

Lonely Hearts



WILBERT has a heart of gold. Will no one tell him what's the matter — why girls turn pale, and gracious matrons freeze at his approach? Yes, we will. This has gone far enough. Get a new pipe, Wilbert, and break it in gently, thoughtfully, with Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture. When the curling wisps of its fragrance surround you, everything will be changed, Wilbert.

How to Take Care of Your Pipe
(Hint No. 3) To make your pipe sweet from top to heel, smoke all the pipe load when you break it in, or fill the bowl half full the first few times so that the heel, and not merely the top, will be broken in. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 97.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
Smoking Tobacco

It's milder

Absence nukes a man's heart grow fonder of his wife's relations.

One can never tell what a woman is going to do by what she says.



Acidity

The common cause of digestive difficulties is excess acid. Soda cannot alter this condition, and it burns the stomach. Something that will neutralize the acidity is the sensible thing to take. That is why physicians tell the public to use Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

One spoonful of this delightful preparation can neutralize many times its volume in acid. It acts instantly; relief is quick, and very apparent. All gas is dispelled; all sourness is soon gone; the whole system is sweetened. Do try this perfect anti-acid, and remember it is just as good for children, too, and pleasant for them to take.

Any drug store has the genuine, prescription product.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

You can always bank on finding a well-filled pocketbook interesting.

for Coughs
Take
Boschee's Syrup
and coughing stops at once! Relieves where others fail. Contains nothing injurious—but, oh, so effective! GUARANTEED.

Boschee's Syrup
At all drugists

The MUTINY OF THE ALBATROSS

BY WYNDHAM MARTYN

COPYRIGHT IN THE U.S.



THE STORY

Floyd Unwin and Howard Bettington take dinner with an old college chum, Alfred Gibbons, financial magnate. 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. Mary Unwin is stenographer to a wealthy debauchee, Edgar Radway. Calling at Gibbons' office, she arranged, Mary is asked to betray her employer's secrets and refuses. Radway plans an ocean voyage to recover from the effects of dissipation. Mary is to go as secretary, her brother to accompany her.

CHAPTER III—Continued

"Prove it," he commanded. "Draw something."

Bettington hesitated for a moment. He was not a man who went the better for being driven. But it occurred to him that there was a solitary who was mentally unbalanced. He sketched in a few skillful strokes a portrait of the man standing there, his gun balanced in the crook of his arm.

Jonathan Gibbs looked at it in silence.

"It is good," he said deliberately. "Whatever else you may be you are a draftsman."

"Why should I be anything but I pretend?"

"You've never seen me before?" Gibbs demanded.

"Never," Bettington said a little irritably, "and I shall pass a contented existence if I never see you again. What sort of a Maine fisherman are you to behave like this?"

Gibbs put down his gun and assumed a more friendly air.

"I've been threatened," he said rather vaguely. "I've made enemies hereabouts. I have to be careful. I was startled."

"You certainly startled me," said the other. "I hoped to be able to pass the night here and dry my clothes."

"You surely can," said Jonathan Gibbs. "I'll boll the water and make you some coffee. I guess you're hungry."

It was after the meal that Bettington asked him, "Why should anyone threaten you here?"

"Jealousy," said Gibbs, after a pause. "I'm not a state of Maine man and I don't mix with anyone around. They don't understand that."

Plainly the man had something to conceal. After all, Bettington told himself, it was none of his business. He had often met queer, ingrown characters. He could not go out into the black night, now made doubly impenetrable by the deluge of rain. Gibbs made up the fire by packing a huge armful of wood into it.

Bettington was awakened by the aroma of coffee. Gibbs was holding Bettington's shoes up.

"Dried stiff as boards," he announced. "They'll need to be greased before you can get into 'em, and your pants are torn pretty bad. I'll lend you an outfit, and you can get what you want down to Blackport. The sea's calm now and you can row across the bay in half an hour."

The summer sun had tanned Bettington to a rich brown. In his sea-boots—the only ones Gibbs had to lend—his faded blue sweater and khaki shirt, he looked the sort of fishing type he had often painted.

At the dock he took a ten-foot row-boat and set out to the village. He had gone, perhaps, half the distance, when a fast motor boat overhauled him, slackened speed as it passed and then swung round and waited in the path he was taking.

There were two men in it. One was a vastly broad-chested man with a trim sweater and white canvas trousers. He had the look of a yacht sailor. The other, who was steering the boat, had no physical peculiarities other than that general air of following the sea.

