

The Mutiny of the Albatross

BY WYNDHAM MARTYN

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CHAPTER X—Continued

"Then I'm afraid I've got a bit of bad news for you," he told her by what means the letter had fallen into his hands. "You may think it was not strictly honorable, and I suppose it wasn't, but I had Mary to think about and something told me I ought to. In the end you'll be glad, too."

She read it through and handed it back; she wondered that her hand could be so steady and her face so inscrutable. Yet in her heart she was saying, "I can never be truly happy again, no matter how long the years of my life."

The note was addressed simply, "Andy Orme."

"Dear Andy:" It began. "What's the use of quarreling about the Radway woman now? I was wrong to be so savage about it, but I'm not the cold calculating type like you. We need you to take the yacht to Limon. If you don't it means back to San Quentin for you, for we shall surely be reported and a search made. If you'll fight for her when we get to C. R. I'm willing. Until then let us make peace. Answer immediately."

"HERMAN METZGER."

"I told the boy to come back in half an hour. He will know enough to convince you, if this isn't sufficient. I'll bring him in here and we can cross-examine him."

"What do you want to do?" Mrs. Radway asked in a strained and lifeless voice. Mary looked at her with a sympathy she dared not show. "She really loved him," thought the wise Mary.

"Get the doctor in here and make him answer," Todd thought the thing was obvious. "When we're through with him, we'll hear the boy, Bob, fetch him."

The moments of waiting were the bitterest that any hour of a life, in which sorrow had seldom been absent of late years, had brought Evelyn Radway. The foundations of her faith were shaken. She could not understand by what miracle of self-possession she was able to control herself and compose her features so that the others did not see her secret written there.

Bettington was looking pale and tired. There was a dull pain in his right side which had grown worse since his struggle with Sam; it was some wrenched sinew, he supposed. He tried not to let it be seen. Of them all Mrs. Radway saw he suffered.

"What's this?" he asked essaying cheerfulness. "A council of defense?"

Although he addressed his words to Evelyn Radway, she did not answer. But her face alone showed no emotion. Crosby Todd had triumph written on his, with a tinge of malice in it. Bob felt and expressed contempt; he was angry with himself for having admired the man. And Mary looked at him as one might gaze at some creature of whom deadly qualities are pointed out.

Bettington dropped into a chair wearily. This was to be one more exhibition of Todd's absurdity. "It seems I'm on trial again," he said, "the pertinacious Todd my accuser—Bettington looked around—and the jury ready to convict."

"Why do you call yourself Doctor Waite, when it isn't your name?" Bettington felt himself flushing like a boy detected openly in falsehood. He knew his accuser felt he had scored a point.

"What is my name?" he demanded. "I'll admit it isn't Waite."

"Your name is Andy Orme," Todd cried.

Usually ready in any of the emergencies normal men are called on to meet, Bettington found himself utterly unprepared for this. His face showed it. There was confusion written on it and for a moment he pressed and despair. All that he intended to tell them, prefacing it with the story of his abduction, was now useless. They would believe it all part of the monstrous chain of excuses he had woven to lull suspicion.

"It isn't Orme, either," he answered. "You'd better hear the whole thing from the beginning."

He was amazed at Mrs. Radway's suddenly changed attitude. "Spare us that," she said. Never had he seen her look so cold and unapproachable. She had learned in the space of a few seconds that the man she had idealized was, indeed, a member of this crew of crime. She had no longer any feelings of her own to consider. She must look after Mary Unwin. She reached for the folded letter that lay on the table before Todd.

"May I see that letter?" Bettington asked.

He read it and then angered them by smiling. Now, at least, he knew why he was prejudged.

"This is good news on the whole," he remarked, "there's a chance of saving you."

"For what?" Evelyn Radway asked. "For any use you may choose to put your life. I mean, I think I can get you to Savannah. If Mr. Todd can be as quick in an emergency as he is with his tongue, and the other lad will risk it, we may be able to seize the ship."

"And leave Mary and Mrs. Radway without protection?" Todd glared at him angrily; such a ruse was too transparent. "Not good enough," he

said sarcastically, "Doctor Whatever-you-call-yourself."

"I'd like to tell you my real name," Bettington said, rising stiffly from the chair, wholly unconscious of Todd's threatening gesture. "You won't believe it now."

"Why tell it then?" Todd retorted. Bettington kept his temper with an effort.

"Because some day, when we get out of this hell-ship, I shall be able to remind you I gave you the opportunity to believe and you would not."

"Does it matter?" Evelyn Radway asked frigidly.

"Not very much, I'm afraid, to you; but it's important to me. I'm a painter by profession, as I think you'll believe. I was at Harvard with the father of these Unwin children, as they can find out if they put me to the test. He would recognize me as Howard Bettington."

"He did before they buried you," Bob broke in, triumphantly. He remembered how broken up his father had been at the sad death of his old friend. Was this man never to make a likely statement? "There's nothing will make us believe you even if we wanted to."

Mary looked at him with deeper horror in her eyes than Bob had shown. She remembered how he had led her to talk of her father; he had seemed so interested in him that she had chattered all sorts of intimate details which he had treasured up to bolster this attempted imposture.

Bettington looked at them wearily. They were willing to believe him guilty of almost any crime, but to all that was true they turned deaf, unfriendly ears.

