

HATE

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

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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. His crew surrenders, but Fellowes reaches shore exhausted. His life 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. Cara induces him to sail as mate

CHAPTER III—Continued

Everyone but the duenna hastened on deck to watch the Badger come foaming down from windward.

"Oh, brave," cried Cara Inglepin clapping her hands delightedly.

She received Fellowes' eager greeting with a hint of embarrassment—almost as if she regretted last night's kiss, he thought—and continued quickly:

"We are fortunate that the Badger. Sometimes the blockading captains are very severe. But Captain Collishawe is a gentleman, and my father's friend."

"Crimpin! Collishawe! Yes, many Americans have called him friend!"

"Why, Lion?" There was asperity in her tone. "The vulgar, I vow! You must not speak so. You'll ill commend yourself to Captain Collishawe."

"I have no concern with Captain Collishawe," he returned, and walked away, heedless of her protest.

The Badger rounded to under the True Bounty's quarter. Collishawe hung in the starboard rigging, a tall, lean man, of about Fellowes' age, handsomely uniformed, his half boots polished, his blue coat fitting trimly. His manner was haughty as he hailed:

"Aho! What ship's that?"

"True Bounty, Cap'n Chater, from Lisbon for New York, with wine and lemons," answered Chater.

"I'll send a boat aboard you," snapped Collishawe. "Have your papers ready."

He turned to give some order, and Miss Inglepin ran to the True Bounty's side, waving her mantilla.

"Oh, James," she cried. "Haven't you a word for me? 'Tis unmanly, sir."

He swung around. The sternness melted from his features.

"Cara! What rare good fortune! I'll come aboard, myself."

The Badger's boat swung overboard and rowed smartly across the gap of choppy water separating the vessels. Collishawe leaped from its gunwale to the rope-ladder Chater had ordered rigged for him, ascending its rungs as lightly as a monkey and vaulted to the merchantman's deck with hands outstretched to Cara. Their voices friendly, excited, clamoring together, exasperated Fellowes unreasonably. He tried not to listen to them, but he couldn't very well help himself.

"—dispatches on the eve of our sailing," she was saying. "Twas reported the Grand army evacuated Moscow in October, and was torn to pieces in the retreat. Napoleon, himself, barely escaped."

"Great news," applauded Collishawe. "And the Peninsula?"

"Lord Wellington carries all before him. Soul is on the defensive. Your people are certain they will drive him over the Pyrenees before autumn."

"Excellent! An uphill struggle, 'gad, but the French are nigh finished. With the Russians on their backs—"

"But have you news for us?" she interrupted eagerly. "Have you heard of my father?"

He laughed on a keen, boyish note that Fellowes found ingratiating.

"We hear from our friends. Your father does well, but is roundly abused. Your uncle diverts himself tugging on privateers against us." His face clouded. "The Yankees have tricked us once more with those rascals of theirs. Our Java struck to the Constitution in a fight of the Brazils. 'Tis said the Constitution refused to close, and hammered the Java with her long guns. I hold we are but discovering captains grown soft from fighting the French."

Chater frowned assent; but Cara Inglepin replied spiritedly:

"No, James, you are wrong, and you do your own country no honor thereby, since we Americans are but Englishmen transplanted to another land and toying with another government."

He laughed once more at that.

"Toying with another government. You have a trick of language, Cara. 'Tis so. They are for electing this idiot President of theirs, while those

of your father's opinion labor to supply our wants—and remedy the sores that run at home. But their eyes will be opened anon. Admiral Cockburn has proclaimed a blockade of their whole coast, and with Napoleon tottering we shall soon have sufficient troops in Canada to brush aside their militia levies, sweep down the Hudson and take New York."

"Aye, aye, Cap'n Collishawe, that's how it shall be," Chater cried servilely. "And if ye'll suffer me to attend ye to the cabin, we'll tell ye summat of interest along that line."

Cara seconded the invitation.

"Yes, yes, James, do let me give you a dish of tea. We've so much to discuss I had vast success in Lisbon. There were friends bade me fetch messages to you, and my father will wish to know how the Admiral esteems our purposes. So come below, James, and meanwhile Captain Chater shall give orders to break out a barrel of port for you—yes, Captain Chater, and a tierce of lemons to ward against the scurvy."

