

The Strumpet Sea

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

Peter's boat in fact drew near; and when he saw them watching, Peter called: "Well, Mary, you saw something today!"

She felt suddenly pity for him, thinking how crushed he would be when he knew the truth about his fatherhood, knew himself disowned by Captain Ira Corr.

"That was fine," she told him. "Wonderful!"

"You have to know how to handle 'em," he said complacently. "There's more to whaling than bull luck. Dick isn't the only man aboard can kill a whale. Where is he?"

"Gone to change his clothes," Mary said; and as the boat came alongside George added:

"His arm's bruised. The flukes hit him."

Peter laughed. "Probably rubbing liniment on it," he said. He swung up to the deck. George called to Corkran:

"Great job you did!"

Corkran shook his head apologetically. "I went in too high with the lance, sir. Over his shoulder blade. If I'd got him right he wouldn't have sunk."

"Good job, just the same," George insisted. He and Mary went aft with Peter.

Mary told George: "I'm worried about Richard. I'll see if he's all right." George nodded, and she went below.

Richard was in the common room, by the desk; and he had stripped off his shirt. When she appeared, he looked across at her in an abashed way. She saw his bewildered eyes, and then he said as though ashamed of his own weakness:

"Darned arm's broken, Mary!"

"Broken?" she echoed.

He extended his left arm for her to see.

She saw that it was swollen between elbow and wrist, already beginning to show a dark, discolored bruise. Also it was twisted in an unnatural way, the hand in the wrong position, as if put on by an awkward workman. Her breath caught with pity, and she touched his arm lightly. His eyes followed her fingers as they approached; but when they touched his skin, his eyes leaped to meet hers, and for a long moment their glances held, as though each had been startled by some distant sound.

She tried to speak, and shook her head without knowing she did so, and ran to the foot of the companionway and called: "George! Peter! Richard's arm's broken. Come quick!"

George was beside her in an instant. Richard was leaning against the desk, grinning in rueful apology. "Makes me kind of faint," he said. "Takes the pith out of me." His lips were white with pain. Peter came below, asked sharply:

"What's the matter?"

George said: "His arm's broken."

Richard tried to laugh. "Funny," he said. "Joke on me."

Peter took the arm in both hands, feeling it, pressing with his fingers. "It's broken all right," he decided. "I can feel the ends scrape together."

Richard drawled: "So can I. Don't play with them unless you get a special lot of fun out of it, Peter. It's no fun for me."

They all smiled. Mary could not speak. Richard was so strong and splendid, to stand thus weak and broken now. Her eyes burned with unshed tears.

George reflected helplessly: "All I know about broken bones is to keep them quiet till you get a doctor."

Mary whispered: "Can't we go into port, somewhere?"

No one answered her. Their minds were dulled by this emergency. It was Richard who suggested calling Isaiah and Hiram. Isaiah volubly assured them that he had set more broken arms than you could shake a stick at.

"You go make a splint, Hiram," he told the carpenter. "What we want is a couple flat pieces of cedar, 'bout so long and 'bout so wide."

Hiram went to obey, and Mary to tear some of her own garments into bandages. When they set the broken bone, she bit her lip, watching Richard's mouth twitch as they tugged at his arm. Isaiah and Peter held the arm stretched in position while Hiram laid on the splints and bound them in place; and when the thing was done, Isaiah nodded in satisfied approval of his own work.

"There ye be!" he said. "Month from now, Cap'n, you won't know it ever happened."

Richard protested: "A month?"

"A month anyways. Yes, sure."

Mary asked: "Shouldn't he have a sling?"

Isaiah shook his head.

Richard grinned at his own plight. "Well, a fine lot of use I'll be around here for a while," he said. "Peter, you're going to have to handle things."

Peter nodded carelessly. "Sure," he agreed. "I'll look out for you." Before noon they sighted whales again; and Peter lowered, and Corkran got two irons home handsomely. Peter himself lanced this whale as easily as killing a chicken, and he came back to the ship drunk with swaggering with a new sense of power.

The blubber and the bone were

safe aboard by dark that night; and a great moon rose to silver the slippery, stained decks and pale the glare of the fires under the tryposts.

They had buoyed the whale which sank, and while they were cutting in and trying out this new kill, they stayed near the buoy. On the second morning they saw the dead whale afloat, swollen with gases. They brought it alongside too. Despite the steady work, everyone aboard was in good humor; for one more whale, Richard said, would fill their last casks. They finished trying out, stowed the oil, scrubbed ship, cruised daily to and fro.

But their luck did not repeat itself; they went day after day vigilant and yet without success. On a steady westerly they moved down again toward Juan Fernandez, working offshore for a while; and inaction began to weary them and fret the patience of every man aboard, till at last Richard decided to put in to Talcahuano.

