

HATE

By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

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ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

CHAPTER IX—Continued

"They're off!" shouted the merchant.
"Off? Nonsense, sir, my lookouts—"
"No, no! I mean Ben and the girl—and that creature that tends her! I saw 'em, Fellowes. Saw 'em pile out of their house, bag and baggage. They came in a coach, but I beat 'em. By G—d, I run a race!"
Knuckles battered the door, and Tom Grogan rolled into the cabin.
"Mr. Spencer's compliments, cap'n, and that's two smallboats comin' alongside the True Bounty, and her hands aloft on the yards."
"You're right," exclaimed Fellowes jumping for the companionway.
The night had turned clear when he reached the deck, and the stillness in the air indicated one of those calm which precede a radical shift of wind. Spencer, the first lieutenant, a gruff, bearded sea-dog—whose proud boast was that he'd sailed with Bowditch, the navigator—sniffed unceasingly like a dog hunting a trail.
"Aye, aye, Captain," he responded to a question. "Something's brewin' but don't ask me what. I'd say a nor'wester, if 'twasn't for them stars."
Breed, the Virginian second lieutenant, who seldom spoke, held up a forefinger for attention.
"What's that?" he asked in his soft voice.
"That," was a distant murmur in the air, and glancing across the roofs and trees of the city toward the Hudson, Fellowes noticed a low bank of clouds drifting above the Palisades.
"Here she comes! Topmen aloft, Mr. Spencer," he ordered crisply. "Double-reef tops'ls. Mr. Breed, make haste with that anchor."
There was a rush of men to their stations, ratlines twanging under the push of seaboots. Peering downstream through nightglasses, Fellowes caught a momentary glimpse of the upper yards of the True Bounty, ghostly with drooping canvas, before the thickening darkness blanketed her.
"But—but—you're really going?" Joshua quavered beside him.
"Yes, sir, and we'll be hugging the True Bounty's tailfall," Fellowes assured his employer. "But you must be going, sir. The river will be wet for you when that wind strikes us."
Joshua paused at the gangway, and grasped Fellowes' hand, a look of concern on his rubicund features.
"You must hate, remember," he pleaded. "With all of yourself. Not just one of 'em. The whole lot. And if you feel you're slacking up on one of 'em, why, bear down harder on her—ah—him."
"I dare swear I'll be able to, sir," Fellowes answered sadly. "Good-by, and bid your wherrymen row for their lives."
"Lives, h—!" rejoined Joshua, mercurially elated. "Nothing can happen to me—not until after I've caught Ben." His voice was indistinct as he descended the Jacob's ladder. "You're safe—if—hate—enough. Hah, damme! A bump announced his arrival in the wherry. "Good luck! A fat cruise! And hate, man, hate. Hate will see us through."
Fellowes turned from the gangway. A moan came out of the west, and a scunner of clouds blotted the sky. The moon lightened to a screech, and the gale hit them, physically vindictive, a monster that belloved and clashed and yammered in the rigging, bent on piling the brig against the walls of Castle William that towered unsee above the Governors Island shore. But the Centurion bore up nobly, light as a cork for all her burden of men and armament, faithful to her helm.
Rearing like a racehorse on the choppy combers, she edged safely around the west tip of the island, and squared away for the run down the Upper Bay, a bowl of empty night save for the True Bounty and the whooping wind. Fellowes was charged to find he could no longer discern the True Bounty. In desperation, he summoned Cuffee, whose vision, he knew, was better than any white man's—and Cuffee made short work of the difficulty.
"Cuffee no see him tan, Mars'r Fellowe," but dar him 'Chater' ship."
"Good! You take the wheel. Follow the True Bounty as closely as you can."
"Yab, Mars'r Fellowe."
The brig bucked and sidled, swaying to the conflicting pressure of wind and wave and tide in the gut; but Cuffee held her to the course. Apparently, Chater steered by feel here. Fellowes realized, with his first thrill, that the Centurion was at sea if the blockaders there was not a race.
"Do you still see the True Bounty?" he asked Cuffee again.
"Yab, Mars'r. Him dar."
But an hour or so after midnight a frown distorted the negro's scarred features, and he exclaimed angrily in his jungle dialect.
"Lost him!" cried Fellowes.
"Yab, him lju, Mars'r. One time Cuffee see bon, den him gone."

