

# The Mutiny of the Albatross

by WYNDHAM MARTYN

WNT Service

## THE STORY

Floyd Unwin and Howard Bettington take dinner with an old college chum, Alfred Gibbons, financial manager. Unwin produces a written pledge taken by the three at college to help each other in adversity, explaining that he needs financial assistance to educate his son Bob and daughter Mary. Gibbons scoffs at the "legality" of the pledge, but agrees to make a place for the daughter in his organization.

## CHAPTER II

### The Planning of the Cruise

"The place stifled me," said Unwin, when he was alone in the street with Bettington.

"Walk as far as my studio," Bettington suggested. "Isn't it strange that we should have just sight of one another, I feel guilty. . . . It's true I'm not often in New York. . . . Tubby, I'll not lose sight of you now."

Bettington's studio was more a collection of marine objects, a museum of the sea, than a place to work in. There were two rooms at the top of an old brown stone house on the north side of East Thirty-fourth street. He had a yearly lease of the place and used it but rarely. There were quaint figurheads of old sailing ships now long broken up or sunk.

"I have not always led the simple uneventful life Gibbons assigned to me," the painter said smiling, when he noted his friend's interest. "Sit down, Tubby, while I make real coffee."

Later, he began: "I had a small fortune when I left Harvard. I spent most of it in seeing the world. With what was left and some small savings I have bought a camp. At present I'm hard-up, but there's plenty of money in this very room if I'm energetic enough to get it. I have sold very few of my paintings. I have been able to afford not to. I have commissions for a number which I have not filed. That was selfish of me. I'll execute them and sell some of these canvases. Your girl Mary shall go to Smith, and your boy shall have the Tech. Seawater and paint shall take them both there. It was been a fortunate evening for me. I needed waking-up."

Unwin thought of how soon this miracle might be accomplished, which should give his children their opportunities. The narrow things at home had trained him to calculate with great niceness such adjustments. Bettington planned to start for the painting expedition within two days' time. He would start at Gloucester and wander up the coast, reaching his new camp in far northern Maine in a month's time. It was wise, he thought, to send Mary to Gibbons' office. The pictures might not sell. Gibbons might offer the girl a splendid stipend. He might seek to make amends for his brusqueness by unexpected kindnesses. Perhaps they had wronged Alfred Gibbons.

Mary looked at him next morning over the breakfast table and her eyes

notorious as a man-about-town—never mixed his pleasures with his work. She was as free from harm when taking his dictation as she would have been with a decent-minded man.

It was to him she preferred the request for an hour off. He was not pleased.

"I'm busy," he grunted. "I'm off for a vacation soon, and there's a lot to do. Don't be longer than an hour."

He looked at her curiously as she went from the office. As a connoisseur of women he admired her charm, but she was worth more to him in the office than out of it. Radway was a voluptuary of sixty who was finding out that he lived now in a soberer age and could not adapt himself to it. Gibbons' victory pointed the moral. He did not greatly fear Gibbons. He comforted himself that after a few weeks on the sea he would come back refreshed for the big game.

He was thinking of Gibbons' triumph over the Memphis and Toledo road, only made possible by the treachery of a trusted manager, when Mary Unwin entered the office of her father's one-time friend.

Gibbons was often a matter of speculation among the Radway staff. It was known that he had once been Radway's clerk and had left suddenly, breathing threats against his employer. And it seemed he had devoted his life to getting even for some grievance of whose origin none in his office had any definite idea.

Mary looked at him with a curiosity that had nothing to do with his financial position. She looked at him as one who had in the other years been a close friend of her poor, blundering, clever, but unstable father, whom she loved the more because she saw his need.

Gibbons was not prepared for a beauty. It was true, Unwin had fine features and brilliant eyes, but one remembered Unwin as the man who perpetually failed and looked apologetic. There was a cloud of depression about Unwin, which seemed to make his carriage mean and inconspicuous.

Mary was slim and held herself as though no failure or self-deprecation had ever come near her. There was something fine about her. And the brown eyes which looked at him under level brows raised a doubt in his mind as to the successful outcome of the scheme which was working in his crafty head. He first set himself to disarm her by the adoption of the air of an old and privileged friend.