"We might strike oil at the Cape Verdes," he said. "And if we don't, we've done well enough. It's time to be getting home."

There was, Mary would find, a surprising lot to be done by way of refitting. Richard warned her that rounding Cape Horn they were sure of cold weather; and she saw the sailors in their spare time on deck busy with mending and patching, preparing warm clothing for the high latitudes. And in the landlocked harbor of Talcahuano the ship herself put on a new dress. Her old sails, patched and repatched and dingy with smoke, were unbent. The rigging was tested and repaired where repairs were needed, and freshly tarred. Richard bought beef

"I think we ought to tell Richard," she decided. "If they're aboard, whoever has them, it might mean trouble. But I don't want George to know about them unless he has 'em."

Later she reported the disappearance of the pearls to Richard. He said good-humoredly: "Shucks, you probably took them yourself, hid them somewhere else; and now you've forgotten where."

"You must think I'm an idiot!" She was at once hurt and angry. "Sure you didn't?"

"Of course I'm sure."

"Then it was probably Feik," he decided. He frowned. "Now, I'm wondering if that barrel of ambergris is still in the cabin stores. I'll have a look and see."

The ambergris was safe, and nothing new happened to alarm them; but there was after that day an adied vigilance in Richard's manner. He kept a more watchful eye upon the men, and went out of his way and outside any real need to keep them busy. He was forever shifting sails, trying this way and that to get greater speed out of the Ventura.

In the end it became necessary to tell George about the pearls. Mary and Richard and Peter were apt to discuss the pearls whenever two or all three of them were together and out of reach of other ears; and a man less sensitive than George must have seen that he was excluded from some secret which they shared. He was for a while too proud to confess that he saw this.

But in the end he questioned Peter. "I've had an idea you, Mary and Richard have a secret between you."

Peter laughed. "Secret? You can't keep a secret aboardship. No. Don't you worry, George!" he urged. "Richard's all right, and so's Mary. Of course, it would go to any man's head the way she looks at him; but they'll be all right once we're ashore."

George said after a moment: "I trust Mary, and Richard too, of course. Only I've wondered, sometimes."

"Here, I'll show you you're wrong," Peter spoke easily; he took George by the arm, led him across to the other side of the deck and forward, so that they would approach Richard and Mary unseen, from behind. "We'll get near enough to hear what they're saying," he proposed.

But George stopped. "No," he said curtly. "I'm not a spy!" Before Peter could urge him, he called to Mary, still some distance from them.

He called her name, and there was a note of warning in his voice. That call startled her, made her turn with guilty cheeks; for when she had followed Richard forward, she was thinking of his forbearance toward Peter, and when they were alone, on sudden impulse she said: "Isaiah told me Peter's not really your brother, Richard."

He said in a low tone: "I'd have Isaiah whipped for that, if he weren't old enough to be my grandfather."

"Everyone will know when we get home."

Richard shook his head. "No, they won't! Not even Peter, if Isaiah and Hiram keep their mouths shut. I'm going to have the lawyers tear up Father's will, or else I'll take Peter in as partner. He can run things ashore."

"I haven't even told George."

"Don't," he urged. "If Peter knew about it, it would knock him all to pieces, Mary."

"I won't, of course. I noticed in the log one night that your father never called Peter his son; but he always did you. He was pretty proud of you, of course."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CHAPTER XIV

The loss of the pearls did not in itself grieve Mary; but the manner of their going had alarming implications. Whoever had stolen them was by the very fact of his guilt made potentially dangerous to the ship and to them all. Peter knew of the existence of the pearls, knew they were somewhere aboard; and he could not be surely crossed off the list of suspects. Certainly he held himself to no strict rule of honorable conduct, since Mary came aboard the Ventura he had wooed her who was George's wife.

Yet this consideration, which might have damned him, actually persuaded Mary at last that he was innocent. She was woman enough

to understand that Peter—or any other man—might love her; and she was woman enough to forgive Peter. But she was sure at last that, loving her, he would never have stolen her pearls.

Who, then?

Feik might have taken the pearls before he and Barbo left the ship at Talcahuano; and Mary hoped he had! If he had them, they and the thief were gone. But of the men still aboard, there remained only Rannels. Mat Forbes' harpooner was a fat young man, with a deceptive fatness that had strength behind it. There was something shifty about Rannels.

Thinking of Rannels made her suddenly afraid, and as much to reassure herself as from any real conviction, she decided that Peter had found the pearls and had put them in some place of greater security. But when she asked him whether this were true, he shook his head.

"I've never seen them since you showed them to me," he declared. "Where were they hidden?" She told him, and he listened, frowning soberly. "I'd have thought they'd be safe here," he admitted. "Did Richard know about them?"

