

# In the Wake of The Dory

By **GENIE ROSENFELD**

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**D**ON, you must not go with Felipe. You know there is danger.

"It makes no difference. We all go over every winter, but we don't never all come back."

"But what shall I do—if you don't come back?"

"You? You get 'nother feller. Diego was you feller, and when he went out with Felipe and fell overboard you took Carlos, and when Carlos he make partner with Felipe and got down in the storm you took me. Now I go with Felipe, and I go down, and you get 'nother feller. Maybe you take him. He 'tink you ver' fine gel."

The young fisherman turned as he spoke and glanced at the girl seated beside him on the dock.

To look at the dark beauty of the woman's face, at her deep brown eyes, her lustrous black hair and her glowing olive complexion one would never have supposed her to be the daughter of old Captain Rodriguez, a plain New England fisherman who commanded the fishing fleet in winter and drove a crazy barge for the tourists in summer.

Both she and her companion were dressers in the "Portage" settlement which constitutes the main part of the inhabitants of the quaint old Cape Cod village of Provincetown. Nita Rodriguez, as the townspeople called her, was beyond all doubt the belle of Provincetown and the model most in demand at the old studio at the west end. Nita could always get 10 cents an hour to sit, while Rosa and the rest only received the regular 5 cents. Once she had even had 25 cents an hour, but that was before she took Don for her "feller." Don would have no such foolishness around his "gel."

Nita sat silent. She drummed her heels against the edge of the wharf and looked down into the water that ran lily black beneath her.

Don edged a trifle nearer to her.

"I 'tink you ver' fine gel," he repeated.

Nita made no answer.

Don, huffed at her silence, withdrew his encircling arm.

"Yes," he said bitterly; "I go down—you take him."

To show his indifference he rolled a cigarette and proceeded to light it. As the match flamed up he took a look at his companion's face. In an instant cigarette and match were sent into the waters below.

"Nita! What for you cry? You care?"

His arm went back to its accustomed place, and the girl's glossy head was drawn tenderly on to his breast.

"The girl's passion broke out.

"You know I care," she said, "and you know how I hate Felipe and how I fear him."

"I never guess that," said Don. Nita withdrew from his embrace.

"If I believed you were as dumb as that, I'd—I'd—Oh, don't you know what I'm trying to tell you? Felipe wants me, and I don't want him, but he—he won't let any one else have me, and that's why Diego died. I didn't care much for Diego, but when he asked me to marry him, because Rosa said I couldn't be married before I was seventeen."

"Felipe had just come from the Indies."

"The day after I took Diego he asked me. I told him I had promised Diego. He laughed and went away, but his look made me shiver."

"It was October, and we were to be married at Christmas. Felipe asked Diego to be his fishing partner. Diego had been going with father and had to bring seven nets and a dory as his share. Felipe said he'd take him for nothing if Diego would show him the fishing grounds and our way of fishing. So father said go, and Diego went."

"Why, Don, Diego could swim like a fish. Falling overboard was nothing to him. And yet, one calm night, when the boats were only a mile from the race, Diego fell out of Felipe's boat and was drowned. Felipe said he had his long boots on, and they must have filled up. Don, his long boots were in father's closet. Diego's body was never found, and father swore at me when I wanted to tell about the boots, because he owed Felipe money."

Silence fell between the pair, both looking long into the water below. Then Nita began speaking again.

"The next summer I promised Carlos. We'd been children together, and father isn't so young as he was. Poor Carlos! He knew I didn't love him, but he knew how I hated and feared Felipe. Felipe had been gambling with father all winter and persuading him to give me to him. Father was so much in debt he didn't dare say no. So I promised Carlos, and he paid up father's debts."

"When the fishing time came round Felipe said father had promised to go with him as his partner. Carlos thought something might happen to father, so he said: 'Cap Rodriguez, you stay home this winter.' You can park the fish ashore that we catch about. I have paid your other debts to Felipe. I'll pay this one, and you stay home and look after Nita." So Carlos went."

