

Men Marooned

CHAPTER I

By George Marsh

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Out where sinister cloud banks fazed with gray waters the sullen bay moaned fitfully. Along shore, plover, sandpiper and yellow-legs, godwit and curlew fed behind the retreating tide, while restless flocks of teal and pintail patrolled the flats between the marshes and the sea. Inland, where mace-hunting hawk-owls wheeled and dipped low over the grass flats, black duck rose from a pool as a heavily burdened figure made its way slowly toward a tent on an older-grown tongue of higher land thrusting seaward into the marsh. As the man neared the camp, a dog barked. Then the warning, rough and sharp, softened to whines and yelps of recognition. Plunging at a stroke, a huge albatross wriggled an ecstatic welcome to his goose-laden master.

"Hello, Shot, old boy!" With an exclamation of relief the man stretched his arms, for his load had been heavy. He was rangy and well made, his lean, strongly modeled features bronzed by wind and sun. From the corner of the right eye a scar crossed the cheek bone to the ear.

Facing his gun in the tent, the goose-hunter freed the plucking dog. Throughout the long hours of the day a prisoner at his stake, nose tortured by the scent, eyes hungry with the sight of passing duck and geese, the albatross went mad at his release.

While the animal worked off his pent energy in thrashing through the alders and long grass in the vicinity of the camp, his master started a fire and put on a kettle of goose to boil; then went in search of drift cedar, for a September norther on the west coast of James bay may blow for days, and cedar kindlings kept dry in a tent are useful.

In an hour the marshes were purple with dusk. Then over the bay an unbroken roar as of a thousand gulls, coupled with thrusters of light, signaled the turn of the tide, and the barrage of wind and rain opened. Along the wide beaches thundered the surf. A little bark in the rocking alders, in a low tent anchored and propped against the pounding of the wind, a man lay with his dog.

As Garth Guthrie listened to the clamor of the wind, the far drumbeat of the advancing tide, the drive of the rain like machine-gun bursts on his tent, his thoughts followed the throbbing years through which he had just lived. Here, in this wild night on the gray coast of the bay, how shadowy it seemed—that war which had caught him up, a boy fresh from college, and dropped him a man, scarred of body—distilled. Even Ethel seemed shadowy, although her last letter brought up the coast by canoe packet from Fort Albany hardly two weeks before, had flicked him with remorse—regret, almost, for his decision to winter again on the bay—Ethel, whom he had taken by storm (as he thought) at the time of his short leave home, in Montreal, after the tragic Somme. It had been a typical war wooing. Enlisting as a private, he had gone overseas with the first Canadian division, and returned, late in 1918, a veteran platoon leader, wearing a wound stripe and the Military Cross; for one morning, in his English hospital, Lieut. Garth Guthrie had received a double surprise—a decoration for gallantry and sixty days' home leave while his wounded left arm recovered its strength. This last was patently the work of his older brother, Charles, whose Montreal machine shops were running night and day on government shell contracts, for home leave was rare among the Canadians.

Then he had met Ethel. With a boy of twenty-four, who, two years before, had carried the dreams of a college senior into the shambles of Flanders, the hours spent with the lovely Ethel Falconer could march to but one fulfillment. A member of the nursing corps organized by Clara Guthrie, Garth's efficient sister-in-law, the girl had captured his imagination at their first meeting. Youth, war, and Mrs. Guthrie had done the rest.

So young Lieutenant Guthrie, wounded and decorated for bravery, and brother of the maker of munitions and member of government boards, had, in those tense, dramatic days, found to his delight that the course of true love often runs surprisingly smooth. In a manner foreign to earlier generations, Ethel Falconer had met the impetuosity of the ardent young soldier with a response equally frank. The days of his leave were too cruelly short to be wasted. In a week she was wearing his ring.

Then came the parting, and the two ghastly years—nightmares of grime and slaughter, soul-harrowing months of alternate hope and despair, followed by—victory! To the man lying in the tent shaken by the storm returned the face of Ethel, vivid as when, on his return from overseas, he stood at the rail of his ship being warped to his pier.

