

The Strumpet Sea

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

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W. N. U. SERVICE

SYNOPSIS

George McAusland was 38 years old when he sailed from America to undertake his post as a missionary in the Fiji Islands. A crime he had committed in a fit of excitement had shattered all his confidence in himself. He felt forced to avoid pretty Mary Doncaster, who boarded the ship at Honolulu. She was en route to visit her parents, who were missionaries on Gilead Island. Mary was attracted by George's attempts to avoid her. One day George accidentally fell overboard. Mary unhesitatingly dove into the sea to rescue George, who falls in love with her. When the boat approached her home on Gilead Island, they learned that Mary's parents had both died. George volunteered to take charge of the mission. Faced with the necessity of losing Mary if he left her now, George forced himself to ask her to be his wife. Mary accepted his clumsy proposal, and they left the ship to live in her former home on the island. He had come there to help George and Mary if they needed him. Their peaceful life was interrupted one day when a ship stopped in the harbor in search of pearls.

CHAPTER V—Continued

More than once Mary thought of Corkran, wondered whether he could do anything they were not wise enough or strong enough to do, to check the plague; but she dared not send for him, and since George no longer slept in the afternoon she could not go to Corkran.

One day at dusk when she and George were in a hut up the trail behind the house watching a woman die, Mary heard a cry far away above them. It was repeated nearer and nearer by successive voices, till she caught the words and told George:

"That's from the men watching the lagoon. They've sighted a ship."

She said, looking at the sick woman: "George, we can't help her. Let's go back to the house. Jarambo will come there."

When Jarambo came, Mary listened to him and translated for George. "The men on top of the mountain can see the ship," she said. "But it's still far away, so far that the men on the schooner in the lagoon can't see it. But it's coming this way."

"What kind of a ship, Mary? Can it be the Ventura?"

She questioned Jarambo; but he said the watchers reported this ship had only two masts. George said uneasily: "Mary, I wish we could warn Mr. Aulgur. You remember he told us he thought that half-breed might come back. I don't think he'd want to be caught there."

Jarambo said it would take all night for a messenger to cross the island. He could not reach the lagoon till after daylight, and by that time the people on the schooner would be able to see the approaching ship for themselves.

Nevertheless George insisted that Jarambo try to get some warning word to Aulgur. "I hate his being here," he said. "And we're certainly not responsible for his safety; but I wouldn't want him killed." Jarambo agreed that the men would try.

Before noon next day, they knew that their warning had failed to arrive in time. Jarambo reported that at dawn the other vessel was just outside the entrance to the lagoon.

Jarambo was talking, rapidly, and by the staccato of his words and of his gestures, George knew that he spoke of action sharp and swift. When the old man paused, and Mary turned to George again, her lips were white and trembling.

"They killed him," she said. Then, translating almost literally: "The men on that new ship fought the men on Mr. Aulgur's ship, with guns. Then boats from the new ship put off and came near the schooner, and there were more shots from the boats, and still there were no more from the schooner. Then men from the new ship went aboard the schooner and there were no shots."

George nodded in stern understanding. "That half-breed came back," he guessed. "Aulgur stayed here too long. I suppose he knew the risk, but I wish we could have got word to him. Tell Jarambo his men must watch and tell us what the men on the new ship do."

She interpreted the command. Jarambo made a gesture, spoke a word or two. George looked at Mary inquiringly, and she explained: "He thinks they'll come around here to get girls. He feels that he knows what to expect from white men."

She saw her husband's lips twitch; but he only said: "Tell him to watch. If they come here, we must know beforehand."

She repeated these instructions; and she added a suggestion of her own. "Jarambo, tell the white man with the talking bird what has happened." He looked at her briefly. Corkran's presence on the island had never been mentioned between them, although he must have known she knew. He made an assenting sign and trotted away.

CHAPTER VI

That afternoon Jarambo reported that Aulgur's schooner had been worked out into the open sea and set on fire, burned, and sunk. He said there were three white men on the new ship, and one whose skin was

not so white, yet who moved with the whites and spoke loudly to them as though in command. The white men came ashore and went along the beach. Jarambo thought they were hunting fresh water.

"That man whose skin is not so white," George guessed, "must be the half-breed."

They had other news later. That night after they were abed, Jarambo reported. Mary listened, and spoke in a whisper as though they might be overheard. It was so dark that she could see Jarambo only as a blurred shadow.

"They've killed the half-breed," she told George. "One of the white men shot him in the back, without a word, on the beach this afternoon."