The girl paused. Then, gripping her companion by the arm, she continued in a low, tragic tone:

"Three trips were made safely. The fourth the boats went out on a blistering windy night. It was the 24th of January. The boats were out all that night and the next day. The 26th came—no boats. But at night the boats began to come in. Such a catch had never been known. Louis, the father of little Joe, made \$100 with his catch. One after the other the boats came in until all were home but one—Felipe's. The town went wild that night. Every one was rich, every one was happy—all but me. I sat here alone, waiting, waiting!"

"Father came to me after awhile. He had got anxious too. Then one by one a little knot of our men gathered to watch with us. Louis came and told us he had talked with Felipe and Carlos. They had had a great catch and had sold it to one of the tramp

schleppers and gone out again for another day.

"By and by the men began to murmur and recall Diego's death and to say that Felipe was unlucky. Father gripped my hand.

"About dawn the Maxwells of Truro came in, towing a dory after them. It was Felipe's and empty."

"At the bottom of their boat lay Felipe, stiff and half frozen with cold. They had found him out at sea, clinging to his overturned dory. But Carlos—Carlos was not there."

"When he told us his story he said that he had taken a second great catch and the boat was too heavy. A storm came up, and a sudden gust of wind-keeled her over, and Carlos was drowned."

"Don, Felipe murdered Carlos and then tipped his boat over to pretend. And now you want to go with him. You have money for nets and money for your dory. Take your own partner and leave Felipe alone."

"But all my money he got in the nets. And your father he say, 'The man that marry my gel he must have

the confidence of her fears, but he could be reckoned as nobody for all he would tell.

Louis was a widower. His wife had died in the summer, and all that winter he used to take Joe, his only child, and leave him with Nita when he went away, so the friendship between them seemed natural.

To Louis she confided her suspicions and showed him the veritable boots which were supposed to have drowned Diego, and all that season Louis' boat would follow Don's, and he would fish close to the strangely assorted partners.

Louis had no partner and pretended to Don that he wanted to stay close to him in case of a big haul which he could not manage.

Don was willing, but Felipe thought it spoiled their chances. However, as the season was good the plan was carried out, and Nita felt that to this fact she owed the safety of her lover.

## PEARL FISHERIES.

### How the Gems Are Obtained and Disposed of in Ceylon.

Since Keats told how "the Ceylon diver held his breath and went, all naked, to the hungry shark" many poets have exhausted the resources of their imagination in trying to describe the wonderful pearl fisheries of Ceylon. A few facts about them may be of interest, if only as an antidote to so much poetry.

The pearl fisheries are the property of the government of Ceylon. The divers are paid no wages, but receive one-third of the oysters they bring up, the remaining two-thirds being taken by a government agent and sold at public auction to speculative buyers, who gather from all parts of the orient. The pearl fishery usually lasts from thirty to forty days, but does not take place every year. If it did the oyster banks would soon be ruined. Sometimes several years are allowed to pass without a fishery.

The diving is done after a primitive fashion, and the stories told about the marvelous length of time the divers remain under water are quite unfounded. The record is 1 minute 49 seconds.

The auction, which lasts for several days, is one of the most interesting sights to be seen in Asia. The oysters are sold in lots of 1,000, and of course the purchaser is buying "a pig in a poke." There may be no pearls in any of his oysters or the first one he opens may give him a fortune. This risk appeals to the gambling spirit of the orient, and pretty nearly all the races from the Persian gulf to Japan are represented at the sale.

The prices paid usually start low on the first day. Then if the buyers have found pearls in fair quantities bidding is keen, and the prices jump skyward. One year they varied from 15s. 4d. per 1,000 on the first day to £12 17s. 10d. on the second.

It is remarkable that the fisheries are still so profitable, for there are historical records that they were worked three 300 years before the birth of Christ, and it is impossible to say how many years before that date.

## THE FROG'S SKIN.

### Remarkable Manner in Which It Absorbs Air and Water.

The frog's skin is a breathing machine. The supply of air is a necessary addition to that taken in by ordinary breathing. The skin is most remarkable for its powerful absorption of water, due to the numberless minute pores. He can soak up half his weight of water in an hour.

