

HATE

By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

WNU Service

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ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

STORY FROM THE START

Returning to America, during the War of 1812, after a successful voyage, Capt. Lion Fellowes, merchant ship Sachem is sunk off Portugal by a British frigate. He is saved by an English-speaking girl who conceals her identity. He learns from her, however, that she is about to set out for Lisbon. Fellowes goes to Lisbon, hoping to find a vessel America bound. He meets Capt. Chater, of the American ship True Bounty, an acquaintance. Chater offers him a berth as mate. Fellowes refuses, knowing Chater is disloyal in trading with the enemy. He meets the girl who saved his life, Cara Inglepin, daughter of the owner of the True Bounty.

CHAPTER II—Continued

"There's much in what you say," Fellowes owned. "I'm loath to disoblige you, ma'am. But this wartime, I'd not care to betray my sentiments."

Miss Inglepin blushed crimson; her dim body stiffened.

"And we have no wish to betray you, sir," she said coldly.

"You mistake my meaning, ma'am," protested Fellowes, much perturbed. "I merely tried to make it clear that in accepting your offer I was not abandoning my own opinions."

"Now, now, there isn't any call to be set up over a misunderstanding! We want a mate, and we want Capt. Fellowes for the job—and he won't need to complain over his treatment."

Chater struck in.

"But Captain Fellowes must decide for himself," insisted Miss Inglepin. "And he must decide in light of the fact—"

"Don't say nothing 'e'd be sorry for, Miss Cara," warned Chater.

"—in light of the fact," she continued, ignoring the interruption, "that we are Federalists, heart and soul, and utterly opposed to this wicked, senseless war, and its attempt to cripple Britain at a time when she is fighting for the freedom of mankind against the vilest tyrant in his story."

The vehemence of her declaration took Fellowes' breath away, arousing in him a respect all the greater for the concern Chater displayed.

"If you feel so, ma'am, I can but applaud your honesty in admitting it," he said. "Shall we elect to forget politics? And will it please you that I accept Captain Chater's offer?"

She swallowed hard, a suspicion of tears in her eyes.

"It will not please me," she answered. "And yet—and yet—you had best come. Good afternoon, sir. Captain Chater will escort you aboard."

And she swept regally into the hotel, the monstrous attendant waddling at her heels. Chater whinnied placidly:

"Now, now! You don't want to set too much store by wimmin's talk. 'Has a lot on her mind, Miss Cara has. Fust off, her ma died. And then the war came, and her pa sent for her. And when she come back here her grandpa, he up and died. Fine old feller. Markess da Perenna."

"But what did she mean by saying it didn't please her for me to ship with you? And then saying I must come?"

Chater performed a very creditable leer.

"Easy to see ye ain't had much to do with young wimmin, friend. They talk all 'round the clock, I tell ye. And Miss Cara's spied a mite. Her pa jest dotes on her, and her ma's family are grand folks. 'Heap o' money comin' to her." He chuckled further. "Portygee money's as good as any, heh? Yes, sirree. Ben Inglepin, he knowed what he was doin' when he married Donna Rosa."

"I don't care what she has," snapped Fellowes. "Unless it's a better disposition. Shall we go off to the ship? I ought to learn something of my duties, if we sail tomorrow."

"That's what I call a proper spirit," fawned Chater. "We'll get on rust, Cap'n Fellowes."

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A stout craft, and well-found, the True Bounty. The crew were of a piece with their captain, four New Englanders and Long Islanders from "Duown East," arami Federalists to a man. Without a word of politics being uttered in his hearing, Fellowes understood that he was alone in his opinion, spiritually isolated from the ship's company. Nor could all Chater's oily civility dispel his instinctive distrust of his skipper. A distrust which was accentuated—per haps unfairly, he admitted secretly—by his uneasiness over Cara Inglepin's attitude.

She had as good as told him she was disloyal. But then, he argued with himself, the candor of her declaration was an earnest of essential honesty. As for her visit to Wellington, that might conceivably be dismissed as in connection with her grandfather's affairs—or to clear up some matter of business between her father and the British authorities in the past. Yet, on the other hand, if all this was so why had she wavered with him at the last? Why had his

careless use of the word "betray" aroused such a tempest?

The True Bounty slipped out over Lagos bar, and by sunset had sunk the Rock of Lisbon under the eastern horizon. The third day of the voyage Fellowes discovered the course had been altered to fetch the ship far north of the Western Islands, which he knew, were regular ports of call for all vessels plying to and from southern Europe. Inquiry informed him the neighborhood of the islands had become a regular cruising ground for American privateers, as they provided a base within easy striking distance of the converging routes of the British convoys from the West Indies and South America and the lordly East India men of John Company's fleet. Evidently Chater was fighting shy of his own countrymen.

