

# Lost at Sea

By WENDALL BARNES

Toward the close of a fine afternoon in August, the S. S. Earl of Bermuda was sliding along the smooth surface of the Atlantic on its scheduled run to Hamilton. The decks were full of passengers enjoying the warm, sunny weather. Some lay stretched out in deck chairs; others played quoits or shuffleboard. A few were swimming in the luxuriously tiled pool at the after end of the ship, although the crowds of the early afternoon had mostly disappeared.

Standing on the edge of the pool, and about to immerse his lithe, well-bronzed figure in the water, Francis Fabian Du Val III, could see his features reflected on the surface of the water, his hair with just the right amount of wave in it, his firmly cut nose and chin, his large dark eyes. He could not resist a satisfied smile at his good looks and happiness, and as his lips parted there was a flash of even white teeth.

His thoughts went back to the little church in Connecticut where he and Dolly had been married only a few hours before. Even now his bride was resting in their stateroom before dressing for dinner, their first on board, and he had taken the opportunity to enjoy a swim. Swimming was his favorite sport, and one which he felt showed him at his best.

He made several graceful dives, and a stout man sitting on the edge of the tank watched admiringly as he performed a fine jackknife, then a beautiful swan dive, and finally a perfect back somersault. As he rose to the surface following the last dive, the fat man noticed him holding his hand to his mouth. He then saw him swim rapidly to the edge of the pool and climb out at once.

"My sheesh," he sputtered, indicating his mouth. The fat man, who was Mr. Charles Butterfellow of Bloomington, Ill., was scarcely able to believe that so fine appearing a young man would enunciate his words so poorly. Then he noticed Francis' face sagging in just below the nose and he realized that the young man wore false uppers, and that they were by this time lying somewhere on the bottom of the tank. Mr. Butterfellow made sympathetic sounds, but before he could offer any suggestions, young Mr. Du Val, with the cry "Whash will Dolly think?" began diving frantically, searching for the missing plate. Each time he came up, he cried out again "Whash will she think?"

Mr. Butterfellow, being a kind-hearted man but no swimmer, wanted to do all he could to help. Not knowing what else to do, he ran up and down the side of the pool calling, "What will Dolly think?" As he performed this odd favor for Francis, he was stopped by other swimmers, who asked him what he meant. He was so excited that he could only point to his mouth and say, "Teeth — his — the young man's — at the bottom!"

Soon everyone was in the pool diving. They dived in all parts, deep and shallow, although Francis tried to indicate that the missing set should be lying just beyond the eight-foot mark. After each submersion the divers would come up and eagerly ask their neighbors if

the teeth had yet been located. In one of the moments when Francis' head was out of the water, he was horrified to see Dolly, a little frown on her smooth face, straddling along the deck in the direction of the pool. He dived quickly and stayed down as long as he could. When he was forced to come up for air, he chose the farthest distant corner of the pool and hooking his elbow over the shelf, he kept his face under water.

"Whatever is the matter?" he heard Dolly ask.

"Some young fellow lost his teeth," came the reply, in a voice which Francis recognized as Mr. Butterfellow's. Then he made another long dive, and when he came to the surface again many seconds later, he was relieved to see Dolly continuing her walk down the deck. He noticed for the first time the lace scarf draped about her head, and realized that she was already dressed for dinner, and waiting for him. He must do something quickly. Without his teeth, it would be impossible for him to eat dinner at all, let alone with his bride.

Hearing the violent splashing in the swimming pool, Captain Norman now paused in his inspection of the water and pattered over to him. The captain turned at the sound of the bare agitated feet behind him and asked, "What is going on here?" "It ish my sheesh, Capshun," explained Francis, thickly. "They are at the bottom." He waved his arm in the direction of the pool.

"I don't understand what you are saying, young man," said the captain suspiciously.

Francis repeated his message, adding urgently, "I musht get them."

"But what do you expect me to do?" inquired the captain.

"Drain the pool," Francis whistled out the words.

