



"SOULS AT SEA"

novelized by
RICHARD MATTHEW HALLET
from the Paramount Picture co-starring
GARY COOPER • GEORGE RAFT

SYNOPSIS

Released on a charge that he was captain of a slave ship, Captain Nuggin Taylor, an American conspires with British Navy Officers to trap one of the slave ringleaders, Lieutenant Tarryton of Her Majesty's Navy. Tarryton deserts and sails for America on the William Brown. A pyromaniac sets fire to the ship. Its food and water stores are ruined. Taylor takes charge upon the death of the William Brown's captain. He sets up kangaroo court to select passengers for the two lifeboats. A mutiny ensues but Taylor quells this. Tarryton becomes enraged at Taylor's attentions to his sister, Margaret, whom Taylor loves. Tarryton in a blaze of anger attempts to kill Taylor but Powderah, Taylor's devoted friend, stops the bullet. Taylor then huris Tarryton into the sea. The lifeboats put out to sea and are picked up by another vessel.

CHAPTER X

Taylor, with half-shut eyes, endured the babble of a Boston court-room. Words, words. But they must play their little farce out, these attorneys. "Marine laws play no part in this tragic situation," the prosecution was saying. "The accused was not Captain of this unlucky ship. He was not even a member of the crew. No law under God can shield him from the consequences of his actions. They were cold, merciless. . . . But clever, your honor. Oh, very clever, gentlemen of the jury. But is he to profit by them? Is he after all to have his miserable life?" Margaret, in black, at the prosecutor's table, dropped her head, twined her fingers hard together.

"Do I understand"—this was the bland Judge—. "that England found the accused guilty of being Captain of a slaver?"

"Captain of a slaver, yes, your honor," the defense attorney said. "But only by chance of his having been wrecked and rescued by a slaver. He took command because men look to him to take command. And let me say again the sea is not just that blackboard hanging there, with lines of latitude and longitude. Ships are not just chalk marks in the shape of ships. These walls are not masts to fall and crush."

"Right," cried an old sea-captain, milking his beard.

"It is easy for us, of counsel, to exhibit seamanship, to remain cool—so long as the planks do not move under foot."

"But it is alleged that he ruthlessly condemned a part of the ship's company."

"Does a surgeon stand his trial, if he cuts off a patient's leg to save his life?"

Words, words. The hornet-buzzing of human voices, accusing, condemning, execrating. A woman, Taylor saw was testifying. Her face was shadowed by a green silk hood. She was the widow of one of the condemned. Her low voice throbbed with hate. She collapsed from the stand.

There was a scratching of pens, a crackle of paper. Taylor stared at that blackboard sea without a ripple. Linton was on the stand now. The spiked hand was still bandaged. The defense attorney was badgering him.

"Mr. Linton, you were given your chance to live. Did you not say to this defendant, 'You will have your court condemn me, because I know too much?' And did not this defendant say, 'Linton must live, because of those who earn their bread in his factories?'"

"I—I don't know the issue before us," Linton cried vindictively. "It is murder. Recall, Miss Tarryton, Ask her if the accused did not throw her brother into the sea before her very eyes."

Taylor sat like a stone shape, Margaret was as far from him as the stars. There was no bridging that abyss, and he did not attempt it. Margaret, he saw, was taking the stand.

"God help him now, he's got a woman in his hair," croaked the old sea-captain, with a skillful shot at a spittoon.

"It is true. . . Captain Taylor killed my brother," Margaret uttered in a stifled voice. "He was wounded and sank without a struggle."

"Take the witness," said the prosecutor.

"Miss Tarryton," said counsel for the defense. "Is it not a fact that your brother was a mutineer?"

"He was acting—against Captain Taylor," Margaret murmured. "And Taylor was in command of the ship?"

"He had seized command."

"From whom? From dead men? Except for your brother's action would any have questioned that command?"

"I—I do not know. My brother was only doing—what he thought was right," Margaret faltered.

"And can you prove that the accused was not equally doing what he thought was right?"

"He killed him. He killed. Stanley" Margaret said, dazed. And now Taylor himself was on his

feet, and that clash of angels' and devils' wings over his head was all but visible.

"Why do you bedevil this girl?" he cried. "She has told you that I killed her brother. Let it stand." He saw the toy-maker staring at him, sitting on a rear bench with little Gretchen. "Schmidt there will tell you that if he breaks a tool, he throws it away. Well I am that broken tool. But you must not think, gentleman, that you can judge me. There is God—and there is one human soul who can judge—and she condemns. Let that suffice."

"Let that suffice. Good. The prosecution is willing to rest on that verdict of a woman's heart," the prosecutor said, with an oily smile of triumph. "And that heart condemns."