"He's no fool, Chater," Fellowes said grimly. "Mr. Spencer, take the deck, if you please. I'll turn in for a few hours."

CHAPTER X

Savor of Vengeance

Morning brought a dull, gray sky, an untiring wind—and empty horizons. Fellowes knew he must have long since outdistanced the cumbrous True Bounty, and shortened sail as much as he dared, but the Centurion fled before the gale at a fair twelve knots.
All that day and the next the nor'wester stormed after them, but during the second night it blew itself out in a snow-squall, and Fellowes wore ship to retrace his course. Studying charts, he decided the True Bounty would steer north of the usual track to the Peninsula. Chater would hug the routes of the British convoys to Canada, choosing rather to risk being overhauled by an enemy cruiser than by his own countrymen—very



The Centurion Fleed Before the Gale at a Fair Twelve Knots.

possibly trusting to some form of protection from Admiral Cockburn. So for four days more the Centurion beat to the northward on a zigzag course that covered many miles of sea, but it wasn't until the fifth day that the cry of "Sail ho" from the maintop sent all hands to their stations.
The strange sail made a clumsy attempt to run away, but the brig overhauled him in less than two glasses, and a musket-shot across his bows sent him flapping into the wind. An hour later the George and Anne, of Liverpool, loaded with strouds, Yorkshire woolsens, crockery and hardware, was diverted from Halifax to New York, with a Yankee prize crew in charge of her, and the Centurion bore off on her mission.

Northeast Fellowes steered on a slanting course that would carry him far to seaward of the coasting routes where the enemy cruisers kept watch and ward, far to seaward, too, of the Grand banks; but a week after the George and Anne had dwindled over the skyline a cold clammy fog wrapped the Centurion, and the privateer crawled along, with double lookouts at each masthead and on poop and fo'c's'le, the magazine open and the gun-crews mustered. That day they sailed as remote as though they had entered another world. Once a whale almost collided with them, and sounded indignantly beneath their keel. The night was so silent that the swish of the brig's cutter could be heard aft on the poop. And the morning was as still. But noon saw a streak of sunshine overhead, and suddenly the fog-curtain was rent to come out of their ears—for they heard all about them a muffled clam-

or: horns growling, tin-pans clanking, bells tolling, men shouting. A bristle of masts projected from the lingering shreds of mist, hulls took shape, scores of hulls, a stately seventy-four, flying an admiral's pennant, a brace of frigates.
"A Canada convoy," exclaimed Spencer. "We be good as stewed, cap'n."
"Not by a d—n sight," snapped Fellowes. "Aye, not if 'tis Admiral Warren, himself. Where's that sig'nalman? Signalman, blither! Break out the Royal Navy ensign. Haste, man, haste! Now, the Stars and Stripes. Aye, you fool, on the same balyards. Run 'em up! Run 'em up!"
He leaped on the breach of a gun as the seventy-four, nearest of the men-o'-war, came squattering down from windward.

"Aho! What ship's that?" hailed an officer from her lofty poop, crowd of figures in blue and gold lace.
"Down, you men," Fellowes snarled at his curious crew. "Flat on the deck." And lifting speaking-trumpet to lips, returned the hail: "Aye, aye, sir! This is the American privateer Centurion, nineteen guns, Captain Lion Fellowes, out of New York—prize to the Semele frigate, Captain Lord Sandys."
Like all American privateersmen, Fellowes had been primed with the information available as to the cruising stations of the British men-o'-war, and he happened to recall that the Semele, a thirty-two, was an off of the Jamaica squadron. The watch-officer of the seventy-four knew as much, and retorted promptly: "Where did you leave your ship, sir?"
"Off the Mona passage."
There was a moment of consultation on the enemy's poop, then the same officer hailed again: "And your name?"
"Lieutenant Broderick, sir," Fellowes answered desperately, casting a wary eye about him for an opening to slip clear.

