

RELIANCE

Not to the swift, the race;  
Not to the strong, the light;  
Not to the righteous, perfect grace;  
Not to the wise, the light.

But often faltering feet  
Comes surest to the goal;  
And they who walk in darkness meet  
The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night  
The Syrian hosts have died;  
A thousand times the vanquished right  
Hath risen glorified.

The truth the wise men sought  
Was spoken by a child;  
The alabaster box was brought  
In trembling hands defiled.

Not from my torch, the gleam,  
But from the stars above;  
Not from my heart life's crystal stream  
But from the depths of love.

SO MUCH DEPENDS  
ON THE APPROACH

It was going to be another hot day, probably, but the morning that had just begun was still cool and fresh and sweet. It had rained in the night, and the sun wasn't high enough yet to have dried out the Renclair course. Except for Steve Cruger only the birds, busy with their own affairs, seemed to be about; that suited him to perfection. He hadn't seen the Renclair links, until this week late in June, for six gloomy and depressing years; he hadn't, for that matter, played any golf in those six years, either. With any luck he would, now, for a month or two; he didn't see why he shouldn't come out like this every morning before breakfast. Unless the habits of Renclair folk had changed a good deal in six years, he'd have no company.

He'd been worried, a few minutes before; he'd thought a flash of yellow against the green background of the woods that bordered the eighth fairway came from a girl's skirt or sweater. He hadn't seen it again, though; probably he'd been mistaken. He hoped so.

He drove from the sixth tee; two hundred and forty yards, straight out; very nice. All right, practical; there was no roll worth speaking of on the soaked turf. Still, had he been curious about his game, that drive would not have told you much; the veriest dub poles a good drive occasionally.

Steve's second shot, though, would have told you everything. He walked up to his ball, dropped his bag; sighted the line of the shot; swung back, shoulder high; took turf cleanly and dropped the ball dead to the pin. Only a real golfer can approach so. He smiled as he holed this tiny putt; for the first time in six years he had played a hole perfectly. He had some reason to be pleased.

He was frowning, though, as he stood on the seventh tee. Not because of the accumulated horrors of that short hole, which had ruined so many promising medal rounds. He wasn't afraid of it, for one thing; for another, nothing hung upon his score. No. What bothered him was an old white Dutch-colonial house and an old-fashioned garden full of hollyhocks, of tall blue delphinium, of roses just coming into full bloom; that straggled down to the corner where the course turned sharply to the left.

Steve Cruger, you see, had been born in that house. More than two hundred years before, a Cruger had cleared the land on which it stood and built the house, and Steve was the first Cruger since that time, in the direct line, who had not owned land and house.

It was through no folly or fault of his own, to be sure, that Steve had to see it now in the hands of strangers; it had gone, with all else to which he had believed himself heir, in the smash that had killed his father. Yet that didn't lessen the bitterness the sight of it brought into his eyes.

He shook his head doggedly after a moment; dropped his ball; drove the green cleanly, hole high, leaving himself a tricky twelve-foot putt. This time, however, he didn't smile as he holed out for his two; a birdie here, he knew, was always pretty much a matter of luck. He replaced the flag, picked up his bag, turned toward the eighth tee, and stopped dead.

He hadn't been mistaken about that flash of yellow. There was a girl. She was sitting on the bench beside the sand box on the tee, hands clasped about her silken knees, laughing at him, full of mischief and of mirth. She was ridiculous, incongruous, for she wore a yellow evening gown and gold slippers that the wet grass had stained, and yet, even in that costume at that hour, she was very lovely.

"Liar!" she said. "Pig! You told me you didn't play golf!"

"I hadn't for six years, when you asked me," he protested. "This is only the third time I've been out. I wanted to see if I could still hit a ball."

"I'll say you can!" she said. "I've been watching. I saw someone—we were coming back from a dance at Crooked Brook. I thought it was you. The boy friend was all for having me change and go for a swim, but I wouldn't. And I sneaked across when he'd gone, and caught you in the act."

"Yes," said Steve, scowling a little. He scowled too much, this young man; it was a habit with him.

"You're so dumb," the girl complained. "Why didn't you ask me to get you a guest card? I could, you know. They'd have loved to black-ball us, but they didn't dare."

"Good Lord!" Steve's scowl deepened. "Did you suppose? I've belonged here all my life. I kept up a non-resident membership when I—I went away." He laughed shortly. "Hanged if I know why!"

"Fate!" she said, making her voice deep and throaty. "So you could play with me this afternoon, after I've had some sleep. You know you're going to, now."

