

# The Strumpet Sea

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

CHAPTER XV—Continued

George caught her to him, held her close, the thin muscles in his arms tightening in nervous spasms.

Then George freed himself and stood erect again and turned to Richard, while he still held Mary's arm like an owner in possession. He spoke haltingly.

"I'm sorry, Cap'n Corr," he said. "I was wrong." He coughed twice. "You must lie down," she said. "I'll tuck you in. You're cold and sick and tired."

"Come," he tugged at her. "I'm not tired. I'm strong now, Mary."

The cabin was small, with a high bunk against the ship's side, a lock-fast at one end, drawers beneath the bunk, a seat and a drop-desk where his Bible and his two or three other books lay. George shut the door and turned to her and caught her hands and whispered hoarsely: "You do love me, Mary?"

She said mechanically: "Of course I do."

He threw up his head, half laughing. "There's no 'of course' about it!" he cried. "I know you do, now; but I never knew what it meant before, Mary. I love you too, today. I always have, without knowing it. I love you, Mary."

"I know you do, George dear! I know you do!"

Then George began to cough again, and had to release her; and she stood, watching him as remotely as she watched herself, thinking how little he was, and thin, and weak, and frail.

He coughed and coughed, half-sitting on the bunk, clinging to the edge of it behind him with both hands, trying to stand, till he began to bow forward; and she realized that he was slipping down, lower and lower. Then suddenly he was a sprawled heap, all legs and thin arms in a coat too big for him on the floor at her feet.

She was strong enough to lift him, with what help he could give, into the bunk; and to wipe his stained lips gently, and to loose his garments and take off his shoes and cover him. She brought blankets from her own bed to warm him; but when she felt his body under the blankets he was cold, cold, cold.

Sometimes, minutes later or hours later, Peter came down to speak to her. He stood in the doorway, asked warily: "What happened?"

"George is sick."

"What happened to him?"

"Nothing. I think he caught cold. He started coughing."

"Anything upset him?"

"No, no. He's just sick, Peter."

Peter said, watching her narrowly: "Dick's gone crazy!" She looked up at him in quick concern. "Crazy as a cat," he said, in a fretful anger. "He came on deck and piled every stitch on her. He just said he was in a hurry to get home."

Richard did not come below for dinner or for supper.

CHAPTER XVI

Mary stayed beside George's bunk all that night. She thought the motion of the ship had eased. There was no longer much roll. Once next day Mary went up the companionway. She saw, standing somewhat sheltered by the companion, that the great seas astern were forever about to overtake them. Solid water piled up behind them higher and higher, seemed to hang above them for a while, moving nearer and nearer, till its crest broke into wind-driven foam, and the mass subsided. There were two men at the wheel, fighting it hard. Peter came to Richard's side and shouted something; but Richard, staring stonily ahead, did not even nod. Peter turned to the companion, and Mary backed down into the cabin with him following.

He said, hoarse with panic: "He's crazy, I tell you."

She saw that he was shaking with simple fear; but she was not afraid. No emotion could touch her now. She went in to George, to sit beside him, holding his hand. He would be better when the sun shone again and they were all warm. She thought she had been cold for weeks, could not remember when she had not been stiff with cold. Time passed. At intervals, Peter or Mat Forbes came below for a brief moment of rest in their cabin across from George's. The lamps were lighted day and night, swamping and flaring crazily; but night ran into day without division.

She thought of Richard, never leaving the deck, his face set like granite, staring ahead yet seeing nothing, forcing the ship along this road that might have death at the end like a man fleeing blindly from something dreadful. She knew what it was from which he fled. Her thoughts kept him company, hovered over him, wished she might comfort him, while the tortured Venturer drove on and on.

Disaster struck them in that hour between midnight and dawn when men are at low ebb.

For it was then a sea overtook the Venturer, solid water like a wall, so high that it becalmed the fore course; and before the topsails could lift her, it came aboard over the stern. The mass of it boiled through the after house; the stern was pressed down by the weight, and the ship's way checked. Then, as the stern rose, the water swirled

and eddied about the decks like a school of fish meshed in a net trying this way and that to be free. It tore out bulwarks here and there. It ripped one of the boats from the grips and left it hanging stern down against the ship's side, battering to splinters there.

