

### The Smugglers

By WILL T. AMES

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There was no long, black, rakish lugger. There was no cave, wind swept and spray washed, carved by the erosion of a million years of breakers far into the face of a cliff. There was no secret underground passage leading from the back of the cave to the main house of the titled leader of the smugglers; there was no clash of cutlasses; no band of bearded adventurers ready to lay down their lives for the swashbuckling, handsome young chieftain.

There was a trawler, an inshore trawler 30 feet long with a tiny cabin forward and a little glass but like a wee conning tower to protect the steersman's head as he stood on the cockpit floor and ran his ship, engine and wheel, quite alone; for she was a one-man boat.

Ashore, at a spot where the river road ran but half a dozen rods from the estuary, there was waiting a one-ton motortruck. And there was as fine a cargo of contraband in the trawler as was ever boated ashore from any lugger or battled over in the dark by soldiers and blue-water bullies, since custom houses, and their evasion, were invented.

Travis' part in the transaction looked easy. All he had to do was to meet the tramp a mile due south of Ducks and Drakes, light at ten o'clock, take the 40 cases aboard, run into the sequestered estuary which was his home harbor, anyhow, help the man of the motortruck load the stuff and collect \$10 a case from the truck driver.

Four hundred dollars for a night's work is a lot of money to a trawler. And Ben particularly needed that \$400. As to the risk—"Piffle!" said Kimpinski, Kimpinski, junk dealer, was the owner of the truck, and its driver for this occasion. "If the government was looking for some one for a few bottles of booze, would they let a ship-



Arose Out of the Hedge to Greet Him.

load of it go along the coast like a peddler, maybe? Sure, it's all fixed. Everywhere it is coming in. The coast guards—shaw! They can see nothing; the wind is blowing hundred-dollar bills in their eyes!"

There seemed to be sense to this. If the government were, indeed, as zealous in the suppression of contraband liquor as it was supposed to be, would it be likely to concern itself with small fry like Ben, and still permit a big ship to cruise the coast, dropping off her illicit cargo here and there to fishermen, tugs and coastwise schooners? Surely it must be well "fixed." And Ben was young and adventurous; he didn't put much stock in the eighteenth amendment anyhow—and he needed the money; Caroline and he needed it.

Caroline was helping in the matter of the bunglow, too. She went into town five evenings a week and taught foreigners in the evening school. It's strange how things happen, how they dovetail; one of Caroline's pupils was Kimpinski's eldest son, a man grown but young. Kimpinski came to the school and called his son out into the hall. Afterward, near the door where Kimpinski had stood Caroline picked up a crumpled telegram, addressed to the junk man and signed by an initial. It said:

"Try Benjamin Travis, trawl fisherman, Sandy Bay."

It was rather startling to Caroline. Also it happened that young Isadore Finkelstein confided to Miss Webster that Kimpinski was a bad man, a law-smasher already.

Now it was that Caroline had just been reading an old-time novel—one of the lugger and cave sort—and as she read it she thought had come to her that the dashing handsome smuggler here must have looked a good deal like Ben. So, with what she knew about the mysterious telegram and Kim-

pinski's reputation, when Ben a couple of evenings later told her the next night he would have to be out all night in his boat—a most unusual thing—something jumped up in Caroline's throat and her heart beat in fear.

No man could have deduced that Kimpinski had gotten Ben and his boat mixed up in liquor smuggling. Any woman could, especially one who knew Ben's streak of recklessness, and who had been reading lugger stories.

Wherefore, as Ben's trawler chugged up to an anchorage three rods from the shore where Kimpinski's truck waited, on as dark a night as you can have when there are no stars, and when Ben, with six of the cases piled into his skiffboat, rowed ashore, four coastguard gobs and a coastguard lieutenant arose out of the hedge to greet him, and at the same instant two others stepped from behind the trees where they had been watching Kimpinski for 20 minutes, and grabbed the junkman by the collar.