George reflected calmly in the darkness: "I suppose after he showed them the way here he was of no further use to them." She thought, with a high and loyal pride, that there was no hint of fear in his voice. She repeated the rest of Jarambo's report.

"They have six Kanakas to dive. Ten men altogether, George, and tonight they all drank, and were drunk. Their shouts could be heard."

He said quietly: "Ten? Tell Jarambo to keep us posted. I wish I had a gun. As it is, we can't fight them, but we can keep out of their way. When the Ventura comes, or the Morning Star, we can arrange for security; for something. But till then, we'll have to skulk in the jungle like animals. It's hateful, but it's the only thing we can do."

That night Mary thought once she heard distant drums. It might have been the surf, but when she rose in the morning Jarambo was squatting on the platform outside the door; and at the sound of her step behind him he looked up, and she saw a curious red flicker in his eyes. When he spoke, his voice was

activities was reassured. "They'll be all right when the time comes," he insisted. "Jarambo is explaining it all to them. It's the only sensible thing to do."

But the second day, at noon, word came down the mountain that the schooner was working her way around the island; and an hour later, when he had labored with them fruitlessly, even George was convinced that the people would not go.

He accepted the situation steadily enough. "They won't move," he said. "Whips wouldn't drive them. But Mary, you go. I can't let these men see you."

She asked what he intended; and he said: "I'll stay and meet them." "Then I ought to be with you."

He shook his head. "I'll be all right alone," he insisted. "They have no reason to hurt me, and I'm not afraid of them. But with you here, I'd be afraid what they might do to you; and you would be a reason for them to—kill me, Mary. I want you to go."

She was deeply reluctant to leave him. She remembered Corkran; and she thought, with a guilty sense of disloyalty, that the sailor and his talking bird might have more influence with the Islanders than George, might persuade them to hide as George desired. Corkran must be near at hand, ready to do what he could if he were needed. The thought gave her new confidence. She said: "All right, George; I'll do whatever you say. I'll hide if you want me to, but I'm not afraid to stay with you. I want to stay here if it will help."

"If I know you're safe, I'll be all right," he told her. "You can help me most by going into the hills."

So Mary consented; and since George thought the schooner might come into the bay tonight, he wished her to go at once. Jarambo put her into the care of two young men; and they took her far up one of the trails that climbed steeply among the peaks, to the house of an old man whom her father had called Itauai, who was now called Itau, who lived like a hermit high above the bay.

When they came to his house the young men explained why Mary was there. Itau made sounds of assent; and he led the way to a bold promontory from which they could see the schooner south of the Island, moving slowly on light airs.

At sunset she was still far away. Mary and the old man and the two young men her guardians slept that night on a great bed of heaped dry grass, with a coconut log polished by long usage to serve as pillow for them all. The three men slept without sound, but she lay long awake thinking of George. George, she understood well enough, was always afraid; yet he never yielded to that fear, nor admitted it, except that he had now admitted that he was afraid for her sake. When she slept at last her dreams were troubled; and when she woke, it was with a leap of her heart as though some outcry had alarmed her.

When they had eaten, dipping together into the gourd, Itau led them again to the outlook to watch the schooner work her way into the roads and drop anchor there. No canoes went off to meet her; and Mary thought, happy in his victory: "George would not let them go."

Hours later they brought George to her, slung in a hammock of vines between two poles, his eyes closed, his lips white. He was unconscious, but he was alive.

Mary, when she saw that George was still alive, wept with grief because he was hurt, but with gladness too, because now she could tend him and keep him here secure. Four young men had brought him. They laid him down, and old Itau drew near.

Mary saw that a bullet had entered George's left breast near the side, coming out under his arm, tearing the thin muscles of his arm as it emerged. When the hurts were exposed, Itau leaned closer and touched the wound of entrance firmly. His fingers like claws felt along the ill-fleshed ribs to the spot where the bullet had emerged; and then the old man clicked his tongue, and stood up and hobbled away.

George lay limp and still, his eyes closed, his head on one side without strength in his neck, his hands limp on the mat upon which they had laid him.

Old Itau returned, mumbling to himself, with leaves fresh plucked, and a bulbous fruit. He squeezed juice out of the fruit upon the wound of entrance.

Itau bade the young men turn the hurt man on his side while he applied the stinging juice to the torn wounds below the shoulder and on the arm. Then he bound leaves over these wounds with strips of torn petticoat which Mary offered him. When George was bandaged, Itau spoke to the young men. Within the hour George had been carried deep into the forest; a shelter had been reared for him of poles bound together with vines and thatched with palm and breadfruit leaves, and he and Mary were hidden safe away.