As the skin perspires quite as freely as it absorbs, we can comprehend why contact with moisture is necessary. Besides the loss from evaporation there is the stopping of skin breathing also, because the skin must be kept moist and soft to absorb fresh air and give off used air from the system. You have noticed the cold, clammy feeling of the skin of the frog when you have handled him. The soaking of water is the cause. If you put a red-hot iron on a frog's flesh he will not feel it, simply because of the cold water in his skin, which the heat turns into vapor, escaping under the iron, but if hot water be dropped upon him he will instantly jump from pain, as it immediately strikes into the skin.

This moisture is a safeguard against drying up, and there is still another, which is an interior sack for storing water. Like the camel, it thus keeps a supply which carries the amphibian over many a dry place when it would otherwise lose all its moisture and die.

## More or Less Name.

In the early days in California a young German, John G. Almondinger, wishing to Americanize himself as much as possible, applied to the legislature and had his name changed to John G. Almond. A few days later a man named John Smith applied to the same legislature, and after reciting a long catalogue of the ills to which he was subject, owing to his unfortunate name, he said in conclusion:

"And whereas I have noticed that you have entitled the name of J. G. Almondinger to J. G. Almond and have not disposed of the 'inger,' which seems to be lying around loose, I respectfully request that the same may be added to my name." The result of the appeal is not stated.—San Francisco Argonaut.

**Superfluous Qualification.**

"Who's that unhappy looking fellow over there?"

"That's Scribbler. He writes for the funny papers."

"He doesn't look as though he had any sense of humor?"

"Who said he had?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Is It False?

"When a woman comes down to breakfast late," remarked the observer of events and things, "and her husband says, 'You've forgotten something,' why is it she invariably puts her hands up to her hair?"—Yonkers Statesman.

## An Event.

"What makes you look so jolly, old fellow?"

"I have just bought something for my wife that I didn't have to take back and exchange."—Chicago Journal.

## WASHINGTON LETTER

(Special Correspondence.)

Dr. Wiley's "school of experimenters" will be out of a job this winter. Such was the assertion made recently by the officials in charge of the chemistry bureau of the department of agriculture.

It was announced some weeks ago that the agricultural department would undertake a series of experiments with cold storage foods and that a class had been secured from the clerical force of the chemistry office. Difficulty was experienced in obtaining a cold storage warehouse, although efforts were made here, in Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. Up to the present time there has been no response to Dr. Wiley's efforts, and this, in addition to the fact that congress did not appropriate sufficient money for the venture has placed the experiment in jeopardy behind all other questions of bureau administration. Cold storage experiments will be taken up next year if a sufficient amount of money is granted by congress, but this year the experimental class will have a vacation.

**Plans For New Navy Yard.**

It is the purpose of the naval authorities to make improvements at the Washington navy yard commensurate with its importance as one of the best big gun factories in the world, provided congress will be reasonably and fairly liberal in the matter of appropriation at its next and succeeding sessions. In addition to the \$1,000,000 improvements now under way, improvements have been recommended for next year amounting approximately to \$3,000,000. The necessity for the new buildings and machinery at Uncle Sam's great gun foundry in the navy yard has been apparent for some time in order that the plant can keep pace with the demands of the rapidly growing and superb American navy.

**The Machinists' Band.**

The Washington navy yard has a band which is unique. It is known as the "Naval Gun Factory Machinists' band," and Professor Charles F. Stanley, a machinist as well as a musician, is its leader. He conceived the idea of organizing such a band last February and immediately put the project on foot. Notices were issued and a meeting of those interested was held at McCauley's hall on Capitol hill. By the middle of last March the band was fully organized with thirty-eight players.

Concerts are given in the pagoda-like band stand in the navy yard every other Saturday.

**Campaign Curiosities.**

Hundreds of campaign devices—badges, pins, pictures, lapel buttons and purses—have been received at the White House since the opening of the presidential canvass. In fact, the president's mail is burdened with all sorts of oddities in the way of campaign souvenirs, political literature, poems, mechanical toys and puzzles. As a rule, the devices received are filed away in the curiosity archives of the White House, but occasionally an exceptionally meritorious one is shown to the president or given to his children.