Barred, as he was, from any bond of sympathy with his brother officers it was inevitable that Fellowes should be thrown more and more in Miss Inglepin's company. And she, on her part, made no secret of her preference for the Long Islander. She was like a child in her craving for entertainment, absorbing eagerly his board of experiences. He painted for her fever-ridden factories of the West African coast, jungle rivers where the tom-toms throbbed the night long and

parried. "A true Democratic word," "No, our watchword is loyalty," he declared with feeling.

"Loyalty to what?" she mocked him. "To a pack of buckskin politicians and tavern orators."

"To an ideal—Independence," he exclaimed, irritated. "But what can you know of that, who are intimate with our enemies, and think as they do? I saw you with Lord Wellington in Lisbon, heard you talking with him."

Her face blanched; the fingers by which she hung to the rigging whitened under pressure.

"Sir," she said quietly, "you may think as you please of that. I shall say nothing."

And she quitted the deck before he could answer her, leaving him vexed by his own impetuosity and admiring the way in which she had taken it. He tasted humility as he trod the deck, keeping the early watch after dark, too downcast to notice her when she came from the cabin, a fluttering wraith in the golden yellow cloak she wore when the air was chill.

His first warning of her was the pressure of her fingers on his arm.

"Lion," she said, and his heart leaped a beat at that. "Lion!" There was a little choke in her voice.

"Lion," she gasped a third time.

He caught her arm.

"I'd cut my tongue out," he muttered hoarsely. "Is your secret?"

"But I was wrong," she persisted. "I don't want you to think—as you please. I want you to believe—to believe that I wouldn't do—anything dishonorable. Truly, Lion!"

His arms wound about her as their lips met, suddenly. Then she was gone from him, a shadow in the darkness.

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CHAPTER III

Crimpin' Collishawe

Fellowes was happier than he had been for months. Tramping the poop, he hummed a tune, thinking how lucky he had been: saved from the Sachem, and conversely, from months, maybe years, in Dartmoor; meeting Cara—and home just over the horizon's rim. Cara—and home! Her Federalist leanings be brushed aside. As his wife—

"Sail ho!"

He snatched a glass from the binacle-rack and climbed into the mizen-shrouds. The morning was clear; he had no difficulty in making out the stranger, a lofty pile of canvas, driving down toward the True Bounty.

"All Captain Chater," he hailed the deck, and Chater promptly popped out of the cabin-companionway almost as if he had expected the summons.

"A man-o-war, Captain," Fellowes reported.

"Aye," he pronounced cheerfully. "she's the Badger sloop-of-war, Captain Collishawe."

"Collishawe," repeated Fellowes. "Crimpin' Collishawe?"

"That's him," Chater assented. "He ought to be foul-bottomed," said Fellowes. "Most of these blockaders are. We'd have the wind of him if we ran south."

"Well, now, why should we run for it?" drawled Chater.

"Why? Lord, man, Collishawe's pressed more Americans than any British officer on the station. 'Crimpin' Collishawe' calls him. If he has a full crew, himself, he'll press for any other blockader that's short-handed."

Chater laughed in a peculiar noiseless way that always repelled Fellowes.

"I ain't consarned for him. We've got to pass the blockade to make Sandy Hook. And ye forget we run on license."

"I know," answered Fellowes, still perturbed; "but license or no, why risk your men?"

"All my crew carry press protections," rejoined Chater. "What's the use of tradin on license, if ye can't make your home-ports? Ye'll jest hold to the course. I wouldn't wonder but mebbe Collishawe'd be kind of grateful for Peninsula news. And he always shortened sail whenever he sighted Miss Cara. Used to come to old Ben's house a lot when he was in New York."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Dust Now Recognized as Powerful Explosive

It is more or less generally well known that all dust accumulations represent a menace of no mean proportions. Dust is explosive and many mills were wrecked by this mysterious power before the real cause was understood. In a mine, for instance, the explosion taking place in one chamber was carried to the next and so on until the explosive force swept through the entire mine and the workings were wrecked completely. It is only within a comparatively few years that it was ascertained that this march of destruction was conducted through the subterranean passages by the accumulation of dust on the walls and in the crevices. Now this is avoided by a

coating which is sprayed on and which prevents the dust thus treated from exploding. In the case of grain mills the damage done by these mysterious bursts was particularly severe and the government agencies have been giving considerable attention to the study of these mysterious blasts. In the course of some experiments it was found possible to drive an automobile engine by the use of finely powdered corn dust—Louisville Courier-Journal.

