

# Black Sheep's Gold

by Beatrice Grimshaw

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRWIN MYERS

## CHAPTER XII—Continued

To the pair within the tent, drunk and slugging, drunkenly caressing one another, the sight of Pia in the open doorway, Pia slim, erect, rigid as a young soldier in her sporting khaki, Pia with cold accusing eyes beneath a heavy patrol helmet, came as a disturbing vision from some other world. They sprang apart, and it would be hard to say whether the man or the girl uttered the foulest words.

"You shuttem head belong you," bellowed Sergeant Simol, enraged. "What-name (why) you talk bad along my Sinabada? By-n-by me break you front along bayonet."

"That's enough, sergeant," warned Pia. "Wait outside for me." She stepped into the tent, and fixed a steady accusing gaze on Smithson, who suddenly sobered, had risen to his feet. "It's the missis, by—" he muttered, leaning one hand on the disordered supper table and staring under his fattened locks of hair.

"Mr. Simol," asked Pia, with cold courtesy, "will you kindly tell me why you are not at my husband's claim?"

"Plenty of time," retorted Smithson, picking up courage, under a secret nudge from Jinny. "Going back to it when I get good and ready."

"I believe you are a gold miner. Don't you know that a claim is forfeited if left without just cause, for thirty days?"

"He don't need you to learn him," came Jinny's shrill voice. Pia did not ignore her. She turned toward Jinny, and sent her a glance, in which pity, kindness and a certain fear—the chaste woman's irrefragable fear of the unchaste—were strangely mingled. "You are Mrs. Spicer," she said. "I'm sorry to see you encouraging this man in neglect of his duty."

"Mrs. Spicer as much as Mrs. Anybody," said Jinny. "More Mrs. Spicer than you're Mrs. Amory, by all accounts." She laughed coarsely.

Pia ignored that. She was feeling for her feet in this strange medium. She remembered Jinny—remembered her well. How the girl had altered since those days on the great liner! How her beauty had coarsened, how the slim, firm graces of her dancer's figure had slackened into ugly lines! So this was Jinny, always, that perfect condition was her only chance of grace. It had gone; the grace was going with it; youth and beauty, too soon were passing away from Genevieve Treacher. In the first moment, Pia could not account for so great a change. But Jinny, uncomfortable beneath that pitying gaze, seized her half-filled champagne glass, and emptied it at a gulp, hoarsely crying as she took it from her lips. "What's yours? Drink heavy, we'll soon be dead!" And Pia saw that the vice of Jinny's kind, long avoided, had caught her up at last. She was indeed "drinking heavy" now she was even well on the way to fulfill the latter part of her famous w-r-cry.

"Champagne for the lady," proclaimed Smithson, still not quite himself, though considerably sobered. He reached for a bottle.

"Thanks, no," fell from Pia's lips like an icicle. "You haven't told me yet, Mr. Smithson, why you come to be here. I might as well tell you that I hold my husband's power of attorney, and am going up to the field to act for him."

"It came to be here," answered Smithson, with painful effort, "because I came to be here." He offered this brightly, as a complete explanation.

"We're prospecting," contributed Jinny, putting down her glass, and fixing a defiant stare upon Pia. "Me and he. There's other gold beside that on Tatata, which don't belong to my friend anyhow. As for powers of attorney," she went on, hurriedly pouring out more wine, and keeping her face turned somewhat away—"I reckon this is a free country; I reckon my friend don't have to run when any-body whistles—even Mrs.—Philip—Amory." She loaded each word with contempt. If Pia, in her presence, was shaken, somewhat, by the fear of the chaste for the unchaste, Jinny, on her part, was consumed by the light woman's burning and perfectly genuine scorn for an innocent girl.