"We'll just trouble you for the loan of your skiff, Travis," said the officer. "I'll bring the rest of that stuff ashore ourselves. Then you can take her and go about your business. You're a very lucky chap."

It was at the front gate of Caroline Webster's home that they had it out the next afternoon. Caroline, pale, but determined, met Ben there and talked to him over the barrier instead of swinging it open, as usual, in mute welcome.

"I know what happened last night," she began, taking the situation by the horns. "It was I who informed—if you want to call it that."

Travis looked at her as if she had struck him in the face.

"Yes, I, Ben Travis; you and I have been nearly three years trying to get a home together so as to start right. It has meant just as much to me as it has to you. And in my way I've worked just as hard for it as you have. But if we ever do have a home together, Ben, it's got to be one without a stain on it. It has got to be earned straight and kept straight."

"I could have pretended not to know anything about that escapade of yours. Or I could have let it go and then pleaded with you afterward not to do it any more. But that wouldn't do for me. You've got a wild streak in you, Ben, that's got to be driven out."

"So when I made up my mind that you were getting into this crooked liquor smuggling—crooked it is, Ben, no matter what you may think—I went straight into town and saw the commandant of the coast guard station. I told them what I felt sure was going to be done, but I wouldn't tell them where nor who was probably in it, until they promised to let you go—and let Kimpinski go, too, for the information he could give them—if they could only get the goods and get at the people higher up, the big men behind the business. They didn't want to make terms like that, but by and by they consented. Today the commandant told me over the phone that Kimpinski had 'come through' and the men who are financing this traffic are going to the penitentiary."

"Ben, I don't know how you're going to take this. Maybe you'll think that a woman who will do a thing like what I did isn't a goodenough pal to tie up to. If you do, I can't help it. But if you come through that gate it's got to be as a man who is through, for good and all, with every thought of getting an easy dollar by breaking the law of the land." Caroline unlatched the gate and stood back.

And Kimpinski wasn't the only smuggler who "came through."

### CONDOR'S REALM IS INVADÉD

Crossing of the Andes by Aviators Is Annoying to the Great Birds.

The Andes are becoming quite blasé to crossings and the condors are understood to be highly annoyed at the constant invasion of their private residences at 15,000 feet or so of altitude. Since Jorge Newbery met the face of the courageous pioneer there have been several successful crossings. The name of the former will always be connected with the Cordillera with the same melancholy celebrity that attaches to the death of Lord Francis Douglas and Mr. Hadow on the Matterhorn.

The most recent disturber of the wild mountain solitudes is a Chilean military aviator, Lieut. Armando Cortinez, who descended at Mendoza after leaving the military flying school ground of Lo Espejo, near Santiago de Chile. He broke his propeller in landing and was obliged to wait for spare parts and a mechanic.

As he went up merely to attempt an altitude flight and had no leave to cross the frontier chain, the lieutenant will be put under arrest on his return, while being given all credit for his plucky achievement. Discipline is discipline.—Buenos Aires Standard.

### Confusion of Names.

Aunt Matilda came back from town, proud of her new purchase. It was a "transformation," one of those front pieces of hair which are reputed to make one look young. But Aunt Matilda's made her look more than young—decidedly "lond," if you please.

The finest piece went to tell mother. "Oh, mother, come here and see Aunt Matilda's confirmation," she called.

The high school nephew winked at his chum. "She'd better call it her confirmation, I think," he whispered. "Judging from the impression it has created on me."

## RELIEF SHIP HELD UP BY ARCTIC ICE

### Attempt to Reach Mission in Northernmost Alaska Again Fails.

### REACH WITHIN 69 MILES

### Dr. Marquis Brings Back Pitiful Tales of the Havoc Wrought by Influenza—Whole Villages Are Wiped Out.

Newport.—Turned back by an impenetrable ice-field within 69 miles of his goal, Dr. John A. Marquis, general secretary of the board of home missions of the Presbyterian church of the United States, was forced to return to New York without reaching his destination at Point Barrow, Alaska, the northernmost mission in the world operated by the Presbyterian church.