When that sea caught them, Mat Forbes and Gibbons were at the wheel together, but Gibbons was torn away by the solid water and flung forward head over heels. One of his booted feet smashed through a pane in the skylight; and his foot in the hole it had made and held his body hanging head down. Mat Forbes held to the wheel. Richard and Peter were saved by the lifelines to which they clung; and the watch on deck forward had warning enough to give them time to grab at hand-holds.

As the stern lifted, Richard leaped through water that was still knee deep to help Mat with his one good arm. The Venturer had begun to broach to, but the foretopmast staysail helped pay her off; and they held her. The splitting crack when the foretopmast broke a foot above the cap warned Richard what was happening forward. The stick as it fell caught Eddie Few a sidewise crack that stunned him or killed him outright. He slid overboard as the great sea, sullenly relinquishing the attack, drew off from the decks of the Venturer.

Gibbons freed himself from the skylight and, heedless of his lacerated leg, returned to duty at the wheel. Richard kept the wheel with him, and since Peter was useless he

sent Mat Forbes to clear the wreckage forward. Holding a precarious footing against the pressure of the screaming wind, Mat cut away the topgallantmast and let it go over-side; and under his driving, men secured the fragment of the topmast to stop its banging, and caught the tangled web of rigging and controlled it with many lashings. The reefed foresail began to draw again, they got other useful rags of canvas on her; and an hour after that great sea, Richard went below to reassure Mary, he had the Venturer in hand. In that hour the gale, having done its worst for their destruction, had somewhat relented. The pressure of the wind began to ease, and before daylight, though the seas still were mountainous, the immediate danger was over.

Later that day they dropped anchor in a large bay which Peter identified as Hoakes Bay. Here Richard planned to repair the Venturer.

Next morning after breakfast was served, Richard was asleep, and Peter did not wake him. "We're better off if he stays asleep," he said harshly. "He'll wreck us before he's through. He's crazy!" Weariness was on them all, crushing them; and after they had eaten, and after Mary had warmed George's bed with hot water in the jugs again, they all slept. It was midafternoon before Richard roused, and waked others, and the work of repairing damage began.

They lay three days in Hoakes Bay; and most of the time the wind held steady and boisterously strong, and the cold ate into them deadeningly. But on the second day the sun shone fitfully between spats of rain; and when George saw the sun in his cabin window, he wished to go on deck. Mary and Tommy helped him up the companionway; and on her arm he moved out of the shade of the after house forward into the open waist of the ship. Mary saw one of the ship's boats on its way to the shore; and when Isaiah joined them, Mary asked where the men were going.

"Mate's gone to get some fresh meat," he said, "and to look for a chance to fill our water casks. Island's full of wild hogs, thin as a deer, not a mite of fat on 'em anywhere. You'd think you was eating veal. Real sweet meat."

"You've been here before?"

His Adam's apple pumped violently. "Well, you might say! I've heard my pa tell about it, too. It used to be there was a lot of ships come here for seals, skins and blubber and the like. They don't come so much now. Not seals enough to pay you for the trouble, nor whales

either." He peered off across the water through narrowed eyes.

George, looking at the green slopes rising from the water, the brown-flanked mountains to the east, said: "It's all forest, isn't it?"

Isaiah shook his head. "That's tussock grass you're looking at. It grows ten-twelve feet tall, and from here it looks like trees for a fact, but it ain't. There ain't no trees to mention, just vines and bushes."

Corkran stopped for a moment and spoke to George. "Reverence, you'll be needing sun on you, and warm days again to set you right."

"I'll be fine, yes," George assented. "Caught a little cold, that's all; started me coughing again." Mary, watching Corkran, saw the solicitude in his eyes. Then he turned to her, cheerful, smiling boldly.

"Himself here, you and the sun are the medicine he needs," he said. "He has you, anyway."

She felt as she often did with Corkran something unspoken pass between him and her; she thought incredulously that somehow he had guessed her secret and Richard's— which George must never know. "He'll always have me," she said simply. "All of me. All my life." Her eyes met Corkran's fairly.

"Aye," he said. "You're fine." Mat Forbes summoned him. George looked after the sailor as he moved away.