"Here, don't you ladies get quarrelling over me," thickly said Smithson, supporting himself by the tent poles. He had moved over towards the door; was looking owlishly, yet with a curious interest, at the velvet, star-spangled sky. "I came away," he said, "because this lady wanted to go and find gold mines. I let her go fine gold mines all along? Now! She and me, and the whisky and the champagne—what's that poetry about a jug of wine and a case of whisky, and Gin Nling singin' alongside of y-u? She and me—and d—n the new moon."

back to the field for you; I'm fed up with prospecting. I made love to him, and got him to come away with me, because I wanted him to work for me; you can put that in your pipe and smoke it if you like." She stood with her hands on her lean hips, staring at Pia; Pia, straight, helmeted, armed, as a young Joan of Arc, with blue, pure eyes burning in a face of mountain snow, paused, still as the night outside, her mind on full stretch over this new problem. What had the moon to do with it?

There was small chance of finding out anything, here, in this reeking tent, from the half drunk pair who were certainly not prospecting, whatever their business in the bush might be. Without a word, Pia turned and walked away, followed by the sergeant.

She lingered a little on the way back to the camp. The carriers were noisy; she could hear them shouting and singing. How they were shouting! Dancing, too. When she came out into the open clearing, she could see, by the light of the fires, dark forms whirling and leaping as if possessed by demons. They made such



"Don't Mind Us," She Said, "We're Rough, but We're Honest."

a noise that, at first, she could not distinguish what they were singing, although some words seemed strangely familiar. Then, over the uncomprehended shouts of the Mambare and Yassi-Yassi carriers, came loud and clear the cry of some Port Moresby boys—"Sall-O! Sall-O!"

Pia knew the custom of saluting the new moon with that cry. She glanced to westward, where the forest, sloping down, showed a wide stretch of sky. There, in the west, almost gone, hung one clear small strip of silver, like a light peeling dropped from some fairy fruit. New moon! . . .

What had those people in the tent said, about the moon? Why had Jinny Treacher struck Smithson, when he spoke of it? Why must she, Pia, know nothing about the moon—the moon which measured off months—

"Oh!" It was a sudden cry. Leaping over a hundred unnoticed links, her mind had sprung to the end of the chain of thought. She knew.

Thirty days, of desertion, without due and sufficient cause, made void a claim. Smithson—who couldn't resist drink or girls—was here in the forest, two days away from Tatata, with Jinny, and Jinny's (or Spicer's) cases of champagne. There were no calendars in the bush—drinkers' memories are treacherous. If you wanted

**Famous Wax Modeler**  
Mrs. Tussaud was the founder of wax figures in London. Born in Bern in 1780, she was taken to Paris while a child by her uncle, who practiced wax modeling as a fine art. She became adept and modeled many of the great people of France. She married a Frenchman named Tussaud, from whom she soon separated, removing to London, she took with her part of her collection in the Palais Royal and the idea of her chamber of horrors. Her wax figures were successively shown and her exhibition became permanent.

to stay away thirty days, guessing wouldn't do. But if you did not guess, if you counted by something that wouldn't drop a day here or there; if you left at new moon, and gave over your reckoning to something that was sure to come back in exactly twenty-eight days, something that every native in sight would hail with salutations and loud cries—then you might be perfectly sure that you would stay away just long enough.

"Sergeant Simol!" said Pia. "Go and get me one of Mr. Smithson's carriers." "Yes, sir," replied Simol, as if she had asked for a handkerchief. "I bring him dead or I bring him live, Sinabada-Sir!"

"Alive, of course; and don't let anyone see you getting him."

"Right-Sir." The sergeant melted into the bush.

It was some minutes before he returned, driving before him an extremely scared and very naked Papuan. "Come on, you black cow," encouraged Simol. "You like I handcuff him, Sinabada?"

"No, certainly not. Don't frighten him. Ask him when they left the field, and be sure you get the right answer."

"Me savvy," nodded Simol. An interchange of questions and answer followed.

"Sinabada," said the sergeant, saluting, "him say this man, this woman leavem Tatata thass time the new moon come, bee-fore. Him leavem twel o'clock, sun be stop-on-top."

"Give him some tobacco, and let him go, Sergeant! Tell him not to talk about this."

"I tellen all right," proffered the sergeant, on returning. "I tellen I taken head belong him, cleanem head all same pish, sockem along pree, stickem him head up along my dubu (clubhouse) suppose him too much talk. . . . Sinabada!"

"Well, sergeant?"