"He knew I had them, but not where they were," she added: "I hope it was Feik. I hope he's got them, hope they're gone."

Peter chuckled. "I don't," he protested. "I liked the look of them. If anybody gets them, I'd like to be the one. I'm betting they're still aboard."

"I think we ought to tell Richard," she decided. "If they're aboard, whoever has them, it might mean trouble. But I don't want George to know about them unless he has 'em."

Later she reported the disappearance of the pearls to Richard. He said good-humoredly: "Shucks, you probably took them yourself, hid them somewhere else; and now you've forgotten where."

"You must think I'm an idiot!" She was at once hurt and angry. "Sure you didn't?"

"Of course I'm sure."

"Then it was probably Feik," he decided. He frowned. "Now, I'm wondering if that barrel of ambergris is still in the cabin stores. I'll have a look and see."

FARM TOPICS

PREPARE COWS IN DRY PERIOD

Special Care Assures Better Production.

By GEORGE E. TAYLOR

(Extension Dairyman, Rutgers University.)

Cows that are properly fitted and managed during the dry period may produce as much as 25 per cent more milk and butterfat during the following lactation period.

During the lactation period, especially during the first six months, the animal's body reserve of minerals, protein and fat becomes depleted. And the cow does not have an opportunity to build up this reserve again until the animal is given a six to eight weeks' rest period prior to the following calving.

Neglect on the part of the owner regarding proper feed, care and management of dry cows may cost the owner the value of one ton of milk. The loss in dollars and cents may be computed by using the market value of one ton of milk under any known market condition.

The amount of hay and grain which should be fed during the dry period depends upon the condition of the cow at the time she is turned dry. Animals that are in fair condition may be properly fitted on a liberal allowance of quality roughage, including pasture, hay and silage. Other cows may require some grain in addition to all the roughage they will eat. A daily grain allowance of six pounds is usually ample. Thus not more than 250 pounds to 350 pounds of grain in addition to one-quarter ton of hay, is needed to put a cow in proper condition.

Figure the cost of 250 to 350 pounds of grain and one-quarter ton of hay and compare it with the value of one ton of milk. The figure proves that a rest period of six to eight weeks along with proper feed and care during the dry period, really pays dividends.

Seed Treatment Proves Good Crop Insurance

Seed treatment is one of the most important phases of crop insurance. Not only can the crops be disease-free, but in most cases freedom from disease results in increased yield. Therefore, the use of high quality treated seed is a big step forward toward success.

Now is the time to make preparation for treating wheat, oats, and barley for smut. There are several materials on the market that, if properly used, will give good results. The first important step is to learn exactly the method recommended. If instructions as to the proper method of treatment are not followed, it is a waste of time and material.

Copper carbonate and mercurial dusts are suitable for the control of seed-borne diseases in a wide range of seeds, because they control a large number of seed-borne diseases besides smut. For this reason they can be used with crops of wheat, oats, barley, beans, and others.

Formaldehyde is still popular with many farmers but this material must be properly applied to give good results. The placing of a teaspoonful of formaldehyde in the top of a sack of grain and then turning the sack upside down for treatment is ineffectual. Formaldehyde when exposed to the air vaporizes as a gas; this gas is heavier than air. The above procedure prevents the formaldehyde from coming in contact with the seed.

Week-Old Calves Can Be Dehorned

Horns, at one time, were a necessary part of a cow's equipment. They were necessary for protection, but under present modern methods of management, cows do not need horns. Horns may be taken off when the calf is a week old without any loss and not too much discomfort to the calf. Do the job of dehorning as soon as the horn button can be found; clip the hair around this tiny bump and place a ring of vaseline on the lower side to prevent any drainage into the eye itself. Roughen the spot gently where the horn is starting with a corn cob or by scraping it. Moisten a stick of caustic potash and rub it on until the skin is a distinct pink. Caution: Use gloves on your hands and let no liquid from the caustic stick get into your eyes or the calf's eyes—it's dangerous.

Repair Now

The "stitch in time" adage applies forcibly to machinery care, according to Ray W. Carpenter of the University of Maryland. He says that an hour at this time of year, when the machinery is in storage, spent in oiling all polished surfaces to prevent rust, repainting bared wood parts, and checking, ordering, and replacing badly worn or broken parts will avoid delays, aggravation, and hours of valuable time when the spring season rush is on.



RESTAURANT MEN ARISE!

"Washington—A meeting of the Regional Restaurant Convention was held by speakers here that restaurant owners should serve foods which would help national security. 'Restaurant men should put their knowledge of nutrition and diet to work in the cause of defense,' a speaker said. 'They can help improve the stamina of America.'"

