Matrimonial Adventures

"Really Married"

BY

Mary Stewart Cutting

Author of Little Stories of Married Life," "More Stories of Married Life," "Retractory Husbands," "The Wayfarers," "Lovers of Sains," "Little Stories of Courtship," "Some of Us Are Married," etc.

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PERSONALITY OF MARY STEWART CUTTING

No author is better known in this country for married life stories than Mary Stewart Cutting. She joined the Star Author Series of Matrimonial Adventures with deep interest for the plan.

I have known Mrs. Cutting for a good many years, in fact, I am one of the few people to whom she told wonderful stories long before she began writing them. Every evening at sundown I sat with several other favored ones in her back parlor and listened breathlessly to tales that became in that circle unpublished classics—tales that were delightfully suited to the intelligence and entertainment of her hearers.

She has found a much larger, but I dare to say no more appreciative, audience in the years that have intervened. The other day a group of people sat around a table, and each person there spoke with enthusiasm of a different one of her "Little Stories of Married Life"—though, to quote her own words, she wrote only "the kind of stories everybody knows, like your bread and butter," and of people who "just naturally lived outside the city and took trains." Hers is the universal touch.

Her own married life, to quote her again, was "the happiest she knows anything about." Her husband was a western man, and she had six children. It was her four older children who first appreciated her as an author—I was one of them.

MARY STEWART CUTTING, JR.

How does one solve a problem that can't be solved? Of course all problems are impossible of solution until you do solve them.

One never knows when the smallest happening may turn out to be a big thing in its effect on the mind of two people who love each other, in all the years that may come, never to be forgotten.

Sally, the blue-eyed, soft-cheeked wife of Carleton May, whose photograph with its firm lips and steady eyes reinforced her spirit from the little table beside her—the mother of the two curlyheads and the baby upstairs with Maggie, was busy with her own problem as she sat in the small firelit room looking out of the window, in the fast-darkening winter afternoon, at the flooded vacant suburban lots and the leafless bushes that trembled at the fierce slashes of the rain.

She was listening to the footsteps of her father as he paced up and down the narrow hallway; every now and then he called to her dejectedly:

"It doesn't look much like clearing, Sally," and she replied:

"Oh, I think it does, father!" though she didn't think so at all.

How, how, she wondered desperately, could she make her commuting husband appear glad to go back to town this evening, after the half-mile walk home from the station in this icy slush and rain? There never were any taxis in this outlying part of the suburb. How had she failed to remind him in the unclouded morning that this and not tomorrow, as first intended, was to be the night of father's treat? Ever since luncheon she had tried repeatedly to get Carleton on a phone that had "gone dead." She knew intuitively that, unwarned, his first loudly spoken words in answer to her would be:

"Go in town tonight? You're crazy."

Oh, no enforced resignation on his part would suffice. There must be a glow of enjoyment to satisfy poor father, who had planned this festivity for his brief trip up from the South, where his health, since the death of his wife, kept him in the lonely winters; the thought of this pleasure given to those he loved would warm his heart for months to come.

He was a tall, soldierly old man, with a square gray beard and piercing eyes under bushy gray eyebrows. His old friends called him major, but he was mostly known here as Sally May's father; absent or present he was so much a father, always, as far as moderate means could afford, "doing something" for her and hers.

But this theater party tonight—for which the most expensive last-minute seats had been procured—and the prospective supper, while embracing Sally's and Carleton's young visiting cousins, Howard and Ellyn Brown, were on their way to Florida, was really intended as a special treat for her son-in-law. Carleton was going through the struggles of a young man to support his little family, buying shoes, perforce, instead of theater tickets. He had, moreover, a chronic bitterness for the major, which the latter deeply appreciated.

He came in now to stand beside his daughter, saying anxiously:

"I'm afraid Carleton won't want to go out in the rain again."

"Oh, he's indoors all day, you know," said Sally, briefly. "And Howard and Ellyn are looking forward to it also so much—young people do love a treat."

"Yes, yes, that's true," responded the major with a sigh.

He cocked expectantly at a dark, languid spiral of smoke rising into the room.

