

**LUCKY, THE YOUNG
NAVYMAN,
PP. 1-204**

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Lucky, the Young Navyman, pp. 1-204 by Elmer Sherwood

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CHAPTER I

IN ARIZONA

ARIZONA and November.

Her sister states to the north have already received the formal notice of King Winter's intent to call and make a protracted stay. Not so Arizona. If he is coming at all, he makes his call a polite one, and—he makes it as late in the season as he consistently can.

The sun was fast coming into his own as he surmounted the high Perillas. Day had come.

In their shack, first Red Mack, then Ted Marsh, and last, Jim Arthur, tumbled out of bed. We are not interested in their prepara-

tions for their morning meal. And I doubt not, Jim Arthur wishes that he could be as little interested. It was his turn to prepare breakfast, and he had aggravated the impatience of his partners—by being the last instead of the first to arise.

An unusually amiable soul was Arthur. Amiable and unusual, except at such breakfasts which were his duty to prepare. It made him feel no better that it had been his own idea one day two weeks earlier, to dismiss the two Indians who were helping them. As he had so virtuously argued:

“We can save what we have to pay them. Save and conserve, you know.”

Mack had warned him of the extra work entailed.

“Pooh, pooh,” replied Arthur. “What’s a little work? Especially since,” he added, “we have nothing to do but wait.”

They are eating—and afterwards—you are to suppose Jim Arthur washing the dishes while Red Mack and Ted are tinkering over their Ford.