Elmer Twitchell was much interested in the above item. As an old restaurant man himself, the idea absorbed his interest. "I think there's something in it," he declared. "You take a hamburger . . ."

The reporter reached out to take one, but Mr. Twitchell explained he was speaking figuratively.

"Take a hamburger. There are hamburgers and hamburgers. I don't know how they rate in the matter of stamina, but the kind many restaurants serve today certainly make a man want to fight."

"What about all-hot's?" he was asked.

"The all-hot rates about B plus in a defense program," explained Elmer solemnly, consulting his charts. "They are not only nutritious, but they are a part of the American system. Take our frankfurters and rolls away from us and our morale would undergo terrific damage."

"How does the combo or ham and egg on rye rate in a national defense program?"

"Our tests have shown," replied Elmer, "that a man cannot remain an adequate fighting unit as long on the combo as he can on a three-decker liverwurst with lettuce and mayonnaise, but he is within one point ten of being as durable as a man who prefers a salami on a hard roll."

"What about the minute steak?"

"This minute steak business demands an immediate study," snapped Mr. Twitchell. "It covers too much territory. I ordered a minute steak sandwich in a fairly good restaurant last night. It unfitted me even for draft purposes by loosening all my front teeth."

"How about chicken salad as an aid to national security?"

"I understand there are places where chicken salad is chicken salad," replied Elmer, "but I have not been able to locate 'em. There is nothing in the chicken salads I have ordered that would sustain a man through a minor skirmish with a platoon of Singer mid-gets."

"What about the cheeseburger sandwich? Could the nation put its trust in that in time of war?"

"The war and navy departments have the cheeseburger under consideration at this moment. Messrs. Stimson, Knox and others had a special session to determine the proper place of the cheeseburger in any defense program," said Elmer.

"How about beef stew and beans?"

"Now you're talking sense," concluded Elmer. "No matter what the restaurant man or the defense bodies may suggest, stew and beans are what the fighting forces will get . . . and past performances show it ain't half bad."

Reaction to the ASCAP-Radio War. I cannot get the old sweet songs; Somehow it strikes me funny That those who write of "love and you" Can think so much of money.

Well, anyhow, the ban on all those song hits on the chain radios has killed off the fellow who was always asking for request numbers.

The best slogan for America in the present crisis is reported on billboards in Miami: "AMERICA, LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT."

Germany has gone to the rescue of Italy. This may turn out to mark the introduction of a new type of German warfare: Rescue with pursuit.

Observations. Misfortune, friends, befell me, I hate to walk an inch; I let some salesmen sell me A pair of shoes that pinch.

Have you broken any New Year's resolutions yet?

This looks like a year when a good slogan for anybody is, "Never change skis in midair!"

DEFENSE PROGRAM STUFF ("New army camps are at least a month behind schedule."—News item.) Last night I saw most everywhere An army camp that wasn't there; It wasn't there again today—I hope the foe will keep away!

The present horizon To Il Duce is "pizon."

THE GIST OF IT Marshal Graziani's report, boiled down, would read, "I shoulda stayed in bed."

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

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TRUCK WRECKING COMPANY

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WANT A REAL JOB?

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The Front Pages: An Italian newspaper recently claimed that Paul Revere was an Italian. The editor probably figures that anyone who goes around frantically screaming, "The British are coming!" must have come from Italy . . . The no foreign war group has endorsed Lindbergh because they believe he is a great lover of peace. Perhaps they didn't see the magazine article Lindbergh wrote, in which he urged that we go to war against the Asiatics . . . Incidentally, that bunch has expressed high regard for two people who are proud of getting medals from Hitler . . . Any other questions? . . . Add coincidences: The same week Hitler warned us against further aid to Britain, a group of anti-aid to Britain organizations sprang into prominence . . . The Overseas Press Club forced the resignation of George Sylvester Viereck, it was explained, because he fetched Bundists and Gestapoleats to meetings. The other members, perhaps, were afraid of being judged by the company they kept.

"MIDDLE-AGE" WOMEN [38-52 yrs. old] NEED THIS ADVICE!!

Thousands of women are helped to go smiling thru distress peculiar to women—caused by this period in life—when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—famous for over 60 years. Pinkham's Compound—made especially for women—has helped thousands to relieve such weak, nervous feelings due to this functional disturbance. Try it!

Our Merit

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INTESTINAL GAS PAINS

"Adlerika quickly relieved me of gas pains in the intestines." (C. B.-Ohio) Gas pains due to delayed bowel action relieved thru QUICK results from ADLERIKA. Get it TODAY. AT YOUR DRUG STORE

Calm in Danger

True courage is cool and calm. The bravest men have the least bullying insolence, and in the time of danger are found the most serene and free.—Shaftesbury.

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of bringing a profit to everybody concerned, the consumer included