It had been a proud and happy homecoming for Maj. Garth Guthrie, D. S. O., but the three wound stripes on the sleeve of his tunic were not empty symbols. There remained to the man in the tent the clear-cut memory of the moment when his yearling arms had released her and Ethel had gasped, "Oh, Garth, how thin and old you've grown!" Then, as he turned to hug Clara and his brother, the ill-considered start—the look of pain when Ethel Falconer first saw the red scar furrowing his cheek from eye to ear. His letters had casually mentioned a scratch on the face, for it was gas which had held him weeks in the hospital. Until he met Ethel that morning on the pier he had forgotten—was disfigured.

So poignant was the memory that the man, stretched on his blankets in the dim candle light instinctively raised his right hand to trace with his fingers the course of the bullet which had seared his face. Then with much granting a hairy body wriggled its way to a place beside him; the moist nose of a massive, leonine head was thrust into his face, while from a deep throat came low noises.

"Etienne is surely making a wet night of it in the bush, Shot," said the man, as the wind drove the rain in bursts against the straining fly of the tent. Then with the hairy bulk of the contented dog sprawled against the length of his recumbent body, head propped on one hand while the other rubbed the albatross's ears, Guthrie's thoughts were again with his homecoming, two years before.

The tense days following his landing marched past his dreaming eyes in a pageant of camp life and military duties preceding the discharge of his battery; swift hours with Ethel, dinner with his family, reunions with old friends. Again he rode through cheering thousands in the final review of his brigade.

He chuckled at the memory of Shot, marching with battalion headquarters in full field kit and wearing a blanket with its wound stripe.

At the time of his discharge the surgeons had shaken their heads over his lungs. "You're not out of the woods yet," he had been told. "A long rest in the open air, or you'll have trouble with that chest." But a desk in the office of Charles Guthrie waited him and he had kept his own counsel.

"You've lost five years, old man," his materialist brother had deprecated. "You're twenty-six and have a lot to learn."

Hot blood had darkened Garth's face. "Lost five years? Where would you and your money be if millions of us hadn't lost five years?" he blurted. "Oh, you know I appreciate all that, old chap," soothed the smug Charles. "It's unnecessary for me to repeat how proud I am of your record, but you know nothing about the business as yet; and I want to see you in a position to marry."

True, Garth had acknowledged, he knew nothing of the Guthrie steel company, which, created and developed by the energy and ability of Charles Guthrie, had, through war contracts, made his brother a millionaire. And then there was Ethel, waiting. So, instead of the summer in the open air on which the doctors had insisted, he had gone to work.

The fingers of the man lying in the tent shut convulsively on the thick mane of his dog as he remembered the path which thrust through him when he had first realized that Ethel never voluntarily walked or sat on his right side. Coming from a world of broken men, where the blind and the maimed were commonplace, he had almost forgotten the shock the scar on his cheek had given her the day of his homecoming. Unpleasant though it might be, this red gash, to look upon, it was nevertheless the symbol of his service, the measure of his manhood. Yet to the girl who loved him, it seemed a thing of aversion—repulsive. Following the discovery, he had, on meeting her ironically covered the cicatrix with his hand, or turned his head by the red shame and the passionate tears of protest, which it invariably induced, checked him.

That Ethel Falconer was not of the fiber of many of the women he knew, who patently cherished the scars of their men—gloried, seemingly, in these proofs of their sacrifice for Canada and the empire, had forced itself upon the consciousness of Guthrie with a bitterness with which his philosophy vainly contended. Vehement as were her protests, her denials, when, in a moment of depression and distillation, he had suggested that to hold her to a promise made in 1916 to a man whose face was presentable and body sound, was grossly unfair, not that he had returned to her the fogs of war, scarred, changed, he nevertheless knew that Ethel, too, was having her hard hours. But notwithstanding his moment of doubt, his gray moods, due as much to physical condition as to his own feelings, Garth Guthrie had valiantly clung to the dreams of the fair girl he had taken back overseas with him after the golden fortnight in 1916.