Collishawe bowed his appreciation. "Always thoughtful, Cara! Ah, I'll be grateful when this cursed war is ended, and I may call on you again in Broadway, and smoke my pipe in the garden under the tulip trees."

Her answering smile, as he ushered her into the cabin, was a dagger of jealousy in Fellowes' heart. Raging silently, the Long Islander didn't hear Chater's hail until it had been repeated.

"Fellowes! Aho, Mr. Fellowes! Ye heard Miss Cara's orders? Well, see to 'em. The port ye can take from the cabin stores—I'll send the key."

For the next quarter hour Fellowes was busy, silencing the keg of port overboard, and breaking out the lemons from beneath the forward hatch. When the task had been concluded he walked aft, entering the cabin companionway without knocking, as was his custom.

At the end of the passage was the main cabin, a spacious apartment, with a long table thwartwise of the ship, about which sat Miss Inglepin, Collishawe and Chater, their heads bent over a small heap of papers. Fellowes could distinguish several documents which bore official seals.

"The Admiral should be off the Delaware capes," Collishawe was saying. "But we'll pass on the word to him."

"We must have time to consult our New England friends," interposed Miss Inglepin.

"Aye, 'tis no matter to be hasted," agreed Chater. And raising his head perceived Fellowes in the companionway. "Well, now, what will it be, Mr. Fellowes?"

"The cabin stores key."

"Oh! Chater cracked his finger knuckles abstractedly, peering from his mate to the Badger's captain. "Well, jest hang it on the book there. That'll be all, Mr. Fellowes."

Miss Inglepin looked away as Fellowes strode across the narrow floor but Collishawe eyed him alertly.

"I've seen you in New York, haven't I?" Collishawe asked Fellowes, who replied, with a shrug:

"Very likely, Captain. I remember having seen you."

"Ahl! Be so good as to shut the companionway door after you."

Fellowes tramped out. What were they up to in the cabin? He recalled Cara's conversation with Wellington. Was the True Bounty a medium for conveying intelligence of treasonable plots to the enemy?

Against the evidence accusatory he balanced his conviction of Cara's essential honesty, and not least, her fervid plea the night before. And he mustn't let jealousy of another man dye his opinions, he realized.

Perhaps half an hour passed, when the cabin door banged open, and Collishawe stepped out, Chater at his heels.

"Very good, Captain," the Englishman said in response to a remark Fellowes missed. "Please tell Miss Cara I'm sorry she was obliged to leave us. And I shall have to ask you to muster your crew very strict orders, y' know. Admiral instructs me to seize every British subject in enemy vessels."

"Well, now, sir, jest ye cast your eye over the men," whinnied Chater. "Good, honest Federalists, every man jack of 'em, New Englanders, except a couple of lads out of Long Island."

"What about your officers?" Collishawe spun on his heel, and looked

straight at Fellowes. "You, sirrah! I told you in the cabin I had seen you before. Your name is Fellowes, ain't it?"

"Yes, Captain," Fellowes answered quietly.

"Born in London, weren't you?"

"My father was—"

"Born in London?"

"My parents were in London because—"

"Went to Eton, eh?"

"Yes, but I don't see—"

Collishawe strode over to the gangway.

"A couple of you men up here," he called down to his boat's crew. And then, over his shoulder to Chater: "I'll have to press this man. British-born, and not of the type we can encourage in disloyalty."

"But I am an American citizen," Fellowes protested. "My father was consul—"

Collishawe ignored him. "Bundle this fellow overboard," he directed the two bluejackets who had swarmed the gangway.

The bluejackets had seized Fellowes by either arm, and he tried to wrench out of their grip.

"Captain," he appealed to Chater, "you'll never submit to this! It's barefaced kidnaping."

Chater cracked his knuckles loudly, his sly twinkling the mournful droop assumed by his out-crafter features.

"Don't, for marcy's sake, go and fight, Fellowes," he begged. "T'won't do ye no good." He addressed Collishawe direct: "I calculate ye kind of understand, Captain. I've known Fellowes for years. His father was in London—"

"Immaterial to me what fetched his father to London," snapped Collishawe. "He's British-born. Get on with him, men."