Mary sat beside George, Itau squatting a little way off, mumbling to himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



UNITY

"The election certainly proved that a lot of people admired Willie," he said.

"Now wait. It's all over and all we want now is unity. Right?" I said.

"Right. I suppose we should forget the violation of a tradition," he said.

"Lissen," I said. "Nothing matters now except that we all be unified. No more arguments, no more dissensions. Right?"

"Right. The election's all over. But I still think the budget question important," he said.

"There you go being partisan," I said.

"I ain't partisan," he said. "Yes, you are. All that matters is that democracy worked and we are all brothers. Right?" I said.

"Right. In the popular vote Willie was only a few million behind," he said.

"Nuts," I said. "If Roosevelt won by only two votes it would be final under our system and no sense beefing."

"Not at all. The popular vote showed an enormous switch against the New Deal policies," he said.

"Aw, go away! You just don't want unity," I said.

"Of course I want unity. It's the paramount need. But can't we still have it and talk reasonably?" he said.

"You're just another non-unity guy," I said. "You're too partisan. You're petty. You can't be big."

"Who can't be big?" he said.

"You can't. You're a worm, that's what you are. You ain't got no vision. You make me sick. All



I'm asking is a little brotherhood and mutual respect, and you just stand there beefing," I said.

"For two cents I'd poke you one," he said.

"You and who else? You better go some place and learn to be tolerant, ya big dummy," I said.

"I am as tolerant as any man in this country, you big fakir," he said, taking a swing at me.

"Everybody in America is anxious for unity but you, you fathead," I said, socking him one on the chin.

"You just don't understand the spirit of democracy. You don't know what unity means, you poor sap," he said, sending a left to my ear.

A policeman came running up and separated us.

"What's the trouble?" the cop asked.

"Unity," I said.

The cop looked at us with disgust and impatience and walked away.

"Hell!" he said. "Everywhere I go I run into fights over THAT!"

THE LIGHTER VEIN AT TRAINING CAMPS

We're camping tonight on the old campground, Camping tonight, my lady. Tenting tonight, tenting tonight, Tenting on the old campground; There'll be fancy balls tonight, Bridge and movies lily-white — Tenting on the old campground.

We are camping tonight on the old campground, Hostesses here to cheer us; Tenting tonight, tenting tonight, We're tenting on the old campground;

Cheerful seem our training tests, For our folks are week-end guests— Tenting on the old campground. —Old Song Revised.

The draft army is to have no catch-as-catch-can entertainment this time. Recreation, diversion and good, clean fun are announced as a definite part of the army training plan, with hundreds of hostesses and junior hostesses bustling about the camps to see about getting up a dance, a bingo party, a bridge carnival or what have you.

The calls of "Squads right!" and "Tention!" will be mingled with "May I have this dance?" and "Aw, let's play some more!"

Uncle Sam's policy this time will be based on the theory that an army camp should in no way resemble a concentration camp, and that the more amusement the boys have the better.

The hostesses may be no younger than 30 and no older than 50, but their junior assistants may get under the wire as young as 25, which assures a reasonable amount of glamour and oomph.

Forty per cent of the American population lives on farms and in rural towns.

The farm population of the United States totals more than 32,000,000 persons, an increase of approximately 2,000,000 since 1930, according to the latest census figures.

Dr. Ernst Berl, a Pittsburg chemistry professor, has perfected a process that will turn out high-grade gasoline from molasses in two hours at a reasonable cost.



FORAGE NEEDS HEALTHY SOIL

Pastures on Poor Land Lack Nourishment.

By PROF. W. A. ALBRECHT

(Soils Department, University of Missouri.)

Sick soils will not produce healthy plants. Sick plants will not nourish healthy live stock. Mal-nourished live stock will not yield the farmer a profitable income. So what shall it profit us, then, if our frantic search for a foolproof grass to grow on abused soil is successful?

We have become conservation-conscious in recent years. We have come to recognize the threat to civilization from soil erosion. In many cases we have embraced the obvious solution—protective covering to heal the scars of wind and water, to hold the remaining surface and fertility.

But suppose we do succeed in getting the sick land back to grass? Suppose we do find plants that will exist? They will hold the surface, which is desirable, but will they restore the land to useful production?

Only if they are reinforced by vitally necessary nitrogen, phosphorus and potash can they assist in repairing the damage that has resulted from years of mining the soil of its fertility.