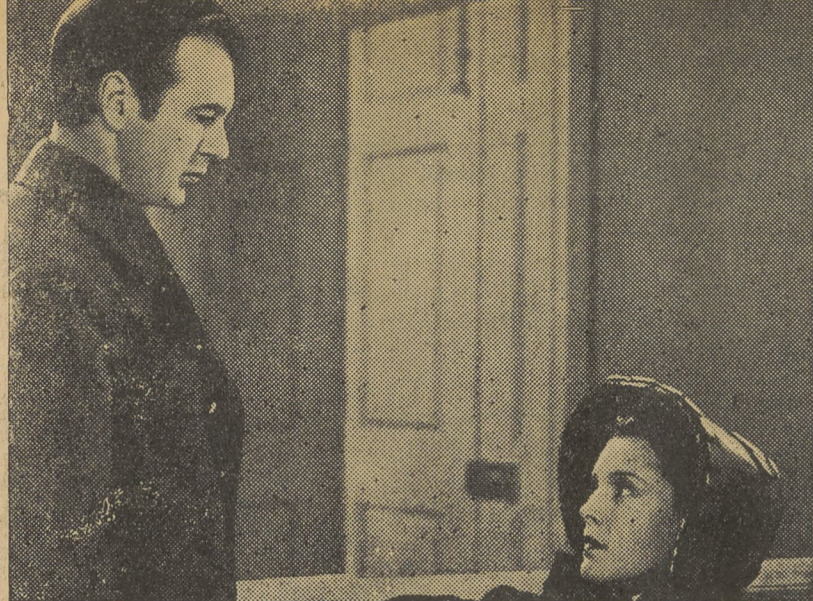
Before Margaret's eyes stood sud-

denly that twisted shadow of a cross flung on the sails of a ruined ship.

"No, I do not condemn," she whispered. The court-room was frozen to attention. "Once I did condemn. I called him coward-murderer. I did not know him. I know him now. I am not fit to tie his shoe-strings," the girl said with a stormy sob. "Take his life. Strike the head from his shoulders. There's no other way to turn him from his purpose. He drives straight for the mark. He is terrible—but he is real. He is real."

"This testimony is a surprise to me, your honor," the prosecutor said. "I claim the right to cross-examine my own witness."

"They died with a song on their lips hair," the old sea-captain muttered to a friend. "Look at the jury's faces. The



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verdict will be "Not guilty."

Little Gretchen ran towards the judge's bench.

"Let him go dear Mr. Judge," she cried pleading. In her distress, she dropped her lamb which uttered "Ba-a-a-a" as valiantly as of old. The power of this appeal touched every heart.

Taylor took a step towards Margar-

et.

"Not so fast," said the court bailiff, stepping between.

But the bailiff had not reckoned with the crowd's mood.

"There's a ship in distress there," growled the old sea-captain.

The fat bailiff felt a gathering menace in the air, and fell back.

Taylor's arm was round Margaret's

snatched him out of it by the back. "He was hung over hell by a brittle thread, but these women have hope for. Have you heard him ask for mercy? . . . But I ask it for him."

"You ask it," Taylor muttered strangely moved.

"Because I love him. . . and I thought I hated him," Margaret whispered with a blurring of her eyes. "I loved him with my first glimpse and I shall with my last."

"So do I love him, and my lamb does too," Gretchen's childish voice shrilled.

They were noble souls, happy in their sacrifice," Margaret cried, with a fixed light in her eye. "George Martin, where are you? Why can't you speak for him, your benefactor. You died happy in your love—"

"But de Bastonet. He drowned himself from hurt vanity," Margaret flashed. "He could not endure even a passing jeer from his companions. Yet Captain Taylor could live, knowing this dreadful scene was all he had to sinking body."

"Steady. Steady over the shoals," he whispered. "Traitor, have you come over to the enemy?"

"Yes, but I bring you no little," Margaret said for his ear alone, with a choking little sob.

"You bring me life," he whispered, taking her close. "From what other hands would I accept it?"

