me to the wrong sort of show? Why, never! You sit down and tell me what frock I shall wear."

Bud may not have possessed that enormous experience of women which is the most cherished possession of very young men; but he knew Hermione. So, without another word, he sat down, lit a cigarette, and stared at the frocks.

As he stared, he was saying to himself: "I must fix this on my own. Sis shan't go."

Sis prattled gaily about her frocks. Two, out of six, were selected. She held them up.

"Lord Boone has seen me in my melon, and he said the nicest things about it. He—well, he asked me to wear it to-day. But he might like me even better in the pineapple."

"You want him to like you?"

"Now, Buddy, take that little frown off your balcony. Let's see the old smile again. Honest, I b'lieve you know what suits me better than I know myself. Gee! I've a

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brain wave. You play mannequin. Slip into the pineapple."

Brain waves may occur simultaneously with twins. Bud hesitated a moment, smiled, and nodded. The pair had worn each other's clothes time and time again. In a jiffy, Hermione fished out of a drawer a pair of silk stockings, stays, and some other articles, which she handed to her twin. He retired to his own bedroom, next door. In less than five minutes he reappeared. Hermione shrieked with laughter.

"My! If you ain't the sweetest thing I ever saw!"

Bud peacocked up to the dressing-table and touched up his face with a powder-puff and a lip-stick. Hermione produced a hat and popped it on to her brother's head. Gloves, shoes, a parasol, a handbag were added to a ravishing *toilette*.

Then Hermione became serious, as she walked round her mannequin comparing "it" with herself. She, in her turn, had slipped on the melon-coloured confection. She exclaimed emotionally:

"If there were three seats, Lord Boone could take us both and sit between us. Bud, you sweet girlie, why not come down to lunch and give Claridge's a treat?"

"I'm lunching out," said Bud.

"You never told me?"

"I—I forgot."

"It's nearly one. I simply must wear the pineapple. Hurry up. I'll ring for Justine."

Justine was her maid. Justine was a Parisienne, with a sprightly sense of humour. Justine came and did her duty. Hermione tripped down the corridor to the lift.

### III

As Justine was putting away the other frocks, Bud came in and began to explain matters to a sympathetic



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and clever young woman, who nodded gaily and laughed.

"We've a good hour in front of us," said Bud. "You make a job of this, Justine, and I'll hand you a ten-dollar bill. Get in the fancy work."

Justine professed to be enchanted. She did not like Lord Boone. She spoke of him as a *marcheur*.

"Bully," said Bud. "I'll walk out with him after the show. I've a notion, Justine, that his lady mother will give us a miss—she won't connect."

Long before two, Justine put the tips of her pretty fingers to her mouth and blew a kiss to Bud.

*"Mademoiselle est ravissante. Rien ne va plus."*

Bud blew back the kiss.

"Now, Justine, I'm going to park myself in the entrance hall. His lordship'll be on time, because he told Sis that they mustn't miss the rise of the curtain. He'll roll up, and see a good little, obedient missie."

*"Mais, mon Dieu ! quelle bonne farce !"*

"Then you come in, Justine. Sis will be mad as a wet hen ; so will Mommer. Let 'em cackle. But you play 'possum. You know nothing."

Justine nodded.

"He may tumble to my voice, but I've caught cold ; and I'm going to be the shyest bit of all right that ever sat beside Mister All Wrong. Ain't I scented up too much ? These slippers are pinching me."

"One must suffer to be beautiful."

"That's a cinch," said Bud.

#### IV

At the appointed minute, a magnificent Hispano-Suisa car glided up to Claridge's. As Boone strode through the doors, he beheld his "melon," and his lips watered at sight of it. Eagerly he grasped a

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gloved hand; he ventured to press it. The pressure was returned.

"You wore that frock to please me?" he whispered.

Bud nodded.

In silence, side by side, they took their seats in the car. And here for a moment we will leave them.

Mrs. Bosscackle and Hermione waited in their Louis XV sitting-room for a belated marquess. His protracted absence did not make their hearts grow fonder of princes, however puissant. Still, an ambitious mother found excuses for a potential son-in-law. Something had happened. They would receive a message. But no message came. Finally, Hermione, on the edge of tears, went to her bedroom. Mrs. Bosscackle had an engagement. Hermione was left alone with an empty afternoon ahead of her. It occurred to her that a quiet "cry" would do her good. On second thoughts, she rang the bell for Justine. She intended to change her frock, and spend the afternoon with Justine at a picture palace. Before Justine answered the bell she made a discovery. Her "melon" was missing. One more minute and she became aware that other articles had disappeared with it.

