HIS ONLY PASSWORD

By GEORGE ELMER COBB.

"I'm sorry for you, Ned," observed Cyrus Moore.

"I'm sory for myself," responded Ned Dayton, rather grewsomely. "Look here, Cyrus, you're my best chum and you are the cousin of the girl I love. You must know her father and his ways pretty well. Is he really the terrible tyrant they describe him?"

"Ned," explained Cyrus, solemnly, "he's a regular ogre. He'll probably gnash his teeth and jump on you and maybe throw you from his office window. I know two fellows who made up to Leila and submitted their prospects to the old man. One has left town and the other is running yet."

Ned looked pretty much concerned. If he had not been so much in love, he might have noticed a sly twinkle in the eye of his mischief-making comrade.

"Well," observed Ned after a moment of serious thought, "I'll beard this desperate lion in his den, come what may."

Ned was inspired with no ordinary love for pretty petted Leila Allen, the alleged ogre's only daughter. He had come down to Hopeton at the invitation of Cyrus Moore, his chum, to meet his fate. It was decidedly up to him now to advise stern dignified old Judge Allen that he wished to enter his family as a son-in-law.

There could be no possible objections to this, except that Ned had no business experience and was credulous and innocent of the ways of the world. If this latter had not been true he would have discounted Moore's lurid references to Leila's father and have recalled Moore's reputation as a practical joker on all occasions.

Ned had not as yet seen Judge Allen except at a distance. Of a verity the judge was a rather severe and ultra-dignified looking person. Ned could show up pretty well, however, as to family income and prospects, if he was only given a chance to present his claims.

"That's just it, you see," declared Cyrus, the sly tease. "It's breaking



"That Young Man," Growled the Judge.

st ice with the judge that ."

ay, couldn't you introduce me?" suggested Ned with eagerness.

"Me? Why," declared Cyrus, "it would doom your case at the start. Truth is, I am down in the judge's bad books for a joke I played on him. Mixed up some law references he had in an important case and made a monkey of him in open court. He never forgave me. Oh, say!" fairly shouted Cyrus, as though struck by a sudden idea of tremendous force.—"the very thing!"

"What is?" inquired Ned hopefully.

"Why didn't I think of it before!" exclaimed Cyrus, "magnificent! It solves the problem. I can put you in just right with the judge—hurrah! I. D. L. A. S. O. M."

"Eh!" stared the bewildered Ned, wondering if his friend was taking leave of his senses.

"'I Dearly Love A Son Of Momus'—see?" propounded Cyrus.

"I don't," confessed Ned in hopeless wonderment.

"Secret society. Great go in town two years ago. Got the judge to join. Initiated him. First thing you do when you see him shout that at h'm. Then give the password"

"What is it?" inquired Ned in his artless way, catching on.

"Sesquepedalian."

"What'll he do then?"

"Recognize you as a brother member—take you to his fraternal and paternal arms. Oh, how lucky I though of it!" and Cyrus chuckled till he wriggled.

In perfect good faith Ned Dayton called at the office of Judge Allen the following day. He stated his name. Yes, his host had heard him mentioned by his daughter, but he said so gruffly and he scanned the young man over as if he was on the witness stand.

"Judge Allen," spoke our hero, "I have come on a very particular errand, but first—'I. D. L. A. S. O. M.'"

"What!"

The eminent jurist turned black in the face. He gave his innocent visitor a terrible look.

"'Sesquepedalian,'" added the over confident Ned with a knowing smile.

"Why—why!" fairly shrieked the judge, jumping to his feet and seizing a law book. "Did you come here to insult me? If you don't get out of this office double quick I'll break every bone in your body!"

Bang! smash! clatter!—the perturbed Ned got through the doorway just as the ponderous law tome grazed his head, shattered the glass in the office door and preceding him on a rushing roll down the stairs and to the street.

Ned sought his friend Cyrus for consolation, but found, that he had suspiciously and mysteriously left town on a fishing trip. He dared not venture to call at the Allen home that night, but managed to meet Leila on the street.

"Oh, if I only had that scapegrace, Cyrus Moore!" cried Leila, when Ned had narrated his dismal story.

"Why, what has Cyrus got to do with it?" asked the unsophisticated Ned.

"He has played one of his practical jokes on you and I will take delight in boxing his ears when he puts in an appearance again!" declared the irate little miss. "About two years ago some jokers got papa to join the 'Sons of Momus.' They gave him a terrible initiation and he never forgives even an allusion to the host."

"I certainly have put my foot in it!" groaned poor Ned.

"You certainly have," agreed Leila.

"What can I do?"

"Go and see papa and explain," advised Leila.

Somehow Ned could not summon up the courage to do this. He passed the Allen home the next evening. There were no lights in the house and he took up his station in the shadow of a big tree.

"The family have gone out to some neighbor's, I suppose," he reasoned. "I'll stay here and catch the judge as he returns."

It was nearly one-half an hour later when Ned pricked up his ears. The gate latch of the Allen place clicked and some one came out. He recognized the light overcoat the judge wore. As the pedestrian passed him Ned stepped out from covert.

"Just a word, judge," he began—biff!

The wearer of the overcoat shot out his fist, dropped something he was carrying and put down the street on a run.

"Well, this is queer!" commented Ned, staring vaguely after the fugitive. "He dropped a package, I declare!"

Ned stared hard as he opened a pillow case to find it stuffed full of silverware, documents and jewelry. He guessed the oracle speedily—a burglar had looted the Allen home, taking the judge's overcoat as well.

Ned sat down on the front steps to await the return of the Allens. Soon Leila and her father came into view.