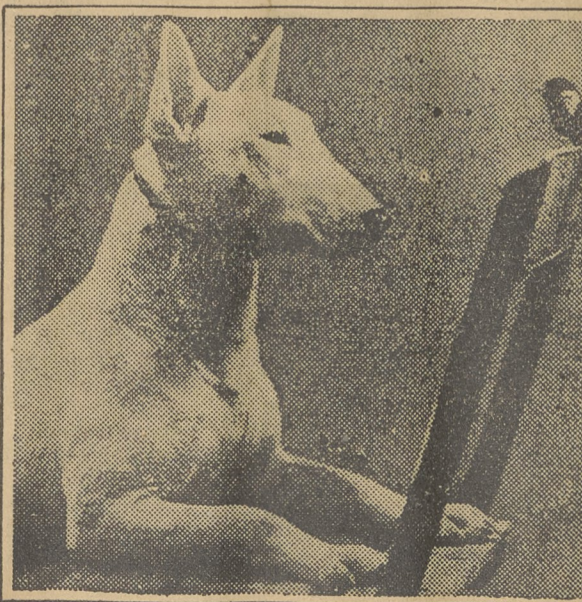
THE END

PHOTO-FLASHES of the Week

Fifth Avenue. Then and Now. As the annual auto show approaches Consumers Information points to 30 year development of industry, as graphically shown in pictures of New York's famous thoroughfare in 1907 and 1937. Advertising, which created tremendous demand, is credited with major part in raising American car ownership from a few thousand to 28,000,000 in three decades. Now perfected modern cars can be bought for one-fifth what their grand-daddies (you can see a few among the carriages) cost in 1907.



Painless Extraction—This is going to hurt me as much as it hurts you, says the young dentist who feels in full sympathy with his patient



Sing Birdie Sing! — The bull-terrier looks at his feathered friend expectantly in the hopes of a song.



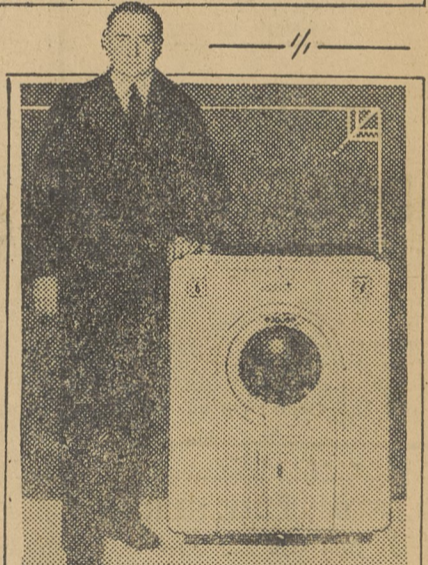
Chicago Girl Makes Good — Lovely blonde Louise Seidel has been awarded an acting contract as the result of her work in a small role in "Artists and Models."



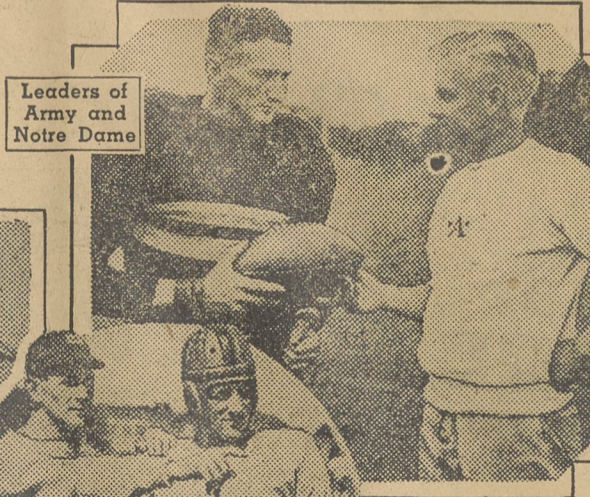
Hat Fashions for Fall Follow the Trend of the Gay Nineties—Lillian Russell, famous "American Beauty" of the nineties, shown at the top left and center below, wearing two of her 1900 models which inspired the chic offerings of today as shown in the corresponding pictures.



Cucumbers by the Million—This nursery, at Chestnut, England, said to be the largest in the world, holds 1,000 cucumbers. From each cucumber there is an average of 200 seeds and each seed in the spring of next year will produce an average of 5 dozen cucumbers. The approximate number produced from the greenhouse is 1,920,000.



Banishes "Wash Day"—Vincent Bendix, automotive, aviation and appliance king with his latest development, the home laundry, first home machine which will soak, wash, rinse and damp-dry the family clothes automatically without attendance on the part of housewife.



Leaders of Army and Notre Dame

Above: Coach Gar Davison, the Army's football coach, and Captain James Isbell look forward to a great year as they start workout at the U. S. Military Academy for the coming season. Captain Isbell plays tackle and is a bulwark on the Army line. Left: Coach Elmer Layden and Captain Joseph Zwiers discuss the prospects for 1937 as they begin pre-season practice of the Irish at South Bend. They play nine games this year. Captain Zwiers is an end.



Sweethearts of the Air—Blonde Gretchen Davidson, radio star, who plays the title role in "Carol Kennedy's Romance," revealing the adventures of a once-plain girl who develops charm and loveliness, winning the hearts of all men she meets. Playing the romantic lead opposite her is Carleton Young handsome young Lochinvar of the networks, as Dr. Owen Craig. This dramatic serial by the noted novelist, Marie Elizard, is heard five times weekly on the "Heinz Magazine of the Air" over Columbia Broadcasting System.