"Broderick, eh? You ain't rated to the Semele, sir—not by my Annual."
"I am newly transferred to her, sir," Fellowes improvised. "From the Cape."
"Ha, sir! I find no Broderick listed as a lieutenant—"
A pair of Tyne traders, heavy-laden, blundered out of a swathing of mist, and staggered aboard the Centurion. Fellowes, swift to seize the opportunity, pretended to great anxiety.
"Luff up, there, d—n 'ye," he hailed the first of the merchantmen, with all the typical arrogance of a navy officer. "What d'ye mean, my man? Luff up, I say! Here, you at the wheel—! to his own helm—man—bear away from the rascals. By the Fland, they'll run us down!"
Skillfully, he interposed the hapless traders between the brig and the seventy-four, and urged his topmen aloft.
"Jump, lads!" he shouted. "Get every stitch on her, if you'd not see Dartmoor."

The Centurion's hands responded with yelps of appreciation, swarming the yards, regardless of a ragged fire of musketry from the seventy-four, which had begun to smell a rat. The fog, still swirling at different levels, obscured the situation for other ships. The frigates, mindful of their special duty, the guarding of the convoy's flanks and rear, contented themselves with discharging warning-guns for the laggards to move up. The seventy-four, crumming on all sail, tried to wear past the officious traders; but she was an old Spanish prize, broad-beamed and slow, and before she could bring her forward divisions to bear the privateer had interposed other vessels of the convoy to cover herself. The confusion was prodigious. Individual ships changed their courses; a slovenly Irish brig rammed a Southampton ship, and was roundly cursed; cannon boomed, and every fog-horn, trumpet, drum or bell in the fleet was set to work.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SUGAR TARIFF PLAN KILLED IN SENATE

Harrison Amendment Voted Down by 48 to 38.

Washington.—Present duties on sugar were approved by the senate, which thus decided "the battle of the sugar bowl" in favor of the consumers and against agriculture.

Proposed increases in rates went by the board with the adoption of the amendment of Senator Pat Harrison (Dem., Miss.) for the retention of provisions of the existing law. The vote was 48 to 38.

Unexpected desertion of the high protectionist camp by as many as eight regular Republicans was responsible for the result. The winning side was composed of Democrats, radicals, and regular Republicans. For the Harrison amendment were 29 Democrats, 18 Republicans, and one Farmer-Labor member, while against it were 34 Republicans and 4 Democrats.

Republicans from beet sugar states had been confident of defeating the Harrison amendment by a narrow margin. Possible political effect of an increase in the cost of sugar to consumers was the factor which made it impossible for them to hold all the protectionists in line.

In defense of their votes the protectionists who supported the Harrison amendment asserted that higher duties would be ineffective as long as Philippine sugar is imported free. Opponents of the proposed increased duty favored by the finance committee had contended it would add \$54,000,000 to consumers' costs annually.

Adoption of the Harrison amendment meant defeat for agricultural organizations headed by the American Farm Bureau federation, which also had advocated the elimination of the preferential applying on Cuban sugar and the imposition of duties on Philippine sugar. It was a victory for the Cuban interests, including Americans with investments in Cuba. There was great rejoicing at the Cuban embassy, where the action was interpreted as paving the way for better relations between the two countries.

Present duties which would remain in effect under the Harrison amendment are 1.75 cents per pound on Cuban sugar and 2.20 cents on other sugar. The finance committee amendment, which was supported by the senators from beet sugar states, provided for duties of 2.20 cents per pound on Cuban sugar and 2.75 cents on other sugar.

The house bill provided even higher rates of 2.40 cents per pound on Cuban sugar and 3 cents on other sugar. When the bill goes to conference it will be still possible for the conferees of the senate and house to adopt the finance committee rates which would represent a compromise between the duties of the present law and those of the house bill.

The Republican regulars who voted for the Harrison amendment included Senators Arthur Capper and Henry Allen (Kan.), both of whom ordinarily are for American Farm Bureau federation proposals; Wesley L. Jones (Wash.), Arthur Robinson (Ind.), whose state produces some beet sugar and who have been expected to vote for higher duties; John M. Robison (Ky.), and three high protectionist New Englanders, F. H. Gillett (Mass.), J. H. Metcalf (R. L.), and H. W. Keyes (N. H.).