"Why, Ned!" exclaimed the daughter.

"That young man!" growled the judge. "You'll find a better password than your last one, if you expect to stay around here."

"Yes, see—this is my password on the present occasion," explained Ned, as he handed over the stolen plunder and explained about it.

The judge was fairly delighted to recover papers of great value, he declared. Ned took heart.

"Judge Allen," he said manfully, "there's only one password I'll ever use, if you consent to my plea for happiness."

"And what's that?" asked the judge.

"Leila—first, last and all of the time—Leila!"

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GLORIA'S DOMINO DANCE

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

"It will be novel, anyway," Gloria bit the end of her silver pencil, studying the list of names. "You've left out Stanley, auntie."



"He is leaving town tomorrow."

The pencil fell with a little ring to the floor, but Mrs. Nesbitt never even raised her gaze from her book.

"But he's such a dear, and I want him, auntie. It's my last dance beforeweclose Hopedene. And you're going to trot me abroad this winter so I won't see him—"

"Don't you really think you are carrying the affair a bit too far, Gloria, even for a diversion?"

"It's not a diversion." Gloria's color rose. "I am very, very fond of him."

"All the more reason why we should not detain him when he wishes to leave for town."

"Let me send him an invitation, anyway, please."

"I would rather you did not."

It had been a wonderful summer and fall at Hopedene, her aunt's splendid seaside home at Narragansett. Before the house lay the green rolling downs to the shore over the downs and the great brown rocks with their clinging ever swaying masses of seaweed.

It was down there on the rocks she had listened while he told her what she meant to him in his life.

Every day Stanley managed to see her. He was tall, and athletic. She loved to watch him stride up the sands from the boat landing, his head back, the wind lifting his thick brown curls, his keen gray eyes watching her. She loved to sail out over the bay with him. They would manage to evade the rest of the party, and lean over the rail close up in the prow, hardly speaking but watching the curling waves part below them, and always there had been the quick close embrace for an instant, and the touch of his lips to hers.

Yet he was Stanley Layton, a bachelor with plenty of money, plenty of leisure, plenty of amusement. Why should he, as her aunt told her over and over, why should he look twice at a little Kentucky girl who happened to be blessed with brown eyes and the most golden hair on the beach?

The night of the domino dance, Mrs. Nesbitt told Gloria for the first time what her plans were.

"You will accept Harraden tonight, my dear. He has spoken to me, and of course, I told him everything was most satisfactory. I will write to your mother tomorrow, and you are to be congratulated. He may not be exactly fascinating, but he will make a good husband."

Gloria fastened on her little satin mask, raging inwardly. She did not even reply. Down the broad staircase she followed Mrs. Nesbitt's stately figure, and took her place beside her at the lower archway in the hall. Past them streamed the dominoes, every tint and hue imaginable. It seemed to Gloria as though it were a travesty on life, this massing of forms and faces, and the mad whirl of the dance beyond. Was Stanley among them? She had managed to let him know, but the yacht had not been in the bay that day.

Suddenly she noticed one domino that seemed to linger just behind her. Something in the walk drew her attention. It was yellow and black. Her own was of rose colored satin. Just as Mrs. Nesbitt moved away to speak to someone she had recognized, the other domino stepped close to her, and Stanley whispered quickly:

"Change your dominoes with my sister. She is there in violet."

Gloria's heart beast fast. In half an hour they would unmask, and she would be deliberately given into Ferris Harraden's keeping. The violet domino came nearer, and as it passed she whispered: "Go into the dressing room."

Five minutes later the violet domino had vanished from the guests, and also the black and yellow. When the unmasking came Gloria was missing, and after a hasty interview with Mr. Harraden, it was whispered Gloria had been taken ill and retired.

But out of the bay into the dark waters of the Atlantic sailed the yacht, ocean bound. Katherine Layton had gone below, declaring she would not sit up and doze, playing chaperone to them any longer. Stanley held his sweetheart close, there in their old favorite nook at the prow.

"We'll put in at some little place and be married tomorrow, dear heart. Kit is a brick. She's stood by me through it all, and says we may take her place down at Isle of Pines for the winter. Are you happy? How fast your heart beats?"

Gloria pushed back her hair, windblown over her eyes, and pressed her cheek to his as they looked back at the twinkling lights along the bay.

"I like to follow the real stars best," she whispered.

The Sebastian, stated to be the first Diesel motor-driven oil-tank vessel to be built in the United Kingdom, was recently launched at Dundee. It is a twin-screw motor vessel, fitted with long poop bridge and forecastle; length over all, 321 feet; breadth (molded), 45 feet; depth (molded), 36 feet 2 inches; gross tonnage, about 3,400. It has been designed for the carriage of oil in bulk, and is divided into 28 oil-tight compartments by longitudinal and transverse bulkheads.

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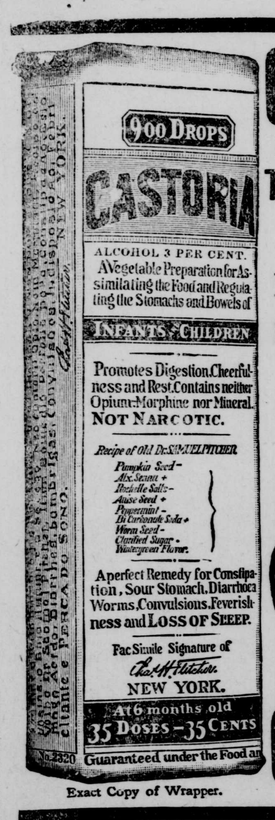
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