As Women Know

Most husbands want to be thoughtful, tender and considerate. But so many things come between the wish and the fact—American Magazine.

PARLIAMENT OUT OF DATE



George Bernard Shaw.

London.—The present parliamentary system of Great Britain is believed by George Bernard Shaw, Socialist and dramatist, to be as out of date as the galleys of Julius Caesar. In an address on democracy he said:

"Our present parliamentary system can no more do the work of a modern state than Julius Caesar's galleys could do the work of a modern engine. We must bring up our children to be better citizens than we are ourselves, and we are not doing that at present. There is only one country that is doing that, and that is Russia."

5 MILLIONS NEEDED FOR FARM RESEARCH

President Advised by Representatives of 33 Groups.

Washington.—The farm relief program of the administration will not be sufficiently helpful unless more adequate appropriations are made for fact-finding research into many pressing agricultural problems, President Hoover was informed by the representatives of 33 national farm, industrial and commercial organizations.

At least \$5,000,000 additional is needed in the next annual budget of the Department of Agriculture to meet the demands that are being made upon it for facts that can be obtained only through careful investigation. Chester H. Gray, Washington representative of the American Farm Bureau Federation, spokesman for the entire group, told the President.

"The federal farm board, for instance, is daily faced with the need for reliable farm facts ranging from the elements of cost of production to possible markets for farm products," Mr. Gray said. "The department is the greatest agricultural authority in the world, but even it can not answer all of the important questions that daily come to it, calling for authentic information before the wisest courses of action for agriculture can be adopted."

Mr. Gray pointed out that some states are increasing expenditures for research more rapidly than the federal government. In the states appropriations for research have increased from \$6,220,000 in 1921 to \$11,100,000 in 1928. This does not include additional expenditures for necessary buildings, land and laboratories. Federal appropriations for research rose from \$9,000,000 in 1921 to \$13,500,000 in 1928.

Bar Association Plans

Law to Aid Investors

Memphis, Tenn.—Protection for unwise investors is being sought by the American Bar association, whose national conference of commissioners on uniform laws has just drafted a standard act for the creation of state commissioners on securities. The act will be presented to the bar association for adoption.

The act proposes registration of all securities to be sold within the borders of the state by all new corporations, and furnishing of bond by the company salesman or agent. It gives the commission the right to revoke the licenses issued in the event of fraud, misrepresentation, insolvency or other similar contingencies.

Flour for Winter Stored in Churches by Russia

Moscow.—To prevent a possible shortage of bread this winter in the industrial centers the Soviet union government is storing millions of sacks of flour in the churches throughout the country, the present storehouses and grain elevators having proved inadequate. Bread is still rationed to the population.

October 27, Roosevelt Day
Albany, N. Y.—October 27 has been proclaimed as Theodore Roosevelt day by Acting Gov. Herbert H. Lehman. The day will mark the seventy-first anniversary of the late President.

Michigan Nine Returns Home
Ann Arbor, Mich.—The University of Michigan baseball team has returned home from its tour of Japan where it won all but two of thirteen games.

TARIFF MEASURE IS NOT LIKELY TO PASS

President Believed Ready to Drop Program.

Washington.—It is predicted here that unless congress completes action on the tariff bill at the present special session, President Hoover will not ask for such legislation when the regular session convenes in December.

With the senate and house already in deadlock on vital provisions, enactment of the bill before the special session of congress expires automatically at noon on December 2, is regarded here as virtually impossible.

It is no secret that President Hoover is indifferent about the measure as the senate is shaping it, and few leaders either of the senate or house expect him to sign any bill shearing the Chief Executive of the authority to increase or decrease tariff duties as the senate measure would do.

President Hoover is known to oppose frequent general tariff revision because of a fixed belief that this makes for uncertainty in business and industry and consequently it is unlikely that he would favor prolonging the tariff controversy far into the regular session.

While he recommended "limited revision" on industrial schedules and increased protection for the agriculture industry as a part of the general plan of farm relief, he has the authority under existing law upon recommendation of the tariff commission to change rates with a result that urgent cases could be taken care of even if congress failed to write a new law.

During his seven months in office Mr. Hoover has acted for the relief of some portions of agriculture and while the process of obtaining necessary facts is rather cumbersome under existing law, it is believed that the President would much prefer even such slow moving machinery to no machinery at all.

