

The Mutiny of the Albatross

By WYNDHAM MARTYN

COPYRIGHT IN THE U. S.

WNU Service

THE STORY

Floyd Unwin and Howard Bettington take dinner with an old college chum, Alfred Gibbons, financial magnate. Unwin produces a written pledge taken by the three at college to help each other in adversity, explaining that he needs financial assistance to educate his son Bob and daughter Mary. Gibbons scoffs at the "legality" of the pledge, but agrees to make a place for the daughter in his organization. Mary Unwin is stenographer to a wealthy debauchee, Elgar Radway. Calling at Gibbons' office, as arranged, Mary is asked to betray her employer's secrets and refuses. Radway plans an ocean voyage to recover from the effects of dissipation. Mary is to go as secretary, her brother to accompany her. Bettington, painting on the Maine coast, is kidnapped, and taken aboard a vessel. His clothes are found by Gibbs, a fugitive from justice.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

Bob sauntered off feeling that he had come face to face with men more evil than he had ever known before. On the deck above his sister was; he had been told he must not venture there. Above that deck was the wireless house, in which he was deeply interested. He had seen a cheery young man in uniform, who had been pointed out as the wireless operator. But between the two was a great gulf fixed. "Sparks" was an officer. Perhaps Bob had entered upon his new task with too great an enthusiasm. He found himself called upon to do certain greasy and oily offices usually performed by engine room help. Metzger, the chief engineer, swore at him viciously when he began to ask questions about the engines. On the whole, he found himself, for the first time in his life, distinctly unpopular.

Barnegat Light was in sight when Sam, at midnight, came into Bettington's cabin.

"The Boss says you can see him now," he growled.

Bettington followed him along a dim passage to the extreme stern of the vessel. Here he unlocked a door leading to a companion way which brought him to a quarter deck at the after part of the yacht. There were two big wicker chairs and a table. Sam motioned him to sit down. Then he knocked at a stateroom door and was bidden to enter.

"You're to go in," Sam said a few moments later. "I'll wait here."

It was not surprising that a certain emotion of excitement and, perhaps, apprehension seized upon the painter as he moved toward the door. What manner of ruffian was he to confront? And what was it that he had been predestined for? A man who could hold a turbulent and ferocious brute like Sam in thrall, would probably be one of greater power and violence than he.

Never, Bettington confessed, as he entered the stateroom, had his judgments been more at fault. This was no towering bully, no disciple of the strong-arm school of underworld aristocracy who looked at him. Apparently the man was of the same social class as himself.

The Boss was a little, slender man, delicate of feature and limb. His face had that ivory pallor one associates with extreme old age. And yet, he did not seem to be an old man. He was smiling as Bettington entered; he smiled while he talked.

"I am afraid," said the Boss, after waving his guest to a seat, "that you have not enjoyed your voyage."

"I have not," Bettington returned. "I may tell you at once, that I resent the whole occurrence. It has been one outrage added to another. That they had their origin in a mistake I know very well, but the effect is just the same and I demand to be put ashore at once."

"We are provisioned for a year," said the Boss calmly, "and most likely shall not touch any port for one month."

"I shall," snapped the painter. "I think not," the other corrected gently. "I expected you to make these protests. Sam has told me of your attitude and I admire it. The wise man differs from a fool in knowing just when to try to make terms. We are here to talk business."

"Look here," Bettington began, "I explained to your first murderer out there, that there had been some mistake of identities. My name is Bettington; I am a painter of seascapes and my studio is on East Thirty-fourth street."

The Boss took from a small table a New York paper. "Did you have a pleasant funeral?" he asked suavely. He passed the paper over the table and pointed out an obituary notice tucked away in an obscure spot.

"Read it," the Boss commanded. The paragraph was headed:

"Well-Known Marine Painter Killed. 'Falls From Fire Escape in Dark.'"

Bettington read an amazing description of his death, burial and life's work. The chief witness at the inquest was Floyd Unwin. Unwin had been amazed to see his friend, whom he thought to be out of town, and climbed to his studio to call upon him. The rooms were seemingly in darkness and none answered the knock. In the morning the janitor had discovered the mutilated body in the yard. Floyd Unwin and he had identified it.

"It was a clever idea," said the

Boss, "but I, too, read the papers. In the idiom of poker, I have called your bluff. In almost every case I have had to do that to get my crew. Take Sam, for example. Sam, under another name, was doing rather well bootlegging across the Canadian line. In Rangely he was on the way to become respected. It was necessary to remind him that he had broken from Dannemora. I was compelled to build up his real past. I hold it over him." The Boss waved his delicate hand airily. "It is a truism that knowledge is power. I have just told you by what method I have the whip-hand of what you call my 'first murderer.'"