"We've had an accident," said the broad-chested man and pointed to something at the bottom of the launch.

Bettington clung to the side of the drifting motor boat and stood up. There, on the bottom of the other craft, was a man lying immobile. And as the artist stooped over him, the recumbent sailor gave a tremendous half-arm jab which caught Bettington on the point of the jaw. The other two grabbed him as his head fell forward and hauled him on board where, unconscious, he took the place of his assailant, who rose grinning.

The broad-chested man, who was called Sam, clapped him on the back in approval.

"Dandy," he cried. "And that rock prevents anyone seeing us from the village." Sam bent over the uncon-

scious form and neatly trussed it up with rope. "The Boss will be tickled to death over this. Stove in that row-boat, one of you."

A man with a boat hook smashed in some bottom boards and Jonathan Gibbs' dinghy slowly filled with water. Then the launch put out of the bay, past the buoys, and headed north for Bar Harbor.

Bettington had recovered from the knock-out within five minutes. He could see from the brightly polished brasswork and mahogany that he was in a yacht's launch. He knew that the hum of the motor would make any call for help useless. He had been neatly knocked out and was now to be expeditiously shanghaied. It was incredible. Then the real meaning of the thing flashed on him. He was mistaken for Jonathan Gibbs. He was rowing Gibbs' boat and wearing Gibbs' clothes. With a two days' growth of beard and a face burned with the sun, he might easily pass for the fisherman.

"This is all a mistake," he said, addressing himself to Sam. "You think I'm Jonathan Gibbs."

"I know d-d well you're not," said Sam, without animus.

The thing was inexplicable. They knew him for himself, and knowing it, they were carrying him off, bound with ropes, to the open sea.

There was seemingly no sort of personal grudge in this high-handed matter. The three men were carrying out orders.

"Listen, bo," said Sam, "we've got orders not to say a thing to you till the Boss sees you. It don't do you no good asking why we did it, or who we are. We had to get you alive and unarmed and we did the best we knew how."

It was dark when the lights of Bar Harbor came in sight. Bettington was carried up the gangway, across a deck and then placed in a small cabin lighted with a single porthole.

Sam untied the knots and watched the victim stretch his stiff and cramped limbs.

"Just a word of warning," Sam remarked. "You can't get out of that porthole and you can't get out of this cabin. If you did, it wouldn't help you. If you're wise you'll wait till the Boss sends for you."

Sam turned the keys in the door and left him prisoner. As he examined his dungeon he heard the throbbing of machinery. From the porthole he could see the boat was moving. He pulled off the heavy sea boots of Jonathan Gibbs and flung himself on the berth. In many adventures Bettington had learned that fretting and fuming were handicaps that men in danger should not take upon themselves.

Presently he fell asleep and was awakened by Sam.

"You ain't worrying," said Sam, grinning. "They tell me you always had your nerve with you. You won't be able to see the Boss tonight. He's hitting the pipe and it's as much as a man's life is worth to go in now. I haven't no authority to let you out till he gives the word, so I'll bring you a bite to eat here."

Sam waddled out. Bettington was still puzzled by his apparent friendliness. As a physical specimen of humanity Sam did not awaken confidence. On his broad, flat face were written lust and brute courage. He would be a bad man to cross. But why should he regard Howard Bettington, painter of seascapes and man of integrity, with such an air of comradeship?

"Where are we bound for?" he asked of Sam, when a tray of food was brought in.

"Noo York," said Sam.

"Can't I go on deck?" Bettington asked. "I can't escape."

Sam shook his head.

"Not till the Boss gives the word."

"Who is the Boss? The captain?"

"Him," said Sam. "I—I, no."

"You mean the owner?"

Sam's scorn of the owner was just as emphatic.

"He may think he's the boss and Capt'n Hallett may think he is, but they don't know—yet." Sam rose to go. "Just one bit of advice, bo, don't make a noise. If you do you'll go to Noo York gagged."

Bettington had not been gone on his errand to Blackport a half hour, when Jonathan Gibbs in his motor dory went out to his lobster pots. He was returning when he saw a smaller boat, its gunwales awash, almost across his bow. He knew it instantly for his own. Investigation showed that some of the planking had been staved in. He supposed that one of the needle rocks must have done it.

He blamed himself for allowing the stranger to cross the bay. Almost certain death would await any man

drawn as Bettington had been, in such currents as these.

Gibbs went to his shack with an uneasy mind. The whole episode spelled publicity to him, but he cheered himself with the hope that his guest might soon be back at the shack.