"Whassamatter?"

Pia looked into the face—of the dark Kiwai sergeant, the "savage dressed in serge," and recognized a man. Simol had sensed, without understanding, the crisis in which she found herself; was offering, blindestly, his help.

"It's this, sergeant," she said briefly. "Mr. Smithson was left to look out after my husband's gold. If he runs away from it for one month and two days, another man can steal it; then there is no gold for my man, no gold for me. Sergeant, do you know the way to the field—I mean, know it well?"

"I no savvy him too much, Sinabada. One carrier be savvy plenty, village belong him stop two day along bush."

"What! you've got a Tatata man?"

"My Jord, yes, Sinabada. Bee-fore, him killen one white man, along Tatata road him go to jail along Daru; this man be good man, he savvy plenty."

"Get him here," Pia ordered.

Another wild, naked creature was herded up.

"Yes," he said, in answer to the sergeant. "Me savvy load (road) too much. . . . Tatata? Tomorrow we walk, we walk strong, nother day we sleep, morning time sun be come up big, we come up along Tatata, sun be go down, we come along gole field."

"Twenty-eight days today," counted Pia. "Twenty-nine tomorrow. Thirty the day after. Thirty-one to arrive. . . . Sergeant! Ask him does he know another way—a shorter way?"

"No savvy," said the carrier promptly. Pia watched him; he seemed to her mind, a little too prompt.

"Offer double pay," she ordered. "No savvy," was the result—not without a touch of temper.

Pia turned her back, and walked off to her tent. Her man, his fortune, were hanging in the balance.

The cat streak that hides in all women came to the surface. She became cruel, in defense of her own. "Make him talk," she flung over her shoulder, as she went.

"My word, me blanky wel, make him," was the sergeant's reply. He reached for a strip of lawyer cane.

It was only a minute or two before the ex-murderer appeared, sulking, shaking, whimpering, driven by Simol. Pia, sitting on her camp bed as on a bench of justice, questioned him, and he seragant translated.

"Is there another road?"

Simol replied. "Him say, yes. 'Plenty bad road, full up along devil.' (TO BE CONTINUED)

## Many Still Have Faith in Miraculous Wells

There are numerous wells throughout the British Isles where the passer-by has but to breathe a wish or drop a pin or other offering into the water to obtain what he wants. From what was learned of St. Helen's well near Sefton in Lancashire, young ladies still continue to throw pins into it to find out whether their sweethearts are faithful to them, the dates of their marriage and other details on which their future happiness hangs, and this they learn from the turning of the pin to the north or to the south, possibly to some other point of the compass.

At Tober Killa-Greine or the well of the Sun church, found a century ago in County Cork, when a marsh was drained, a spring was disclosed where, according to legend, a nymph of the well once lived. This woman had a gift for prophecy, and there was said to be a little wooden image of her there which would communicate

**Warning Showers**  
Real showers of blood have been known. Some time ago a couple of fellows of this kind occurred in the hills of the town of Milsquad, in the south of Italy, causing much alarm. Samples were sent to Rome and pronounced by analysts of the Ecole d'Hygiene to be real blood. The suggestion was made that it emanated from some large flock of migrant birds caught up by a whirlwind and pulverized through being flung violently against other objects, which, being heavier, dropped out at sea.

**Man's Right to Land**  
The equal right of all men to the use of land is as clear as their equal right to breathe the air—it is a right proclaimed by the fact of their existence.—Henry George.

## Why We Behave Like Human Beings

by GEORGE DORSEY, Ph. D., LL. D.

### Gushy Girls Waste Sex Emotion

THERE are many histories of marriage. Westemarck's, in three large volumes, is a mere sketch and was out of date the day it was printed. New marriage customs have been invented.

Marriage does not stand still. It grows—backward, forward, up and down. There are as many forms of marriage behavior as there are married couples. Possibly more; some dissolve and remarry. Marriage laws vary from state to state, nation to nation, age to age. Can marriage behavior be generalized or reduced to law?

There is no biologic excuse outside structural deficiency for unmated adult human beings. Many human societies respect that law. Other communities flaunt it, disregard puberty. Indefinitely postponed mating or mate casually, and make the best of children as they do of other accidents.