Dr. Marquis left New York June 23 and sailed from Seattle July 7 to Nome, where he boarded the United States coast guard service steamer Bear, to reach Point Barrow, but for the second time within two years this doughty little craft with its harby crew was unable to buck the terrific ice jam of the arctic. For eight days the sturdy boat battled, but finally on August 15 it was forced to turn back. The supplies for Point Barrow were unloaded at Point Hope, 350 miles south of that town. From here it is expected that sledges will be able to carry some of them to the needy people at Point Barrow.

"Last year," says Dr. Marquis, "the Bear was able to get within 25 miles of Point Barrow, but the steady winds this year had forced the ice masses down farther south than they had been for years."

Ice at Latitude 70 1/2. "Massive fields of ice were reached when we were at latitude 70 1/2 degrees, Captain P. H. Ueberoth, U. S. N., in charge of the Bear, declared the ice was the worst known since 1826."

Dr. Marquis went to Alaska to see about the appeal from the people there for the erection of a hospital at Point Barrow and also to study the opportunities for Presbyterian mission and school work generally in Alaska, particularly since the influenza epidemic last year wrought such havoc. He returns with interesting stories of the work and with pitiful tales of the terrible havoc wrought by the "flu," which in some sections wiped out whole villages.

On leaving Seattle July 7, Dr. Marquis took passage to the Aleutian Islands and thence to Nome. At Nome passage was taken on the Bear and for six weeks Dr. Marquis was on the government vessel. From Nome Dr. Marquis went to St. Lawrence islands and thence to Siberia. Leaving Siberia, the next stop was at the Diamede islands, and then to Cape Prince of

Wales, the westernmost point of the American continent, about four hours west of Seattle.

Upon this trip the vessel's coal supply ran low and the Bear had to put back from Cape Prince of Wales to Nome for re-coaling. Leaving Nome the vessel began its journey to Point Barrow. Kotzebue sound was entered and stop was made at the village, where the Society of Friends had excellent missions, and then the Bear went north to Kivalina, where no mission fields are established, but which a few missionaries visit at intervals. From this point Dr. Marquis went to Point Hope, which until recently was one of the most famous whaling stations in the arctic regions. From there the great but futile attempt northward was made toward Point Barrow.

Dr. Marquis on his return trip gave special study to the conditions as left by the influenza epidemic. As a result he brings back with him pitiful stories of the terrible ravages wrought by this epidemic among the Eskimos.

Whole Villages Wiped Out. In Nome alone, says Dr. Marquis, over 50 per cent of the Eskimo population was wiped out almost overnight, and in other sections of the country whole villages of igloos were swept away. In one town of 300 only thirteen

## SUGAR FROM AIR, LIGHT AND WATER

### Harvard Professor Discloses Way to Make Food by Synthetic Process.

### HIGH LIVING COST BEATEN

### Plan Worked Out in Laboratory to Reduce Atmosphere into Basic Food Product—Other Ways of Making Sugar.

New York.—During the present agitation over the high cost of living it is interesting to note several recent discoveries made in the field of synthetic chemistry. Dr. Winthrop John Vanleeuwen Osterhout, Ph. D., professor of botany at Harvard university, has hit upon a plan of making nutritious food from sunlight, air and water.