But by midnight Bettington did not return and Gibbs went carefully through the things which were in the torn coat. There was a gold watch with the initials H. B. on it. A wallet contained almost four hundred dollars. There were no letters. But there was a reference on a memorandum of repairs to the skylight of a studio at a given address and a receipt for the rental of it to the end of the current year. And there was a bunch of keys.

For almost an hour Gibbs sat motionless. Then he rose to his feet, put a kettle on the oil stove and presently shaved himself carefully and trimmed his hair. He rubbed the grease which Bettington had applied to his shoes so carefully into length flexible and he was able to put them on. Hasty repairs to the torn trousers and cord enabled him to wear them. With an iron which had been little used of late, he pressed them into something of their former shape.

Dawn was breaking when Jonathan Gibbs, now a new man, bade farewell to the shack he had inhabited for six years. None saw him as he made his way inland to Westfield.

A sleepy ticket agent gave him a ticket for Portland and forgot the occurrence instantly.

In Portland he spent only a few hours. New York received him with a thousand others at the Grand Central and he walked eight blocks down to a brown stone house opposite an armory. Bettington's name was on a plate over a letter box. A key on the bunch fitted it and he drew out some mail and walked, having met not a soul, to the top of the house. Then, after a moment's pause, he opened the studio door and found himself in a haven so secure that he could hardly believe it had been attained so easily. His eyes brightened when he saw that the former occupant had cans of milk, soup and fish in abundance. There were at least two pounds of tea. Further search revealed sugar and coffee. He could live for a week on what he found and never venture outside the door. During the day he must be careful not to be seen. But at night New York was his own. Those who had known the dour, suspicious, fisherman would not have recognized in the alert housebreaker the same man.

Jonathan Gibbs was gone, dead and buried. And this, too, drew a sense he did not know. Other fishermen had found his waterlogged rowboat. And when he was not seen in his familiar



Further Search Revealed Sugar and Coffee.

CHAPTER IV

An Amazing Adventure

During the long hours Bettington spent a prisoner, he thought over, and rejected as impractical, several schemes for escape. When all was said and done, escape from his cabin to the larger prison of the ship at sea offered little prospect of success. For a moment it promised to stay his fall; then he felt the old strands giving.

The porthole at which he craved was fifty feet below. They had not been wrong in Blackport who assumed that the man they called Jonathan Gibbs was dead.

When Sam came in with his evening meal there was a safety razor outfit on the tray.

"Got to spruce up," said Sam. "Owner's coming aboard tomorrow morning. The boss says for you to look like ready money."

Bettington looked at Sam and wondered what made him so serene and happy. It was a face on which had been graven the marks of violent emotions. He was no more than five feet eight inches in height, but his chest was fully forty-five inches in girth. A life of ease had turned some of his once steel muscles to fat, but he was still enormously strong. A flat and bulbous nose, driven into his face by some tremendous impact, conspired to

mountain called Sufed Koll in Afghanistan on which the natives believe that gold and silver exist. In springtime the slopes are covered with bushes which at night, from a distance, seem to be on fire, yet when you are close to them there is no sign of flame.

Interesting Church

The worsted church at Canterbury, New Hampshire, was completed in 1839 by the Free Will Baptists and Congregationalists. It suffered much financial distress and Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth (Harper) Monmouth, undertook to raise funds for the benefit of the church. She acted as associate pastor and officiated for nearly eight years. She personally made the worsted decorations which consist principally of religious mottoes. There was an extraordinarily large number of such decorations completed in 1878, when Mrs. Monmouth ceased her labors. An interesting fact is that Mrs. Monmouth suffered severe financial reverses and published and sold a booklet for 25 cents in the town, entitled "Living on Half a Dime a Day," which she claimed was an actual experience of her own.

Ever-Changing Time

Time is a sort of river of passing events, and strong is its current; no sooner is a thing brought to sight than it is swept by and another takes its place, and this, too, will be swept away.— Marcus Aurelius Antoninus (121-180 A. D.), "Meditations."

Plants That Emit Gas Not at All Uncommon

When one speaks of a "gas plant" one naturally thinks of coal ovens and gas meters. Nature, however, provides a real gas plant, specimens of which are to be found blooming in London's Kew gardens. It is otherwise known as the Dictamnium or "Burning Bush." When a lighted match is applied to a shoot of it there comes a brilliant scarlet flame. Like a flash of lightning it travels up the length of the flowering shoot, without injuring it. The best time to make the experiment is when the flowers are fading. The inflammability of the plant is due to this: that on its stalks are minute reddish-brown glands, and these secrete an etheric oil. The glands develop fully soon after the blossom begins to fade, but they shrivel up when the fruit begins to form. Luminous plants not unlike this have been a source of strange legends in India and Afghanistan. There is a

Wide-Awake Lawyer

Court was jammed as usual.