"What's in the fire?"

"I don't think I'd better go tonight," said Howard, briefly. "I think I ought to stay home, sir; I've got a cold."

"He hasn't at all, mom!" volunteered the wide-eyed eight-year-old Carley, who had followed on his cousin's heels. "He says he's sick of theaters. He wants to stay home and read 'The Hound of the Baskervilles!'"

"If he has a cold—" said the major, oblivious of his grandson's remarks. Any pleá of health was always valid to the major.

"Yes, you had better stay here, my boy; much better."

"Well, Ellyn will enjoy it anyway," began Sally comfortingly, as Howard disappeared, and stopped short as a tall, thin, abnormally short-skirted young girl came toward them with an agitated expression on her small, pale, snub-nosed countenance.

"Is there anything the matter, Ellyn?"

"Oh, nothing, but—" Ellyn was at the age when to make one of a family party of pleasure was nothing short of agony. "I do so hate to tell you and the major, but one of my neuralgic headaches is coming on and I think—I'm afraid—I ought not to go out in this weather. I know mother wouldn't want me to be exposed."

"No, of course not!" said the major hastily, in spite of his stricken countenance. "You mustn't be exposed on any account, my dear child. No!"

"I feel dreadfully about it, major dear," murmured the girl with a sharp look at Sally, who was fiercely silent. Two tickets cast away, and the major had paid seven dollars apiece for them to a speculator.

Little Maisie May with her outstanding crop of curls guilelessly added her version of the affair as Ellyn ran upstairs.

"She told Howard she didn't want to go because she hadn't any sweetie."

"Oh, if she would like some candy!" began the major with eagerness.

"She doesn't mean candy, she means a young man," said Sally. "Never mind, father dear; we'll get some one else who would be glad to go!"

Her heart was hot within her; it was exactly like Carleton's relations, they never put themselves out for anybody!

But all the more need for Carleton to stand by now. A saving idea occurred to her, solving the problem at once. Why hadn't she thought of it before? The rain was hurling itself at the window with renewed violence. She must manage to get to the Wakefields at the corner and telephone Carleton to have his dinner in town—as they would all have done but for the baby's needs—and meet them there afterward. He liked to come home and dress first, but he wouldn't mind this time. She must slip out without Father's seeing her.

As she splashed through puddles in her artics, the rain rattling down on her umbrella and Carleton's mackintosh, her mind was uncomfortably reverting to the parting from her husband that morning—there had been something lacking. To married lovers each day differeth extremely in glory—there is a deepening of the joy of affection, or an imperceptible lessening of it; there are the days that seem to make neither for progression nor retrogression, and yet of which it is dangerous to have too many; non-recognition may slide so far that what should be the thrilling pleasure of recovery turns into an irritation. It is a fact often overlooked, that, taking it by and large, there is no being more inwardly sensitive to the changes in domestic atmosphere than the unanalytical American husband.

Carleton had gone off that morning, after the vaguely unsympathetic conditions of the past week, with an indefinable effect of glad escape from household demands that impressed itself on her even in his kiss of farewell.

Sally was more in love with her husband than when, nine years ago, they had begun life together; she knew that his love for her had grown also. That was what it was to be really married. But she had a sudden consciousness now that she had perhaps been tiresome in asking him to do a great many things lately, from the first moment he entered the house until he left it; she didn't want him to be glad to get away from her! He never refused to do what she asked of him, but he had told her once that he was exceptionally busy at the office these days. She had a strange sense of their being out of touch. The rain beat in her face and chilled her heart. When she heard his voice she would feel better; he would say: "Stop imagining things."

She had another inspiration when Jimmy, the nineteen-year-old son and heir, came to her ring at the Wakefields.

"Oh, Jimmy! don't you want to go to the theater with us tonight? My father has two extra tickets."

Jimmy shook his head. "Thank you, but I've got a date myself. Mother's out."

"I only want to use your phone, if I may," said Sally. "Ours is out of order."