The other ten Republicans for the Harrison amendment were radicals who usually have lined up with the Democratic-radical coalition.

The only Democrats who voted against the Harrison amendment were Senators Joseph E. Ransdell, E. S. Broussard (La.), John B. Kendrick (Wyo.), and W. H. King (Utah).

The senate approved committee amendment increasing duties on maple sugar from 7 1/2 to 8 cents per pound, and maple sirup from 5 cents to 5 1/2 cents.

Michigan "Life-for-Pint" Law Eased by Governor

Lansing, Mich.—The Michigan habitual criminal act known as the "life-for-a-pint" law because of the sentencing of prohibition violators to life terms in prison upon a fourth conviction, became a deadletter when Governor Green commuted the sentence of five prisoners to conform to the new amendment to the state criminal code. The governor's act reduced the terms of Frank Baker, Mrs. Etta Mae Miller, Attono Noyes, Fred Palm and Tony Popish, to seven and one-half years. The governor said he did not believe the framers of the habitual act would have intended to provide life sentences for prohibition violators.

Mandell, Quintero Fight Draw

Miami Beach, Fla.—Mannuel Quintero, the Cuban Cavalier, held Sammy Mandell of Rockford, Ill., the world's champion, to a draw in a ten-round fight here.

Big Cotton Co-Op Chartered

Washington.—The new American Cotton Co-operative association, a \$30,000,000 organization, became a reality when articles of incorporation of the company were filed at Wilmington, Del.

Plan 1,351 New Airports

Atlantic City.—The American Road Builders association in convention here was told that construction of 1,351 airports had been planned for 1930, at a cost of \$75,000,000.

TEMPORARY U. S. ENVOY



J. Reuben Clarke.

Washington.—Until the appointment of a permanent envoy, the State department announced the temporary selection of J. Reuben Clarke, former undersecretary of state, as United States ambassador to Mexico to act during the inauguration of Ortiz Rubio as president of the republic.

ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE PLANS BIG WAR FUND

Fifty Millions to Be Raised for Use Next Ten Years.

Detroit, Mich.—Plans for raising a \$50,000,000 "war chest" for use in the next ten years were announced by Anti-Saloon League leaders at the league's twenty-fourth annual convention here, on the eve of the tenth anniversary of the advent of national prohibition.

The \$50,000,000 fund is counted on to provide the financial backing for the most far reaching "smash" against the wet elements that the league has yet undertaken, and officials could see nothing but a complete dry victory and utter disruption of the organized forces which have been seeking repeal or modification of the Eighteenth amendment and the Volstead act.

General Superintendent F. Scott McBride envisioned the day when complete victory shall perch upon the banners of the prohibition forces.

The Anti-Saloon league came into being, Doctor McBride said, because the people galloped under the heavy yoke of the liquor traffic "and were moaning and groaning and crying out for help."

Although liquor still holds some ground in the big cities, he said, prohibition is proving itself even there. He said Chicago had 7,152 saloons and 12,000 speakeasies during the days before Volstead, but that "while prohibition has not corrected all the evils of liquor, it is now a new city."

"The city must be taken if the victory is to be complete," he added. Doctor McBride announced that \$1,500,000 was spent by the league and its 40 state branches during the last two years. This is exclusive of an additional \$100,000 expended in behalf of the Hoover campaign.

The annual budget of the national organization, according to H. B. Sowers of Westerville, Ohio, treasurer, is \$375,000, but state organizations have their own organizations and raise and spend funds not included in this amount.

WASHINGTON BRIEFS

John Motley Morehead, New York, has been appointed by President Hoover as American minister to Sweden. He succeeds Leland Harrison, resigned.

Present indications are that President Hoover will not ask the senate to ratify American adherence to the world court during the present session of congress.

A bill to permit Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho to tax persons and property in the Yellowstone National park was introduced by Senator Walsh (Dem.), Montana.

A refund of \$642,892 to the Pullman company, Chicago, for overassessment of income and profit taxes in 1919-'20 and 1921, was announced by the internal revenue bureau.