Although this process of food making is as yet confined to the laboratory stage Prof. Osterhout points out that many discoveries remained some time in the laboratory stage before they could be placed on a commercial basis. As an instance he cites the many doubters of the practical value of elec-

### Wife's Love Is Lost; Asks Two Millions

New York.—George E. Lothrop, Sr., a Boston theatrical manager and producer, has been sued for \$2,000,000 damages by Raymond C. Keller, a New York artist, who alleges Lothrop alienated the affections of Jane Keller, to whom the plaintiff was married on April 5, 1918. Keller alleges in his affidavit that the defendant, well knowing Jane Keller to be his wife, by gifts of money, jewelry and other presents, estranged her affection from the plaintiff and gained it for himself.

adults were left alive, and small villages of twenty igloos or so with inhabitants frozen stiff. In one case one little girl and a baby were found alive in a village. This child had kept herself from freezing to death by remaining wrapped up in bed with the baby beside her. The condensed milk which sustained her life she also took to bed with her. There had been no fire in the villages for days and the temperature was 50 degrees below zero.

According to Dr. Marquis, the Eskimos showed practically no resistance to influenza and went down almost without a fight. Among the foreigners the mortality was about the same as in similar communities in the United States.

tricity, and the long uphill road Edison had to travel before he gained recognition commercially.

Ament the production of nutritious food in the laboratory Prof. Osterhout, who is in no sense a visionary, but whose manner would indicate a practical hardheaded business man, says:

Several Ways to Make Sugar.

"Analyzing food we learn that the three chief components are sugar, fats and protein. Until recently it was impossible to manufacture sugar synthetically, but now we have solved the riddle in several different ways. Iron rust exposed to the prismatic rays of the sun through water makes formaldehyde, since the rays of the sun acting upon the rust as a contact agent, mixed with the carbon dioxide of the air and water makes this powerful chemical. From formaldehyde certain forms of sugar may be obtained. Other ways of making sugar synthetically are through the employment of ultra-violet rays, radium and electricity."

"Part of our research work at Harvard's botanical laboratory has been to observe the process by which the plant transforms the carbon dioxide gas and water together into sugar, and later into starch, either of which forms can be preserved."

"So much for obtaining sugar. Protein is composed of amino acids. It has been found possible in the laboratory to take the carbon dioxide of the air, water and ammonia, which is also found in the air in small quantities, to form a simple kind of protein. Now through the combination of sugar and protein, both of which have been manufactured in the laboratory, the necessary fat is obtained, with the resultant nutritious food."

The Great Obstacle.

"Of course one of the greatest obstacles standing in the way of the production of food through this method is in the present cost of making sugar, which can only be manufactured as yet in small quantities. Our greatest competitor in this important field is the plant itself, which thus far under-sells the synthetic method."

Prof. Osterhout, who has taught at many of the large universities through out the United States, and has attained an international reputation as a man of science, is a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. In addition to many other scientific and research societies he has been a professor of botany since 1913.

### WAR BRIDES AND THEIR CHILDREN



Several hundred wives and children of American boys who fought with the British army arrived in New York from England to make their homes with their husbands and fathers in this country. Most of the war brides are British, but France and Belgium are also represented.

### ROAD BUILT OF EPSOM SALTS

Texas to Have Unique Highway Ten Miles Long, Say State Highway Officials.

Austin, Tex.—A road of epsom salts is an attraction Texas can soon hold out to tourists, according to the state highway department.

Ten miles of highway out of Rockport is being surfaced with a material which analyzes more than one-fourth epsom salts. The material is obtained from flats where constant evaporation of gulf water has left silt strongly impregnated with salts, among which the epsom variety predominates.

Highway engineers declare the mixture forms an excellent road surfacing material, as the salts absorb enough moisture from the air to keep the roads damp, free from dust and firm on the driest days. One trouble, however, is that the road becomes very slippery during wet weather, but this is overcome by adding a small proportion of shell and regulating the slope of the surface.

### GERMANS ARE AFTER TRADE

### Workmen Labor 14 Hours a Day to Be Ready.

### London Merchant Finds Empire Is Recuperating Fastest of All Nations.

London.—"Germany is out again to beat the world," said the senior member of a city firm.

"I have just returned from a visit to our commercial connections in Switzerland. I met there the chairman of an important firm of machine manufacturers. He was obviously a German, with his square head and bad French, and for once I pretended to be pro-German, and spoke with him in his own language."