It seemed hours before Central got the right number, but at last—

"Oh, is Trixie in this you? This is Mrs. May speaking. Is Mr. May there?—What?—Went out after lunch and said he wouldn't be back at the office again?—Do you know where I could reach him?—Had a good many places to go to? No; it's nothing important, thank you. Good-by."

Out in the storm all that afternoon as he himself would have expressed it for her, it was rather hard.

She called up a couple of friends, more to relieve the party, she would feel, the other in Philadelphia. She drifted idly to get the friends of Sally's youth. She carefully laid the cloth for two for the table beside the window before leaving.

A guilty feeling of town had at least its cheerful illumination at this time of year, and during hours there is a sense of populousness, of action, of speed. But in an outlying suburb a rainy winter night is the blackness of desolation.

The outline of a man bent forward against the storm was the only sign of life as Sally returned home. But her spirit obstinately rose now against failure. She would find some way to save the day yet.

The two children were having their early supper at the little round table under the big clock in the dining room. Carley looked up to ask: "What's the matter with grandpa? He walks up and down all the time and won't smile."

He looked very old and worn as he caught sight of Sally.

"Where have you been?" he asked anxiously.

"Only to the Wakefield's for a minute. The rain isn't so bad when you're out in it," she lied.

He visibly brightened. "That's just what I've been thinking. Of course I don't mind weather, never did!"

Perhaps Carleton might feel that way too. She had a sudden buoyance of hope as she ran upstairs to change her things. She opened the door of Carleton's closet by mistake, and saw— The day had a curse on it, that was all there was to it! A glance had shown that his new shoes were missing—he had worn them into town. The fact covered a tragedy. Carleton was afflicted with a little toe on his left foot that had to be treated with peculiar consideration if a shoe—which, of course, must not be too tight—were the least bit too broad, the toe slipped back under its fellows, to be trodden into agony by them at every step. If Carleton had been out in the rain all the afternoon in those shoes—

Her loving heart swelled with pity for him. Oh, she couldn't ask him to take another step! She thought swiftly of the time when she had fallen on the ice and hurt her knee and he had carried her all the way home—of all the big crises in which he had so dearly come to her aid. She wouldn't sacrifice him now for anyone! If father had to be disappointed, he had to be; she would try to make up to him for it by her companionship.

She dressed hurriedly. There was only one thing left now for her to do; she must manage to speak to Carleton before the major saw him, to at least fend off the blow of his first inevitable words of horrified surprise and protest.

She hugged the baby to her, a little fat, warm bundle, as her one comfort in this dreadful, endless day, before putting him to bed.

"Well, you are all dressed, I see," said the major, sighing. "My, my, it seems to be raining harder than ever! It will be pretty tough on the boy to go out again tonight, and you won't want to go without him. I intended this for a pleasure you know, my dear, but I suppose we'll just have to give it up this time."

"Not a bit of it!" said Sally, with forced cheeriness. "Waste all those lovely tickets? Not much!"

She went to the front door and looked out into the downpour; no signs of her husband! But the major had followed her.

She got away from him and slipped down the basement stairs to peer out secretly from the lower door.

"Where are you, Sally?" he called. "Come up here, my dear."

There began a wild game of hide and seek, Sally and the major each on the watch for the first glimpse of the homecomer. She swept the children out of her way, when, evading her father, she dashed up or down to either point of advantage.

"Don't put dinner on the table yet," she ordered Maggie.

Ellyn was having hers on a tray in her room and trying a new complexion cream. Howard was still glued to the "Hound of the Baskervilles." The major settled into a steady walk forward and back in the upper hall, opening the front door at each round to look out, and Sally in desperation took her stand half in the wet areaway. Would Carleton never come?

At last, at last, through the darkness of the deluge his figure materialized unexpectedly near, as, closing his umbrella he turned toward the upper steps. His arms were full of bundles.

"Oh, Carleton, Carleton! Come this way, down here!"

Her hands groped for him, dragged him to her. The touch of his dear body, even in his wet overcoat, seemed salvation, though he had an effect of resistance, as if the dividing haze of the last few days was still there.

"What's the matter? Let's get inside."

"No, no! wait a moment. I've got to speak where father can't hear. He is in the hall above waiting for you."