Fellowes began to struggle, but the two husky bluejackets plied his hands behind his back. One of them snatched a loose coil of rope from the deck, and slipped a loop around his waist.

"Over with ye, me 'earty," he said cheerfully, and gave Fellowes a shove.

The Long Islander tumbled out the gangway, and skillfully checked by his captors above, was lowered like a meat sack into the waiting quarter-boat, heaving on the swell under the True Bounty's lee.

A little stunned by his bumping descent Fellowes lay where he had fallen while Collishawe dropped limply into the sternsheets. The True Bounty had way on her, and was already sliding through the water; but Fellowes had a brief glimpse of the duenna's face, very white and worn.

That is, he thought it was the duenna he saw, for the first time since putting out over Tagus bar, but he decided he must have lost his senses. For the face at the port said distinctly, with a thick tongue:

"Arrah, holy saints, they've stole the poor lad clean away!"

Fellowes was dumfounded, dazed by the suddenness of the injustice which had overtaken him. A whip was lowered from the yardarm of the Badger, and he was slung through the air as casually as so much merchandise. Collishawe, who followed him by way of the Jacob's ladder, was equally casual in manner.

"Slack off this man's bonds, Mr. Curry—to an officer, who held a spyglass under his arm—have that quarter-boat hoisted aboard, and make sail for our station. Bosun! Clinch! Where's Clinch?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" A stalwart, battered sailor, with a jagged scar across one cheek, rolled up, tugging at his forelock.

"Have this man mustered in—able seaman—draw clothing for him."

But Fellowes turned desperately to Collishawe.

"Look here, Captain," he exclaimed, "you've made a mistake. I'm not a British subject—"

"Born in London, weren't you?"

"Yes, but my father and mother both were American citizens. My father was our consul."

"Humph! Don't think that lets you off. However—Humph! Got your press protection?"

"Press protection?" Fellowes repeated thickly. "No! Why should I carry one? I'm an American citizen, I tell you—and no common sailor, into the bargain. I hold master's papers."

Collishawe eyed him coldly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mangian Love Letters Inscribed on Bamboo

Perhaps the queerest type of love letter known in the world is that in vogue among the Mangians of the hill lands and mountains of Mindoro, P. I., who still hold to the ancient alphabet of about three vowels and ten consonants which they group into words inscribed on bamboo in a single vertical column, their bolos serving them as a stylus. They are an extremely simple and timid people and their more aggressive Malayan neighbors have made them hunt cover in the highlands and the primeval forests. For business, aside from the very important business of making love, they hardly need writing at all; and sure they no bamboo ledgers to record their demands upon them as upon other wealth. But love makes as ardent demands upon them and their victim folk, and their swains fallen victim to cupid whip out their bolos, slant down a good-sized bamboo, and go to work writing with intense gusto. So that a love missive may be strung along the length of a 45-foot pole, and the one end trailing in the forest path as the poet indites a warm postscript on the other. Popular dactyls scribble have enough finely etched poles to

build a hut—to burn such telltale documents would be to light a fire endangering the forest. Specimens of the love letter poles have been acquired by three vowels and ten consonants which they group into words inscribed on bamboo in a single vertical column, their bolos serving them as a stylus. They are an extremely simple and timid people and their more aggressive Malayan neighbors have made them hunt cover in the highlands and the primeval forests. For business, aside from the very important business of making love, they hardly need writing at all; and sure they no bamboo ledgers to record their demands upon them as upon other wealth. But love makes as ardent demands upon them and their victim folk, and their swains fallen victim to cupid whip out their bolos, slant down a good-sized bamboo, and go to work writing with intense gusto. So that a love missive may be strung along the length of a 45-foot pole, and the one end trailing in the forest path as the poet indites a warm postscript on the other. Popular dactyls scribble have enough finely etched poles to

Curious Reflection

"Have you seen the Museum ghost?" asked my friend, an Egyptologist, when with him in the Egyptian gallery of the British museum. We had just passed the museum's black basalt coffin of a priest of Ptah, but on looking through the glass case that contains a statuette of Isis, he pointed out that the previously empty coffin now held a mysterious figure! My companion's explanation of this somewhat disturbing apparition was that the reflection of an effigy in a coffin on the other side of Isis' case was caught by one glass of the case and thrown by the other glass right in the vacant coffin of Ptah's priest! The illusion is certainly remarkable. —London Mail.