"Drain the pool?"

"Yesh, for my shake, shir. Drain it!"

"Drain it!" shouted the captain, and a sailor ran below immediately to open a drain. Grateful for such cooperation, Francis dived once more into the water, which almost immediately began to lower. Several children who had been paddling about at the shallow end of the pool cried out protestingly when the water disappeared from around them, and were hurried away by their nurses. The situation having passed out of his hands, Mr. Butterfellow had time to look at the clock, and, giving a start, he departed hastily for the dressing rooms. He had promised to meet his wife in the lounge at 5:30.

Most of the swimmers now stood on the brink of the tank, peering down into the water for the first glimpse of the teeth. Francis, in

the water, now about knee-deep, began to run his hands along the bottom. But still there was no sign of the missing teeth. The tank was almost empty now, and the remaining water swirled toward the drain. Then someone on the edge caught sight of the teeth, and a frantic cry went up. As Francis saw his familiar molars, propelled by the rush of water, moving swiftly toward the large outlet in the corner of the pool, he uttered a last muffled shout and with a slide that would have done credit to Ty Cobb, he grasped them in his hand at the very moment when they were passing over the edge to be lost forever in the limitless ocean. A quick thrust and they were back in his mouth, and before the crowd could congratulate him, he disappeared.

Not more than an hour later, Francis sat in the dining salon across from his lovely wife at a table for two. Few people recognized the immaculately clad young man as the distraught youth of the swimming pool. It was only when the orchestra struck up the tune, "Lost," that Mr. Butterfellow saw Francis, and shouted from a table some distance away, "Did you find your teeth, young fellow?"

Amused eyes turned in their direction as Francis hurried Dolly out onto the dance floor.

"Were you — whatever did he mean?" asked Dolly in an embarrassed tone, as they began to glide across the floor.

Francis shrugged in extreme indifference, and gazing at him, Dolly's faith in him was renewed.

"Just trying to be funny, I guess," Francis answered, and as he spoke he smiled, displaying the fine rows of teeth that Dolly had always so much admired.

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# Looking Backward

at progressive Highland Park through the files of The Press

## TWENTY YEARS AGO

August 7, 1919

At a meeting held at the Community Service House, Tuesday evening, interest was manifest in the formation of a local post of the American Legion which will be called Dumaresq Spencer Post — Mrs. J. F. Van Evers, wife of a former pastor of First United Evangelical church, died Friday in El Paso, Ill.—Jasper Rhinehart and his son Robert were injured Sunday when their car crashed into a Waukegan Ice company truck—Roland Bleimel escaped injury Monday when a truck driven by him and owned by Frank Siljestrom was struck by a hit and run driver—Miss Eleanor Meyer of Deerfield was hostess at a bridal shower, Tuesday evening for Miss Mable Horenberger, who will be married to George Ott, some time in September—Miss

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Catherine McLaughlin, housekeeper for Dr. J. D. O'Neill died Friday, following a long illness.

## TEN YEARS AGO

The laying of the corner stone of the new \$125,000 Highland Park City hall will take place Saturday morning, August 10th at 9 a.m.—The Rev. Henry Hedlund has come to Highwood as the new pastor of Zion Lutheran church — Nicholas Preti, 18 year old Highwood boy, died Monday at the Wheeling hospital, from injuries sustained in an automobile collision, Sunday — The Norman Wieders of Ridgewood drive announce the birth of a daughter, born August 3rd—Mr. and Mrs. George Hesler are the happy parents of a son, born August 3rd—Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Helga Johnson of Waukegan and Joseph Marchi of this city, which took place, August 4th—Mr.

and Mrs. Charles W. McNear announce the engagement of their daughter Janet to Lieut. Stewart Warren Towle of Clinton, Iowa—Dr. and Mrs. Edgar F. Kiser of Indianapolis, Ind., announce the engagement of their daughter Carolyn to Mr. Herman Felton Anspaack of this city.

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