"Say it quick then! I've been out all afternoon in these infernal shoes. My toes—"

"Oh, I know it all, dear!" Her whispered words came in a torrent. "I tried to get you on the phone to remind you—this is the night of father's treat—that he's been planning for months—but tomorrow, as you thought."

"Tonight! Holy mackerel!"

He stood staring incredulously at her in the ray of light from the half-closed door behind them.

"Well, you can count me out, then. You don't mean you want me to go back to town now?" His voice was outraged.

"No, no, dear! Don't talk so loud. I wouldn't hate you for that for the world. I've been so sorry for you! But—but—Hey, agonized voice—please, please don't speak that way to father. If you can only say something. I don't know what to suggest, but you were disappointed, it might make things easier for him. It's been such a dreadful day! Howard and Ellyn have been acting up and won't go, and I can't get anyone else on those tickets, and father's broken-hearted on your account. I can't tell you how he's been watching the weather; it's nearly killed him."

"Let's get inside," said her husband again. He deposited his packages on the floor. "Here are the coffee and the bacon, and the oranges."

For a moment her world hung in the balance. The small face raised to his white and drawn, with the frightened eyes; so had she looked the night before the baby was born.

"Hel-lo!" he said deftly, as he stooped to kiss her. "Why, why, you mustn't get worked up like this over nothing!" He stopped short with his hand on her arm as the major's voice came from above in tremulous appeal.

"Oh, Carleton, Carleton! Is that you at last?"

At the note of tragedy Carleton registered as they say, consternation. His jaw dropped; he looked wildly around as if for escape. Then his eyes met Sally's once more— A swift change came over his countenance, he drew his mouth down in a humorous resignation. A generous kindness seemed to emanate from him as enfolding as light, as he murmured:

"Well, what do you know about that!"

Sally caught her breath—always when she needed it, the miracle of his help was made manifest. His arm was around her as they went upstairs to meet the tall, thin old figure at the top.

"Carleton, you poor boy! You won't want to go out again!"

"Who minds a little rain?" said his son-in-law hardily. "Just the night, I'll say, to get off for some fun."

If you had seen father's face then—! Old? Not a bit of it!

"What's this I hear?" Carleton continued. "Two tickets to spare?—I'll have to kick off this shoe, it's murdering me. No taxis, of course. I'll settle all this! Don't you worry, Sally, I'm not going to walk, I couldn't."

He paused for breath as Carley and Maisie hurled themselves upon him in welcome.

"Here, children, leave your Dad alone. I've got to get to the phone!"

"It isn't working," moaned Sally.

"Yes it is—Give me Mountain 1670. Hello—hello! Is this Mr. S. W. Watts? —Well, Squatty, this is the president of the United Goldfish Creamery association. Yes, I supposed you'd recognize the voice.—The Missus still away?—Anything doing tonight with you and your kid brother? I thought not. The question is, can your car make this house and the 7:30 train afterward?—Fine! We're off on a theater bat, the major's party; two tickets to donate. The major's some prince, I'd have you know. Yes, it rains; we expect to land on Ararat. Are you and Jim in on this? We're only asking you on account of the car, y'unerstan'.—Sally's horrified—What did you say? Take us all the way into town? Oh, that's too much! All right, we'll expect you."

He turned to his wife to say, "Never mind my dinner, all I want is to change and soak up my feet!"

It was a wonderful party. It wasn't only that the hilarious guests motored them all the way into town, or that Father, dear Father, beaming with a touching joy, sat between Carleton and Sally, and saw that no one lost a point. There was, beside all this, a deep inner glow of pleasure, an overtone of harmony that made itself felt even to those least aware of its cause.

As for the supper at the Bamboula afterwards—but why go into details? The Major never did things by halves. As Jim remarked, "Oh boy! That was some eats." If Sally felt a pang for Ellyn, at a remembrance of the girl's face over the banisters as the gay party left the house, she sternly quenched it. Ellyn would have to learn.

It was after their return—singing all the way, Father's bass, mind you, joining in—that Sally, getting ready for the night, with her hair unbound, leaned against her husband's shoulder to say:

"I don't know how you manage it—you never fail me!"