**New Flag on White House.**

When President Roosevelt commenced the activities of the winter after his vacation a brand new flag was hoisted on the White House by a quartermaster from the navy department. The flag is larger than that used last year.

**Work For Foresters.**

Plans for the scientific arrangement and treatment of shade trees in the District, as suggested last spring by President Roosevelt, have taken shape. After a careful study of the situation by Colonel John Biddle, the District engineer commissioner, and by Mr. Gifford Pinchot, chief of the division of forestry of the department of agriculture, the District government will execute the plans, with one or two minor exceptions.

**Oregon Land Cases.**

Albert R. Greene, the special in-charge of the collection of evidence in the Oregon land fraud cases, is here for consultation with the secretary of the interior. For two years past Colonel Greene has been engaged in working up these cases, and it is believed that these evidences have been collected to convict the alleged guilty parties of extensive fraud against the government. A number of men are already under indictment, and other indictments will follow, with the probability that men prominent in affairs in the northwest will be brought into the case. The trials will begin in November.

**Waiting Room in Monument.**

Colonel Brownell, engineer in charge of public buildings and grounds, has begun the construction of a waiting room in the base of Washington monument. The monument is very drafty in winter, and owing to its construction it has been impossible to heat it. Half of the space around the elevator shaft will be fitted as a waiting room. The room will be heated and furnished with seats. The stone building, which was built for a waiting room, will not be used much by visitors because it is so far away.

**More Schools Needed.**

Washington has its own problem because of the overcrowding of the public schools. While the situation has been relieved, some of the buildings are seriously overcrowded. At the coming session congress will be asked to appropriate for three new buildings and for an addition to another building.

**Sequestering Records.**

Mr. Elliott Woods, superintendent of the capitol, has awarded the contract for the installation of metal bookcases, shelves and racks in the office of the recorder of deeds, to replace the wooden work now in use. Ten thousand dollars was appropriated by congress for the improvement, the "tem" being included in the District appropriation bill.

**Hospital Humor.**

The London Hospital in its column headed "Humor in the Wards," tells of a laboring man, unmarried, well over fifty, who was discovered mopping his eyes with a very wet handkerchief on the evening of his arrival. No, he had no pain, hadn't heard any bad news, was not uncomfortable, but he couldn't never left home before, and he couldn't help crying! A laborer in London and a bachelor! Be it ever so humble, it "wins the money" over a hospital ward.

**Licking the Penell.**

One of the foremost lawyers in New York city licks the point of his pencil whenever about to write with it. The other day it was indelible, and his tongue was a sight to behold. His friends were alarmed, thinking he had met with an accident. "My boy does it," he said. "I did it when I was a boy, and my father and grandfather did it, and nearly every man of any consequence of my acquaintance does it and did it. Licking the point of the pencil is one of the choicest of human weaknesses."—New York Press.

## NEW SHORT STORIES

Kyle Slept Well.

Representative Kyle of Ohio is the hero of a remarkable snoring story. It happened during one of his campaigns in Buckeye, says the Washington Post. He found himself at the conclusion of a certain day in a small Ohio town which had a small hotel for the accommodation of travelers.

"Give me a room, landlord," quoth Mr. Kyle, "that is quiet. I want a place where I can rest undisturbed."

"He was given No. 16, slept like a log and the next morning descended to the office floor. He engaged the bootblack in conversation while acquiring a shine, and that worthy observed in the course of a dialogue on divers topics that "the man who slept in No. 16 last night never ought to go away from home, he snores so."

The landlord, who overheard the remark, smiled broadly. The bootblack

had evidently heard it from one of the other guests. It wasn't long before Mr. Kyle heard a traveling man observe that he had passed a fearful night.

"Why," said the drummer, "that man in No. 16 was a terrific snorer. He never ought to go away from home."

Going in to breakfast, Mr. Kyle was seated at a table with two other gentlemen. The first asked the second how he had slept.

"I never slept a wink," was the reply. "That terrible man in No. 16 kept me awake with his snoring. He ought to go out into the middle of a field at night away from the stock."