"I'd rather not, Miss Wilder—" She turned her back on him, elaborately. "All right—Joan!" he said. Then, flatly: "I don't want to."

"Spurned again!" she said cheerfully. "If it were only a line you'd be marvelous, Steve. You mean it, though, hang you! I've been throwing myself at you for months, and I'm all black and blue from bouncing back. I did think when I got you out here—"

"Chuck it, Joan, won't you?" he said. "Look here, you know why I can't play around with you and your crowd. I'm only a clerk in your father's office, even if he does have me live with you because it's handier for him."

"That's so silly!" she said. "I don't see why you can't be human. Oh, well, go ahead and drive. I suppose you'll let me walk around with you and watch you?"

He was a little flushed as he drove. An odd picture they made. The boy—was little more, for all the lines six years had etched in his face—in linen knickers and loose white shirt; the girl in an evening dress that clung to her slim golden legs, her wrap slipping from her tawny shoulders.

She was exquisitely made: tall and slender, with long, graceful hands; with hair touched with a faint hint of chestnut; with blue eyes full of smoldering fires. There was something untamed, undisciplined, about her; something about the way she looked at Steve Cruger as he went on soberly about his golf that might have made a man a little older, a little wiser, thoughtful to the point of caution.

They didn't talk much, and when they did, it was about the game. Until he turned from the fifteenth green toward the next tee, but to a gate in a stone wall.

"Oh, Steve, play it out!" said Joan. "You only need even four now to break seventy—and that's the course record, isn't it?"

"Is it still?" he said, and smiled. "It used to be. I made it." He stopped short and flushed. "I haven't time. I've an hour's work to do to get a report ready for your father that he wanted done when he got back from this trip he's been on."

He held the gate open for her. "Coming?" he asked.

She hit her hip, and they walked across the lawn together to the big stone house the Wilders had taken for that summer. Birds of passage, they were, for all John Wilder's millions; that was something Steve couldn't understand. But there were people, of course, who never put out roots.

Joan's eyes were mocking him as she turned toward her room at the head of the stairs. "Goodnight, sweet prince!" she said. "That's in 'Hamlet.' Better look it up!"

He grinned when she had gone, and went up to his own quarters to bathe and change.

You had better learn, as briefly as may be, how Steve Cruger came to be in that house. You are not, you see, to harbor any illusions about him. That sullen look of his needs explaining; it testified to something that was wrong with him. And yet, as most people look at things, there was nothing wrong; he cut a wholly admirable figure; he was a young man to be looked upon as a pattern, a model, a very paragon.

He hadn't been sullen as a boy. He had grown up as the sons of most well-to-do men with position and family background do grow up. There had been nothing singular about him except his golf, which had been good enough to lead the experts to hail him as a coming Bobby Jones. As most normal youngsters do, he had one or two deathless passions, and got over them.

Then, when he was nineteen, there was a flurry on the Stock Exchange one day. The papers said it represented a healthy correction, in that it tended to eliminate some weak speculative accounts. Quite so. One of them happened to be that of Steve's father, who had been trying to see what could be done about adjusting an inherited income to the shrunken purchasing power of the dollar since the war. That flurry not only eliminated Mr. Cruger's account, and his income, but Mr. Cruger as well; his heart had not been good for some years.

Lawyers and other well-meaning people tried to make Steve see that he had no responsibility for the debts that were left after the house and everything else that remained had been sold. Luckily for him, they pointed out, he had the income of the trust fund his mother had left him; enough, with economy, to enable him to go through college.

That was when he began to scowl as a fixed habit. He wanted to use the principal of the trust fund to pay off the debts at once; the law, though, forbade that. So he got himself a job in a bank, budgeted his living expenses, and settled down to paying off his father's obligations out of his income and his salary.

Very creditable, you will say. Of course. And all the success stories agree that it is by just such acts of self-denial that men lay the foundations of future greatness. Probably. But it depends upon the man.

Sacrifice is a tricky thing. Sometimes it turns people into martyrs. Some men make sacrifices, as Steve did, as a matter of duty, and then they nurse their pride and begin to enjoy a rankling sense of the injustice of life.

Steve's bad times had been over for a year and more. The debts were all paid. He had come into his inheritance; the bonds a trust company had held were in his own safe-deposit box, and he had some thousands of dollars in the bank. In this had happened the sooner because of John Wilder. Wilder, a depositor in the bank in which Steve had got his first job, had been attracted by Steve. Wilder was an operator in the market. He offered Steve a job, and Steve, who had a natural talent for

getting at the facts that lay behind statistics, soon had become his right-hand man. The only thing Steve really didn't like about the job was that after a while Wilder had transferred him from the office to his home; he wanted Steve within reach at odd hours.

