

to sell him Cavello Island. With its fine ramshackle old house and barren cedar thickets it was all that was left of my inheritance, and what I could earn from my profession was hardly enough to pay the taxes. For two years I had tried to find a buyer and the Dodsons were my first nibble. It had seemed a first rate stroke to bring them down from New York to live in the place with me for a month.

And when I joined them on the boat coming down I first became aware of the existence of Miss Linda Shannon, social secretary to Mrs. Thorley Dodson. Before we docked at Hamilton I was gloating over the prospect of a month under the same roof with her.

I don't know what the Dodsons had expected Bermuda to be — at any rate it was something else. They didn't

how he was sure to be caught soon. But several days went by and he wasn't caught.

Linda horrified the Dodsons by proposing that she and I go on a private man hunt along the cliffs and caves of Devonshire Parish, where one of the rumors had located Benevides.

Later she had an idea that Benevides might be hiding in the cave on our Island and we went down together to investigate.

IT ISN'T MUCH of a cave, but it's an interesting spot. Halfway down the Island is a little dell, shaded by cedars and bordered on one side by a sloping bank. In the bank is a hole five or six feet in diameter. Inside you see that a flight of a dozen steps has been cut into the clay and leads down into the earth.

# ISLAND

bother to conceal their low opinion of Cavello Island.

They had brought their own staff of servants with them, even a gardener, and had turned off my man Benevides, a villainous-looking Portugese whom I had had around the place doing odd jobs when I could afford to pay him anything.

If only I could turn these people out and keep it for myself. If Linda would—but it was a foolish impulse, born of moonshine. If I didn't sell the place I couldn't even keep myself, much less a wife. I had to sell it. If ghosts and buried treasure wouldn't do it I must think of something else.

WE SAT ON the terrace after dinner as on the night before. But this time I had a piece of luck. Mrs. Dodson went for a walk. Mr. Dodson went inside to bring himself up to date on the market reports.

Instantly my deck chair was arm in arm with Linda's. It wasn't long before I had the conversation at the point of asking her whether she wouldn't like to go on living on Cavello Island.

"I'd better," she said, "if the Dodsons buy it."

"No, but how about keeping it for ourselves? How'd you like to stay on as helpmate to a rising young author?"

She laughed and made a face at me. "I eat too much, Tommny. What would we live on? Fish off the reef?"

Just then there was a rattle of stones on the path and Mrs. Dodson bore down upon us in a lumbering run. "Noises," she gasped when she could get her breath. "Back there in the dark. Like—like blows on metal. What kind of noises," she whispered, "did you say that—that Pedro made?"

We didn't laugh at her. By flashlight that night and by daylight the next morning I searched thoroughly along the path and the cedars that bordered it. Nothing there, of course.

Mrs. Dodson was indignant. "I heard it," she said, "as plain as I hear you now. Mr. Pavey, there's something there."

It was in the next day's paper that we read about the murder in Hamilton. A Portugese had come home riotous with rum and, after a quarrel heard by half the neighborhood, had very thoroughly and effectively used a knife to make a widower of himself. He was still at large. The news startled us at Cavello. For the murderer was Benevides Vagos.

I was called upon to tell all I knew about my odd job man. I had nothing much to say. I had let him hang around the Island when he had nothing else to do, but he had never endeared himself to me. Before the Dodsons dismissed him he had helped us once or twice with the diving helmet that I had rented for Linda's amusement. She used to say that it added to the thrill of walking along the ocean floor to have such a doubtful character as Benevides at the pump. "Do you suppose he'll come back to the Island?" she asked excitedly.

I said it was highly improbable. There was nothing to bring him there. Any-

At their foot you are in an oval chamber, perhaps twenty feet across, columned with pink stalactites.

At one side another flight of steps leads down again. You seem to be descending into another chamber, with a floor that reflects back the light of your torch. It is water—a subterranean pool so clear that you might easily walk down into it without knowing it was there.

With our flashlights we peered into

*"I insist that good sense is the principal foundation of good manners; but because the former is a gift which very few among mankind are possessed of, therefore all the civilized nations of the world have agreed upon fixing some rules for common behavior, best suited to their general customs, or fancies, as a kind of artificial good sense, to supply the defects of reason."*

—Jonathan Swift.