"So this is little Mary Unwin," he exclaimed, shaking her hand. "Well! Well!"

It was a banal beginning, the girl thought. But she smiled. There must be something good in a man whom her father had liked.

"So you want to go to Smith?" he went on.

He could see her vivid interest now. "Does anything on earth," she answered. "I don't suppose you can ever guess how much I want it."

"Perhaps I can," he smiled. "Your father helped me to understand."

His air was one of delight in well-doing. There was born in her heart a fluttering hope that for old friendship's sake he was going to help her. The cheeks that were usually pale took to themselves a lovely flush. She could not bring herself to ask what he meant for fear of meeting disappointment. It was good to hope after so much despair.

"I told your father I would help you. The world knows me as a hard man, but it knows me for a man of my word. I'm going to help you and your brother."

"Oh, Mr. Gibbons," she cried, "I can't believe it. It is one of those things too good to be true! How can Bob and I ever thank you enough?"

He looked at her keenly. This was the ripe moment.

He looked at her keenly. This was the ripe moment.

"You would like to feel you earned the money, rather than be under a monetary obligation to me? Is that what you mean?"

"Of course," she replied, "I should expect to earn it. But how can I?"

He leaned over the glass-topped table.

"You can," he said. "You can very easily repay me for the few thousand dollars your education will cost. You are Radway's private stenographer. Very well, you must have taken many letters from him to three men named Harrod, Harte and Buford. Haven't you?"

"Yes," she admitted.

"What I want is this. I wish you to leave Radway and bring to this office the notebooks with the letters written since the fifth of the month to these men. You will find a typewriting machine in the adjoining office. You will transcribe the letters and then forget all about it."

"Forget?" she answered, "forget all about it?"

"That's the idea," he said delightedly. He was very much relieved. He had dreaded the idea of tempting her. "Forget it entirely. Go to Smith and feel that you have earned the money. I'll tell your father it is a loan, so he will feel satisfied."

She rose listlessly; the color had

gone from her cheek. She felt physically weakened. After all it was to be a life of office drudgery. Gibbons did not understand this sudden alteration.

"What's the matter?" he said irritably.

"Oh, not very much," she said, "I was only wondering how my father could ever have called you his friend."

"What?" he exclaimed. "You are going to throw away a chance like that?"

She made a little gesture of despair. "I am going to throw it away."

He was now thoroughly angry. He had not been so upset for months.

"You deserve to starve," he snapped. "With that 6-foot fool of a father of yours; and will will, too."

She shook her head.

"I shan't starve, but I think I'd rather starve than do that."

Gibbons had been wrong in declaring that the Memphis and Toledo road had been taken from Radway because he was drunk. Gibbons had bid so high, that one on whom Radway relied would not happen again. For the moment there was a lull in the warfare. It was not until some allies of Gibbons returned from Europe that the struggle would begin again. And before that happened there would be one month on shipboard, where he could fill himself with alcohol and feel he was not ruining his prospects. It was the debase of an alcoholic long desired his pleasure.

Elgar Radway always deceived himself and others about this annual voyage. But he never deceived his wife. There had been a day, ten years earlier, when he was a national figure in politics. The death of a governor had made him, a little-head-of lieutenant governor, the head of a great state. His financial knowledge was at the service of the White House at a moment when a black panic seemed about to devastate the country.

Senator Whitburn, of his own state, looked upon Radway as his own discovery, and talked of him so much, that his daughter, carried away by that spirit which is found so much in Washington society, found the disparity in years more than offset by his name, prominence and promise.

From the beginning the marriage was unhappy. He had found that the scandals discovered by a political rival were not to be lived down in an era when women were powers. He had gone back to his financing in New York. Evelyn Radway was a splendid hostess. She was beautiful and she was clever. The Radway dinner parties were internationally famous. He was bound to admit that she had been a great asset to him.

It was at a dinner party that he announced his intention of taking a month's vacation. There were as guests some foreign financiers.

He knew that his wife realized why he was going. He had never been able, wholly, to met the glance of those almond-shaped violet eyes with the calmness he wished. In ten years she had learned most of his secrets.