"That's the big idea," he announced; the tender pressure of his arms around her voiced the unspoken words:

"And I never will!"

Careful.

Old Aunt Sally enjoyed a wide reputation among her acquaintances in Virginia for all the household virtues. She was as neat as the proverbial pin. Once, however, in order to sustain that reputation, she admitted resorting to deception.

A neighbor in passing discovered Aunt Sally industriously scrubbing her piazza floor and sought an explanation.

"Well," said Aunt Sally, "I kinder thought ef folks see this piazzy clean they wouldn't suspect how mah kitchen looks today."

Timely Recipes For the Busy Housewife

Pumpkin Pie

Boil down either fresh or canned pumpkin until it is brown and about the consistency of mashed potatoes. Then mix as follows: one cup pumpkin, one cup sugar, one-half cup cream, one-half cup milk, 3 eggs well beaten, one-half teaspoonful cinnamon.

Add the spice and cinnamon to the sugar before mixing with the other ingredients. Bake in a rich pastry crust for about an hour. Have the oven slow.

Fudge

Three cups sugar, one cup milk, two squares chocolate, five tablespoons butter, vanilla if desired.

Mix sugar and milk thoroughly before putting on stove to cook. When sugar is dissolved add butter and melted chocolate. Cook until syrup forms a soft ball in cold water. Remove from stove, let cool then beat until candy is hard to mould in hands. Knead this and put in mould. Cut as desired.

Divinity

Two cups sugar, one cup Karo (dark), one-fourth cup boiling water, three whites of eggs, one and one-half cups nut meats, few drops vanilla.

Cook sugar, karo and boiling water until brittle on the spoon. Add vanilla, then pour syrup slowly over white of eggs that have been beaten very lightly, stirring continually. Add nut meats when candy is very stiff then pour out on buttered dish.

Blueberry Muffins

Blueberries, 1 cup; flour, 3 cups, sugar, ½ cup; butter, ½ cup; milk, 1½ cups, eggs, 2; salt, 1 teaspoonful; baking powder, 3 heaping teaspoons.

Cream butter and sugar; add beaten eggs and milk. Then gradually add sifted flour, baking powder and salt. Add blueberries and put in tins, and bake fifteen minutes before serving.

Candied Apples

Peel and core apples with a round corer remover; slice apples crosswise three-quarters of an inch thick; put one cup sugar, one-half cup water on stove in a low pan, boil to a heavy syrup. Add fruit coloring, any color desired. Dip the rings of apples into syrup and cook until perfectly clear. Broke or torn apples frequently while cooking. Remove by using a fork to lay on large platter and allow to stand until perfectly cold, then roll in granulated sugar. When syrup boils down too low to cover apples, add more syrup, which has been made in separate pan.

A FAVORITE WITH KING TUT

A novel and appetizing use for boiled beets is in corn beef hash. Chop cold boiled beets fine and use equal parts of beets and potatoes with the beef and onion or discard the potatoes altogether. Some cooks add chopped green peppers.

Whether the name bee comes from a Celtic word "Beta," meaning red, or from the Greek letter "B," it is a vegetable of ancient and honorable usage and always popular, either for its cooked foliage for greens or for the root biled and served with butter or in combination with other dishes. The finest flavor is said to be secured when the beets are baked, the hard outer shell being removed and the tender interior served with a plentiful dressing of butter.

It is not known when the beet was introduced into cultivation but it is known that it was eaten by the Egyptians of ancient times and no doubt was found in the tomb of King Tut, embalmed or pickled. Crosby's Egyption beet is one of the best for very early planting.

Beets have two distinct methods of growth. Some such as the Egyptian grow wholly underground. Others such as Detroit Dark Red have about a third of their root above the surface of the soil. The Eagry Flat Egyptian also grows above the soil although it is a parent of the Crosby Egyptian which does not.