An increasing number of cases of animal malnutrition, animal irregularities and animal disease have been traced to soils that have lost their fertility. Chemical studies have been made of the soil and of vegetation it produced that ailing animals consumed. When these chemical studies are related to animal case histories, they show that the trouble lies in the absence from the soil of plant nutrients essential for the plants and required in larger amounts by the animals.

Mining our soils of their fertility is bringing us face to face with the simple fact that plant factories are not running as efficiently for feed production as they once were.

We should try to balance the plant diet for better results in the plant factory, just as we try to balance the animal ration for better output by the meat or milk factory.

Plant rations are much simpler than animal rations. Lime and phosphorus treatment to soil are usually the first requisites in the light of plant and animal needs, because calcium is about eight times as plentiful in plant ash and 40 times so in the animal body as in the soil. For phosphorus the corresponding figures are roughly 140 to 400, according to the United States department of agriculture.

Remedying the plant ration by lime and phosphorus additions mainly to the soil will relieve us of remedying the animal ration in many cases, and will be much more simple than tinkering with animal physiology, which is infinitely complex.

A simple soil treatment, like liming, can do much for the animal's sake in terms of higher content of minerals and protein in the forage part of the ration. Lime applied to lespedeza has demonstrated its effect in many places. In one case it increased the lime content almost one-fifth. It was instrumental in helping the plant to rustle enough phosphorus out of the soil to increase the concentration of this nutrient by one-fifth. It enabled the plant factory to pack more than one-fourth more protein into each pound of hay, to say nothing of the yield increase per acre in all these items.

What do you eat for breakfast? Coffee, toast, maybe some eggs? What do you eat for lunch and dinner? White bread, meat, potatoes? It's little wonder you're constipated. You probably don't eat enough "bulk." And "bulk" doesn't mean the amount you eat. It's a kind of food that forms a soft "bulky" mass in the intestines and helps a movement. If this is your trouble, may we suggest a crunchy toasted cereal—Kellogg's All-Bran—for breakfast. All-Bran is a natural food, not a medicine—but it's particularly rich in "bulk." Being so, it can help you not only to get regular but to keep regular. Eat All-Bran regularly, and drink plenty of water. Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek. If your condition is chronic, it is wise to consult a physician.

GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN

Work Is Noble
All work, even cotton-spinning, is noble; work is alone noble.—Carlyle.

Isn't This Why You Are Constipated?

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WNU-13 48-40

Agricultural News

The number of workers in a colony of bees may vary from 10,000 to 75,000.

Skillful culling is one way for poultrymen to reduce labor and feed costs without severely reducing labor income.

Steering a tractor over gravel roads may be made easier by taking off the skid rings on the front wheels and replacing with old auto tire casings over the wheels.

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GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

To reheat cereal, place in double boiler and stir while cooking. This is better than adding water, which tends to make the cereal lumpy.

Try combining clams and cooked corn. The flavors go especially well together and are delicious made into soups, stews, croquettes or cakes (mixed with mashed potatoes and deep fried).

Egg stains on table linen should be soaked in cold water before laundering because hot water sets such stains.

If you do much sewing at night, a bridge lamp with arm extended right over your sewing will give you the best light. A shade of off-white or pale amber gives the most restful light.

3 Simple Steps SPEED UP COLD RELIEF

Action begins in a short time. No long hours of painful discomfort.

Follow Directions in Pictures



1. To relieve headache, body discomfort and aches, take 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets and drink a full glass of water.

2. For sore throat from cold, dissolve 3 Bayer Tablets in 1/2 glass of water and gargle.

3. Check temperature. If you have a fever and temperature does not go down—if throat pain is not quickly relieved, call your doctor.

This modern way acts with amazing speed. Be sure you get BAYER Aspirin.

At the first sign of a cold follow the directions in the pictures above—the simplest and among the most effective methods known to modern science to relieve painful cold symptoms fast.

So quickly does Bayer Aspirin act—both internally and as a gargle, you'll feel wonderful relief start often in a remarkably short time.

Try this way. You will say it is unequalled. But be sure you get the fast-acting Bayer product you want. Ask for Bayer Aspirin by the full name when you buy.

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WNU-13 48-40

Facts of ADVERTISING

ADVERTISING represents the leadership of a nation. It points the way. We merely follow—follow to new heights of comfort, of convenience, of happiness.

As time goes on advertising is used more and more, and as it is used more we all profit more. It's the way advertising has—

of bringing a profit to everybody concerned, the consumer included