Then, after six months in the office and foundry of Charles Guthrie, the lungs of the returned soldier had developed a condition which medical authorities diagnosed as alarming. A certain sanatorium in the foothills of the Laurentians was the imperative order, and the wedding in the spring, for which Ethel and Clara Guthrie had so meticulously planned, was indefinitely postponed.

With his dog, trained as a puppy behind the lines in 1918, Guthrie left Montreal to make the fight for lost health—and happiness. And before the snows left the Quebec hills and the spruces dripped in April thaws, he was well on the road to the first. Six months in the Laurentians had healed the lung lesions and put back the hard weight he had lost, but it was under strict parole that the Garth Guthrie of old, burned to a deep tan by the sun-gleamed from the March crust, one day walked in on Ethel and his sister-in-law. That night at dinner, through the course of which the practical Charles dwelt at length on his plans for his brother's apprenticeship in a special branch of the growing business, the sober eyes of Garth lit with frank amusement—the hint of a smile repeatedly lifted the corners of his mouth. At length the older brother abruptly demanded:

"You don't seem to be taking me seriously, Garth?"

"My dear Charlie," the man on parole rejoined, "I most certainly am deeply grateful for this interest in my future—these plans of yours; but I have put off telling you something—"

He paused, avoiding the startled look of Ethel, as he continued: "The big man at the hospital talked like a father to me this morning before I left. He said 'deliberately continued Garth,' that it was a year in the open air for me, or . . . well, he wouldn't give much for my chances."

"Oh, Garth!" Slowly the blond

head of the girl drooped to his shoulder, as the pained eyes of Clara met her husband's shocked look.

"My poor boy! You—you mean he actually ordered you away—for a year?" stammered the incredulous Charles.

Garth's arm shepherded the quivering shoulders of the girl, as he nodded to his brother over her golden head. "But you look so fit—so rugged, Garth," protested Clara. "You've recovered all your weight. I don't understand."

"And the wedding?" Ethel's questioning eyes lifted to his.

"Poor dear! I wouldn't have the heart to take you up there. It would be unthinkable." He gravely shook his head.

"Up where?" She turned on him—fear in her eyes. "You can live out of doors here?"

"I can't live here—I must do something. And a friend has offered me the chance of air—and work, too. Up on James bay. I've been offered a job with the Hudson's Bay company."

Had Guthrie's announced destination been China, the shock would not have been more profound to his hearers. The plump face of his brother darkened in a scowl of frank disapproval. Clara sat open-mouthed, incredulous. Ethel probed Garth's level eyes, as if in doubt of his meaning—then, chin in hands, stared dully at the tablecloth.

"You bound yourself," she said at length, in a voice empty of emotion. "You planned all this—to go away for a year—without consulting me—I don't seem to count, then." Rising stiffly, she had left the room, followed by the sympathetic Clara.

Yes, it had been brutally abrupt—unfeeling, admitted the man lying by his sleeping dog, as the storm drove past the tent in the alders. But the alternative would have been endless letters of protest—approach, so he had not written. Through the slow months of the winter, with their loneliness and introspection, he had learned to doubt both himself and Ethel. Often in the intervals between her visits with Clara—Charles had been too busy to appear more than once—Garth had desperately tried to analyze the nature of her affection; often, in his doubt of her, fought to free himself from the magic of her hold over him; always, in the end, to realize how he was missing her—how hungrily he waited for her coming. No, the separation had not broken the spell or lessened his need of her, but it had touched his enamored eyes with vision. There in the white hills of his banishment, beyond the glamor of her physical loveliness, he had learned to see how utterly she had failed him. Hurt in body, disillusioned, he had returned from the holocaust of Flanders to the refuge of her arms—the solace of her love—to find regret—a veiled abridgment from the change in him; to loath that she still clung to her memories of the boy with unmarried face who had carried away her heart into the maelstrom of the final years of the war.

He pictured the scene at the Victoria station. Old comrades—fellow officers, there with their Godspeed, chatting in a group, nearby, while he talked with family.

"To think that I can hear from you so seldom—that is what makes it so hard," Ethel would say.