It will speed the germination of beets to soak the seed, although this is not necessary. Beets should be sown as soon as the ground can be worked. They will always come up too thick because each "seed" is really a fruit cluster and contains several seeds. Therefore they must be thinned early, and the uprooted plants cooked with their tops make delicious "greens." They need a moist seed bed for prompt germination and the soil should be well firmed over them. If it is dry weather at planting time soak the seed.

Some Slackening Noted In Industrial Boom

Chicago, April 20.—Although industry is humming along at a merry pace, both producers and consumers are proceeding with caution and there is no likelihood of runaway commodity markets. In fact, reports from various lines of industry indicate some slackening, and the reports are widely enough distributed to suggest that last month may have seen the season's peak of activity.

"There is increasing evidence of moderation in prices of finished steel and in the attitude of buyers," the Iron Age says of the steel industry. "Pressure on the mills is just as great but there is less offering of premiums to get early delivery and less effort to place contracts covering third-quarter months. Fabricated steel business is not running at the rate of March, but that month established a high point. Buyers of pig iron have been almost absent from the market."

While the steel industry is still operating around 92 per cent of capacity, the test of its ability to hold its labor forces intact is yet to come. The mills face the competition of high wages offered for some forms of outdoor work despite the recent general increase in steel plant wages. It is commented on that buying by the railroads and automobile plants still remains remarkably high.

Another bit of evidence of prudent slackening in activity is the report on the country's freight movement. Revenue freight loadings for the first week of April at 895,767 cars were the smallest in six weeks and a reduction of 42,058 cars, or 4½ per cent from the total of the last week in March. It is probable, however, that Easter was partly responsible for the smaller movement shown in the current figures. Loadings for the year to April 7 totaled 12,226,150 cars, compared with 10,607,150 a year ago and 9,710,815 in the 1920 period.

The present prospect is that commodity prices this summer will show considerable irregularity. The slackening demand for fabricated steel would indicate some let-down in building operations.

Northwest Mill Output Continues Above Normal

Seattle, April 20.—One hundred and thirty-five mills reporting to the West Coast Lumbermen's association for the week ending April 14th, manufactured 114,288,359 feet of lumber; sold 113,688,836 feet; and shipped 118,922,717 feet.

Production for reporting mills was 25 per cent above normal. New business was ½ per cent below production. Shipments were 5 per cent above new business.

Thirty-nine per cent of all new business taken during the week was for future water delivery. This amounted to 44,190,541 feet, of which 36,575,850 feet was for domestic cargo delivery; and 7,623,691 feet export. New business for delivery by rail amounted to 2,130 cars.

Thirty-seven per cent of the week's lumber shipments moved by water. This amounted to 44,453,422 feet, of which 32,783,231 feet moved coastwise and intercoastal; and 11,670,191 feet overseas. Rail shipments totaled 2,305 cars.

Local auto and team deliveries totaled 5,319,295 feet.

Unfilled domestic cargo orders total 171,720,521 feet. Unfilled export orders, 98,567,579 feet. Unfilled rail trade orders, 9,828 cars.

In the first fifteen weeks of the year, production of West Coast Lumbermen's association mills has been 1,416,190,712 feet; new business 1,638,988,870 feet; and shipments 1,648,417,771 feet.

FARM LOANS EASY

San Francisco, April 20.—Farmers may obtain loans from federal farm loan banks on canned fruits, canned vegetables, nuts and beans, although those commodities are not directly specified in the rural credits bill which permits farm loans on "personal property," United States Senator Samuel Shortridge was advised today in a telegram from Judge Charles E. Lobdell, chairman of the farm loan board in Washington. An interpretation of the point had been asked by Congressman Arthur M. Free of San Jose, Cal., in the interest of canners and farmers in the San Jose region.

Dried fruits can also be listed as one of the commodities on which "personal "property" loans may be made under the rural credits bill, Judge Lobdell advised Senator Shortridge.

"THE TIMBER QUEEN"

By Herbert Crooker

Adapted from the Pathe Photoplay Serial by Val Cleveland

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Chapter VII.
MUTINY

Cluxton shut his eyes and waited. Suddenly a terrific explosion seemed to shake the universe. He waited a moment, then opened his eyes, half fearful of what might meet their gaze. When the smoke had cleared he saw that the bridge was down—but at a short distance on the opposite side of the river he saw Ruth Reading and Don Mackay speeding safely over the snows on their dog sledge. They had cheated death by the fraction of a minute.

