Marcellus and the Plutocrat

By H. IRVING KING

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MARCELLUS SANDERS had a shanty down on the shore, just above highwater mark. He was an aged fisherman and a clam-digger, wrinkled, of solitary life and crabbed disposition. To him came Mr. Whitney-Blake, one of the "rich folks" from "up on the hill." Marcellus had been purveyor of clams to the Whitney-Blake family for years—a sort of fishy feudal retainer as it were.

"Marcellus," said the plutocrat, "you know my daughter. Do you ever see her down here—with a young man—going sailing?"

"Sure," replied Marcellus, "comes down to the boathouse over there—goes off in that catboat—the Gilde—moored off the end of the float."

"Whose boat is it?"

"Young man named Bascomb," growled Marcellus.

"It is as I suspected," thought the father and then: "Marcellus, the next time you see my daughter and that young man go out sailing together, go to the nearest telephone and call me up. If I can catch those two together I will give you five dollars."

"All right," said Marcellus. Over his heroic food the clam-digger mused deeply. Then he chuckled.

Mr. Whitney-Blake was strongly averse to a marriage between his daughter and Roger Bascomb. Bascomb was a newcomer to the community; had made himself immensely popular and had been paying decided attentions to Caroline. The wary father had investigated and found that Roger was fond of pleasure, deeply in debt and might justly be looked upon as a fortune hunter. Having acquired this knowledge he proceeded to talk to Caroline.

"Why, father," said she, "I haven't the faintest idea of marrying Roger Bascomb. I like him, of course—who could help liking such a good-natured, agreeable fellow?"

"I do wish, Caroline," said the father, "that, out of your many suitors, you would pick one of whom I could approve. There is Cyril Patterson, for instance."

"Oh, Cyril is well enough," laughed Caroline. "I am afraid it's the Patterson money you are thinking of, papa, more than of Cyril himself."

Mr. Whitney-Blake, a big business deal engaging his attention, relaxed his supervision of Caroline's love affairs. Then one day he received a jolt. He had been out to Denver looking after one of his many investments and as he got off the train he met Mandy Budlong just getting on.

"Ah, Mr. Blake," cried Mandy, "'bout time you got home. You'll be just in time for the wedding. Carrie goes out sailing 'most every afternoon now, and they do say—"

"All aboard!" shouted the impatient conductor and, with a firm hand, hustled the garrulous Mandy up the car steps.

Mr. Whitney-Blake thought rapidly for a full minute. Then he walked down to the shore, which was near the station, made his way to the shanty of Marcellus and had the interview described above. When he reached home Caroline greeted her father as a dutiful and loving daughter should. An hour or so after luncheon, while Mr. Whitney-Blake being busy with papers in his library, Caroline got into her runabout and drove out of the grounds. It might have been an hour or so later when the telephone bell rang and the voice of Marcellus said: "They've gone out sailing again. Expect 'em back about five." At five the wrathful parent was on the beach. But the wind had fallen and it was growing dusk before he saw the Gilde come slowly in and pick up her moorings.

In the half light he could see that the catboat's crew consisted of a young man and a young woman. "I've got 'em," he thought. They entered the dingy and rowed ashore. Mr. Whitney-Blake was on the landing stage to receive them.

"Why, father!" cried Caroline. "You here? Cyril and I have had a delightful sail."

"Good evening, sir," said the cheery voice of Cyril Patterson. "Glad to see you back. May I come up to the house? I have something important I want to say to you regarding—er—er—Caroline."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Whitney-Blake blandly.

"Hi hi!" came the voice of Marcellus as the trio moved off.

"Excuse me a second," said Whitney-Blake and turned back.

"Where's that five dollars?" asked the fisherman.

"Five dollars!" returned the plutocrat, "you ought to get a punch in the jaw. Thought you told me my daughter was going out sailing with Roger Bascomb."

"Didn't," replied Marcellus. "Said 'twas Bascomb's boat. So 'tis. Patterson's chartered it for the summer."

"Why didn't you tell me that?" demanded Mr. Whitney-Blake.

Mr. Whitney-Blake saw that Caroline and Cyril were watching him. He pulled five dollars out of his pocket and handed it to the clam-digger.

"A little bill I owed Marcellus for clams," he explained as he rejoined them.

That's all except that Roger Bascomb married a rich widow two months after Cyril married Caroline, and that Mr. Whitney-Blake looks with admiration upon Marcellus as being the only man who ever got the best of him in a business deal.

He had known Mary in his boyhood days, but had not seen her for a number of years.

One day they met at a dance.

"Hallo, Mary," he said, "are you married yet?"

"Not yet," replied the girl.

"But I thought a charming girl like you would have been married long before now," he smilingly returned.

"Of course, there's two waiting," said the girl a little sadly.

"Two?" he exclaimed. "But you're surely not going to marry two, are you?"

"No, no," she informed him. "The two that's waiting is the parson and me."—Answers Magazine.

GALENA

Mr. James Walsh, of Wilmington, Del., was the guest last week of his brother, Rev. John Walsh and sister, Miss Marguerite Walsh.

Sara Johnson, of Warwick, Md., is spending two weeks with her grandmother, Mrs. William Wood.

Quite a few in and around town, attended a shower given to Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Freeman, last Friday evening, at the home of his grandmother, Mrs. William Freeman.

Miss Annie Hayes is spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. William Petticord in Locust Grove, Md.

Miss Dorothy Jarman, of Towson, Md., is spending the summer with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Jarman.

Mr. William Freeman, of Philadelphia, Pa., is the guest of his sister, Mrs. Raymond Tapper.

Mrs. G. W. Zieders, of Baltimroe, Md., is spending a month with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Scott.

Miss Margaret McCauley, of Philadelphia, Pa., spent a few days last week with her grandmother, Mrs. Eva McCauley.

Mrs. George Johnston is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Lawrence Reed, in Wilmington, Del.

Mrs. Robert Cook and daughter, of Coral Gables, Fla., is the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. Katherine Wilson in Georgetown, Md.

Miss Mary Joe Davis, of near Sassafras, spent the week end with her cousin, Clara Virginia Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. John Robinson and family, of Washington, D. C., spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Emory Camp, of near town.

Miss Elizabeth Davis returned home last week after spending a week with her aunt in Smyrna, Del.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans and family, of Media, Pa., spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Heston Coxe.

Mr. and Mrs. Stoopes, Misses Peg McFeeters and 'Ann Breslin, Messers. John Devine and Laurence Devine, of Philadelphia, were week end visitors of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Quinn.

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"Yes, indeed, young man—I recall you perfectly. What can I do for you?"

"I merely droped in to inquire if your daughter has learned to swim yet?"

BEATING THE DEPRESSION

"Yes, me and Bill are in partnership in this selling game, but we don't carry the same goods."

"Explain yourself."

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