"You know, Mary, Corkran likes me."

"I know."

"I think he's the first man who ever liked me." Her hand lay in his arm. "I value his liking me; and yet by all the tests I know, he's a graceless, sinful man." He smiled at himself, at his own inconsistency.

At dinner next day Richard said they would be ready to depart by evening if the wind served. "We might have to wait," he admitted. "It'll need to come some easterly to help us out of the Bay." He was sending both the remaining boats ashore to fill the casks from a pond the men had found not far from the beach; and he and Peter would take one of the guns from the cabin to try for geese as an addition to their stores.

When a little later the boats were gone, the Venturer was almost deserted.

Mary became conscious as the afternoon drew on of a change in the wind, and looked out through the small square window above the bunk and saw that the ship had swung so that the southern shores of the bay instead of the northern were now on that starboard side. Richard had said an easterly wind would favor their departure from Hoakes Bay, and she thought with a lift of spirits that they would depart tonight, as soon as the boats returned. When after a while she heard the first boat bump the ship's side, something in her quickened. She would be glad to be away, glad to come north out of this rotting cold and be warm again.

She heard feet on deck, and listened for Richard's voice. She heard Peter giving orders; then the creak of the windlass as the first cask of water was swung aboard. Someone came down the companion into the after cabin, and she thought it was Richard, and wondered whether he would come to the door here to speak to them.

Richard was coming into the main cabin now, passing the head of the table. She heard his steps, and looked through the door and saw not Richard but Peter. Peter went into the cabin which he and Mat Forbes shared; and after a minute or two he came out with his arms full of his belongings and carried them through the door into the common room aft. Into Richard's cabin!

She stared after him and her heart began to pound. She rose, and George waked and asked quickly: "What is it, Mary? Don't leave me."

She nodded in submission, yet she stood in the door, waiting for Peter to appear again. Why was he in Richard's cabin? She could hear the sounds of his movement there. She began to tremble, not now with cold. She wished to call to Peter, and her lips were dry and her throat ached. Then he appeared.

He did not speak. She forced herself to do so. She asked: "Peter—where's Richard?"

He shook his head, not in negation, but in a sort of submission. He said: "Mary—Richard's dead."

Mary for a moment could not move. She heard herself whispering monotonously: "No. No. No." She knew she was shaking her head in a gesture of denial, a refusal to believe. Richard could not be dead. He had been so alive. So much in him had spoken deeply and clearly to so much in her, even when no words passed between them, nor even any glances. She braced her hands against the sides of the door, looking at Peter. She stood there, shaking her head like one whose mind is adrift, whispering, muttering: "No, Peter. No, he isn't. He can't be."

But Peter told her soberly: "He is, Mary."

Mary insisted, stupidly reiterant; "Peter, he's alive."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



"Mary—Richard's dead."



By LEMUEL F. PARTON  
(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

NEW YORK.—Adam Smith described economics as a science and then added, "Science is an antidote to the poison of enthusiasm."

It is possible that President Roosevelt's personal economist, rarely heard or seen, serves as such an antidote when impulsive action is indicated. He is the somewhat dimly outlined Dr. Lauchlin Currie, graying at 37, clothed in gray, as though in protective coloring, a shadow-shape in the Washington fogs of doubt and uncertainty.

Dr. Currie not only delves into mountains of detail, as did Hay and Nicolay for Lincoln, in another critical hour in March, 1860, but he is a deep fount of economic doctrine. He has not been credited with the inspiration for the lease-lend bill for aid to Britain, but it is interesting to note that in April, 1938, he put forward a plan to solve railroad troubles by a leasing-lending procedure in which the roads would get equipment much in the manner in which Britain would get war goods under the new bill.

As the "last of the brain-trusters," he is an advocate of the full utilization of technical resources by clearing them of financial entanglements and commitments, so far as possible. The late Thorstein Veblen foreshadowed these techniques.

Dr. Currie is a native of Nova Scotia who became an American citizen in 1934. He joined the New Deal in that year, three years after taking his doctorate at Harvard, as an assistant economist under Jacob Viner of the treasury department. Later he was taken over by Mariner Eccles of the Federal Reserve board as an assistant in the division of research.