She paused, finger upon lip, thinking hard.

"The little devil!" she exclaimed.

Let us say this for Justine: she lied with the superb effrontery of a sometime *midinette*. But Hermione was too much for her. The truth leaked out.

"Revenge is sweet, Justine. I forgive you, but now you must help me. We will go to my brother's room."

Bud's room was as he left it. A pair of light grey trousers lay upon the hearthrug. Socks, tie, handkerchief (all matching) were upon the dressing-table. Hermione surveyed them blissfully. She turned sharply to Justine.

"Why did he do this?" she asked.

Justine shrugged her shoulders.



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"Now, Justine, before I pull on those socks, you pull up yours. Maybe I'll give you that hat I wore yesterday. That depends on you. Why did my brother take my place?"

"He was alarmed."

"What about?"

"Monsieur knows what all the world knows. Milor is a *vieux marcheur*."

She had to explain what she meant. It's an odd thing, beyond masculine comprehension, but enlightenment often comes to young women through unexpected channels. Saltash and Bud had failed to convince Hermione that Lord Boone was other than what he appeared to be. And yet she accepted Justine's indictment of him as convincing. Justine concluded:

"I myself, mademoiselle, was surprised that madame should allow you to be seen alone with such a wicked man, but, name of a name, it was none of my business."

Hermione sat down upon the carpet and removed her shoes.

"Brush those pants," she said. "And pick out the dinkiest clean shirt."

"Perfectly," murmured Justine.

### V

Alone with Hermione in a saloon car driven by a chauffeur intent on the traffic, Lord Boone allowed his eyes and voice to express what he was feeling. All such men have a *technique pour séduire une femme*. They may advance boldly or with extreme circumspection. That depends on the woman. Boone, possibly, had tired of the woman who expects boldness. He was tremendously attracted to this young girl. He had not the remotest intention of marrying her. He regarded her as an engaging flapper. He believed that she would meet his

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advances half-way. He summed up Mrs. Bosscackle as a foolish snob. It is likely, too, that a Mid-West diction, and a captivating joy in life, entirely innocent, stimulated jaded appetites. Hermione had confessed to him that she was "out" for a good time.

"Are you easily shocked?" he asked.

Bud whispered back:

"Yep."

Boone was slightly disconcerted. As he put the question he had edged a thought nearer to his companion, who, as unmistakably, edged away, lying back, eyeing him with a faint smile that might be derisive. Instantly he edged away from her, assuming a paternal tone.

"You know about this play?"

"Not a thing. Is it what you call shocking?"

"My dear, I'm forty" (he was nearer fifty). "Nothing shocks me. I took for granted that you did know about this play. If you know nothing, I am embarrassed. I wouldn't shock you for the world. It's a hot day. Let me take you somewhere else. I have ordered a tempting little tea for you at five. We have nearly three hours, and this is a fast car. Shall we spin down to Hampton—go on the river—see the Palace and the Beauties—lose ourselves in the famous Maze——?"

Bud hesitated, pricked by conscience. Had Boone been malignèd? He seemed to be behaving like a gentleman. Also, he felt quite sure that Hermione, in his place, would have been warned. She, probably, would have accepted gladly this agreeable invitation to speed through fresh air to Hampton. But Bud, as Bud, wanted to know what this naughty play was like. So he murmured shyly:

"I guess the play won't hurt me any. If it does, we can buzz off, can't we?"

"Certainly."

Boone said no more, smiling inwardly. He hoped that a clever young woman was as amused as he was. Of



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course she knew all about the play, and all about by-play, the sparring for an opening.

The car fell into the long queue, awaiting its turn.

"We are going to have a jolly afternoon," he murmured tenderly.

Bud cooed back :

"Sure."

### VI

He fondly believed that he was long past the blushing age, but his youthful cheeks glowed with colour as he passed through the foyer of the theatre and took his seat beside a man known by sight to half the people in the stalls. Boone whispered :

"I hope you don't mind being stared at."

Bud, covered with confusion, made a slip.