In other words, we get little light on human marriage behavior from the stunts of the anthropoid ape. Human marriage behavior is as distinctly and peculiarly human as is a sewing machine or the "Wedding March" of Lohengrin. The mate instinct must be there; is there, if we are born whole, we have it; the capacity to seek a mate, the impulse to find one if it takes us overseas.

Why, then, a world of sexually unadjusted: unmarrieds, divorcees, oft-marrieds, courtesans, prostitutes, homosexuals, loveless marriage, childless marriages? Endless kinds.

Two general observations: (1) Europe's population has doubled in the last hundred years despite the enormous losses from wars, disease, infant mortality, and drains overseas. The mate-hunger is not impotent. (2) We hear only of the sexually unadjusted. There are millions of happily mated couples in America.

Now for the other side; the behavior of the mate-impulse. It leads many to marry. The marriage fails: drunkenness, cruelty, infidelity, desertion, etc. The courts recognize many grounds. Why does one man become a drunkard, another beat his wife? Marriage itself is no more responsible for such misfits than is business for arson or banking for defalcation. The man who beats his wife probably beat his sister or his mother. The man who drinks because or in spite of his wife would turn to drink under any other situation to which he could not adjust himself.

Between the age of fifteen and twenty-five are ten long years. During these years the mate-hunger impulse cannot be put to sleep, as one does a child; or locked in a closet, as one does—but should not—a naughty child. It is inevitable that huge amounts of energy be diverted. But where? What is to be its outlet?

"Raise the standard of men's morality!" But not by talk. Work will do it. Many a boy is so hard at work he has no further energy left.

The boy or girl who for ten years chases pleasure as the main business of life may be "pure," but neither will be likely to acquire any socially useful habits during that time. Both men and women can become such habitual flirts that they are abnormal; they are sexual perverts.

The normal sex-complex can be broken in many ways: disappointment in love, no response on the part of the mate, etc. The sex-complex thus becomes conditioned to abnormal methods of response; tendency to avoid or be disgusted under conditions which are neither "disgusting" nor to be avoided; prudishness; sloppy sentimentality; morbid interest in the externals or accessories of sex conduct.

The sex-complex thus comes to mean for one individual one thing; for another, quite something else. It comes to be as varied as behavior itself. What is it at any one time depends on the lessons it has learned; its experience, its habits. No man or woman enters into marriage with a sex-complex slate on which something has not been written. Until recently, it was likely to be too little on the part of the woman, an ignorance so ingrained that learning was painful; too much on the part of the man, more than he could rub off.

Foundations of habits (which means character) are laid in homes. Nineteenth of the girls that enter juvenile courts leave bad homes. As Thomas puts it, many a girl cannot be said to fall, because she has never risen. She is not immoral, but amoral. The mate-hunger is turned into love for adventure, clothes, theater, attention, distinction, freedom. And some discover that the only means they have to realize these acquired appetites is their sex. They use it as they would a coin to buy advantages and pleasure.

Thomas cites Dumas as saying that girls in Paris lost their virginity as they lost their milk teeth; they could give no plausible account of the loss. Or they marry with that same coin or buy entry to the stage or a trip to Paris. Having chosen the easier road, they soon become habituated to it. Until recently, women had almost no incentive or opportunity to attempt achievement in male fields. Why should she when for every woman there was a purchaser; for some, many bidders.

(By George A. Dorsey.)

**Unsavory City Quarter**  
There is no exact boundary of Hell's Kitchen in New York. This name has been applied to the section west of Tenth avenue, between Thirty-eighth and Forty-second streets. It is also sometimes given to the blocks a little farther north.

**Possible Remedy**  
One way to do away with the noise will be to make so many new noises that the old ones would be drowned out.—American Magazine.

## The KITCHEN CABINET

(By 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)  
The world which clouds thy soul with doubt is but a carpet inside out. It's when we view these shreds and ends we know not what the whole intends: So when on earth things look but odd, They're working out some scheme of God. What now seem random strokes, will there in order and design appear. Then shall we praise what here we spurned: For then the carpet will be turned.