With a thrust of the old pain he remembered that the girl whose face bore the unmistakable marks of suffering even at parting, had, from habit, stood on his left side. A year had failed to reconcile her. The furrowed cheek was still a thing hideous.

It is tough. There's only the Christmas mail and a summer packet up the coast from Albany," he had replied, "but there's always the chance of a canoe or dog-team being sent through between times. So write regularly and I'll get them in time. In France I'd often get five or six at once—and read them in their order."

"Oh, you mustn't expect the letters I used to write, Garth," she had swiftly replied.

"No," he said grimly, "I've learned not to expect that."

"You know why?"

"Yes, I think I know why." They stood, avoiding each other's eyes, in their unvoiced misery.

The train was about to start. A wave of his friends; a grip of the hand for Charles; a hug for the teary Clara; and he turned to the dry-eyed girl. "Good-by, dear. A year is not so long." He took her in his arms and kissed her. But the face he touched was cold. Her arms hung stiff at her side. "Good-by, Ethel," he repeated. "I'm sorry."

"Good-by, Garth," she faltered. "This, I suppose, is the end—I've lost you."

Down the Missinabi to Moose, up the coast to Fort Albany, the man who had gone into the north to find health and the solution of his problem in separation, was accompanied by doubt and self-censure. It had been unfair—brutal—this wrenching himself from the sure appeal of her personal charm. But in fairness to the future, it was imperative. A year would clarify his vision—prove her hold over him unbearable or make him a free man. However, notwithstanding the bitterness of her farewell, the first mail to reach him in the early months of his apprenticeship in the fur trade had brought letters patently not those of renunciation. On the contrary they dwelt in detail on plans for his future homecoming and the wedding; were gay with gossip; related with frank pride the rumor of a knighthood for services to the government during the war with which the name of Charles Guthrie was being coupled; at times, to his surprise, approached the warmth of the old days.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Long Lecture Career

Ralph Waldo Emerson, the celebrated American essayist, began his long career as a lecturer in 1833-34. For over thirty years he lectured on such subjects as "Human Culture," "Human Life" and "The Present Age."

What's the Answer?

Questions—No. 4

- 1—When was the United States weather bureau established?
- 2—What northern city was burned by what Confederate general during the Civil war?
- 3—Who invented the three-element vacuum tube used in radio?
- 4—What is the funny bone?
- 5—Who is the national amateur golf champion?
- 6—Who was the culminating genius of the Renaissance?
- 7—Where in North America are the highest mountain ranges?
- 8—Where is Robert Louis Stevenson buried?
- 9—Who said: "Gentlemen, I would rather have written those lines (Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard') than take Quebec?"
- 10—Are labor strikes permitted in Italy?
- 11—What two famous British authors were slaves of the opium habit?
- 12—Who is the heavyweight champion pugilist?
- 13—Who was President when Washington died?
- 14—What battle was fought after the treaty of peace ending what war had been signed and when?
- 15—How much of the body is composed of water?
- 16—What is the composition of air?
- 17—What comedian of the screen, most affectionately regarded by movie patrons, died before the advent of big salaries and world-wide publicity?
- 18—What is the highest point of land in Germany?
- 19—Who said: "We must make the world safe for democracy?"
- 20—What proportion of the words used by Shakespeare are of Saxon derivation?

Answers No. 3

- 1—It introduces some virtue, expressive and picturesque words which may gain recognition.
- 2—General Pershing.
- 3—Antoine Galland.
- 4—Okeechobee.
- 5—Paul Whitteman.
- 6—In Greece, not later than 1507 B. C.
- 7—The process of turning an insoluble substance into a soluble one.
- 8—The specific gravity of any substance is its weight in proportion to an equal volume of water.
- 9—Franklin Pierce.
- 10—Wyoming.
- 11—Kansas.
- 12—William E. Gladstone.
- 13—The Bible.
- 14—Asia.
- 15—William Charles Macready.
- 16—Twelve.
- 17—A traveling stairway.
- 18—Thomas A. Edison.
- 19—Louis XIV.
- 20—William Howard Taft.