He is not only the President's personal economist, but his liaison man in economic matters, appointed as one of those six White House assistants, "with a passion for anonymity," which passion seems fairly authentic in his case. He was a teacher at Harvard and an industrial consultant in Boston before going to Washington.

All of which is a reminder that the average man's wife is his personal economist and that she frequently is an "antidote to the poison of enthusiasm."

IF ADAM SMITH were alive, he would note that Mile. Eve Curie's scientific antecedents had not dimmed any of her enthusiasms.

The daughter of Marie Curie arrives on the S. S. Ex-cambion boiling with enthusiasm for free France and for democracy and civilization in general, science or no science. Her previous trips over here had made her a favorite in this country and her charm, intelligence and beauty have been eloquently extolled.

Her burning black eyes might be called "an antidote to the poison of indifference." She qualified in science, at the Sorbonne, but turned to music in 1926, a gifted pianist, praised by her friend Paderewski. With all her other gifts, she is an athlete and a first-rate bowler.

And with all that, women rave about her clothes. Writing has supplanted music as her chief interest and she has been highly praised for her biography of her mother, published in 1938. Her proficiency in higher mathematics rounds out a perfect score for one of the most highly esteemed of our gang-plank celebrities.

ERICA MORINI, whose recent concert drew an overflow crowd to the Town Hall, frequently has been called "The greatest woman violinist." She doesn't like it. While she notes that there have been, in nearly three centuries, only 73 distinguished women violinists, as against thousands of men, she insists that the lag is due only to the fact that women have been too busy with homes and children to bring through their talents. She thinks the above accolade is patronizing to her sex.

When Adolf Hitler's tanks rolled into her native Vienna, the comely young violinist moved out, with her \$45,000 Stradivarius. It was in 1921 that she first came to New York, a child prodigy in pig-tails, making her American debut with the New York Philharmonic in a recital which one critic termed "the greatest violin sensation since Kreisler." Her father was Italian, one of a long line of musicians, but none so gifted as she. She defies snobs and highbrows by playing Victor Herbert and Stephen Foster along with the violin classics.



THE AUTO HORN SOLUTION  
Mayor LaGuardia of New York is in another campaign against automobile horns, but hizzoner makes the same mistake others make when he thinks anything can be done about auto horns except abolishing the darned things. Campaigns to soften the notes, decrease the volume and dilute the pitch are silly. An auto horn is an auto horn anyway you take it, the human thumb being what it is today.



Caricature of Mayor LaGuardia by Jack Rosen which won first prize recently in Waldorf-Astoria employee exhibition in arts and crafts.

The mere presence of a horn on an automobile transforms a driver into a speed maniac, a pig, and a fathead with the manners of a dictator and the ethics of a gangster.

He can own a revolver without the slightest yen to use it; he can possess a shotgun without the least impulse to use it, but put an automobile horn under his control and he becomes a potential assassin with all the instincts of a hungry hyena.

"It is the horn," said Elmer Twitchell today, "that gives an auto owner the Nero complex, shucks him of all remnants of civilized impulses and makes him a plain damned fool, filled with the idea that all he has to do is to press the button to make the whole world jump."

"I don't care whether it is a loud horn or a soft horn, a bass horn or a canary, a blaster or a boop-a-dooper, nothing can prevent the owner from making a nuisance out of it, and Mayor LaGuardia is suffering from drooping intelligence if he thinks otherwise."

"All the reckless driving, all the violations of automobile laws, all the disrespect for the rights of other highway users, and most of the auto accidents are due to the horn, and to nothing else. Take that horn off the car and the driver would be forced to depend on common sense."

"Back in the horse and buggy days you didn't see teams crashing into one another at every crossroad or wobbling all over the road at breakneck speed, did you? And why not? Because they never had horns on horses!"

"Yes sir, this world started going savage the day the first horn was clamped to a gasoline vehicle. It started swelling up with inconsistency, self-importance and the to-hell-with-everybody-else spirit the first time an auto designer put a button under a car owner's calloused thumb. It converted a nation of tolerant, easy-going, kindly folks into a country of bad-mannered, jittery, wild-riding, mean and homicidal dogs. It made bigger and better hospitals the never-ceasing need of America."