Most young men in Steve's case would have been well pleased, and so was he, in a way. But the habit of thinking of himself as a martyr persisted.

And—there was Joan. He could be stiff and distant with her, but it wasn't always easy. He wasn't blind to her loveliness; sometimes she tempted him almost beyond endurance. Yet he distrusted her deeply; feared her power to hurt him. He didn't want to be hurt.

He had no chance with her, he knew; he was a fool to let himself even so much as think of loving her. But he needn't be so great a fool as ever to lay himself open to what she could do to him if she knew the truth.

An hour or so after breakfast Wilder came into the room where Steve worked. A small dried-up man, this Wilder; only his eyes were like Joan's; blue, with smoldering fires and with cold mockery in them, too. Her beauty, her slender grace, must have come from her mother.

"Good morning, sir," said Steve. "Here's that report." He handed over a sheaf of pages, bristling with figures. Wilder went through them silently.

"Good!" he said, when he had finished. "Very good. You might get after the stuff about that Kastner-Brent motors merger now. And—the blue eyes were cold as ice now—'I happened to look out of my window early this morning. You're not here for the sort of thing I saw. That clear?'"

The rank injustice of it made Steve flush hotly. As if he—! The girl had pursued him, thrown herself at him, as she herself had said jestingly. But—

"Quite clear, sir," was all he said. "Good. Don't want to have to speak of it again. In fact, I won't. That clear, too?"

"Perfectly."

John Wilder went off about his own affairs. Steve rose from his desk twice to find his employer and throw up his job. But habit is strong.

Steve was still at work, calmer and even inclined to be amused, when the door opened and Joan came in. She wore one of those sleeveless, short dresses that girls wear nowadays for golf and tennis.

"Hello, grouch!" she said. "Come on. I want to shoot some golf." "Go ahead. The telephone's in order, and you've got plenty of boy friends."

"I'm asking you." "Can't. I'm too busy."

She came over and pulled herself up on the desk. Calmly she picked up the sheet of paper that lay before him. She saw a picture—not very good—of a dog, and some designs for a monogram.

"You're the rottenest liar!" she said pleasantly. "What are you afraid of?"

"You, if you must know," he said. "Then you'd better come. A nettle never stings if you grab it hard enough."

"Or if you don't touch it at all!" "Steve, please."

"Oh, Joan, don't! I tell you I can't!" He got up, and she slid down from the desk and stood facing him. "Why won't you let me alone?" She laughed at him. She was very close. And suddenly something in him snapped, and he caught her to him and kissed her. Then, with a groan, he let her go. She was still laughing.

"Yes?" she said. "And then?" "You got what you were asking for!" he said harshly. "I hope you're satisfied!"

"What do you mean?" Her eyes were blazing.

"You know!" he said. He shrugged his shoulders. "You wanted to find out if you could—oh, you know! Well, you could—and you did. That's all, isn't it?"

"You—oh, you beast!" she said. "You said—"

Probably neither of them knew that she'd left the door open. Neither of them had heard John Wilder come in.

"Thought I'd made myself clear, this morning," he said to Steve. "Berry knows about trains. He'll bring you a check. That's all."

Steve paid no attention to him. His eyes were on Joan. But she only shrugged and moved away. He sighed. There was nothing, after all, for him to say if she chose to be silent.

"Very well," he said, and left the room.

A few minutes later, Berry, Wilder's confidential secretary, found him in his room packing up. "Sorry, Cruger," he said. "Don't know what's up—don't want to. I've a check for a thousand for you. I ordered a car to take you to the four-fifty-five. That all right?"

Steve took the check.

"Thanks," he said. Slowly, dispassionately, he tore it into fragments. Then he laughed. "That's the first luxury I've indulged in for six years," he said. "The funny thing is that I can afford to blow in a thousand. I can afford a cab, too."

You can dam a stream and create a placid pool, or, if you prefer, with your dam you can so divert its course that instead of tumbling turbulently down among rocks it will cut a new, smooth course for itself through soft, level meadow ground. But always, if a break comes in the dam, the stream will go back to its old channel.

Steve's cab didn't take him to the station, but to the club. By good luck he found a vacant room, shot a seventy-one before dinner, and was welcomed in the grill that night like a prodigal come home. He did go to town in the morning in the club car, as the guest of a man who had been his father's friend, John Wilder, sitting behind his paper, scowled at

him, but gave no other sign of recognition.