"But why put me in possession of it?" Bettington demanded. "That strikes me as a very unwise step."

"Because, my dear Andrew Orme, I have just as strong a hold over you."

Bettington made a gesture of despair. The Boss had not the look of a cruel man; but this sort of talk pointed to an egotistical not far from megalomania. He had the delusion of power.

"Andrew Orme," said Bettington. "Who is he?"

"I'll tell you." The Boss passed a box of cigars to the other. "Andrew Orme did very well at Yale. He was on his way to become a great surgeon. Then he found within himself the curse of gambling. He needed money. He found he possessed the dangerous gift of copying signatures. So he forged. And when he was discovered he killed the man who threatened to give him up to justice. He had committed his murder in San Francisco and was sent to San Quentin as a life prisoner. He escaped and was absolutely lost from view. That was almost ten years ago. I found him by accident. I was automobiling in New England and needed water for a boiling motor. I went to a fisherman's shack. There I found one Jonathan Gibbs, disguised with a beard and clad in the rough garb of a fisherman. Much the same picturesque costume as you wear now. I did not tell him that I knew him. At that time I had no possible use for him. It was not until three years later that I made use of my knowledge."

One thing was cleared up, at all events. Bettington had been shanghaied because he was thought to be the fisherman whose clothes he wore. He saw now how strangely fortune had deserted him. Out here at sea, he could not prove himself to be the man he was. And the mysterious death of a man like enough to himself to be identified by Unwin all added to the difficulty of settling himself straight.

He remembered how Gibbs had feared he had entered his rude shack for some inimical purpose, and Sam had let fall that Gibbs had been shadowed. And Bettington recalled that Gibbs had been much more fearful in manner than any honest fisherman had the need to be. Undoubtedly Gibbs was Andrew Orme, surgeon and forger. . . . And Howard Bettington was dead and buried. The anxiety that his face betrayed, led the Boss to think he had come to a saner way of thinking.

"I am offering you a far better way of living than ever you had in Maine. When we are through with this trip you will have money—plenty of it—and can spend it, and your life, in some southern port."

"And if I don't accept?"

The smile of the other man grew irritating.

"None knows of your being aboard but my men. There are only three of the men who are not for me: Hallett, the captain, his nephew who is the wireless operator, and a lad named Unwin. They can be eliminated . . . so can you."

Unwin. So that was why he had seen his old friend come aboard. It was his mechanically-minded son who was among those of the crew presently to be eliminated. A mood of unusual caution took hold of Bettington. As skillfully as possible he must learn what was required of him and to what perils those on the ship were to be put.

"But if you eliminated me," he said easily, "you would put yourself to some inconvenience. You've put my cards on the table without any aid of mine. What about your own cards?"

"The sensible man," said the Boss, "is the adaptable one. I am glad you are seeing the wisdom of readjustment. Here are my cards, Andrew Orme. This boat was chartered, through my advice, by Elgar Radway, the multi-millionaire. He is aboard now with his wife, a noted beauty, and a girl secretary. This boy Unwin, of whom I spoke, is the secretary's brother."

Bettington hoped the other did not see the slight start he gave when he realized that Mary Unwin was here. He remembered now that she was Radway's private stenographer. He thought of Sam, of Metzger and those other ill-omened men who would be likely to make up such a crew as this. Something of the horror he could not conceal betrayed itself.

"Do not be alarmed," said the Boss; "this is an expedition planned only for the possession of money. The women will be safe as long as I rule; be sure of that."

"What is the scheme? Blackmail?"

"Something simpler and cleaner. Radway has come aboard, as he himself almost believes, to rest. He has

arduous tasks before him. I know—and he realizes it now—that he has come aboard to fill himself with the rich food and alcohol his physicians have forbidden him for a year.

"Every year, I find, he has spent a month in this manner. At the end of these trips he goes back to his office and works like ten men. But this year he has had hardening arteries and planned to be temperate. That was why he brought his wife and the girl. . . . That was why he sent me this telegram." The Boss showed Bettington the wire Mary Unwin had sent to "Clements," Bar Harbor. "He honestly intended to stay sober or moderately so."

"And won't he?"

"At dinner tonight he was offensively drunk. I heard his wife whisper, 'After what you promised me, Elgar.'"

"Then you are a guest here?"

"I explained the luxurious stateroom in which the Boss sat."