One portly man fell victim to afternoon drowsiness. Disregarding the court, he slumbered on.

The case of a negro charged with petty theft was called. The assistant district attorney almost finished with the first witness when the defendant, his face a perfect picture of something wrong, leaned over and asked the deputy sheriff:

"Mistuh sheriff, wud y'all min' wak-in' up dat man—he's mah lawyer." The case was dismissed.

haunts and had not called at the village store to exchange his eggs for groceries, a search was made. His home was found unoccupied, his chickens famished. Plainly, Jonathan Gibbs had been drowned and his body swirled out to sea in the undertow.

At first the New York Gibbs ventured out only at night within a short radius of his sanctuary. There had been no mail. There had been no prying janitor. He had almost four hundred dollars and almost four months' rent paid. He felt assured that Bettington was dead.

It was on the third evening of his occupancy that this calm and pleasurable optimism was swept away. He had gone to the subway entrance to buy an evening paper. As he stood on the steps before the front door feeling for his latchkey, he was conscious that a policeman across the street by the armory was looking at him. Although it was dark he felt stricken with the certainty that the officer looked at him alone.

From the front windows of his unlighted rooms he had an unobstructed view. The officer was now speaking to a smaller man, who seemed to be pointing directly at the windows through which Jonathan Gibbs gazed. The coincidence was food for somber thought. As though concerning some plot aimed at Gibbs, the two slowly crossed the street. Then his bell rang three times. Gibbs opened the door to the landing silently and listened. He heard the front door open and steps advance along the flagged passage. Then he heard the footsteps begin the ascent.

Softly he locked the door and stood a few feet back from it. To the knock he returned no answer. He looked about him wildly. "Trapped!" he groaned. "After all these years to be caught!"

Fear roused him from inaction. Before long they would burst in the door. The fire escape at the rear was his sole hope. It was pitch dark, but he dared risk no light or make the descent slowly. He had gone but half a flight when he trod upon a flower pot placed there in violation of all the city's fire ordinances. He clutched about him wildly and found only a piece of rotting rope. For a moment it promised to stay his fall; then he felt the old strands giving.

The porthole at which he craved was fifty feet below. They had not been wrong in Blackport who assumed that the man they called Jonathan Gibbs was dead.

When Sam came in with his evening meal there was a safety razor outfit on the tray.

"Got to spruce up," said Sam. "Owner's coming aboard tomorrow morning. The boss says for you to look like ready money."

Bettington looked at Sam and wondered what made him so serene and happy. It was a face on which had been graven the marks of violent emotions. He was no more than five feet eight inches in height, but his chest was fully forty-five inches in girth. A life of ease had turned some of his once steel muscles to fat, but he was still enormously strong. A flat and bulbous nose, driven into his face by some tremendous impact, conspired to

mountain called Sufed Koll in Afghanistan on which the natives believe that gold and silver exist. In springtime the slopes are covered with bushes which at night, from a distance, seem to be on fire, yet when you are close to them there is no sign of flame.

Interesting Church

The worsted church at Canterbury, New Hampshire, was completed in 1839 by the Free Will Baptists and Congregationalists. It suffered much financial distress and Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth (Harper) Monmouth, undertook to raise funds for the benefit of the church. She acted as associate pastor and officiated for nearly eight years. She personally made the worsted decorations which consist principally of religious mottoes. There was an extraordinarily large number of such decorations completed in 1878, when Mrs. Monmouth ceased her labors. An interesting fact is that Mrs. Monmouth suffered severe financial reverses and published and sold a booklet for 25 cents in the town, entitled "Living on Half a Dime a Day," which she claimed was an actual experience of her own.

Ever-Changing Time

Time is a sort of river of passing events, and strong is its current; no sooner is a thing brought to sight than it is swept by and another takes its place, and this, too, will be swept away.— Marcus Aurelius Antoninus (121-180 A. D.), "Meditations."