PREDICTS U. S. AIR LEAD



Anthony Fokker.

Plymouth, Eng.—That the United States within a year will lead the world in air passenger transportation was the prediction made by Anthony Fokker, famous airplane designer, upon his arrival here from New York.

8 BIG TEN SCHOOLS HIT BY FOUNDATION

Carnegie Body Charges Commercial Recruiting.

New York.—The long-awaited report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching of American College Athletics was made public a few days ago. The major portion of it was concerned with American college football, methods, practices and conditions.

The widespread recruiting and subsidizing of athletes was characterized as "the deepest shadow that darkens American college and school athletics."

Among the charges lodged against American college athletics were the following:

The original idea of the game for the game's sake has been abandoned in college athletics since commercialism has entered and caused schedules to be drawn with the idea of cashing in on the prowess of the individual player and the team.

The cash value of athletes has caused an undue emphasis to be placed on physical development as contrasted with intellectual development.

Regulations against the recruiting of players have been violated by coaches, students and alumni.

One-seventh of all players on "varsity" teams and from 25 to 50 per cent of college football players are subsidized, directly or indirectly.

Publicity in the press has been carried to an extreme that is demoralizing.

Demands of the public were given too much attention in the arranging of games which would "sell well."

Only 25 out of a total of 116 colleges examined were not engaged in subsidizing athletes and only 23 were not engaged in recruiting.

Eight of the Big Ten schools are involved in the report as follows:

INDIANA—Proselyting by alumni.

IOWA—Alumni of own initiative assisting promising school boy athletes.

MINNESOTA—Supervision of concessions by athletes and employment of athletes as "rubbers" in the training quarters.

MICHIGAN—Athletes subsidized in the guise of bond and clothing salesmen, solicitors of program advertising, and writers. Recruiting by alumni secretaries.

OHIO STATE—Intensive and systematic approach to prep athletes by coaches and managers.

PURDUE—Recruiting and subsidizing by members of the athletic department or by some other individual.

NORTHWESTERN—Coaching appointments governed by alumni groups. Subsidizing with a slush fund. Recruiting by alumni secretaries.

WISCONSIN—Employment of athletes by athletic department. Recruiting by fraternities. Excessive expenditures for coaching.

Record Cornstalk

Fort Atkinson, Wis.—A stalk of corn on which seven perfectly formed ears were growing was harvested by Max Strunk near here.

69 Passengers on Flying Boat

Altenrhein, Switzerland.—A hundred and sixty-nine passengers took a one-hour cruise on the huge twelve-engine flying boat DOX here, the first time in the history of aviation that so many persons were carried in a plane at one time.

New Bridge Across Mississippi

Cairo, Ill.—The new \$2,100,000 bridge across the Mississippi, connecting Illinois with Missouri, was dedicated here a few days ago.

LIVE STOCK MEN O. K. CO-OP. ASSOCIATION

Million Dollar Body Approved by Farm Board.

Chicago.—The live stock industry, which yearly furnishes approximately one-fifth of the income of agriculture in the United States agreed, through its representative at a conference with the federal farm board, to organize a national live stock marketing association with a capital stock of approximately \$1,000,000. Approval of such an organization came at the close of a two-day session with the farm board.

The conference was attended by sixty-six representatives of twenty-nine co-operatives, which it is claimed constitutes a large percentage of the live stock industry in this country.

Tentative plans for the organization, financing and operation of the gigantic sales agency, to be developed by the live stock producers and terminal agents, were unanimously approved by the delegates to the conference.