"He let the cat out of the bag. All the labor in the Schwarzwald and in South Germany, where the allies have no representatives, he told me, has refused to recognize the eight-hour day."

"The men are working furiously, without pressure of any sort, up to fourteen hours a day to be ready to enter the world's markets again at the first opportunity."

"This German chairman of a Swiss concern simply chuckled with glee when he said: 'Our good German workmen know their hands. They do not want this easy day of eight hours; they want wealth, and they will have it.'"

"Germany is recuperating after the war faster than any other nation simply because, instead of giving way to the reaction of peace and demanding the impossible by means of strikes, she is working as hard as human strength and brain allow to regain her old commercial pinnacle and again be the pre-war Germany."

Germany is out to provide the cheapest world market, and our eight-hour industrial day will equal disaster for us if we do not wake up."

## DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE OPERA GLASSES.

"Hello, other end," said one end of the opera glasses.

"Hello, other end," answered the end that had been spoken to.

"I can make things look so far, far away," said the end which had spoken first, which we will call Tiny View.

"I can make things look so very near," said the other end, which we will call Big View.

"I can make things look so funny and small," said Tiny View.

"But I can make things look so near and so large," said Big View.

"I like my part better," said Tiny View. "It is more interesting not to be able to see things so near. They look more mysterious at a distance."

"I don't know that I agree with you," said Big View.

"Why not?" asked Tiny View.

"You would hardly expect me to, would you?" asked Big View.

"I don't see why," said Tiny View.

"You wouldn't want to be in my place, would you?" asked Big View.

"Oh, no, certainly not," said Tiny View.

"Well, there you have it," said Big View.

"Have what?" asked Tiny View.

"You like your way because it is your way and because you are used to it," said Big View. "and I like my way because I am used to it. That's the way we are."

"I see," said Tiny View.

"What fun I do have at the theater or at the opera," said Big View.

"I have a good time, too," said Tiny View. "for children like to look through me and they like to say, 'Oh, how funny the stage looks, and the people look so small, and everything looks so far, far away.' It gives them a quite different idea of the stage and the people acting."

"Of course it does," said Big View.

"Well, I like the work I have to do. I like to make things seem near at hand, to make them stand out clear and plain."

"But when things are far away, isn't it wrong to make them look near?"



"Children Like to Look."

asked Tiny View. "Isn't that the least bit deceitful?"

"Of course not," said Big View angrily.

"Oh, I didn't mean to annoy you," said Tiny View. "I was only asking a question."

"It is no more deceitful than for you to make them see things far away."

"I suppose that is so," said Tiny View. "I hadn't thought about it that way before."

"You hadn't looked into the matter closely enough," laughed Big View.

"Well," said Tiny View, "we're each rather clever in our own way. You can make things near which aren't and I can make things look far away which aren't so far off at all."

"We're not clever," said Big View.

"Who is clever then, if we aren't?" asked Tiny View.

"The one who made us," said Big View.

"Well, the one who made us must have seen that we were going to do our work properly and were the sort of things he could employ."

"To be sure," agreed Big View. "That is what we do, and what we must always do—our work—properly."

"We do have such a good time," said Tiny View.

"That's why we should do our work well," said Big View. "We should show that we are grateful."

"We'll always be friends, won't we?" asked Tiny View.

"Of course we will," said Big View.

"I remember seeing a beautiful dance once," said Tiny View, "and all the little tiny creatures dancing were so lovely."

"I remember that lovely dance," said Big View, "but all the creatures I saw were quite, quite large."

"Ha, ha," said Tiny View, "we were looking at it from different ends, for we are different, aren't we?"

"To be sure," said Big View, "but we're both lucky, for we're taken to theaters and operas and we see the great singers and dancers and actors and actresses and give folks great treats—so they can look at things in two most interesting ways with the aid of their own perfectly good eyes! And also by moving us to focus us just right."

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