It wasn't in search of a new job that Steve went to town. The dam had gone out with a vengeance. In a sense those six years were as if they had never been.

He went to his bank first and opened his safe-deposit box, and taking certain bonds, went upstairs and gave them to the proper man, after which they ceased to be his, and his checking account was increased by a deposit of something more than twenty-two thousand dollars. Then he went downtown to see Jerry Tracy, of Tracy and Wardman. This time the last six years, and especially the last two, counted a good deal. It wasn't in Steve's mind to turn to his own account any knowledge he had gained in time paid for by John Wilder; any specific knowledge, that is. But so far as he could see, there was no good reason why he should not profit by the general things he had learned. Jerry, listening to what Steve told him he wanted done, whistled.

"A hair of the dog that bit you isn't a good prescription downtown, Steve," he said. "We'll execute your order—sure. We make our living out of commissions. But if you want something really good—and safe—" "I don't," said Steve. "I want five hundred shares of Minchim A. You ought to get them for around thirty-one. Ten thousand enough margin?"

"Oh, plenty—sure!" said Jerry. "H'mm. You're with John Wilder, aren't you?"

"Not any more. This is a little show of my own."

Steve's day in town was nearly over then. Not quite, though. Steve had a wish to drive out to Renclair; he'd always hated trains, anyway.

Now the market, for weeks, had been a falling one—which means, among other things, that a number of costly foreign cars, bought during boom days, might be had for a song, if you knew where to do your singing. Steve did. He spent an amusing hour bargaining, and drove away finally in a low-hung, close-coupled Rovers. It was a little shabby as to paint, but its motor purred sweetly.

Now, for the first time in six years, Steve Cruger began to live. He played golf to his heart's content. Under the warm summer skies at night he roamed half-forgotten roads in the Rovers. Often some slim girl sat beside him, but quite as often he was alone.

He picked up old friendships; dined in homes he had missed more than he had ever let himself quite realize; joined gay, impromptu parties that went rushing into town to dinner and a theater and to dance afterward until it was time to drive home through the morning mist.

All the time Minchim A climbed steadily. Not sensationally at all, at first, but steadily. At thirty-eight Steve bought five hundred shares more, with his profit on the first five hundred shares, for margin; picked up another thousand at forty-three. Still, point by point, Minchim climbed; Steve bought twenty-five hundred shares more the day the tape showed a sale at fifty.

The fireworks began; ten days later Minchim A was quoted at seventy, and Steve's paper profits were more than a hundred thousand. Jerry urged caution; Steve only grinned and bought fifteen hundred shares.

But now he did give a selling order. "Start letting go at ninety," he said. "That'll be about all, this trip." "I hope you know what you're doing!" said Jerry.

"So do I," said Steve. "We'll soon know."

A dozen times, perhaps, during this interlude, Steve had seen Joan Wilder. On the links once or twice; at a dance at the club; in town. She nodded to him always, cool and remote; her eyes were quietly scornful. John Wilder, though, he hadn't seen since that morning on the train.

On the day he drove out from town after bringing his holdings of Minchim A up to six thousand shares he found a message waiting for him at the club; he was to call up Mr. Wilder. Berry talked to him; would he come around after dinner?

"Why not?" said Steve, amused. Though he saw nothing of Joan she seemed, somehow, to pervade the house. The faint sweet scent of her perfume hovered in the air.

"Come, did you?" Wilder grunted. "Think you're raising Cain with Minchim, eh?"

"Oh, in a small way, of course!" said Steve.

"Got some pickings here before you left, did you?"

"No!"

"Don't waste time lying. You knew I was planning an operation in that stock."

"You're wrong. You never turned me loose on it."

"That's matter. You could have found out letters, papers about you. You had access to them."

"Suppose you go to the devil!" said Steve quietly, getting up. "This is the first I've known of your being interested. I figured out what was due to happen to Minchim by myself. As it happens I don't lie, and I don't read other people's letters. I supposed you wanted to see me on business. Good night."

"Wait. I'm giving you a chance. Close out your line by noon tomorrow. I've certain plans for that stock—but I can change them. Unless you get out I'll start selling. You can figure out what that would mean. That's all."

"All right," said Steve. "Going to close out?" Wilder asked.

"That's my business. I dare say you can find out."

"Yes. I can. All right. You've had your warning."

"Thanks. Good night."