Man Using Both Hands Can Accomplish More

Out of every hundred babies born, 17 are naturally right-handed, 3 are left-handed, and the remaining 80 are capable of using either hand with equal ease. Yet, owing to our method of training the young, by the time those hundred babies are three years old all except the three who were left-handed will use the right hand for such essential work as writing, painting and the use of all tools.

There are said to be over 400 different sorts of work in which the equal use of both hands is an advantage, but even in those in which one hand only is generally used it is a tremendous advantage to be able to use the left hand in order to rest the right.

Sir James Barrie, when his right hand failed him, had to learn to write with his left, but Sir Robert Baden-Powell, when bitten by a dog and forced to carry his right arm in a sling, went right on with his work, writing and drawing with the other hand, for he has been able to use both hands equally all his life.

The great animal artist, Landseer, could paint two pictures at the same time, using both hands. The famous Leonardo da Vinci was equally accomplished, and so was Hobbins, the portrait painter. More wonderful seems the fact that the well-known surgeon, Mr. Simon Shell, could operate equally easily with either hand. Sir Oliver Lodge is another well-known man who uses both hands with ease.

It is the left side of the brain that controls the muscles of the right side of the body, so by learning to use the left hand a person actually rests one side of his brain and is therefore able to do more work at a stretch.

Beautiful Church Tower

Many of the parish churches of England and Wales are beautiful, but the tower of the church at Wrexham, Wales, with its corner turrets high as spires, its intricate bands and graceful cornices, is a thing of astonishing beauty and worthy to have graced a minster. As a noted traveler once said: "One cannot look at it without acknowledging a debt of deep gratitude to those who built it so many centuries ago."

Idea of Lubrication

Lubricating means the application of substances having a low degree of cohesion to solid surfaces rubbing each other, the object being to reduce friction. The theory of lubrication is that these lubricants interpose as almost frictionless film between the surfaces to which they are applied. The requirements for a good lubricant, therefore, are a minimum of internal cohesion and sufficient body to prevent the possibility of its being squeezed out of place by pressure.

LOVELY RAIMENT FOR BOUDOIR; THE MODISH THING IN PRINTS

WHO would forfeit the pleasure and satisfaction of owning lovely raiment for the boudoir, since anyone possessed of an artistic sense of color values, and a little ingenuity can conjure alluring garments at a slight expense, which look as if they cost a "million."

The first requisite for one contemplating making a midsummer boudoir negligee is to rightly choose the materials. "Sheer" is the word when it comes to the purely feminine types now so in vogue—this being interpreted means dainty chiffons and lace in their plain grounds, their gay color accented further by solid navy or bright borderings or trimmings—perhaps an inset portion of the plain silk is introduced in a manner as illustrated.

If you have not acquired a silk-print frock it is a safe guess that you will before the season is over, for few there are who will escape this epidemic for printed chiffons, flat alkis or crepe de chimes which is sweeping the country.

One does not stop at the dressing when ordering print silk for the costume. It



A Lovely Boudoir Robe.

is very proper to line one's solid-color coat throughout with this same print, or why not make a little circular cape of the silk with which to accompany the frock?

Plaited printed silk is wonderfully effective in combination with the smooth figured fabric. If you are making your silk-print frock at home use plaited flounces on the skirt, or an entire plaited skirt. A little money spent on plaiting and hemstitching is a guarantee against that "bogie" which ever dwells in the mind of the amateur—the fear of a "homemade" look.

It adds to the appearance of the silk-print frock if each ruffle is bordered with a band of solid color. If the edge is picoted before plaiting the ruffles are given an exquisite finish. Picoted plain silk should then also trim the blouse or waist portion. Sprightly shoulder and hip bows could also be made of the solid-colored silk, which should be picoted on each edge like ribbon.

The composite idea of a printed-silk jacket with a plaited white silk skirt



Dainty Print-Silk Dress.

shade upon another. The motifs stress both conventional patterns and realistic forals.