"I am not," said the Boss. "I occupy an anomalous position; in a sense a derogatory one. It suits me, for our purposes, to play the part of the steward."

Bettington wondered why he felt a disinclination to ask this man who and what he was. He realized that he was in the presence of one from whom emanations of evil and unusual

powers were given out. He was annoyed to admit it. With Sam or the rest of the crew it was different. They feared that the knowledge might bring them, if they forced him through disobedience to use it, to death or imprisonment. But no man had such a hold over Howard Bettington. And yet he experienced uneasiness in the presence of this small, eternally smiling man whose neck he could wring with his powerful grasp as easily as one might choke the life out of a fowl.

"What part am I to play?" Bettington asked. For a time, at any rate, he must seem to fall in with the other's plans.

"It may be very little," the Boss said. "This is how the matter stands. Radway can afford to be away from his office for a month. He has so arranged things that he is safeguarded for that time. But to stay away longer would ruin him. Another financier, Gibbons, is a dangerous antagonist. When the time comes, Radway will be offered the choice of ruin or a ransom of one million dollars. He will bluster, threaten and fight. In the end he will do as I have arranged."

"But the captain and the others?"

"Will be eliminated. I have taken every precaution. I shall seize the ship and dictate terms."

Bettington thought a moment. "That's all very well," he cried, "but you can't carry off into captivity an international figure like Radway. Why, man, they'll send gunboats out and every ship we pass will be looking for us. There's no disguising a craft like this."

"There will be no alarm. Letters will be prepared written in Radway's hand, explaining that his health is benefiting slowly and that he will remain away for a few weeks longer. Mrs. Radway will write to her father, the senator, and the girl secretary will send postals to her parents. . . . They will disarm all suspicion."

"How?" Bettington demanded bluntly. "You'll threaten them with violence unless they write? The women won't do it, nor Radway either!"

"Nevertheless they will be written. For what purpose do you suppose Andrew Orme, master forger, was dragged from Blackport, Maine?"

The Boss took some papers from a drawer. These he passed to Bettington.

"Here are letters written by Mrs. Radway and her husband. Study them closely. You are to berth in the next stateroom."

He led Bettington into an adjoining cabin. From it another room was seen.

"That," said the Boss, "is the doctor's office." He pointed to a parchment on which the name John Waite was inscribed. Bettington saw that Waite had taken his degree of doctor of medicine in the University of Pennsylvania fifteen years before.

"You will be known henceforth as Doctor Waite," said the Boss. "You will probably have very little to do, but it

was fortunate that Radway required a physician. Otherwise you would have had to become a member of my crew. The real Doctor Waite, over whom I have some slight hold, lent me this and some implements of the trade, drugs and the rest of it. You will probably have to prescribe some sedatives for Radway."

Bettington knew nothing of medicine; he qualified at the idea of having to look after a really sick person.

"Your position as an officer will give you entry to the main saloon," the Boss went on. "You will be able to gain the confidence of the women and report to me what happens. In the role I have assumed I hear much, but not enough."

Bettington was glad to know that he would be in a position to watch over Unwin's girl. It is true she would not yet know his name. He supposed, until he had decided what best to do in the face of dangers, he had better keep up the masquerade.

The Boss took his acquiescence as a matter of course. It was not conceivable to that arrogant spirit that there should be insubordination.

"You will understand," he said, "that as a ship's doctor you will have little in common with the ship's steward. Of me you know nothing, except that I serve Elgar Radway."

"But I should like to know more," said Bettington. "To the best of my knowledge I have never seen you before. How is it you know me? They call you the 'Boss.' What does Radway call you?"

"I am William Clements to him," said the other. "I am William Clements to you. There is a stone over what the world thinks is my body, in a prison graveyard. I have exhaled in the world's eyes all my faults." He leaned forward and his thin hands clenched again. "And yet, Andrew Orme, I shall make such a name for myself, that it will eclipse what the world knew of me ere it thought I died."

"Mad," thought Bettington. "Crazed with the delusion of power." Aloud he remarked: "I see you don't wish to tell me anything. Very well; I am not curious."

"You will find Hallett, the captain, a disagreeable and suspicious man. He resents my presence. Remember, that you came aboard just before we sailed. He will be annoyed that you did not report to him. In your stateroom you will find all the clothes you need. If you take my advice you will turn in now."

The advice was in the nature of a command; but as it suited his own convenience to get rid of Gibbs' clothes he bowed to it.