"A fine mess you've made of it—we'll be lucky if we get out of here before the Spring thaw!"

James Cluxton swung around and beheld Bull Joyce and Vance, his two companions having suddenly driven up with the dog-team. And James had made a slight mess of things. With the bridge down, there would be considerable difficulty in crossing the river.

"It was a gambling chance and I took it," he replied sullenly. "Ten seconds later and we would have had them trapped."

"Well, it's nothing to get excited about," Vance interposed. "We can go down through Little Elk Canyon and cross over where the river is frozen. Why, it's a shorter route by six miles."

Morning found the Timber Queen and Don Mackay at the coast town of Cinnabar. They had decided to book passage on the first ship available and return to Seattle with all possible haste. After changing their frozen garments, the two young people inquired around the wharves and learned that the oil freighter, Lily, was making ready to shove off. They hurried to the dock where the Lily was tied up, and arrived just in time to see Captain Jensen, the skipper, finishing an argument with two members of his crew. The Captain was a man of few words; indeed, his fists seemed to settle the argument in short time.

"A fine pair of hounds!" was his greeting to the young couple. "Trying to desert at the last minute." And turning to his mate, he added, "See that they're locked up—I'll attend to them later."

Ruth stepped forward. "Captain," she said, "we heard you were sailing tomorrow and we'd like to book passage with you. We're in a desperate hurry and can't wait for the regular passenger ship."

The captain looked at the lovely girl before him with amused eyes. "Yes; I guess I can take you," he smiled. "But you'll have to put up with rough fare—there ain't no passenger accommodations on this kettle."

Ruth and Don thanked the skipper and left the wharves to prepare for the voyage. Many necessary things had to be purchased, as the young couple were forced to leave some of their possessions behind them when they hurriedly left the Yukon. They decided to board the ship that night.

When night came we again come in contact with our gentle trio—still on the trail and still hopeful for success. After some discreet inquiries, Cluxton and his friends learned that Ruth and Don were aboard the Lily. And their information came from one of the trouble-makers in the crew of "Knock-Out" Jensen's schooner. Cluxton put up his proposition and in a few moments a bill of goodly denominations changed hands. But their new-found friend had some rather original ideas as well.

"Listen to me," he said, looking about carefully. "When we're well out to sea the boys is gonna tap Cap Jensen on the bean an' take over the bloomin' ship. Then we can drop this girl an' the chap off on an island. They'll be lucky if they're heard of for a year or so." Cluxton and his associates were very, very much pleased with their prospects. Fate at last had dealt them an ace—all aces!

The morning of the first day dawned with such exquisite beauty that Ruth and Don had very little idea it was going to prove such an eventful one. There was not a cloud in the sky. Both had come on deck early—to see the sun rise, and both had ravishing appetites, brought on by the fresh sea air. Consequently, when the call for mess came, they raced madly for the chow hall.

James Cluxton, Bull Joyce and the wily Vance had impressed the fact upon Captain Jensen, that they did not want Miss Reading or Mr. Mackay to catch sight of them. "Knock-Out" Jensen arranged that matter with little difficulty. The three conspirators, therefore, had been quartered in the after part of the ship, and here their meals were served.

After breakfast the two young people again ventured on deck. Word had been passed that land should be sighted around noon, in fact, the look-outs, from their high perches in the crow's nests, were eagerly scanning the horizon, hoping to be able to cry "Land a'hoy!" before many hours.

As Ruth and Don, arm and arm, walked down the starboard deck toward the forward well-deck, they came upon the burly skipper having words with the trouble-maker who had caused him anxiety just before they had booked their passage.

"It didn't take you long to forget my orders!" roared Jensen. "You're drunk again!"

"How do yuh git that way?" came the sullen reply. "I ain't had a drop since we left the Gate."