"How did you sleep?" inquired the first gentleman, addressing his question to Mr. Kyle, as though the disturbance had caused a common grievance for all under the hotel roof.

"Fine," replied Mr. Kyle, with zest. "Where in the dickens were you?" added his guest in great surprise.

"In room No. 16," said the Ohioan.

**Forgot the Word.**

Hugh Leonard, the polite, agile, enthusiastic instructor in wrestling at the New York Athletic club, who knows no irritation and no fatigue, occasionally enlivens a bout with a reminiscence. Here is a sample:

Years ago, when Hugh was starting in to throw all creation, he attended a little private "mill" where a preliminary feature was a wrestling match between a Dutchman and an Irishman. The arrangement was that if either contestant felt himself exhausted he should cry out "Sufficient."

They stripped, got to work and slammed one another about in fine style. Forty minutes passed, the Irishman being the victim most of the time, but never murmuring. Suddenly the Dutchman, though the better wrestler, related his "No." Completely winded, he gasped, "Sufficient!"

"Begorra," exclaimed the Irishman, staggering to his feet, "that's the word I've been tryin' to think of for half an hour."—New York Mail.

**Boston People.**

Rev. Robert Collyer, whose long and successful ministerial career has been passed chiefly in Chicago and New York, finds the complete satisfaction of Bostonians in their city a source of amusement. He says he once dreamed that he was in the vicinity of the pearly gates and saw two ladies approach, seeking entrance.

"Where are you from?" asked St. Peter.

"We're both from Boston," replied one of the ladies.

"Well, you can come in," said St. Peter, "but you won't like it." A variation of the same anecdote is the story of a Boston woman who had passed through the gates and was taking her first look around.

"It is very nice," she exclaimed—"very nice indeed, but"—this with a sigh—"it isn't Boston."—Success.

**Disgrace Misunderstood.**

When Senator Newlands of Nevada was debating his resolution to annex Cuba he exclaimed dramatically:

"This argument furnishes every kind of fuel that eloquence needs."

He sent down for the transcript of his speech. The young woman typewriter who took the dictation of the stenographer from the phonograph had made it:

"This argument furnishes every kind of food that elephants need."

"I doubt," said Senator Hale when he heard it, "if even elephants could digest it."—Boston Post.

**A Tip.**

Snappish Uncle—No, George; I'll not help you with a solitary cent. You must paddle your own canoe. Despairing Nephew—But what with, uncle? Snappish Uncle—A skull, just as I did.

**It Was There.**

Sportsman (from the bog)—Confound you, didn't you say there was a sound bottom here? Sheepish—Zo there be, maister, but then 'avent got down to an yet!—Punch.

Too much sensibility creates unhappiness; too much insensibility creates crime.—Talleyrand.

## AN INSECT MENU.

Every Item Thereon Long Known and Esteemed by Epicures.

Here is a typical insect menu of which no one need be afraid to partake, since every item has been known and esteemed by insect eaters for generations past. It was served not long ago, according to Pearson's Weekly, at the table of a rich London epicure, who is also an enthusiastic advocate of an insectarian dietary:

Green Caterpillar Soup.  
Fried Locusts with Wood Louse Sauce.  
Curried Cockchafers.  
Wasps Grubs Baked in the Comb.  
Stag Beetle Larvae on Toast.  
Moths Baked in Butter.  
Invaded Wireworms.  
Grasshoppers au Gratin.

The green caterpillars that compose the soup feed entirely upon vegetables, and mostly upon particular vegetables most relished by man, such as cabbage and lettuce.

In appearance the soup itself is not unlike clear turtle, while its flavor is delicious.

The locusts, which constitute the second course, have, as every one is aware, been esteemed by gormands the world over and from the remotest antiquity. "Eat ye the locust after his kind" is the Biblical injunction, and we know that John the Baptist is recorded as having lived for some considerable time upon "locusts and wild honey."

There are of course many ways of preparing them. They can be fried after their legs and wings have been plucked off, which was, as a matter of fact, the process adopted in this particular instance, or they may be powdered and baked into cakes or curried or boiled, turning red, like lobsters, in the process.

