

## SHORE SERVICE

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By ARCHIE C. NEW  
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"JUST what?" demanded Jean, "does your love for me mean to you?"

Her brown eyes, set in a lovely oval face, did not reflect the statement of her query. She stared across the lawn, wistfully, and lily-like at the sand with her toe.

Something in her tone arrested the impudent declaration at the tip of Dick Wendell's tongue.

"Why, wonderful!" he replied soberly.

"It means everything. With things as they are, now, my job goes on—our love is all I've got left. Except this."

He pointed slightly to Philmont West, his lake-shore property. The acres of green lawn and beach sand, with its long gaudy pavilion and sleeping quarters.

"I'd sell this if you didn't love it so much. I'd sell it tomorrow to give us something to get married on. Why, honey," he warned, at the subject, "let's not—"

"Not talk of it," she interrupted him with a quiet determination.

"What would we do after that money's gone?"

"Why, by that time maybe some one'll give me a job."

She regarded him curiously.

"Who's this some one—a superman?"

"How should I know?" he answered, a trifle resentfully.

These women, he reflected sourly, had no idea of the times.

"Suppose I tell you I'm a capitalist, or some corporation with capital, somebody that looks like money, something to work with?"

"And some spunk?" she threw at him, springing to her feet irritably and slinking off the sand.

"And ideas. And push. I'm going to look for mother."

"But, Jean," he called after her, "what can I use ideas on? What can I use for money?"

She stopped, indecisively, and looked back at him with a little pity.

"You know already," she told him flatly. "This." And she waved her hand over the place.

"But you don't want me to sell it," he protested.

"No."

Dick wondered, then laughed blearily.

"YOU mean—farm it?" he quipped.

"Why, I couldn't raise enough on these to buy a house."

"I don't know anything about it," was her cool retort.

"When I marry, I want a husband, not a cog wheel." She turned quickly and fled toward the pavilion.

"Locky stiff, Dick Wendell!" commented Mack Foster, as Jean joined him, and her buddy, Claire Hollins, on the porch.

"Great little shore on the lake, health, looks, fanciest dances—

"We still got the shore, the health and the looks," replied Jean dryly.

"You might tell him that," she added, cryptically, as she disappeared into the house.

"I think it's his party," ventured Mack, wistfully, "that the course of true love's a strike in an air pocket—it looks bumpy. Looks like a job for the old trusty pal."

"I'll keep out of it," Claire warned him.

"It's their party."

"Ours, too, Claire-child!" Mack reminded her.

"We innocent bystanders might get hit. I think we'll have the delightful little shore parties to freeze up on us in a hot summer!"

On an afternoon a month later Mack was hissed out of the highway to the shore, the sand road leading to Philmont West.

As they drew near the gate posts at the entrance to the back grove, a vigorous protest arose from the black seat.

"I'm not going another inch," insisted Jean. "He's got some party there."

And Mack and Claire amazedly shared her glance at numerous couples in swim suits and bath robes, and about three hundred yards offshore, the wild masses of Dick's lawn, filled with men using fishing rods.

"What of it?" declared Mack. "Maybe he's sold the place. Has he?"

"I'm sure I don't know," Jean told him, with marked indifference. "He hasn't seen him for a month. And now, let's go back."

"We'll go," replied Mack, indignantly, "until I get out of here. I'll quite around a bit." He jumped out, leaving the plies in the car and went around this side of the house, passed a group of strange boys and girls on the steps, mounted to the porch and stopped dead.

Through a group of people, single, some munching sandwiches, he espied Dick himself.

"Mack Foster," cried Dick, leaping from the table and springing to Mack's side.

"Just in time, folks. Meet the one and original Mack Foster," and he led him among the groups, introducing him.

"Where's Claire?" Mack drew him away from the others, and they had a few minutes' whispered consultation. Mack's face registered surprise, delight, amazement and a few emotions hard to define.

He finally went back alone to his car.

"Come on, you two," he told them.

"It's all fixed."

"What are those people?"

"Customers," said Mack succinctly.

"Come on," echoed Jean. "It's been a store?"

"Yeah," granted Mack, grimly.

"Selling outdoor life, hide-and-seek, to private parties at a dollar-a-head. Boating, bathing, fishing, romancing, quarts, eats, drinks, romance, entertainment."

"I heard Mack grumbled, "I've got one more."

"What?" cried Jean. "I've opened a store?"

"Yeah," granted Mack, grimly.

"Selling outdoor life, hide-and-seek, to private parties at a dollar-a-head. Boating, bathing, fishing, romancing, quarts, eats, drinks, romance, entertainment."

"I heard Mack grumbled, "I've got one more."

"What?" cried Jean. "I've opened a store?"

"Yeah," granted Mack, grimly.

"For me, too?"

"Why not?" Mack almost jeered at her.

"Why should you be exempt?"

"Can you tell me?" Jean asked Dick a few minutes later, with frosty sweetness, "where Miss Hollins and I may change to our bath-

""You talk of it," she interrupted him with a quiet determination.

"What would we do after that money's gone?"

"Why, by that time maybe some one'll give me a job."

She regarded him curiously.

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"man?"

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