### SUMMERY DISHES

As the fresh mushrooms come into the market or one picks them in the fields, there are many ways of using them as a garnish and flavor for different dishes.

**Spinach Mold.**—Cook spinach until tender in just the water that clings to the leaves. A very few minutes will cook spinach if cooked in a large utensil with plenty of heat under the surface. Overcooking any vegetable destroys not only its flavor and vitamin content, but also takes out the color which is so attractive in any dish. Drain and chop fine, season well with butter, salt and a few dashes of pepper. Pack tightly into a ring mold which has been oiled. Unmold and fill the center with:

**Creamed Mushrooms.**—Melt three tablespoons of butter, add four tablespoons of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt; with well blended add two cups of rich milk and cook until smooth. Add three hard cooked eggs cut into slices and two cups of fresh mushrooms that have been sliced and sautéed in butter for five minutes. Serve very hot. No one has yet refused spinach served in this charming way.

**Apricot Jelly Salad.**—Soak one tablespoonful of gelatin in cold water using one-fourth of a cupful. Heat one pint of chicken stock or canned chicken broth, add the softened gelatin and stir until it is well dissolved. Pour into a ring mold which has been rinsed in cold water. When cool place in the refrigerator to become firm. When ready to serve unmold on crisp lettuce and fill the center with cabbage or any salad mixture. Garnish with strips of pimiento.

**Meat Sandwiches.**—Finely chop the meat from three dozen green olives. Add one cupful of finely chopped pecan meats. Moisten with mayonnaise and spread on thin slices of graham bread that has been spread with green pepper butter. Put together in pairs, press together, trim off all crusts and cut into triangles. Serve with lobster salad or oyster cocktails.

### FROZEN DESSERTS

There is nothing more appetizing and refreshing to serve with the main course of a dinner than:

**Lemon Ice.**—Make a sirup by boiling four cupfuls of water and two cupfuls of sugar twenty minutes, add three-fourths of a cupful of lemon juice, cool, strain and freeze. A little of the grated rind may be added to the sugar and water, which will give a flavor most people like.

Now that our strawberry season begins early in the year and ends after the ever bearing variety are seized by the frost, the strawberry season seems never ending. The most delightful of berries, it is a favorite when frozen in ice cream.

**Strawberry Ice Cream.**—Wash and hull one quart of strawberries. Sprinkle with one and one-fourth cups of sugar mash and let stand several hours then squeeze through a jelly bag. Mix one and one-half cupfuls of rich cream with one and one-half cupfuls of milk the whites of four well-beaten eggs and one-eighth teaspoonful of salt. Turn into a freezer and freeze to a mush, using three parts of crushed ice to one part of salt, then add the fruit juice and finish freezing. The whites of the stiffly beaten eggs may be added with the juice, making the frozen mixture more delicate when finished. Serve in tall glasses with a large unshelled berry on top.

**Orange Ice.**—Make a sirup of a quart of water and two cupfuls of sugar as for lemon ice, add two cupfuls of orange juice, one-fourth cupful of lemon juice, the grated rind of two oranges. Cool, strain and freeze.

**Sorbet.**—Make a sirup by boiling two cupfuls each of sugar and water together for fifteen minutes, then add one can of shredded or grated pineapple, one-half cupful of lemon juice, one and one-third cupfuls of orange juice and one quart of spring water. Freeze to a mush. Serve in frappe glasses.

**Coffee Ice Cream.**—Scald one and one-half cupfuls of milk with one-third of a cupful of finely ground coffee, strain through a double cheese cloth, add one cupful of sugar, the beaten yolks of four eggs, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt; cook over water until thick, adding one-fourth cupful of sugar and one cupful of cream; cool, add three more cupfuls of cream and freeze. Serve garnished with maraschino cherries.

**Nellie Maxwell**

**Drum Long in Use**  
The drum is among the very earliest instruments for the making of musical sounds and has been found in some form in all nations and ages. An actual drum with two curved sticks was found in some of the earliest Egyptian excavations made in Thebes.