"One-hears," said the president of a Paris banking house, "that you work even when making holiday, but I never believe that. No, no. It's what you call the bluff."

"I'm taking a secretary and a wireless operator," Radway retorted, "and they're there for business. And my wife will probably come, too—that is, if she cares to."

"Thank you, Elgar," she answered to his extreme surprise, "the change will do me good."

He smiled as though the prospect entranced him. He now saw himself committed to at least two extra guests. What on earth had he wanted to talk about taking a secretary for? He was even more astonished to find that his wife consented to come. She did not care for the ocean as a rule. He rather suspected that his physician had been warning her that this trip might be dangerous if he reverted to his old habits. She was coming to see that he kept within bounds.

"I am glad you are coming, Evelyn," he said when his guests had gone. "It will do you good."

"You are really taking a secretary?" she demanded.

"Certainly," he said, a trifle impatiently. "This is a business trip, as I told Monsieur Detampes."

"There's an accommodation for my maid?" she said.

"Ample," he answered.

"What secretary will you take?" He thought a moment. The two men in his office who might answer were well enough in their way, but the enforced intimacy of shipboard would probably discover unsuspected shortcomings.

"Would you be annoyed if I took a pretty girl?"

"Do you mean that slight dark girl I have seen? Oh, Elgar, I wish you would. It would be such company for me."

"If you can arrange it, I'll take her. Probably her people wouldn't let her come if I suggested it. I'll phone you her address from the office tomorrow and you can go and see her mother, if she has one. Tell her she will get

twenty-five dollars a week. She ought to jump at it."

It was with the hope the girl would meet Mrs. Radway called next morning at the Rawins' home. Mr. Unwin recognized her instantly. At her marriage Sargent's portrait had helped to make her famous; since that time the society columns and Lavery's painting of her had kept her in the public eye.

The Unwins were delighted at the idea of Mary getting a whole month on shipboard. And the additional saving meant Mary herself who seemed dubious. She confided in her brother.

"I have a feeling," she said, "that I ought not to go. It's a kind of presentment. I wish you could come."

"I wish they would find a job for me in the engine room," he exclaimed. His eyes brightened at the prospect of such nearness to machinery at work. "Gee! wouldn't that be luck. Sis, do you think it could be managed? Do you think there's something I could do?"

"If there isn't," she decided, "I won't go."

Radway was astounded at her demand.

"What do I want with an engineering boy aboard?" he snapped. "Perhaps your father would like to go also?"

She colored a little. He decided that when she flushed she was prettier than any girl in the Winter Follies.

"I'm rather relieved," she said quietly. "I didn't want to go and now I certainly shall not."

"I suppose I shall have to find a place for him," Radway grumbled. He took up some plans and glanced at them. "There are four boats carried, I see, and one of them's a twenty-one foot launch. He shall look after it. Of course, he'll have to mess with the crew. Tell him to report to Captain Hallett, of the Albatross, at the New York Yacht club float, at the foot of East Twenty-third street. She leaves Bar Harbor tomorrow night and will be here by Sunday."

When she was gone, Radway sank down into his padded chair and told himself he was getting old. There were physical troubles multiplying with a frightening rapidity. After all, he might not be able to turn this trip into one of the old-time carouses. Presently he rang a buzzer and Mary came in.

"Take this telegram," he said: "W. Clement, S. S. Albatross, Bar Harbor, Maine. Ship competent doctor aboard for trip. Health not too good.—Radway."

As she was leaving the room he called out more cheerfully. "You can insert 'young and handsome,' if you like. You'll have some one to play with then."

## CHAPTER III

### The Kidnaping of Howard Bettington

Bettington, as he made his way northward from Gloucester, felt a sense of happiness in that he had engaged himself to lift the Unwin family from its monetary troubles. The sketches he made—which would afterward be transferred to his big canvases—were the best he had ever done. He was pleased, who was ordinarily a hard critic. "This," he cried, as he looked at a study of surf and rock, "will pay Mary's tuition and board for a year."