Surgeon General Cumming of the public health service has requested health officials in nine states for cooperation in a nation-wide investigation of several deaths and serious illnesses attributed to "parrot fever," or psittacosis.

Reduction in Coffee Prices

New York.—The third general slash in coffee prices within about four months was announced by retail chain stores in various parts of the country, bringing the general level of coffee prices to the lowest point in years.

Pension Fund for Professors

New York.—The Carnegie corporation has announced a contribution of \$20,000,000 for a fund for \$500 annuities for college professors when they reach the age of seventy.

The DAIRY

WINTER FEEDING FOR DAIRY COWS

Hardest Working Animal on Farm Needs Best Ration.

The milking cow is the hardest working animal on the farm, a fact which explains the importance of good feeding for dairy cows. A cow giving 35 pounds of milk a day produces in that milk what is known as 10.4 therms of energy. To produce the same number of therms in the form of useful work, a team of two 1,500-pound horses would have to work steadily for eight hours.

As the only way a cow can obtain energy to put into her milk is through the feed she eats, her feed must be highly nutritious and fed in sufficient quantities so that her body requirements as well as her full needs for maximum milk production are met. The successful dairy farmer bases his winter feeding program on an abundance of legume roughage such as alfalfa or other legume hay, and corn silage. So that he may be sure to have these roughages available next winter he is already making his plans for a substantial increase in alfalfa or one of the other legumes for hay this spring. An acre for each cow in milk will grow enough alfalfa hay to keep these cows well supplied with the very best dry roughage from its fall to early spring. The growing of about one acre and a half of the other legumes will be required to keep a milking cow well supplied with hay during the same period. Now is the time to plan for next winter.

In winter feeding, hay is usually fed at the rate of 1 to 1 1/2 pounds for each 100 pounds the cow weighs. Silage is generally fed at the rate of 2 1/2 to 3 1/2 pounds for each 100 pounds of the animal's weight. Grain should always be fed according to the cow's milk production. The larger breeds, such as the Ayrshire, Brown Swiss, and Holstein, are fed one pound of grain to each 3 1/2 to 4 pounds of milk produced daily. The smaller breeds, as the Guernseys and Jerseys are usually fed grain at the rate of 1 pound to each 3 pounds of milk produced daily.

Many Dairymen Overlook Water Supply in Winter

The average dairyman overlooks the water supply for his cows during the winter months, and in doing so he overlooks a nice profit and lowers the production of his cows. The dairy cow will drink 100 pounds of water daily if it is located where she can get it at least twice daily and it is not too cold. A fresh cow will drink three or four times as much as a stripper or dry cow. In cold winter weather a cow will not drink that much water if turned out but once a day and she has to walk to a pond or tank to drink. Furthermore, when a large amount of cold water is drunk in cold weather it must be raised to the body temperature of the cow, and to do this the cow burns the feed nutrients which were intended to produce milk and maintain her body.

Small Slender Silos Are Now Coming Into Style

If there was any such thing as styles in silo building, it would be appropriate to say that the slender figure in silos is coming into style. The tendency seems to be toward less diameter and more height, and if a large amount of silage is needed to build two small ones rather than one silo of great diameter.

Eight, ten and twelve-foot silos are each year becoming more common. These small structures make a silo a practical investment for herds of ten or more dairy cows, or for two or three loads of beef steers. Ten cows, for example, will eat about two inches of silage per day from an eight-foot silo and about one and one-third inches from a silo ten feet in diameter.

Cow Stanchions Should Be Properly Adjusted

The stanchions should be so adjusted that the cows deposit their droppings in the gutter and not on the platform. Clean, dustless bedding should be provided daily. The flanks of the cows should be clipped to keep the hair short so that the cows may be easily cleaned with a stiff brush. Brushing should be done as often as possible. Diseased cows should be isolated from the healthy ones. A constant inspection should be maintained to locate new diseases. Every dairyman should make it a point to become acquainted with common cow ailments. Milk from diseased cattle should never be sold.