"Gee whizz ! I just feel like a snowball rolling into hell."

"You little darling !"

Bud pulled himself together as the curtain rose and the lights in the auditorium went out. When the curtain fell after the first act, Boone, under cover of much applause, asked one question :

"What do you think of it ?"

"It's tabasco, but I can stick it all right. I'm wondering what Mommer would say."

"And I'm wondering whether we shouldn't have been happier both of us in a punt in some quiet backwater under the willows."

"We can do that any old day."

Boone felt much encouraged. Somewhat to his annoyance a club acquaintance sauntered up. Boone had to present him to Miss Bosscackle, who seemed overwhelmed with shyness. The curtain rose again as the acquaintance sauntered away.

The second act was too much for Bud. As the hardly

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veiled indecency of it penetrated to his marrow, he clutched Boone's arm.

"I'm fed up," he faltered.

"So am I," said Boone calmly. "I've seen the play twice. We won't slip off till the curtain falls."

He was positive by this time that a clever coquette was playing a part, and he admired her the more for her art in what he called "speeding up." Had he watched Bud's face during the last scene in the act, he might have amended this conclusion. The boy was scarlet with rage and indignation, thinking of nothing but what he would say when he found himself alone with Boone. The applause at the end of the act infuriated him.

Boone murmured tenderly :

"Come."

They pushed their way through a crowded corridor into the foyer, where Boone dispatched a commissionaire for his car. Bud was uncomfortably conscious that every man was enfiling him with curious and amused glances. He blushed again, bewitchingly, so Boone decided. As the pair stood together, comments fell sharply :

"Topping show!—Beats me how it passed the censor.—My good little Joseph, if they don't like it they can keep away." And lastly, a pistol shot—"Unclean!"

"Dirt!" thought Bud.

At this moment a tall, thin, genial young man appeared in front of Bud, lifted his hat, and said in a familiar Mid-West accent :

"Why, Hermie Bosscackle, is this you?"

He took Bud's hand and shook it cordially.

"I landed only yesterday. Where you staying? I've struck a dud hotel—reservations all wrong. Fancy meeting Mary's little lamb here! Well, well, well!"

The commissionaire interrupted.

"Your car, my lord."

Bud glanced at the thin young man.



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"We're at Claridge's. Call round, Joe."

"You bet! Say, this show is a bit cheesy—too much Linburger for me."

Boone took Bud's arm.

"If you are ready, Miss Bosscackle."

They left the thin young man, slightly agape, and were escorted by the obsequious commissionaire to the car. As the man opened the door, Boone saw a boy sitting in it.

"Why, who the devil's this?"

Hermione piped up shrilly:

"Just a surprise party. I took a taxi here, found your automobile dead easy, and sat in it. I'd a notion some way that Sis wouldn't cotton to this play. And I wanted ever so much to see your lovely home, Lord Boone."

Bud played up.

"You don't mind my baby brother butting in, do you?"

Boone replied politely:

"I can forgive your brother—anything."

"Ain't he too sweet for anything?" said Bud. "Solid pie!"

### VII

We have a glimpse, nothing more, of the baulked villain of the films and novelettes. In real life, men like Boone never look villains. A prince, not feeling too puissant, smiled grimly, and made the best of the situation.

The twins prattled.

Bud said drawlingly:

"Joe Peters is in town; he butted in too."

Boone was not looking at the twins. As the car sped down Piccadilly, his thoughts took a swallow's flight to his garden. Boone House is one of the few great houses in Mayfair that have a garden. Had he been looking at Hermione, he would have noticed that she was blushing.

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"Joe," continued Bud maliciously, "wanted to know what Mary's little lambkin was doing in the wrong fold."

"My!" exclaimed a lambkin, cunningly disguised as a wolf-cub.

"Yes, sonny," went on the relentless Bud. "I—I didn't introduce Joe to you, Lord Boone, because Joe Peters, who is one of our prominent citizens, has a down on lords. That's because he doesn't know any."

Hermione remembered that she was wearing her brother's clothes. At the moment a too high double collar was uncomfortably tight.

"Joe Peters can go back to his Sunday-school," she murmured.

"I felt and looked all sorts of a fool," said Bud dreamily, "and Joe squeezed my hand so hard that it hurts still. Joe is a gas-bag. Trentopolis will sit up and howl when it hears, through Joe, that I was seen on a muck heap."