He was perched upon a little island of rock some three miles from Blackport. His enthusiasm led him to overlook the signs of a coming storm, the worst storm which late August ever brought to the Maine coast.

With the first puff of that fearful storm a great wave, like a tidal bore, rolled in and overwhelmed the rock. Only owing to his great strength and ability as a swimmer was Bettington able to reach shore.

With the storm came an awful darkness which presently merged into night and left Bettington bruised and weary, trying to make his ways to the village. It was midnight when a dim light showed him he was near a small house. Fishing nets and lobster pots were evidence of the calling of the owner.

Bettington had come to the shack of one Jonathan Gibbs, a surly man,

### Satisfied Yearning to Punch Cash Register

A certain resident of an exclusive New Jersey suburb started his friends recently by opening a book and magazine store in the town. He was known to be wealthy and did not need more money, and as he was a bridge and golf addict and had other and varied interests, they could not catalogue his innovation as a hobby, even though he spent nearly every evening at the store.

Then it occurred to a close friend to ask him outright. The new book store owner looked a little sheepish as he explained:

"I'll tell you if you promise not to mention it to anyone. But all my life cash registers have intrigued me. Every time I made a purchase I've yearned to punch the key. In fact,

on a number of occasions I've bribed a clerk to allow me to ring up my own money. It's a queer sort of complex, I know, but as long as I enjoy punching cash registers I'm going to continue it."—New York Sun.

Virginia Home of Culture  
Localism alone can produce, in the case of America, a thoroughly authentic type of man; this type alone can be the germ cell of an authentic American nation. Again, localism alone can lead to culture; it must start as a singular and single and, therefore, small thing. It will grow and spread as time goes on. The only really cultural atmosphere one finds today in America is that of Virginia. The cultured men who were born in its field of force are responsible for most that is of cultural value in America. But how different Virginia is from all other states! Its culture is a particular one; it is not only a matter of age but of kind as well.—Hermann Keyserling in Atlantic Monthly.

Old Massachusetts Towns  
Plymouth is the oldest town in Massachusetts, and Salem comes next.

who had no traffic with his neighbors. He supported himself indifferently with his fishing and chickens. He was known for a bad-tempered man who preferred his own company to any other.

There was no answer to his knock upon the door, so Bettington, now chilled to the bone, opened it. He found the shack had but two rooms. A living room with a bed in a corner of it, and a kitchen. A soapstone stove gave what heat the larger room required. Driftwood furnished the visitor with his fuel and he was soon thawing before the fire. Bettington knew the fisherfolk; they were hospitable men wherever one met them. He had no fear he would get a reception that was not cordial.

But he did not know Jonathan Gibbs. The process of getting warm was so comforting that Bettington did not hear footsteps outside. Gibbs had been out to drag his boats from their customary moorings at the dock to the shelter of the shore. The first precipitation that a stranger had invaded his home was the pungent smoke which beat down on him as he came toward the front door.

He stopped suddenly. His spare form tautened. Weariness had given



The Sketches He Made Were the Best He Had Ever Done.

place to sudden, bewildering fear. He retreated stentily, noiselessly.

At the side of a rowboat, he paused. His blanched face took on something of its normal color. The instinct to flee was conquered. There came yet more strongly to him the desire to know by what he was menaced. But his progression to a woodshed showed no abatement of his caution. From the top of a closet he took down a shotgun, into whose twin barrels he put No. 4 cartridges.

He opened the door of his living room so softly that Bettington did not hear him. It was the cold gust that made the painter look round. He saw a tall, keen-faced man at whose shoulder was the butt of a twelve-bore.

"Don't move," said the fisherman. Gibbs advanced slowly into the room. He had never, to his knowledge, set eyes on this stranger. But he looked so searchingly and with such obvious menace that Bettington broke the silence.

"I ought to apologize for this, I suppose," he said, "but surely, on a night like this a man may seek shelter without being threatened with a scatter-gun."

"Who were the two men you were with in the post office yesterday?" Gibbs demanded.

"I was not in any post office yesterday," said Bettington stiffly. "I have not been in company with any two men for a fortnight."