As the skipper stared at the accused, another figure darted from a hatchway and landed solidly on his back. With a roar, Jensen whirled around, throwing his attacker against the bulkhead, and with a rush, knocked the first man into the water-way. The smack of the last blow seemed to be a general signal, for the deck suddenly seemed to swarm with sailormen. Horatious at the bridge had very little on Captain Jensen on the well-deck. One by one, he knocked them down, only to have them arise and stagger forward again.

The sounds of the fray soon reached the ears of Don Mackay, and followed by the excited girl, he rushed forward. At the sight of the mutiny the spirit of "fair play" carried him into the thick of the fight, where he urged the deckhands who sided with the skipper to give the mutineers the battle of their lives.

From her position on the main deck, Ruth watched the fight with glowing cheeks. A shout of warning left her lips as she saw a burly seaman rush for Don, but young Mackay swung quickly around and cleverly warded off his attacker. The battle was getting fiercer every moment. Don and the Captain stood almost shoulder to shoulder, while the faithful members of the crew took care of the mutineers on the outside of the center of the fray.

Jim Cluxton and his friends heard the shouts and oaths from the battle and had stealthily made their way forward. The mutiny meant many things to them, as the overthrow of the skipper would leave the way clear for them to do what they would with the Timber Queen and her big champion. Vance, however, whispered that it would be best for them to remain in the background until the fight terminated. They had bes: take no chances.

And to the mutineers it was a battle of life or death. They knew the law of the seas and what it meant to lose—the noose, or many weary years in prison. Back and forth the milling crowd jostled and fought! Several times the tide of battle swung with Captain Jensen, only to have it swing back in favor of the mutineers. Finally came the opportunity which clearly demonstrated how "Knock-Out" Jensen earned the nickname he was justly proud of. Like logs he knocked down the forces of the enemy, and Don, on his part, showed perhaps that the nickname was worthy of himself as well.

Only a handful of men remained loyal to the sturdy skipper, but what they lacked in number they more than offset in grit. And slowly but surely the traitorious members of the crew were forced to give way. Each man fell and lay in a heap where the last blow had sent him.

Suddenly, Bull Joyce, back of the fray decided upon a move, and whispered a word to Cluxton and Vance. In the twinkling of an eye they rushed for the girl, seized her, carried her, struggling, down a hatchway and locked her in the first cabin they came to. Left alone, Ruth rose to her feet, and rushing to the door of the stateroom began beating upon it with her fists.

Meanwhile, while the struggle was reaching a termination, one of the mutinous crew, bruised and fight-worn, sought a respite in the oil-laden hold—carelessly indifferent as to the outcome. Lighting a kerosene torch, he tossed it into the forward end of the compartment, where the huge, tar-covered barrels of oil were stored. A wicked smile passed over his thin lips as he saw the tar respond to the tempting blaze. Then, half-stumbling, he climbed the ladder toward the deck of the schooner.

Ten minutes later the alarm was spread. Fire! Captain Jensen shouted orders for the lowering of boats. Don was staggering stupidly about, on the verge of searching for the girl he loved, when one of the mutineers, intent upon vengeance, crashed a terrific blow over his head, sending him spinning to the deck.

In the tiny cabin, Ruth was frantically attempting to escape. All unconscious of the spreading terror, seeking only to return to the aid of the man she loved, she tried every means possible to free herself from the place of imprisonment. Seizing a chair, she crashed it against the door of the stateroom, only to have it break into splinters.

A new terror brought alarm to her. The ship had begun to list heavily to port, she heard cries on deck—she heard the shout of "Fire!"—and water was beginning to fill the stateroom. The roar of the flames, eating hungrily at the oil, reached her ears. A terrible horror filled her—the horror of one who is trapped, unable to escape. She wondered why Don Mackay had not come to her aid. The thought of him seemed to give her more courage. Perhaps he, too, was helpless. The water was up to her knees by now, and the roaring of the flames seemed to draw nearer. She rushed the door, but in vain. Then, the girl seemed to suddenly be overcome, for, like a tired child, she sank to the deck of the stateroom.

(Continued Next Saturday)

See it Wednesday and Thursday at the Rex.