**Exchange of Sympathy**  
Sympathy more plentiful than you may suppose. For instance, a woman with a baby and a woman with a pet dog feel sorry for each other.—Grand Rapids Press.

## When Babies CRY

Babies will cry, often for no apparent reason. You may not know what's wrong, but you can always give Castoria. This soon has your little one comforted; if not, you should call a doctor. Don't experiment with medicines intended for the stronger systems of adults! Most of those little upsets are soon soothed away by a little of this pleasant-tasting, gentle-acting children's remedy that children like.

It may be the stomach, or may be the little bowels. Or in the case of older children, a sluggish, constipated condition. Castoria is still

the thing to give. It is almost certain to clear up any minor ailment, and could by no possibility do the youngest child the slightest harm. So it's the first thing to think of when a child has a coated tongue; won't play, can't sleep, is fretful or out of sorts. Get the genuine; it always has Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the package.

**Really Thoughtful Act of Modern Daughter**  
"This is the age of selfishness," declares Kate Lee Stahl, the social worker. "Or maybe it is just thoughtlessness. I am not sure which. At any rate, the young girl of today seems to think and do everything but housework. She leaves that to mother."

"Not long ago, I was instrumental in helping a young girl get a start in life and shortly after, when I met her on the street, I asked her how things were going at home. 'Oh, just fine,' she cried. 'Why, just think, last week I was able to buy mother a nice vacuum cleaner.'"

"That was very thoughtful of you."

"Yes, I guess it was. You see, mother is a little stiffened up with rheumatism and used to feel so sorry to see her trying to use a broom that I always left the house on sweeping day."—Los Angeles Times.

**Not of Much Value as Mother's Little Helper**  
Lady Heath, who made the first woman's solo flight from the Cape to Cairo, is a firm believer that women should have either homes or careers. She has little patience with those who have neither. "They are parasites," she avers.

"When I returned from my African flight I was tendered a big reception," she relates, "at which I met an old friend of mine, who, on the last occasion when I had seen him, was proudly exhibiting a charming little daughter. I inquired about her."

"I suppose by this time she's quite large enough to be a great help to her mother."

"No!" sighed my friend, "she won't be of any help to her mother until she can play a better game of bridge."

**Robin's Hard Luck**  
An industrious robin came to a sad end at Lewiston, Maine, when he attempted to overdo in the matter of building himself a home. Happening on a rather long piece of twine, the little bird flew to the top of a elm tree with it in his mouth. There he became entangled in his burden and shortly found himself suspended about five inches from a small branch with the string wrapped around his neck. He was taken from this precarious position about half an hour later, but he could not be revived.

**His Jinx Active**  
From now on William Higginson of Medicine Bow, Wyo., plans to walk when he wants to go any place. He recently stepped in the way of a horse's kick and emerged with a broken leg. He was placed in an automobile and rushed toward Laramie for medical attention. The car hit some loose gravel and smashed into a pole. Higginson finally reached the hospital with a broken arm to match his broken leg.

The less some people are entitled to, the more they get.

**German "Luggies" Ire Scots**  
Loyal Scots are perturbed over the importation of "luggies," miniature milking pails used for porridge dishes for children. The "luggie" has been distinctly a Scotch institution until the death in Cumberland recently of the last luggie maker of the country. Since then Germany has been shipping into Scotland cheap imitations of the unique bowl.

**Valuable Chemical**  
The statement has been made that barium is worth \$12,000,000 an ounce, but not because of its scarcity or value—because of the work it does. Barium is a chemical element that is used to coat the filament of vacuum tubes with a saving of \$400,000 per gram of barium used. At this rate an ounce would be worth \$12,000,000.

**Ugly Pimples?**  
Nature's warning, before you reach your complexion and patch red nose to your face, advise quickly. Truly wonderful results follow thorough color cleansing. Take MR.—MR. TUBER'S REMEDY—to regulate and strengthen your eliminative organs. Watch the transformation. Try MR. Instead of more laxatives. MR. safe, purely vegetable—no drugs, only FEEL LIKE A MILLION, TAKE

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TOMORROW ALRIGHT  
W. N. U., Portland, No. 28-1930.

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