"And there will be no change until the horn is removed, made unconstitutional and plowed under for all time. Man won't be so reckless, so selfish and so pigheaded once he has to depend on brakes instead of breach of the peace!"

CHILBLAINS?  
"Don't rush the season!" says the man  
Who claims he likes winter sports; But yesterday I caught him with  
A folder on Southern resorts!  
—Doris Irving.

SHORT STORY  
A motor car,  
A little horn,  
A human thumb . . .  
And peace is "gorn."

Women's hats for spring and summer are being taken from the old family album. Instead of out of old numbers of "Puck" and "Judge."

A New Jersey court holds that anybody walking on a moving escalator does so at his or her own risk. Not only that, but it looks so darned silly.

Elmer Twitchell, in our opinion, always had the right idea on escalators and energy conservation. He always sits down on them.

**CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT**

**USED TRACTORS**  
"Caterpillar" 35 Diesel and dozer  
"Caterpillar" 50 Diesel and dozer  
International TD-40 Tractor  
A. C. Model "80" and Carco dozer  
**KOPIUS-FERRIS EQUIPMENT CO.**  
7728 Mallon Ave. Spokane, Wash.

**WANTED**  
5 girls to work in Portland Beauty School for part payment on tuition. Write for particulars. Only 8th grade education necessary.  
**PORTLAND BEAUTY ACADEMY**  
450 S. W. Washington Portland, Ore.

**WANT A REAL JOB?**  
Airplane factories, shipyards and hundreds of industries are in need of sheet metal workers. Write for free booklet. Dept. 2, Adcox Trade School, 237 N. E. Broadway, Portland, Ore.

**EQUIPMENT FOR SALE**  
International 40 Diesel Tractor with Isaacson Angle Dozer, rebuilt and fully armored for Logging. Terms. Loyd F. Silva, Grants Pass, Oregon

**SPORTSMEN ATTENTION!**  
Pure Bred Liver and White Pointer Puppies from Champion Bench and Field Stock. NORTHWEST POINTERS 4067 S. W. Kanan Drive, Portland. Phone ATwater 3850

**GOOD DIVERSIFIED FARM**  
327 ac., 5 miles from Albany 140 ac. cult. bal. timber and pasture. Modern buildings, spring water piped to house. On good gravelled road 1/2 mile from school. \$2500 down, 2 1/2% interest on balance.  
**THE UNION CENTRAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.**  
810 Broadway-Oak Bldg. Portland Telephone AT. 4373

**MACHINERY**  
10 NEW International 100-h.p. engines  
10 New International 62-h.p. engines  
8 Recond. International 62-h.p. engines  
2 Buda recond. 20-h.p. engines  
1 Buda recond. 22-h.p. engine  
1 AC good shape; 100-h.p.  
1 "Cat" 85-h.p.  
**ENGINES ON THE HOWARD-COOPER RENTAL-PURCHASE PLAN**  
**HOWARD-COOPER CORPORATION**  
International Industrial Distributor  
Portland - Seattle - Spokane - Eugene - Klamath Falls

**FARM WANTED**  
WANTED—To hear from owner of 60 land for sale for spring delivery. Wm. Hawley, Baldwin, Wis.

**FOR SALE**  
150 acres, buildings, profitable (store, post office, camp) site near lakes, pavement.  
Maier, Elk, Washington

**And a Little Dough**  
Jackie—Daddy, you just said a lot of successful candidates would be eating political pie. What is political pie?  
Dad—Well, son, it's composed of applesauce and plums.

**LEARNED BY EXPERIENCE**

"How is it you let your wife have her own way?"  
"I once tried to stop her."

**How To Relieve Bronchitis**

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

**CREOMULSION**  
for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

**Lost Sense**  
They never taste who always drink.—Prior.

**Georgian Hotel**

**A SUPERB LOCATION**  
Only a few steps from every important point in Seattle. Stores, offices, bus and railroad terminals—all are just "next door". Car lines to all parts of Seattle are only a block away. A fine hotel, ideally situated, affording the utmost in comfort and convenience.

**SPLENDID ROOMS \$1.25 to \$3**  
SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH

**SEATTLE**