Plants That Emit Gas Not at All Uncommon

When one speaks of a "gas plant" one naturally thinks of coal ovens and gas meters. Nature, however, provides a real gas plant, specimens of which are to be found blooming in London's Kew gardens. It is otherwise known as the Dictamnium or "Burning Bush." When a lighted match is applied to a shoot of it there comes a brilliant scarlet flame. Like a flash of lightning it travels up the length of the flowering shoot, without injuring it. The best time to make the experiment is when the flowers are fading. The inflammability of the plant is due to this: that on its stalks are minute reddish-brown glands, and these secrete an etheric oil. The glands develop fully soon after the blossom begins to fade, but they shrivel up when the fruit begins to form. Luminous plants not unlike this have been a source of strange legends in India and Afghanistan. There is a

Wide-Awake Lawyer

Court was jammed as usual.

One portly man fell victim to afternoon drowsiness. Disregarding the court, he slumbered on.

The case of a negro charged with petty theft was called. The assistant district attorney almost finished with the first witness when the defendant, his face a perfect picture of something wrong, leaned over and asked the deputy sheriff:

"Mistuh sheriff, wud y'all min' wak-in' up dat man—he's mah lawyer." The case was dismissed.

make him repulsive. Essentially he was of the sea. There was the sailor's roll in his walk. A dangerous man in a physical combat, Bettington decided. Intellectually he was below the normal. He was cleanly shaved and the shirt he wore was new.

"Wondering what I'm all dolled up for?" he demanded. "I'll tell you. We're going to have skirts aboard this trip. Metzger told me. There's a lady's maid, a secretary and the owner's wife. Metzger's seen her pictures in the paper. He's crazy over her."

"Who's Metzger?"

"The chief engineer. Lucky for him he don't like 'em as young as I do. Me," said Sam airily, rolling his red eyes, "I'm all for the chickens. This secretary is some skirt from what I hear."

Bettington was incensed at the bestial glee of the recumbent man.

"Do you suppose," he said, looking at Sam with a disfavor that could be felt even by the sailor, "that any lady, secretary to the owner of this boat, would have anything to do with you? How will you have the chance to speak to the owner's guests? Don't be foolish, Sam."

Sam looked at him a long time in silence.

"I can see what you're driving at," said the sailor. "You want to find out what sort of a trip this is going to be. Well, you don't get nothin' out of me." He laughed long and loud at what seemed to him his mastery discovery of the other's motives. Then he described his way of life and love. There was something nauseating in it. And there was something frightening, too. How did Sam, who berthed and messed with the crew, come to imagine, without good grounds, that he would have the opportunity to come intimately into contact with the owner's guests?

There was another disquieting thought. Suppose that he was kept a prisoner here until the boat put out to sea again and so forced to be a party to indescribable scenes! Escape was impossible. It was a small one and his only weapon a safety razor blade.

He was thinking bitterly at noon on Monday, when, from his porthole, he saw a launch approaching the ship. He recognized it as the one which had taken him from Blackport to Bar Harbor. Beside the crew there were two men and two women. He had no time to take in their features because he was amazed to see that one of the men was none other than Tubby Unwin. The launch had passed his field of vision before he could recover from his surprise. With the aid of the mirror that Sam had brought with the shaving outfit Bettington could see that the launch was brought alongside. And from it, Unwin and the three strangers climbed aboard.

In vain Bettington shouted and kicked at the door. Steam was up, and the various noises and activities on deck made his outcry inaudible. Looking through his mirror he saw, presently, that Unwin descended the steps into the boat. Apparently he was not going. He was waving to some one on deck.

Unwin even threw kisses at the unknown. It seemed to Bettington that Unwin must hear his shouts before he drew away from the vessel. The launch was only a few yards distant at one time, before she put about and made for the shore. On the landing stage of the yacht club Unwin stood still waving. And so he stood until the ocean-going steam houseboat had turned her bow to the south.

Unwin went back to his wife very happy.

"It will be wonderful for both of them," he said. "Mr. Radway was very pleasant, for a man in his position to one in mine. But sure she is rarer and finer type. I am sure she is unhappy. She seemed to cling to my Mary. Bob doesn't know yet how he will like the men. He has to eat and sleep with them. He has the impression that his presence is resented, but, of course, that's all nonsense."

But Bob made no mistake in estimating the warmth of his reception. The forecastle resented him. "He's a spy," said Hammer.

"He's the girl's brother," volunteered a man from the engine room. "I heard Metzger tell Leary so."

"My gal's brother, is he?" Sam commented. "If she's nice to me, I'll be good to him." He beckoned Bob to him. Bob, anxious to do his best and make a good impression, came running up.