"I'm sorry," said Boone hastily. "I—I didn't know."

"You said you'd seen the show before," riposted Bud.

"I mean, Miss Bosscackle, that I didn't know that you would stigmatize the cleverest play in London as—*muck*."

Bud—had Bud been a girl—would have felt rebuked. Annoyance informed Lord Boone's voice, the irritability of middle-age saturated with too strong waters. He experienced a misgiving that he was being laughed at; he was wondering vaguely whether he had made a mistake.

Bud's laughter tinkled delightfully.

"I don't care a cent. As you say, sonny, Joe Peters can go back to his Sunday class. He's your particular friend, not mine. My! ain't I hungry!"

Boone felt reassured.

"Really?"



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"You see, I ate no lunch, not a bite."

"But—why not?"

Bud answered coolly:

"I was so excited at the thought of meeting you."

Hermione's collar grew tighter, but she dissembled.

"How hot it is!" she muttered.

The car rolled through lodge gates and drew up beneath a portico. Boone helped a young lady in "melon" *crêpe-de-Chine* to alight. Hermione hopped out unaided. Three men-servants ushered the twins into a vast saloon. Boone remained in the hall. When he rejoined a somewhat awe-stricken pair, he said lightly:

"My mother is not here yet, Miss Bosscackle. We missed the last act, you know. Will you come into the garden?"

Reverentially, the twins passed into the garden. Bud beheld smooth lawns, great trees, a fountain, and a pair of peacocks.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed. "I wish Mommer was rich enough to buy this from you, Lord Boone."

"My house is not for sale, my dear young lady. But, if I do sell, your mother shall have the first refusal."

The three sat down under the trees. Tea would be served, so Boone said, as soon as possible—and ices. To his surprise, the young lady by his side observed coolly:

"How far off is that store in Berkeley Square, where they make real ice-cream?"

"You mean Gunter's. It is quite close."

"That's bully," said Bud decisively.

"Why?"

"Well, we can't eat your ice cream, Lord Boone. We've got you shot to pieces. The third act of that rotten show takes place here and now. I tumble to your game."

He paused with dramatic effect. Hermione opened her mouth and closed it. Boone opened wide his slightly washed-out eyes.



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"Yes, sir," continued Bud, "I tumbled to your game, and it made me hopping mad, but I ain't mad now, I'm just tickled pink. I'm thinking of the 'par' that Joe Peters will cable to the *Trentopolis Banner*. Joe owns that, and considerable real estate besides. Joe will call around to-night. Joe's folks were born south of Mason-Dixon's line. Joe will want to shoot you, but don't worry, he won't. He'll hang you, for all the world to laugh at, as the blob who tried to play tangle-toes with a boy rigged up in his little sister's clothes."

He jumped up and bowed.

"I'm Hiram Bosscackle, my lord, and this sweet boy, who is squirming and blushing, is Hermione Bosscackle. You're a naughty old man, and we don't like you, not one little bit. Fare thee well! Hermie, it's time to buzz off."

"One moment," said Boone.

He stood up, confronting the twins. Hermione, feeling strangely limp, was clinging to Bud's arm.

"You two have me shot to pieces. I'm not a marrying man, but I'd marry to-morrow if I could have two kids just like you. I've played many games, but my worst enemy has never accused me of being a bad loser. A bad loser is as contemptible as a vainglorious winner. Don't you think, both of you, that your triumph is big enough?"

Hermione burst into tears.

"I guess it is," she sobbed. "I can fix Joe. Joe wants to marry me."

"Huh!" said Bud. "This is stop-press noos. Do you want to marry him?"

"Mebbe I do, mebbe I don't. He must be thinking the very worst of me."

"Turn off the faucet, Sis," said Bud. He turned politely to Boone. "You're dead right. Pop thought the world of publicity, but he didn't advertise his private affairs. This thing shall remain private if——"

"If——?"



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"If you will kindly ask that old boob with the chinchilla face fittings to call a taxi."

"Done!" said Boone.

Mrs. Bosscackle did not buy a house in London. She returned to her Georgian mansion in Trentopolis. The late Hiram Bosscackle rests in peace in the marble tomb which his widow erected to his memory. But she says that it is an outrage that anti-Prohibitionists who wish to live in England are subject to double income- and super-tax.