Steve went out. On the terrace in the moonlight he came face to face with Joan—Joan lovelier than he had ever seen her in a shining silver dress.

"Joan," he said.

"Yes?" she said, after a moment. "There's a tournament day after

tomorrow—mixed foursomes. Will you play with me?"

She looked at him. "Yes," she said. "Thanks. Shall I drive over for you?"

"If you like," she said indifferently.

"All right. I'll be here at half past nine. Thirty-six holes—morning and afternoon. I'll make the entry."

That was all. As he drove home he wondered why he had asked her, why she had said yes. Then he laughed.

He might well have gone back to scowling that night, but he didn't. He could heed John Wilder's warning, sell in the morning and bank something like a hundred and fifteen thousand dollars—a fair profit, in all conscience, on an original stake of ten thousand.

If he didn't sell John Wilder might be able to smash him, wipe him out; he would, if he could. But Steve didn't think he could.

He had told Jerry to sell at ninety; he liked this gambling chance of adding another eighty thousand dollars to his capital. Two hundred thousand wouldn't make him rich, as people like the Wilders reckoned riches, but it meant, for Steve, the sort of life he wanted to live. He went to sleep only about half an hour after his usual time.

He played golf in the morning; loafed around, though, after lunch. Tracy called him at a quarter to two.

"I don't like the look of the market, Steve," he said. "Someone's selling short—heavily. There's a rumor that it's Wilder. Minchim's off five points."

"O. K.," said Steve. "Don't worry yet, Jerry. What's my danger line?"

"About fifty. I should say—with this last fifteen hundred to carry."

"All right. Let's see what happens."

Minchim A closed at sixty-three. But at that time Steve was deeply concerned with more pressing troubles, being at the bottom of a yawning sand pit. That was a Thursday in August.

On Friday morning after breakfast Steve drove over for Joan. She was on the terrace waiting for him. John Wilder sat smoking a cigar. He nodded to Steve, but had nothing to say. Joan climbed into the Rovers, and they went off.

"Nice car," she said. "I don't know the breed."

"Only about five of them over here. Want to drive it?"

"No, thanks. I might smash us up. And I could care for this cup we're going to win."

"All right. Know how it works out? Aggregate handicaps—aggregate scores, too—not best ball." "Meaning I'll have to pull my weight. I'll try not to disgrace you, Steve."

"You won't. Medal play this morning; two leading couples go on at match play this afternoon. What's your handicap?"

"Six."

"That's what we get, then; I'm at scratch. We'll have to beat the Croziers, I should say. They'll have two strokes on us to start with."

Tracy caught him on the telephone just before they started. He was worried. Minchim A had opened at sixty; had sold off three points more in the first half-hour's trading. "It looks like Wilder, all right," Tracy said gloomily.

"Oh, it is!" said Steve, and laughed. "Carry on, Jerry."

Steve blew himself to a dazzling 70 for the morning round; Joan's sound 85 gave them a medal score of 149, allowing for her handicap. Tom Crozier turned in a workmanlike 75; his wife had an 86; their joint handicap was 8, so that they were second to Steve and Joan with an aggregate net score of 153.

"They'll keep us busy," said Steve. "They're both good at match play."

He and Joan were standing by the score board. A boy came up to Steve with a sheaf of telephone messages; he glanced at them and smiled as he stuffed them in his pocket.

"What's Minchim A now?" asked Joan, a glint in her blue eyes.

"Fifty-four—or it was fifteen minutes ago," said Steve. He grinned at her. "So you know, do you?"

She nodded. "I always said you were dumb. Steve, why did you try to buck Father? It can't be done. Not on a shoe string, anyway."

"I'm not bucking him," said Steve. "He thinks you found out something before you left him. He's furious."

"He thinks so? Do you, Joan?"

"No," she said. "I don't."

"You told me I was a cad."

"So you were. But you're not a sneak."

"I see," said Steve. "Well, how I missed a spot of lunch?"

They walked over to the porch. John Wilder was sitting at a table. "Ho," said Steve, and looked at Joan. "Does the plot thicken?"

"I never saw him so furious as he was when I told him I was going to play with you," said Joan.

"Going to have lunch with me—or with him?"

"With you. Laugh that off!"

"Oh, I'm holding out enough to pay my house account—if it comes to that!" said Steve. "Go as far as you like."

They lunched under John Wilder's baleful blue eyes. Just before it was time to start Tracy called again.

"Hell's popping," he said. "She slid down to fifty-one. Then some real buying started, and she went back to fifty-five—slipping back to fifty-three again—moving back and forth now so fast you can't keep track."