There's no end to the silk-print subject. Prints in the small cravat types are the essence of smartness. The flowerets stand out vividly against

is an outcome of the print-with-plain vogue. This is especially effective when the silk is colorfully patterned in chintz designs. Prints in black and white are meeting with success.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.
(©, 1927, by Western Newspaper Union.)

Colored Shades

In order to keep the color harmony in the room unbroken, color matching the walls is being suggested for the inside of the window shades. If the walls are yellow or light is the predominant color, then the shades will be furnished in the same tone.

Net Hats

Small net hats with horsehair brims are new headgear for bridesmaids. Hats match the gowns in color.

Taffeta Coat

A brown taffeta coat, stitched all over, is lined with pale coral and worn with a pale coral crepe gown.

Shoes of Colored Suede

To wear with smart sports frocks are shoes of colored suede in shades of green, coral and blue.

New Colors

Lotus blue, sugar cane, shell pink and oriental pearl are four new shades.

GIRLHOOD TO MOTHERHOOD

Iowa Woman Found Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Always Helpful



Vinton, Iowa.—"When I was seven-teen years old I had to stay at home from school. I finally had to quit school. I was so weak, I suffered for about two years before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and read it. I began taking the medicine. Now I am a housekeeper with six children, and I have taken it before each one was born. I cannot tell you all the good I have received from it. When I am not as well as can be I take it. I have been doing this for over thirteen years and it always helps me. I read all of your little books I can get and I tell everyone I know that the Vegetable Compound does for me."—Mrs. FANNY STELLMAN, 619 7th Avenue, Vinton, Iowa.

Many girls in the fourth generation are learning through their own personal experience the beneficial effects of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Mothers who took it when they were young are glad to recommend it to their daughters.

For over half a century women have praised this reliable medicine.

Along Classic Lines

The Washington memorial, near Alexandria, Va., is modeled after the ancient towers which were used as beacons to guide mariners into harbor, "as exemplified in those of Rhodes. The building will consist of four colonnaded stories of diminishing perimeters, tapering from the base through successive stages to the observation tower provided at the top.

Fake Photo Made Trouble

If you are a girl in Germany, answering a matrimonial advertisement, you must send your own photograph to your prospective fiancé; otherwise, as an unwise Berlin fraudster discovered to her cost, a damage suit can be brought, and won, by the disappointed avain.

World Population Doubles

The greatest single change of the past 100 years has been the rapid increase in the number of people inhabiting the earth. During that time the population of the world nearly doubled. A century ago it was less than one billion. Today it is about 1,700,000,000.—American Magazine.

Tide Will Turn

Mother—Did you put your nickel in the Sunday school collection?
Tommy—No, I lost it.
Mother—But this is the third week in succession you've lost it.
Tommy—I know, but that other kid's luck can't last forever.—Tit-Bits.

Oh Boy!

Grandma Lentil, whose disappointment was keen when she heard that her daughter's baby was a girl, has just learned that her informant was mistaken, and is very much buoyed up over the news.—Farm and Fireside.

At Once

Hewitt—I married in haste.
Jewett—And repented?
Hewitt—When the officiating clergyman held out his hand for the wedding fee.

Hopefulness

Height of hopefulness: Amateur gardener telling his neighbors that he planted a peck of potatoes and is going to get two bushels from them.—Baltimore Sun.

Why Not?

Those Eskimos that are visiting the United States may miss their whale blubber, but why can't they live on the fat of the land?—Farm and Fireside.

The Pessimist

"Well, school will soon be over, Robert."
"Now, we just get a few months' recess."

Not Otherwise

Oke—Tried a new tailor, eh? How does he suit you?
Owens—For cash.

Met His Match

"He's fast, isn't he?"
"Not so very. Susan caught him."
—Sydney Bulletin.

Five counties in Colorado, Baca, Hinsdale, Jackson, Moffat and Rio Blanco, have no telegraphic facilities.

Roman Eye Balsam is an antiseptic ointment. Hence the medicinal quality contrasting the inflamed eye surface. ADV.

When you say a man is erratic you mean he is hard to get along with.

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correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL.