Between Bugles

A Salt Water Romance.

By MATTHEW WHITE, JR. Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

The dressing bugle had sounded some time since, but Dorothy still stood looking out over the sea. She was thinking how unfortunate it was that dinner on shipboard always robbed her of a view of the sunset. She was a good sailer and consequently had no

excuse for taking her meals on deck. "Still, if this were the only thing I had to worry over," she reflected, "I might indeed be a happy woman."

And this was why Dorothy Shaw was a mystery to all her friends. She refused to be happy, though rich.

"Try it yourselves," she would reply to their expressions of incredulity. "Have so much money left you that your every movement is followed by reporters. If you happen to order a different paper on Friday from the one you bought on Thursday you are certain that you will read in all of them on Saturday that you have decided to give a million to the campaign fund.

She felt that she could trust no one. By sorry experience she had learned that wealth was a bait few could resist, and "How much does he or she want now?" was her first thought on the advances of every new friend she

Finally in desperation she had taken passage in a slow ship under an assumed name, but even so was beset by the constant fear that some one on board would have seen her picture in the papers when her uncle left her the fortune which was her nightmare. That was an additional reason why she liked to linger on deck after most of her fellow passengers had gore down to array themselves for dinner.

The exclamation was forced from her by a sudden gust of wind that took her tam on its wings and blew h straight across the gap of lower afterdeek that intervened on the Alicia between the first and second cabins.

The next instant she smiled and barely refrained from applauding. A man standing well forward on the deck had stretched out his hand and caught the truant bit of red worsted as it went whizzing by him.

A half minute later and the two were standing on the neutral territory of the deck below, for Dorothy had descended in order to meet him halfway in restoring her property.

"I'm very much obliged," said she.

"Not at ull," said the man. He was tall and straight and had the clear blue eyes that Dorothy preferred above all others. She was about to turn back when the

other exclaimed: "Look: there's a whale! He's just

spouted. He'll come up again in a mirute, if you care to watch. See, where my finger points."

Dorothy certainly did care to watch. In all her crossings she had never seen a whale. Now she was rewarded with a fine view of a large specimen.

As it happened, this one kept on in the direction of the steamer for awhile, and after each spout she felt she must wait and see the next one. And then her companion seemed to know a good deal about the creatures, which he imparted in a voice which possessed for Dorothy an indefinable charm.

Voices were a sort of hobby with her. She often declared that this was the one point on which she was not thoroughly patriotic-she could not bring herself to admire, the average American accent.

But this stranger's voice puzzled her. He looked and dressed like one of her countrymen, but he spoke with neither the western bur, the southern twang, the Boston affectation nor the New York flatness.

She did not know until some weeks later that he was English born, but had come to the States as a young fellow hoping for better opportunities to make a living than his mother country afforded him. He was returning to England to claim a sum of money left him by an uncle.

The dinner bugle sounded, and the man, as if reminded by its notes that he belonged in a different atmosphere the second cabin is called to meals by a plebeian bell), lifted his cap and

walked away For the remainder of the voyage Sherwood Roberts hung over the back rail to gaze into the swirl of waters surging out from the twin screws and curse the fate that had left to his meeting this pretty woman on the present trip instead of on the one he expected | the voyage is over.'

to take a few weeks later. away from her as in second cabin," he muttered between cfinched teeth. 'Idiot that I was for coming this way. And to think that within ten days I could lay a fortune at her feet. And the conventions won't even permit that I send her a note to say that this is positively my last appearance in poverty. But

perhaps I'll meet her in London." He never did, howe er, akhough he brunted Hyde park and the fashionable hotels after his claim to is uncle's property had been established and he had come into the possession of that which enabled him to dress three | to regain possession of a little old red

"I wonder now," he would sometimes ask himself, "if I had put my pride in my pocket and borrowed enough on my expectations to come over first instead of second, would things have turned out differently? She looked as if she didn't mind so very much my having detained her to talk about whales, I

wonder if"-But what was the use of wondering anything about a woman be would probably never see again?

so long in the States that he could not his adopted country in a first cabin spite of a handicap that he couldn't forget.

During the first night out it came ou to blow great guns. Roberts lay in shot through his open port and hit him squarely in the face.

was soft and red, with gold threads running through it, and-

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Roberts, starting up in his berth. "Her tam!" them-at least, he hoped there couldn't. nity he seeks to serve. But how had it come into his cabin?

It could not be possible that she knew he was there and had taken this i means of apprising him of her presence? Why, she had scarcely spoken half a dozen words to him in her life. But the cap was hers unmistakably.

He fondled it foolishly for a mintite or two and then got up and proceeded to dress with all speed, or at least with as much speed as was consistent with the rolling of the vessel.

All day he haunted the ladies' room and the decks, almost deserted on account of the storm, and had begun to read the cards affixed beside each stateroom door when he suddenly remembered the foolishness of this plan to find a woman whose name he did not know.

"This is simply maddening," he told himself after a day of fine weather and still no sight of the tam's owner. "At this rate she will escape me again." Then he bethought him of a brilliant

He took a pen and wrote the following notice:

Found. - A lady's red tam, shot with gold. Owner may have same by applying at cabin 23 between bugles any evening.

This he affixed to the bulletin board be the companionway and that night dressed a half hour before the first bugle sounded so as to be in readiness is receive company during the period atmed.

But nobody appeared that evening nor the next, and now there were only two days left on the voyage.

He had passed a half hour of impatient waiting in the stuffy stateroom on the third day of the notice. and, quite discouraged, threw open his door to go to dinner, when he stepped squarely into the person who had emerged from her room just opposite in the narrow entryway.

"I beg your pardon," said Roberts, and then he fairly gasped as he real-

lady of the tam. "I have something of yours," he

blurted out-"that red tam you lost once before." The girl's cheeks suddenly took on the hue of the cap that hung over

Roberts' berth. "Oh," she said, "was it your port I flung it into? I didn't know. It started to blow away again that first morning, and I thought I was tossing it into my own cabin."

"And you've been just across that five foot space," Roberts rejoined, "while I've been ransacking the ship for you-to restore the tam," he hastened to add. "Didn't you see the notice on the bulletin board?"

"No. This is the first I've been out since the storm. It left me with a nasty reminder of the shaking we all received. I'm so glad to be on deck again! Did you have a pleasant trip on the other side?"

"Jolly fine," answered Roberts. But he wasn't thinking of the other side at all when he said it, but of the woman he had lost and found again.

Unconsciously they had walked to that part of the deck where Dorothy had been standing when the tam blew off on the voyage over.

"I suppose I must pin the cap in tightly this time," she remarked. "You won't be there to catch it if it flies off again." And she glanced over at the econd cabin.

He looked up at the one she was "That's a very pretty tam," he oberved irrelevantly. "I trust it is

skewered in tightly. Whether she read his inner meaning, she gave no token then, but suggested that it was nigh time they both went down to dinner. The next night was the dance, and after the final twostep she reminded him that in the morning there would be the bustle of

"And I haven't relieved you of that tam yet," she added.

"I shall miss it very much," he replied. "And you won't need it now

"Yes," she said softly, her eyes fix-"I might as well be a thousand miles | ed on Nantucket light, toward which they were swiftly cutting their way. "I suppose it has served its purpose. but I don't want to lose it again."

Roberts knew she wasn't thinking of all the words implied, but he was quick enough to seize at the opening. and-well, before they faced the customs officers on the pier he knew where to take the tam.

But he always forgets to carry it with him when he calls, and when Dorothy one evening said "Yes" to a certain question he asked her she added. "This is a desperate step to take tam-o'-shanter."

Intelligent and Consecrated Leadership the Need of the Hour.

By Peter Radford. Lecturer National Farmers' Union.

The rural pastor has greater possibilities than any other factor in our national life. The rural civilization So this Englishman who had lived of the Twentieth Century has opened up a new world of activities for him. keep away from them re-embarked for There lie before him unexplored continents of usefulness, unemployed deck room and tried to be happy in forces of civilization and tremendous responsibilities such as have never before confronted the pastorate.

The need of the rural communities today is intelligent and consecrated his berth late, debating whether to get | leadership. There must be a marshalup or not, when suddenly something ing of forces that build life, strengthen character and broaden vision. The pastor should deal with living problems. In addition to the service he now renders he should help us lift the market basket, hold out a helping hand to the farmer and develop Surely there could not be two of the potential energies of the commu-

A More Useful Ministry.

The farmer needs the personal touch of the pastor. He seldom comes in direct contact with his hallowing influence, except when he is baptized, married and buried. We need to further extend Christian influence in the homes, as well as to spread the gospel in China; to instruct our children in the art of living, as well as to convert the barbarian and the Hottentot, and we should devote our energy and talent to the solution of problems of our own locality, rather than consume our energies in fighting vice and ignorance beyond our borders. It is as important that we discuss from the pulpit, the building of macadam highways from the church to our homes, as that we preach of the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. It is as much a part of the duty of the pastor to exhort us to own a home while on earth as to inspire us to build a mansion in the skies and that we should construct Christian character in our own community, rather than that we fight foreign sins in other lands. We want a religion we can farm by as well as die by.

Christian Influence Needed.

There is an emptiness in the life of rural communities and we want preachers who can weave into the ocial fiber, educational pastimes, profitable pleasures and instructive musements. Too often we find the games of our young people a search for a suggestion in immorality and a stepping-stone to sin. The pastor should supervise the growing lives of young people, approve their amusements, create expressions of joy and pleasure that makes for Christian character and bless their lives with Christian modesty.

The farm is the nursery of civilization, and the parsonage of all reized that the other person was the ligious denominations. Too long has the farm furnished the cities with their great preachers, until today the rural church is the gangway to city pulpits. The current should be re-

versed. The power of the pulpit is most needed in the country where the fundamental forces of human life originate. The farm is the powerhouse of all progress and the birthplace of all that is noble. The Garden of Eden was in the country and the man who would get close to God must first get close to nature. Many communities are church-ridden. We frequently have three or four churches in a community with a circuit rider once a month preaching to small congregations and all fail to perform the religious functions of the community. the admiralty came upon them as In many instances, more harmonious effort might result in a more efficient The division of religious forces and breaking into fragments of moral effort are ofttimes little less than a calamity and defeat the pur-

poses they seek to promote. A pastor in a neighborhood, studying the economic, social, moral and educational problems of the community, presenting fresh visions of potenpossibilities and native power with beauty and new meaning, interpreting the thought-life of the community and administering to their daily needs, will contribute more toward the advancement of a locality than a dozen preachers who occupy the pulpits at irregular intervals, preaching on subjects foreign to the life of the community.

Church prejudice is a vice that saps much of the spiritual life of a community, and wasteful sectarianism is a religious crime against so-Denominational reciprocity should take its place. Non-support of church institutions and religious lethargy can often be traced to causes inherent with the church. There should be co-operation between churches and co-ordination of moral effort along economic lines, and there must be if the rural churches of this state are going to render a service which this agu demands.

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COAST OF ENGLAND BOMBARDED

(Continued from 1st page)

withdrew before the British pursurers could come up with them.

Off Hartlepool, however, just after the Germans had shelled that port, four fast destroyers sent to head off the invaders by they were withdrawing. It was said the Germans had fired about 50 shells when attacked.

Details were lacking, owing to the censorship. The report of the engagement reached here from Newcastle.

A number of Hartlepool's inhabitants were killed and wounded by the bombardment, the gas works were set on fire and the water works were damaged.

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