"Boy," said Sam, "what's your sister's name?"

Bob looked into Sam's eyes and his tongue withheld the answer that had been ready. Dimly he understood that the lecherous look and the question itself from such a source was an insult. He would show this broad, beamy, impudent sailor where he stood.

"My sister's name is Miss Unwin."

Hammer tittered; he hated women and dimly foresaw in Sam's weakness some future trouble. But he did not titter when Sam slowly turned his head and looked at him. None better than Hammer knew for what reasons Sam never went ashore when he could avoid it.

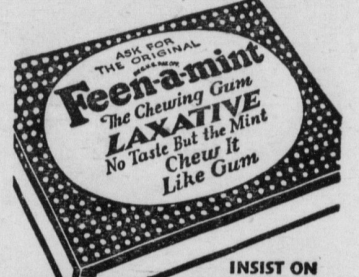
It was this creeping fear on the evil face of Hammer that warned the boy; and he saw that none of the other men dared take his part. Bob saw that Sam's face became emburpled. He was in the grip of fear. He realized that never, until now, had he known the sensation of physical terror.

"I'll talk to you later, Mr. Unwin," Sam mocked. "Me and you'll have a little conversation off Cape May, where the big light is."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

tired every morning?

Get poisons out of the system with Feen-a-mint, the Cheating Gum Laxative. Smaller doses effective when taken in this form. A modern, scientific, family laxative. Safe and mild.



Feen-a-mint
FOR CONSTIPATION

WORMS SAP A CHILD'S VERY LIFE

Does your child grit his teeth? Pick his nostrils? Have a disordered stomach? These are symptoms of worms—those deadly parasites which will so quickly ruin a child's health.

At the first sign of worms, give your child Frey's Vermifuge. For 75 years Frey's Vermifuge has been America's safe, vegetable worm medicine. Buy it today at your druggist's.

Frey's Vermifuge
Expels Worms

Record Potato Crop

An officially reported crop of 1,145.17 bushels per acre is the present record. The average crop per acre for the United States is 115 bushels.

As a good luck charm, few men recognize a madder fact when they meet it.



Cold in Head, Chest or Throat?

RUB Musterole well into your chest and throat—almost instantly you feel easier. Repeat the Musterole-rub once an hour for five hours...

Those good old-fashioned cold remedies—oil of mustard, menthol, camphor—are mixed with other valuable ingredients in Musterole.

It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—jars, tubes, all druggists.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

It will be wonderful for both of them," he said. "Mr. Radway was very pleasant, for a man in his position to one in mine. But sure she is rarer and finer type. I am sure she is unhappy. She seemed to cling to my Mary. Bob doesn't know yet how he will like the men. He has to eat and sleep with them. He has the impression that his presence is resented, but, of course, that's all nonsense."

But Bob made no mistake in estimating the warmth of his reception. The forecastle resented him. "He's a spy," said Hammer.

"He's the girl's brother," volunteered a man from the engine room. "I heard Metzger tell Leary so."

"My gal's brother, is he?" Sam commented. "If she's nice to me, I'll be good to him." He beckoned Bob to him. Bob, anxious to do his best and make a good impression, came running up.

"Boy," said Sam, "what's your sister's name?"

Bob looked into Sam's eyes and his tongue withheld the answer that had been ready. Dimly he understood that the lecherous look and the question itself from such a source was an insult. He would show this broad, beamy, impudent sailor where he stood.

"My sister's name is Miss Unwin."

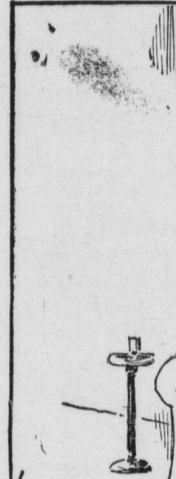
Hammer tittered; he hated women and dimly foresaw in Sam's weakness some future trouble. But he did not titter when Sam slowly turned his head and looked at him. None better than Hammer knew for what reasons Sam never went ashore when he could avoid it.

It was this creeping fear on the evil face of Hammer that warned the boy; and he saw that none of the other men dared take his part. Bob saw that Sam's face became emburpled. He was in the grip of fear. He realized that never, until now, had he known the sensation of physical terror.

"I'll talk to you later, Mr. Unwin," Sam mocked. "Me and you'll have a little conversation off Cape May, where the big light is."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FINNEY



THE FEAT



COME, KID



MICKIE, T



Cl



Wor



By PERCY