Dipping for Lice

Lice cause great annoyance to calves and may seriously retard growth if present in large numbers. They are difficult to control, but about the most satisfactory treatment is dipping or washing with a coal tar disinfectant. This method cannot be used during cold weather but should be used the first warm, still spring day. In a week or ten days the treatment should be repeated to get the young lice which have hatched out in the meantime.

Get poisons out of system . . .

Doctors know that this modern scientific laxative works efficiently in smaller doses because you chew it. Safe and mild for old and young.

Feen-a-mint FOR CONSTIPATION



Soviet Countries
The Soviet union includes six constituent republics, the Russian republic (R. S. F. S. R.), White Russia, Ukraine, Transcaucasia, Turcoman and Uzbek. The R. S. F. S. R. includes 11 autonomous republics, Bashkir, Tartar, Kirghiz, Dagestan, Crimean, Yakutsk, Karelia, Chuvash, German republic on Volga, Buriato-Mongolia, Kazakskala. The estimate of population in 1926 was 147,013,000; there were 182 different nationalities with 149 languages. The Tartars are Mongolians; most of the Afghans are Aryans, though some of the tribes of Afghanistan are of Mongolian origin.

SLEEPLESSNESS

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When a thousand different thoughts keep you from falling into peaceful sleep—REMEDIUM ROBINSON'S NERVINE Contains no habit forming drugs. For years a household by-word of proven benefit in the treatment of Nervousness, Nervous Indigestion and Nervous Irritability. Agencies All Over the World.
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The Hard of Hearing

There are 15,000,000 persons in the United States who are hard of hearing, according to Estelle Samuelson, instructor of lip reading at Columbia university. These partially deaf individuals, she says, constitute an enormous problem in retarded education, limited working ability and wasted citizenship.

Dash With Passport

After a girl left Enniskillen, Ireland, on a train for Derry to catch a liner bound for America recently, her friends discovered that she had forgotten her passport. Her brother mounted a motorcycle and speeded the 90 miles, arriving with the passport 20 minutes before the tender left the wharf.

Coast to Coast Good Grocers Sell and Recommend Russ Ball Blue. Better Value than any other.—Adv.

To Be Exact

"What do you make a week?" asked a judge of an Italian organ grinder. "Twenty dollar, sare."
"What, \$20 for grinding an organ?"
"No, sare; not for da grind, but for fa shut up an' go away."—The Recorder.

Willie Evidently Knew

Teacher—Willie, what is a skeleton?
Willie (After carefully considering)—Please, sir, a skeleton is a man with his insides out and his outsides off.—Chicago Tribune.

Few Musk Oxen in Canada

There is not one herd of musk oxen upon the Canadian mainland. There are about 250 animals in the herd, which is now kept in the Thelon game sanctuary near Great Slave lake.



Don't neglect a COLD

DISTRESSING cold in chest or throat—that so often leads to something serious—generally responds to good old Musterole with the first application. Should be more effective if used **once every hour for five hours.** Working like the trained hands of a mason, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—jars and tubes. To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



Incubators in Use in Egypt Ancient Models

The incubator for hatching chickens is probably as old as history, which in the Mediterranean region runs back more than 4,500 years. There were, doubtless, incubators in Egypt before Moses was born, and to this day in that country they are just what they were in the lifetime of the great Hebrew leader.

The art of hatching chickens is handed down from generation to generation, from father to son, a secret craft. Baby chicks are an important article of trade, and they are produced by millions for export.

The typical Egyptian incubator is a rude and cumbersome affair when compared with the modern device. It is a building of considerable size, of sundried brick. Through it run one or more passages, and on both sides of each passage are ovens (so to call them) in two tiers. The oven at the

ground level has a small door; the one directly above it is entered from beneath through a manhole. The ovens are arranged in pairs, one below and the other above. The eggs are placed in the lower oven, and a fire is lighted on the floor of the oven overhead, to furnish the warmth requisite for hatching.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Nickel Steel Rail Joints

For increasing the comfort of the traveler and lengthening the life of the rails, the dips or hollows at the points where the rails connect are fused by electric arc welding. This melts the rail to a depth of one-eighth of an inch and fuses thereon a deposit of 5 per cent nickel steel, which is nearly 50 per cent harder than the rail itself.