## 'WITH LOVE -- YOUR DAD'

*"When we die there is a little commotion like the tossing of a pebble in a quiet pond. In almost no time at all the little ringlet disappears, and we are forgotten."*

by J. NORMAN WEBER

Dear Son:

I've just returned from a trip to the home office at Philadelphia. The Division Freight Agent died and seven of us from different divisions of the road were called in to serve as pall-bearers. Many of the higher officials were there and from all impressions, we were being scanned up and down and from side to side as possibilities to fill the division job. And that's life, here today and gone tomorrow. When we die there is a little commotion like the tossing of a pebble into a quiet pond. In almost no time at all the little ringlet disappears, and we are forgotten. The world goes on as usual, with some one selected to fill our shoes, and there is always some one capable of doing that.

But please, Son, do not tell any one else of my possibility for the better job. If it goes through, well—fine; and if it does not go through, well—what people don't know won't hurt them. Gelett Burgess in his book "Look 11 Years Younger" has a sort of opposite philosophy. He says that if you contemplate doing something you should talk much of it. This, he says, puts you on the spot, and forces you to go through with it. Of course, the appointment at Philadelphia is beyond my control now. All I have is thirty-five years of service behind me, as do each of the other six.

And if I am fortunate enough to get the division job, should I become conceited and strut around like a peacock in a barnyard? No, never that, Son, I

every corner, but found no trace of anyone having been there. Linda was annoyed. "He ought to be here," she said indignantly.

One morning before my breakfast swim I was standing on the terrace in my bathing trunks when I heard running footsteps, and three men in uniform appeared around the corner of the house.

"Has anyone come this way?" one of them called to me, and as I shook my

head: "It's Benevides Vagos. He's on the Island." They separated, skirting the shore and stopping every few moments to scan the surface of the water.

A tip had come to headquarters that Benevides had been seen near George's Bay, not half a mile from the Island. A bicycle squad had hurried out there. By

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hope. We might have all the confidence in the world. We might be tickled to the nth degree about an achievement. Inwardly we can feel like that. But outwardly we must not brag or crow. If you deserve praise, the world will give it to you.

While strolling alone last night about 10:30, I passed by the home of a six-month bride and groom. You remember "Ducky" Jones. There was a vociferous battle ensuing. Above the tumult I heard Ducky shout, "Why didn't you have that \$500 operation before you got married?" And so if you consider marriage strictly a business proposition, Son, do not accept a bride who has not had tonsils, adenoids, appendix, corns, and nagging removed. Have her visit the dentist for one final pre-marriage repair, and do not marry her until you see all the receipts.

I hope you are not performing in class as I used to do. Every time the professor called on me, I became almost as frustrated as a chicken trying to cross the highway in front of a speeding automobile. Either I had no answer or else I couldn't determine which one was the better. As a result I stood in the center of the road and got my tail feathers clipped. Hoping to save some of your down, I suggest that you listen carefully to the professors' questions, and always give some kind of an answer. And if you give a foolish answer the first time, do not be whipped by laughter. Go right back at your next

opportunity and be determined to lick your weakness and turn your last defeat into victory. In other words, get behind the throttle every chance you have.

And even though you are young, do not turn down responsibility and leadership. Develop this in your youth and you will reap great confidence when you are again turned loose in the throngs of humanity.

We were happy to see you home again after your exams and even more happy to see that you had not forgotten how to say Grace at meals. I was just a bit perturbed when I learned that you had missed a few Sundays at Church. Isn't God worth just forty-five minutes of your time a week for giving you a good body and a sound mind, an opportunity for a good education, clothes to wear, food to eat, a bed to sleep in, and a mother who knows how to sew on buttons and patch your socks? What good excuse have you to offer for not visiting God's house forty-five minutes every 168 hours?

I must stop here, for the Millers are coming up the walk for a visit. I know we are in for a monotonous evening, as all George talks about concerns himself, his job, and his accomplishments. And woe is us, I do believe that is his son Egbert with his cornet under his arm. If only Mother would let me wear my ear muffs I know they would take the hint.

With love,

Your Dad.