

GOOD TIMES

Think "good times"—
It is the state of mind
That brings prosperity
And puts dull days behind.

TIGER-SNAKE

"Geoffrey married! Well, I'll be
boiled!" Philip Winsby ran a brown
hand over his nice light hair, now
bleached in rusty streaks by the
tropic sun.

There followed certain instructions
concerning the tapping of young rubber
trees, details of a proposed addi-
tion to the latex shed and the
name of the new London agents to
whom the copra was to be consign-

Philip leaned back in his chair
and gazed into space. Geoffrey
Carleton married! That was almost
funny. And a trifle tragic, too—

Then, too, was Mineh, Geoffrey's
housekeeper. Even during
Philip's time here on Bukit Satu,
there had been other Minehs, other
"housekeepers."

He assumed she did not, but it
was no business of his. He liked
Geoffrey pretty well and they had
rubbed along satisfactorily these two
years.

Just outside his room a night bird
was calling in a maddening monoton-
ous way; frogs gurgled among the man-
groves and the mournful sound of a
native stringed instrument came
from the coolie lines.

Little Mineh had been disposed of,
too. She had not been able to see
that Geoffrey's marriage concerned
her in the least, but when Philip
had insisted that it did and that it
meant her immediate banishment

There were few whites on the
Arus; their European population,
consisting of two Dutch officials and
a handful of pearl shellers who liv-
ed either on their schooners or in
Dobo, where the steamer called once
a month. And Dobo was a half-
day's journey by launch.

"Whisky-soda, Mara." The glass was
taken and Mara disappeared. When
he returned Philip said:
"I have a letter from the tuan
besar and it has big news. He is
married."

"I do my work," the Malay
agreed simply.
"You'll probably have double the
duties when she comes. But this is
a lonesome place for a white
woman; you must make things as
easy and pleasant for her as possi-
ble. I'm sure you'll do that, eh?"

There followed some discussion as
to candidates for the position; then
Mara retired noiselessly to the rear
of the bungalow and resumed his
work of inlaying with the brass the
grotesque pattern which he had
carved upon the handle of a murder-
ous looking kris.

Mara's lack of emotion was a
source of constant amusement to
the more excitable coolies and his
philosophical habit of accepting either
calamity or good fortune with a
raising of the shoulders and a respec-
tful tribute to his deity invariably
provoked laughter.

This very imperturbability, coupled
with an uncanny efficiency in what-
ever he undertook, made him an ex-
ceptional servant. He was never
fussed, never bothered. When Geo-
ffrey and Philip were too busy to
shoot meat, he would disappear into
the jungle and return with a wild
boar or a deer.

He was an excellent barber; he
could mend and launder clothes ex-
pertly; he could cook, wait on the
table, mix cocktails or lead you to
the haunts of birds of paradise. He
was on call at any hour of the day
or night—he seemed never to sleep
—and best of all, he knew how to
anticipate wants. Mara it was who
made life at Bukit Satu bearable.

Just outside his room a night bird
was calling in a maddening monoton-
ous way; frogs gurgled among the man-
groves and the mournful sound of a
native stringed instrument came
from the coolie lines. The sea
barely whispered against the shore.

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

eyes and archly suggested that she
was willing to keep house for him.
She was only eighteen; anybody
would tell him that she was the
prettiest girl on the Islands. Did
she not possess a neat figure, per-
fect features, tiny hands and feet?
Philip had admitted that she was
wholly charming, but had asserted
that he was not in need of a woman
in his house. Mineh wept. She
brightened, however, at the sight of
a fifty-guider note and finally de-
parted in the launch for Dobo, sit-
ting in dignity upon the camphor-
wood box which contained her sarong,
her hair ornaments and the other
finery which Geoffrey had provided.

"Hello there, Philip!" It was
Geoffrey speaking. "This is Evelyn.
Give her a hand up, will you?
Evelyn, this is Phil Winsby."

When, some time after sundown,
the whistle of the motor launch
sounded, Mara appeared, fresh from
his evening bath and dressed for the
gala occasion in a handsome sarong
of silver and blue, with cap and
slippers of the same material and a
short coat of snowy white. After a
hurried visit to the cookhouse—he
invariably supervised every meal—
he prepared cocktails.

Philip heard himself speaking to
the bride and realized when he lift-
ed her to the pier that she was a
tiny thing, scarcely larger than a
child, but in the uncertain light he
could not well make out her fea-
tures. They were delicate and regu-
lar—she saw that much; she had a
nice voice and a nice laugh; the
grip of her hands was warm and
friendly. Then he and Geoffrey
were greeting each other with
British restraint.

Their entry into the large living
room, comfortable with its rattan
furniture, was Mara's cue to appear
with a tray of superlative cocktails.
He bowed and smiled with a dig-
nity that instantly won Evelyn, and
her enthusiastic appreciation of his
efforts to beautify the place in her
honor as promptly won his liking.

Mechanically she drank to her
health and happiness; he voiced the
customary felicitations but with a
strange feeling of dismay. She
was much lovelier than he had ex-
pected, lovelier even than those deli-
cately tinted blooms that so delight-
ed her. This child the wife of
Geoffrey Carleton! How incredible!
How tragic!

Dinner was a perfect meal and
Mara served it with dexterity. The
talk was of the Derby, Ascot, Hen-
ley, the voyage out and the planta-
tion. Evelyn was no country girl.
Not until the coffee and liqueurs ar-
rived did it occur to Philip that he
and the bride had hit it off instantly
and that they had practically moni-
opolized the conversation while Geo-
ffrey had done most of the drinking.

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

ter and morose. Around the bunga-
low there was more than a hint of
tension. Philip felt rather than
saw these evidences of trouble and
he suspected the cause, but neither
husband nor wife mentioned them.

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

"Tiger-snake! We haven't seen
one in months."
"Confounded things attack when
they're aroused; treat a man like a
dog." Geoffrey shuddered and clung
weakly to his assistant. "Lend me
a hand, will you? Up to the house.
Thanks! Rotten luck for a chap to
have such a falling. Out here, of
all places! Paralyzed! Can't move!
Utterly helpless." He was trying
to apologize for his behavior.

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

all he wanted. He begged me to
marry him at once.
"Wha could I do? What would
any girl do? Pater took it the best
of all, gave us champagne after the
wedding and treated Geoffrey like a
prince. The rest of the family re-
fused to join in; they went off to
the golf links."

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

Philip pondered the question.
Love works miracles, of course, but
—it must be wonderful to love, and
to be loved. Evelyn! A sweet,
simple name. Some sweet, simple
country girl, no doubt—Philip slept.

(Continued on page 3, Col. 3.)