"Ah!" said Steve. "Wish I could buy another thousand or so. Get aboard if you've got any spare change, Jerry."

"You're nuts!" said Jerry. "Listen, stay near the wire till the close. I'll have to be able to get hold of you."

"Not a chance! I'm playing a match. Listen yourself. Either she'll crack wide open and you'll have to sell me out, or she'll climb fast. Either way, there's nothing I can do. Except—if she hits sev-

enty, buy another thousand. Get that?"

He hung up, and turned to see Wilder's small dried-up figure before him.

"Afternoon, sir," he said. "Still getting information any way you can? You're welcome."

"I'm waiting to use the telephone," said Wilder impassively. "You can listen, if you like. I'm going to tell my brokers to sell another ten thousand shares of Minchim A at the market."

"Ye-es?" said Steve. "I'll take your word for it, sir. Joan and I have to get started. Better follow us around; she plays a nice game. And—it's impertinent for me to offer you advice, sir, but I'd be careful about going short."

Wilder went into the booth, saying nothing. Steve went back to join Joan; found the Croziers at their table. The four of them went out to the first tee. It was not quite half past one.

Betty Crozier took the honor and drove first. A nice ball; Joan sliced badly. She and Steve took the hole in spite of Steve's par four to Crozier's five; Joan took seven to Betty's excellent five. On down.

The dropped another hole when Joan missed a short putt on the fourth; their first handicap stroke on the long fifth, cost them a third. A fair-sized gallery followed them at the seventh tee it was augmented by John Wilder, watching, probably, the first golf match he had ever seen.

Steve glanced at him before it was his turn to drive. Crozier was on the green; Betty just short but in a playable lie; Joan was trapped. A messenger came up to Wilder, who took the slip of paper, he held out, and smiled evilly. Steve dropped his ball; using a mashie niblick, he laid it dead to the pin. He was sure of his two; it gave them the hole, for Joan got out of her trouble nicely to get her four and Crozier missed his fifteen-foot er and took a par three.

"I've got the shivers. I'm sorry!" Joan said, as they walked to the eighth tee. "Father looks like a ghoul. I wonder what."

"Forget the market," said Steve. "Play more off your left foot, and slow down your back swing. You honor."

A boy came up to Steve as the four of them left the tee. Wilder watched him, smiling. Steve waved him off.

"The man said it was a very important message, Mr. Cruger, said the boy."

"He was mistaken, son," said Steve. "Keep it till I get back to the clubhouse. Guess you're away, Betty. Let's see what you can do with your brassie."

Steve was the last to play his second shot. The Croziers each had safe five. Joan, though, had messed up her second. Wilder grimly, Steve considered lie and distance.

Ordinarily he would have played safe with an iron; his drive had been superb. Now, however, he took a spoon, and with a stroke that was beyond ordinary praise, reached the green, hole high, leaving him self a ten-foot putt for an eagle three. Applause broke out behind around him; Wilder smiled sourly.

Steve sank his putt; it served to halve the hole, for Joan went utterly to pieces and needed seven.

"I'm terribly ashamed," she said.

"It's Father. I think, and so Steve, how could you be so dumb—always—always?"

The ninth was halved, too; Joan and Steve turned for home still down and lost the tenth, on which the Croziers received the second of their handicap strokes. Nor were their prospects bright, for the long half of the course was before them and Joan's long game was the weakest part of her golf.

Again and again, a messenger came to John Wilder. He read their eyes inscrutably, tore up the slips and let the wind carry the away. Steve was human; never think he wasn't. He would have given much to know what new scraps of paper bore. Joan rallied, did better. But the burden lay on Steve.

He was playing like a champion now; fighting like one. At the thirteenth, the dog, as he says, chance and seized it. He drove in and snatched a stroke by shooting deliberately over the trees that masked the fairway as it turned. His eagle three won the hole; Joan and Steve were two down, with five to play.

On the next hole a bad bow sent his ball into the rough; he ejected the iron his caddy held out, risked a spoon and reached to green from a tangle of long grass. His four was good, but Joan's sinning of a twenty-foot putt won the hole. One down—four to play!

The fifteenth and sixteenth were halved. Joan still had the honor the seventeenth; tears were in her eyes as her sliced drive was carried out of bounds. Her second was good, but she lay three; bad business, on that shot hole, Steve, who drove, pressed deliberately. The was half a gasp, half a cheer, his ball rolled on and on, after tremendous carry, until it trickled halfway across the green—thirty hundred and thirty yards away.