Bettington was glad to be in his new quarters. He could not sleep for a long time. By what blundering ways he was to save Unwin's children from harm he did not know. There must be, at least, a dozen men aboard, all under the domination of the Boss. The ship could not doubt be worked easily enough with Hallett, his nephew and Bob Unwin out of the way. Assuredly his defiance of the Boss would aid none of them. There was a helplessness about the situation comparable with nothing on land.

CHAPTER V

A Millionaire's Holiday

Bettington was awakened in the morning by a small boy who was the bearer of coffee and rolls. He announced that breakfast would be served in the main saloon within the hour.

"This is all I need," said Bettington. "What's your name?"

"They call me 'Silvers,'" said the boy, "but my real name is Augustus."

When he had dressed and shaved Bettington experienced the satisfaction of a fastidious man in finding himself once more in clean apparel.

On the quarter deck he found the Boss, who smiled the even, ungrudging smile of the night before. Today he was in a neat blue and gold uniform.

"I had better introduce you," he said, "to Hallett and then to the rest. It is most important that the women trust you. Hallett has already infected them with some distrust of me."

Truth or Heroics About Story of Joan of Arc?

Although investigators have fairly well proven that Joan of Arc was never burned at the stake, but was told to take off her male attire, go home and never fight again, there are many people who want the world to stick to her story because it is heroic and inspirational, declares the Woman's Home Companion. The magazine adds, editorially, that it is far better to accept the findings of thorough research.

According to the article, investigators found records of Joan's visit to Metz in 1436, five years after her death was believed to have taken place, and subsequent papers recording her marriage and a costly gift to her by the city of Orleans in memory of the good she had done during the siege of the city. This was eight years after Joan's ashes were supposed to have been scattered in the Seine.

"For our part," concludes the article, "we prefer to know the truth even when it hurts. In the long run, there is nothing so inspiring as true knowledge."

Get in First and Last Word

The female of the species actually gets in the first and the last word. According to the magazine Good Health girls learn to talk six weeks sooner than boys, while recent studies in Illinois show that women live longer than men. Of the 46 centenarians who died there last year, 36 were women. Above 80 the female deaths were more numerous than the male, below 50 less numerous, showing that more women pass eighty than men.

Tin Cans Salvaged

Salvaging millions of tin cans around Western mining camps has been found a profitable business. The process recovers both the tin and the steel, an average of three tons of tin being recovered weekly and molded into ingots to be used for making new cans.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

He led the way to the upper deck, which was also the boat deck and that on which the wireless room was. Hallett was a square built man and a capable sailor. He was embittered at having no higher command than this pleasure craft when his former companions were masters of ocean-going liners. He was perpetually in a state of annoyance at the curious position occupied by Clements the steward. Actually Radway, on whose favor he was dependent, had decided in several instances that Clements must be obeyed. It was bitter to a man who had decided ideas on the importance of his office.

"Well?" he snapped, turning to the steward. "What is it?"

"This is Doctor Waite, Captain," he answered.

Hallett from the beginning set himself to be hostile.

"When did you come aboard?" Bettington said what he had been told. Hallett spoke bitterly about shipboard etiquette and modern ways. Then he turned abruptly away as his nephew came up. This was a pleasant-faced man of three-and-twenty, who obviously shared his uncle's opinion of Clements. The boy seemed excited and worried.

"What do you think of the skipper?" Clements asked.

"A hard man to handle," Bettington returned, "as all obstinate men are."

"He's of no importance," Clements said idly. "Did you notice how 'Sparks' seemed to be upset? Something has happened to his wireless. He finds he can't adjust it and has to call in the electrician, who is one of my men, to help him. I shall let it work for a few days."

Again that calm assumption of absolute power from the little, slender man in his absurd livery.

"When I decide that no messages may be sent or received, Graumann will get busy. Look, that's Radway."

Radway had come on deck to walk himself into a condition which would permit him to enjoy an unnecessary luncheon.

"Cocktails," he commanded, as he caught sight of Clements. He stopped short when he saw the stranger.

"Who's this?"

"Doctor Waite," Clements answered. "You wired me to ship a physician aboard."

"I remember now," Radway answered. "Why haven't I seen you before this?"

His manner was abrupt and hard. He looked doubtfully at this tall, self-possessed man who returned his glare tranquilly.

"The doctor doesn't like to confess to being a bit seasick," Clements answered readily.

"Then a cocktail will do him good," Radway decided. "Bring four. You know my kind; just a dash of absinthe in them."

When Clements had gone—and there seemed something strangely out of place in sending such a man on such an errand—Radway turned to Bettington.