Gibbs lowered his gun. He tried to assume a look of amiability, but there was still anxiety written plainly. Bettington, watching, noted that the gun was still in such a position as to constitute a threat.

Bettington related his misadventures.

"A painter, eh?" said Gibbs. He crossed the room, took down from a shelf a pencil and a piece of paper. These he handed to the other.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**FREE** 12 of My Famous Simplified Cake, Pastry and Hot Bread Recipes, Inside Every Sack of GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour. Get Full Set at Your Grocer's Today. Betty Crocker

## Rich, Creamy CHOCOLATE PIE This New, Simplified Way



237 Women Made This Delicious Pie. Only 2 Failed in Perfect Results First Time.

WOMEN everywhere are changing to a new, far simpler way in baking—GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour and Special "Kitchen-tested" Recipes.

Just to find out how it works, accept FREE, 12 famous, simplified recipes for unusual cakes, cookies, pastries and hot breads, including that for Chocolate Pie, illustrated above. Get a full set of these remarkable recipes from your grocer today inside every sack of GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour.

"Listen in to Betty Crocker 10:45 to 11:00 A. M. Tuesday and Thursday, Eastern Standard Time. Stations: WCAE or WGR."

## GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" FLOUR

### FIRE

Somebody's home burns every hour. Somebody's life is snuffed out every day by merciless flames. Yours may be next. Why run the risk when you can protect your life and property at a very small cost. Extremely simple to install. For full particulars write

**THE SILENT WATCHMAN FIRE ALARM**  
The West-Brown Manufacturing Co. 200 Congress St. - Mobile, Ala.

**Deafness HEAD NOISES Leonard EAR OIL**  
\$1.25 All Druggists. Describe folder on request A. O. LEONARD, Inc. 70 Fifth Ave., New York City

**COINS AND STAMPS**  
Bought and sold. Catalogue quoting prices paid. 10c. W. M. HERSTELIN, 101 W. Tremont St., Cor. Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

**CASH PAID FOR ROOTS AND HERBS.**  
Big profits selling them. Send ten cents for price list. COLMER CO., BOX 695, ASHLAND, OHIO.

**Property and Equipment of city bakery for sale.** Windfall, Pa. Estate must be settled. A regular mint, investigate. K. V. Rosser, 1116 Graham Ave., Call 175-3.

**Weighty Problem**  
Small Girl (pondering over home lessons)—Auntie, can you tell me what makes the tower of Pisa lean?  
Auntie—I don't know, dear, or I'd take some myself.

**Better Prospects Ahead**  
"How do you and your son get along?"  
"Oh, pretty well. But I think we will get along better after he gets older and doesn't know so much."



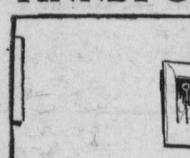
### Miserable with Backache? It May Warn of Disordered Kidneys.

DOES every day find you lame and aching—suffering nagging backache, headache and dizzy spells? Are kidney excretions too frequent, scanty or burning in passage? These are often signs of sluggish kidneys and shouldn't be neglected.

To promote normal kidney action and assist your kidneys in cleansing your blood of poisonous wastes, use Doan's Pills. Endorsed the world over.

50,000 Users Endorse Doan's:  
J. F. Parker, 115 Mansion St., Pittsburgh, Pa., says: "I gladly recommend Doan's Pills. My kidneys were not acting normally. The secretions were very irregular and burned in passing. I would get up in the morning tired and stiff all over. Had a constant backache and headache annoyed me. Since using Doan's Pills I have been in good shape."

## Doan's Pills A Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys



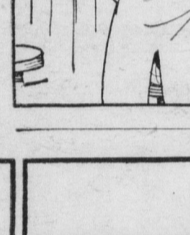
### THE FEAT



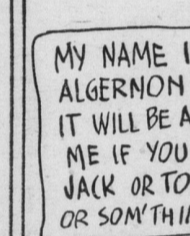
### MY NAME IS ALGERNON IT WILL BE A ME IF YOU JACK OR TOBAC OR SOMETHING



### MICKIE, T



### WHAT'S THE OF THE B GLOVES



### The Clancy

The Pond Was Cracked



### By PERCY L. O

© by the McClure New