The Chief Executive summoned to the White House a few days ago three of the group leaders in the senate—Watson of Indiana, chief of the regular Republicans; Borah of Idaho, leader of the Western group of Independent Republicans, and Robinson of Arkansas, the Democratic leader. He interviewed each separately.

Senator Borah said tariff had been discussed but beyond that he refused to go. The opposing party leaders were even more reticent, but it was believed that Mr. Hoover had made clear to each of them his views regarding the present muddled tariff legislation situation.

Greatest Dirigible in 300-Mile Trial Flight

Cardington, Bedfordshire, England.—Those aviation experts of this country who have supported the building of huge dirigibles saw the vindication of their theories a few days ago when the mammoth R-101, the much criticized government-built airship, returned safely to her mooring mast at the royal airship works here after a completely successful 300-mile trial flight, which lasted 4 hours and 34 minutes and included London in its itinerary.

The R-101 is 732 feet long and 132 feet in maximum diameter, with a capacity in her 16 gas bags of 5,000,000 cubic feet. She is thus shorter but thicker and considerably larger than the Graf Zeppelin, which is 775 feet long and 100 feet in diameter, and has a gas capacity of 3,700,000 cubic feet.

Cubs in New Strikeout Record; 50 of 'Em Fan

Philadelphia.—The Chicago Cubs had the dubious satisfaction of setting one world's record for strikeouts in a series—that for strikeouts. Led by Rogers Hornsby, the Cubs fanned 50 times in five games, an average of ten strikeouts per game.

Wife, 75, Slays Husband, 78

New York.—Unable longer to endure the cruelty which, she said, had marked the last ten of her fifty years of married life, Mrs. Laura M. Titus, a frail little woman of seventy-five, killed her seventy-eight-year-old husband, James, with an ax in their home in Summit, N. J.

Order 516,430 Tons of Rails
Chicago.—The Pennsylvania and New York Central railroads have placed orders for a total of 516,430 tons of standard steel rails. The rails, together with the necessary track accessories, will cost approximately \$35,000,000.

Shawkey to Manage Yankees
New York.—Bob Shawkey, former pitcher, has been appointed manager of the New York Yankees. Col. Jacob Ruppert, owner of the club, announced that Shawkey had accepted the appointment.

Corriden to Pilot Indianapolis
Indianapolis.—John M. "Red" Corriden, former major league shortstop and assistant manager for the last two seasons, has been named manager of the Indianapolis club of the American association.

Open First Chinese Air Line
Shanghai.—An amphibious plane of the Shanghai National Aviation company returned here recently, completing the round trip initial flight to Hankow in 12 hours.

LIGHTS OF NEW YORK

By GRANT DIXON

For Baby
New York.—There are, even in this day of fabulous royalties and sales of motion picture rights, writers who are not wealthy. Of several such that I know, one recently became a father and all his friends showered the young son with gifts—appropriate clothing, silver spoons, mugs and what-not.

"But the best present of all," the writer told me, "is one good old George X sent. George gave my young hopeful two \$20 gold pieces, and my wife and I have been instructed not to start the child's bank account with them. Instead, we must, each morning, hold the coins close to the baby's eyes and clink them together."

"As he grows up he will realize what real money is, and he will be trained to grab for it whenever he sees it."

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Detective Story

A colored man walked into a pawn shop with a \$250 camera. The pawn broker was suspicious and questioned the man regarding where he got such an expensive instrument. The colored gentleman thereupon departed hastily, not even troubling to take the camera, and not getting a ticket for it, either. The pawnbroker turned the camera over to police, who found a roll of film in it. This they had developed and prints made from it. The pictures were scenes aboard a yacht and at obviously expensive beaches. "Aha!" said the detectives. "A rich man owns this camera." One snapshot showed a close-up of a man in yachting costume, and a detective recognized the subject. It was Edmund O'Brien, an actor and the son of a former Supreme court justice. Pursuing the picture clue still further, the detective learned that the camera had been stolen from O'Brien, who hadn't even bothered to notify the police.

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Sensitive Fellow

Here is a story they are telling about Jimmie Durante, comedian. Durante, who used to play the piano for a singing waiter named Eddie Cantor, is known far and wide as Schnozzle, because of his de Bergerne nose. He is, perhaps, sensitive. At any rate, rather than have people laugh at him, he expends tons of energy in making them laugh with him.

He was playing golf one day, out on Long Island. Part of the course lay alongside a railroad track, near a station. A crowded passenger train had pulled in, just as Durante was getting ready for a tee shot.

Decidedly nervous, Durante was the last of a foursome to drive. He took a terrific swing, and missed the ball entirely. Without a word he started down the fairway.