"I eat too much and I drink too much and my arteries are made up of calcium, they tell me. Like the rest of them, you will preach temperance. You are not here for that. You are here to patch me up if the need occurs."

"Patching won't help you much," Bettington remarked.

"If you're not up to the job, I'll tell Clements to ship some one who is."

Abruptly Radway turned on his heel. He did not in the least mind if he had left his physician angry. The anger of fools—and a poor man was a fool, in his opinion—had no weight. The sea air was beginning to make him hungry. This would mean a rich luncheon served as that artist, the fat chef, alone knew how. A feeling of well-being pervaded him at the sight of the cocktails. He told Clements to pass one to the doctor.

"We can't wait for the ladies," said Radway, and threw his drink down with a single movement. "I wish I could sip like you," he said to Bettington. "When I want a thing I want all of it, instantly. As the ladies don't seem to be coming up, why let their cocktails go to waste?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale
By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

GRUNTS

"What is bothering you?" asked Brother Bacon, who was taking a walk, and who had heard Pinky Pig grunting a good deal.

Brother Bacon's tail was curled in a funny little knot, and his snout was very muddy, as were his feet.

"Yes, what is bothering you?" asked Grandfather Porky Pig.

"We'd like to know," said their cousin, Miss Ham.

"You are always finding out something queer," she added.

"This is something I haven't found," said Pinky.

"You don't make yourself very clear," grunted Grandfather Porky.

"You don't give me a chance. You never do. Just because you know I am a bright pig you never give me a chance to finish anything I start to say."

"And you don't give me time to explain. It's most annoying."

"Now look here, Pinky," said Miss Ham, "you can't expect us to act as your mother does."

"She spoils you and tells you that you are clever. You are really not one scrap brighter than any other pig in the pen."

"You are simply a pig and at best pigs aren't the finest scholars in the world."

"Why should they be?" squealed Pinky.

"They shouldn't," said Miss Ham. "But you are forever pretending you are bright and clever—that's the part that is foolish."

"You stole my word," squealed Pinky.

"What word?" asked Miss Ham.

She looked about her as if she had stolen some food and not a word and was trying to see what she had done with it.

"In the very first place of all I said 'It's so foolish,' and that was what I



had said when you heard me grunting in the first place."

"Maybe so," said Porky. "Well, tell us what is foolish. I love foolish things."

"I don't love this," said Pinky. "Hurry and tell us what it is," squealed Brother Bacon.

Pinky gave a grunt, squealed twice and then began:

"I was trying to find some extra food and I couldn't, and I looked everywhere for some."

"Is that all the fuss is about?" asked Miss Ham.

"And that is what we've been waiting to hear?" asked Brother Bacon.

"Well, I never," said Sammy Sausage.

But Grandfather Porky said: "Well, you must admit he's a true grandson of mine—a real pig."

"His only thoughts are about food and he wanted to find some extra food."

"A noble pig is my dear grandson Pinky Pig."

And all the pigs squealed, and then they all grunted, grunted, grunted: "Well, he's a pig all right. That's so."

Dog's Sixth Sense

Some remarkable examples are given by the secretary of the National Canine Defense League, of the "sixth sense" in dogs. An alreale puppy who was "boarded out" for some weeks while his mistress underwent an operation, on several occasions howled dismally for no apparent reason. The howlings, it was found coincided exactly with certain crises in the illness of his mistress in a hospital miles away. He also tells of "Betty," an alreale of Allahabad, who when out for a walk with her master drove off a cobra, and paid for her devotion with her life.

What Am I?

An adjective, I, that am often applied to a low country edging the sea. I'm simple, I'm small, five letters in all—

Indeed, I am fashioned with three. With three and with five, yet the very same word;

And harder to comprehend, In the middle I've five, though it seems quite absurd. And fifty at either end. You'll find in my center a woman's name.

And, taking me left or right, Backward or forward, I read the same, And this you can prove on sight.

Answer—A level

Feen-a-mint
The Changing Color
LAXATIVE
Like Life
INSIST ON THE GENUINE

Stuffed up inside?

Feen-a-mint is the answer. Cleansing action of smaller doses effective because you chew it. At your druggists—the safe and scientific laxative.

FOR CONSTIPATION

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Removes Dandruff, Itching, Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. Sold and E. S. at Druggists. (Hibbs Chem. Works, Patchogue, N. Y.)

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balm. Makes hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hibbs Chem. Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

AS FIRST AID
Use Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

And Then Work
Boy (going to business college)—Do you think you can get me a good position when I graduate?