An organization committee of nine was selected and empowered to draft the articles of incorporation and by-laws under which the new general sales agency will operate. The committee is composed of the following members:

R. M. Hagen, manager, Western Cattle Marketing association, San Francisco; Charles B. Crandall, Central Co-operative association, Randolph, Minn.; H. C. Keeney, president, Farmers Union Live Stock commission, Omaha, Neb.; Frank Young, Farmers Live Stock Commission company, National Stock Yards, Ill.; C. C. Talbot, president, St. Paul Live Stock commission, Jamestown, N. D.; Murray Barker, Producers Commission association of Indianapolis, Thorn-ton, Ind.; Dr. O. O. Wolf, secretary-treasurer, Kansas City Producers Commission association, Blissfield, Mich.; H. H. Parke, president, Chicago Producers Commission association, Genoa, Ill.

The organization committee will begin work immediately to perfect the association. When its work is completed the draft will be submitted to the delegates and the federal farm board for approval.

Under the tentative plans the co-operatives have agreed to pool their forces and strengthen their bargaining power. The national association will aim to control and direct the movement of live stock from the time it leaves the farm or ranch until it reaches the place of slaughter, whatever the marketing route may be.

Included in the approved plan are necessary subsidiaries which will be set up to carry out the various operations of the national marketing association. The subsidiaries will also be incorporated, it is understood.

Members of the federal farm board at the conclusion of the conference expressed themselves well pleased at the outcome and the belief that organization of the national association will greatly aid the live stock industry in the United States.

The federal farm board is studying the final draft of the articles of incorporation of the proposed \$20,000,000 national wheat marketing agency. The headquarters of this association, as well as that of the live stock organization, are expected to be in Chicago.

Wreck Briand Ministry; France Facing Turmoil

Paris.—France's pressing international problems have been tossed into a confused political hodgepodge by recent action in the chamber of deputies which wrecked the Briand ministry and from which no new government is likely to be salvaged for some time.

In a purely headstrong fit of political temper, deputies from a majority of the nation's parties dealt a heavy blow to the completion of the liquidation of the war.

French statesmen, editors and business men have faced the unpleasant obligation of viewing the ruins of the fall of the Briand cabinet and considering its significance. Briefly they see France's interests in great questions of foreign policy thrown into jeopardy in such manner as to affect not only France, but the immediate political future of all Europe.

Five Former Generals Are Executed in Russia

Moscow, Russia.—Five former generals in the imperial army, named Mikhailov, Vysochansky, Dymman, Dekhanov, and Schulza, were executed by a firing squad. They were charged with promoting a counter revolutionary movement, whose chief aim was to weaken the Red army and pave the way for foreign intervention. A number of other defendants were sent to concentration camps for varying periods of hard labor. It was charged that they were connected with war industries of Soviet Russia and had maintained an elaborate espionage system.

Seven Communists Sentenced

Charlotte, N. C.—Seven Communist labor organizers were found guilty of the murder of Police Chief O. F. Aderholt of Gastonia and sentenced to prison for terms ranging from 5 to 20 years.

Cross-Country Run November 9

Iowa City, Iowa.—Wisconsin, Illinois and Indiana, as well as Iowa, will be represented in the inter-scholastic cross-country run at the University of Iowa November 9.

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The next time a headache makes you stay at home—

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Island May Be Turned

Into Bird Sanctuary

One of the most romantic—and the loneliest—places in Britain may soon be left to the sea birds. This is St. Kilda, the little group of islands in the Atlantic, whose population has now dropped to 38. At the beginning of this century it was 77, and in 1851, it was 110. It has now been proposed that the island should be evacuated, and homes found for the inhabitants on the mainland. There are some hundreds of sheep on the island, but these are kept for their wool, and only used for food if the supplies run short. Sea birds' eggs and young sea birds are the principal articles of diet, with potatoes when the crop is good—which isn't always the case. The life of the islands is thus a hard one, and the fare is apt to grow monotonous. But the Kildans are attached to their homes and don't want to leave them.

The population, if now very small, was smaller still 200 years ago, when, following a smallpox epidemic, the numbers of the islanders were reduced to 30.

Artificial Little James ran out of the door, hurrying to reach school in time for a game of ball. His mother called him back for inspection and remarked that there seemed to be dirt on his face. He hastily replied: "No, there isn't, I just washed it, and if you see anything it is artificial dirt."

Not So Cheap Words are not little things; the progress of mankind has depended on them. Abolish words and the race would be done for.—American Magazine.

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