The wood louse sauce if properly composed of fruit and vegetable juices and are simply tiny balls of sugary fat possessing a flavor as exquisite as it is unique. No one who has once tasted them will ever again be surprised at the preference shown by fish for this particular grub when used as a bait.

The stag beetle larva is of course identical with the cossus, which the old Roman epicures used to fatten for their table upon flour and wine. The sixth course should be served steaming hot, since there is no more appetizing odor than that emanating from a plump baked moth.

Deviled wireworms are eaten in the form of a paste, spread upon sippets of toasts, and taste not unlike anchovies when treated in similar fashion.

**Stage Ice Cream.**

An amusing "break" once occurred in a production of "Camille" at the old Walnut Street theater in Philadelphia. In those days sea island cotton was stage ice cream, just as molasses and water was make believe wine—sherry or port, according to the proportion of molasses.

Armand and Camille were at table, where they had been discussing such vintages as these, and the dialogue was making the finest sort of an impression on the crowded house. Enter a maid servant with candelabra of the wablist sort imaginable. The scene was so engrossing that the maid was hardly noticed by the audience, but when she had set down the candelabra between the unfortunate Camille and her lover and one candle toppled over and set the ice cream in a blaze the nervous strain upon the house was broken, and the entire audience burst into a roar of laughter that brought down the curtain.—Harper's Weekly.

**Divorce in New Guinea.**

There is no need of divorce courts in New Guinea. When a woman becomes weary of her husband she simply leaves him and goes back to her mother. When a husband tires of his wife he simply hits her over the head with a paddle, and if not killed outright she is certainly made to realize that she is no longer wanted. When a "divorced" woman marries again her former husband rallies all his friends and conducts a war dance in front of her new home. This ceremony, however, is not as ugly as it looks. Its purpose is not to kill anybody, but simply to satisfy the grass widow's honor.

**She Got It.**

"What do you think of brass bands?" asked he, thinking of the free concerts at the park.

"Brass bands are better than none," replied she, contemptuously gazing at the third finger of her left hand, "but what's the matter with a gold band?"—Fort Worth Record.

**She Never Forgot the Lost Five.**

An Atchison man lost \$5 in making change and when he went home told his wife about it. This happened six years ago, and she has never forgotten it, often telling him what luxuries they could afford if he hadn't lost the money. Last week their son dropped \$2,000 in a poor investment. "Don't say a word to him about it," she said to her husband. "Poor boy, he feels bad enough as it is."—Atchison Globe.

**Feared the Razor.**

"How's everything?"

"Dull."

"At this juncture the man who had just come into the barber shop for a shave hastily departed unshaven.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Caught.**

She—You impertinent man! Of course I won't let you kiss me. I've only known you an hour.

He—Well, how long must you know me before I can kiss you?—Yonkers Statesman.

**Too True.**

George—What can be more sickening than to see another fellow making love to a girl? Harry—To see another fellow making love to your girl.—Town Topics.

**Accounted For.**

"Young Spendium insists that he doesn't care for money."

"Of course not. He has none to care for."—Detroit Free Press.

The same thing over again is better than nothing.—Dallas News.

## HUMOR OF THE HOUR

From the Mouth of Babes.

Mamma—Come, darling, it's time for you to go upstairs to bed. It's 8 o'clock.

Little Clarence—But, mamma, it won't be any earlier up there.

Tommy (after the shower)—Mamma, may I go out to play now?

Mamma—What, with those holes in your shoes?

Tommy—No, mamma; with those kids next door.

Mr. Ryder—Here, boy; I'll give you a dime to hold my horse five minutes.

Boy—All right, but you'll have ter gimme de dime first.

Mr. Ryder—Can't you trust me?

Boy—Now, Mobbie I won't be here when youse git back.

"Why should we say 'Get thee behind me, Satan?' asked the Sunday school teacher.

"To give us a chance to get ahead of him," replied the bright boy.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself," read the Sunday school teacher. "Now, Nellie, who is 'thy neighbor?'"

"It's the woman next door who is always borrowing things