His companions called to him: "Hey, you missed the ball!"

Durante gestured for them to pipe down:

"I know it," he said, guardedly. "but look at all of those people in the train watching me. They don't know it."

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Acid Air

Chemical properties in New York atmosphere are hard on woodwork. It has been found after an examination of the steeple of St. Paul's church on lower Broadway. The church is 135 years old, and in excellent condition, but the wooden steeple has been eaten away. Scientists insist that it is chemicals that have done it, for the steeple has received as much care as any old Colonial mansion, many of which look as good as new. The old steeple is being demolished and will be replaced by one made of metal, colored to resemble the original. Even that may not last, for not long ago it was discovered that the metal figure of Justice, atop the Municipal building, was all but losing her flowing robes, due to a peculiar rivet disease in her costume.

(© by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Tooth Aches, So This Hero Removes It With Revolver

Santander, Spain.—The most original method yet discovered for removing an aching tooth was employed recently by a laborer in the town of Astillero, who shot out the offending molar. Unable to stand the pain any longer, he placed the barrel of a revolver against the tooth and pulled the trigger. He said he was relieved immediately. The only trouble was that the bullet also penetrated his cheek.

Women Give Cup to Town's Model Husband

Cushing, Okla.—A man who never drinks "more than enough," swears only moderately, drives a new car, uses tobacco in every form, plays a moderate game of golf and fills in at bridge only when forced to has been selected the "model" husband by the Cushing Women's Professional and Business club. Dwight Buell, the model, was presented a silver loving cup by the club.

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Doctor Roll Grows

Washington.—The average American has at his beck and call more doctors than has the citizen of any other nation. The United States bureau of education has discovered by a survey. And the number of physicians is increasing every year.

America's ill now support 140,521 physicians. It was found.



When Food Sours

Lots of folks who think they have "indigestion" have only an acid condition which could be corrected in five or ten minutes. An effective anti-acid like Phillips Milk of Magnesia soon restores digestion to normal.

Phillips does away with all that sourness and gas right after meals. It prevents the distress so apt to occur two hours after eating. What a pleasant preparation to take!

Good it is for the system! Unlike a burning dose of soda—which is but temporary relief at best—Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid.

Next time a hearty meal, or too rich a diet has brought on the least discomfort, try—

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

She'd Die Laughing

Beatrice—Yes, and the least little thing he says tickles her. Say, Millicent—Goodness, gracious! Say, suppose he should kiss her, my dear!

You can know people so long that their "company disposition" wears off.

HAD TO WORK TOO HARD

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Gave Her Strength

My dear friend, I had to work too hard and be on my feet too soon because my husband was ill. After his death I was in such a weakened and run-down condition that nothing seemed to help me. I am starting the fourth bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and feel a great deal better. I am much stronger and don't get so tired out when I wash or work hard. I do housekeeping and dressmaking and I highly recommend the Vegetable Compound as a tonic. I am willing to answer any letters I receive asking about it."—Mrs. GEORGE BURRIS, 414 S. Market, Mt. Carmel, Pa.



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Nicotine and Soap Best

There are many ingredients used in contact insecticides but nothing better than a combination of nicotine sulphate and soap has been devised says Nature Magazine. Nicotine sulphate may be purchased from florists and seed houses and is used at the rate of one teaspoonful to a gallon of water together with one ounce of laundry soap or fish oil soap. Various nicotine dusts are also available.

Denver Boy is a Winner

Every mother realizes how important it is to teach children good habits of conduct but many of them fail to realize the importance of teaching their children good bowel habits. Until the poisons from decaying waste held too long in the system have begun to affect the child's health.

Watch your child and at the first sign of constipation, give him a little California Fig Syrup. Children love its rich, fruity taste and it quickly drives away those distressing ailments, such as headaches, bad breath, coated tongue, biliousness, feverishness, fretfulness, etc. It gives them a hearty appetite, regulates their stomach and bowels and gives tone and strength to these organs so they continue to act normally, of their own accord. For over fifty years, leading physicians have prescribed it for half-sick, bilious, constipated children. More than 4 million bottles used a year shows how mothers depend on it.

Mrs. C. G. Wilcox, 38534 Wolf St., Denver, Colorado, says: "My son, Jackie, is a prize winner for health. Now, but we had a lot of trouble with him before we found his trouble was constipation and began giving him California Fig Syrup. It fixed him up quick, gave him a good appetite, made him sleep fine and he's been gaining in weight right along since the first few days, taking it."

To avoid inferior imitations of California Fig Syrup, always look for the word "California" on the carton.

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