He shrugged his shoulders and moved toward the door.

"All right. I'll see you get enough food. I suppose no advice of mine is welcome, but remember your ultimate safety depends almost entirely on my efforts and I don't propose to be hampered by an childish action of young heroes like you. You two are to remain here until I tell you otherwise."

"You're taking a whole lot on yourself," Todd said angrily. "Where do you get your authority?"

"By the right of being the strongest man on this ship and the most desperate," Bettington glared at Crosby Todd in such a way that the younger man felt the element of personal fear possess him. "I am engaged, single-handed, in an effort to bring you to Savannah and I won't have any more scenes like these. I've stood enough from you all. When I give my signal—three double raps—let me be admitted instantly. See that some one is on guard night and day."

His heart was full of bitterness. They would not even give him a chance to explain. Evelyn Radway had changed utterly. He had imagined that from her a spirit of fairness might be expected always.

"We ought not to have let him go," Todd said, when they heard the bulkhead close. "We ought to have held him as a hostage."

Mrs. Radway, thought she had come to the popular way of thinking, was not reconciled to her new leader.

"You would be a child in his hands," she said contemptuously. "Can't you understand that yet?"

"If you still believe in him," Todd said, "there is a new chance to prove you are wrong. This boy Silvers ought to be back if he didn't meet Orme. I'll put him through the third degree and you can ask what questions you like."

It so happened that the furtive Silvers missed the surgeon and came rapping at the steel door. There was no necessity to put him through a severe cross-examination. He had that dramatic sense which finds its meter in publicity. What he had not heard, and what he did not understand about the motives of the crew, he amplified and hardly guessed he was lying.

"Sure he's one of 'em," said the boy eagerly. "Him an' the steward was the bosses. His name's Orme. He was a murderer and forger who broke San Quentin and killed a prison guard. They say he was a big doctor in New York once. The ponies was his ruin—them an' the wheel."

Evelyn Radway was the only one of them who remembered the trial of a celebrated surgeon of brilliant parts and good family; he had killed the man who was threatening to prosecute him for forging a check. And this was the man who had just gone from them promising safety!

"We ought to know how many men there are on board," she declared, "and how their sympathies are. Surely they can't all be bad."

Silvers shook his head knowingly. "They're a pretty hard bunch. The steward he picked 'em 'cause they were tough and he'd got the goods on 'em. They're afraid to go back."

"Who killed Captain Hallett?" Todd demanded. He saw Evelyn Radway's face grow whiter as he asked it.

"Sam," said Silvers instantly. "Sam is some shot. Say," he added, "do you know why the steward stood there and laughed at the Cap like he did. He'd made Hamner frisk him first. Hamner got the gun the Cap had in his hip pocket, but he

never thought he'd pack another. Carried one up on his chest. That fooled Hamner."

"I want the names of the rest of the crew," Mrs. Radway said. Silvers was ready and willing to help.

"Metzger's the first. Then there's Pereira, the cook. Kenzie makes three. Graumann, Hamner and Krause; that's six, ain't it. Mike, the deck hand, is seven, and Doc eight. There are two men down there with Kenzie or something like that. Just foreigners who don't know no United States. They're scared to come up. Countin' me, there's eleven against you two fellows. Swell chance you've got!"

"Why should we reckon you as one of them?" Mrs. Radway asked. "Can't you see the danger of being associated with men like that? When we get back to New York—"

"But we ain't," said Silvers sagely. "That's the difference. We're goin'!"



"Suits Me," Kenzie Said Carelessly. "All Right, Cap."

to some place in Central America. I told the Doc I was a neutral."

"Tell me about Kenzie," Mrs. Radway said. She remembered that the second engineer had not struck her as being the same depraved sort as his superior. Silvers was ready as usual. It seemed that no crimes of blood were laid to Kenzie's door. His conflict with the law was of a bigamous nature. Wives in many ports clamored for him. For the rest he was a quiet man now engrossed in the adoration of perfect machinery.

Silvers considered Metzger, Pereira, Graumann, Krause and Hamner to be had men capable of anything. Mike was easily led.

"And the doctor?" asked Todd. "He's playing a deep game," said the lad. "Metzger's afraid of him."

The lad saw he was upon delicate ground. New conventions hedged him around. Here, in the presence of the desired woman he dared not recount the precise reasons for Metzger's jealousy. But when he left he could have rendered Bettington no greater disservice. He had painted him as the sinister and dominating figure who brooded over the strange cruise of the Albatross, betraying now qualities of honesty and courage, and then moods of baffling violence and rage. It was this sense of contrast which most appealed to the boy Augustus Condon.

"Well," Crosby Todd said, when he had gone, "I suppose there's no question that my suspicions were correct?" His words were aimed solely at Mrs. Radway.

"I am afraid not," she said, "but there's no evidence yet that we shall suffer any harm from him. He knows I am ready enough to pay any ransom he demands."

In the luxurious quarters aft Bettington came upon Metzger and Pereira sprawling on the great wicker chairs.

"Well?" said Bettington, "what's your proposition?"

"In which you ask me to take you to a convenient place where you can signal to a pilot and then get rid of me. I know very well that was what Sam meant and I know you two precious birds have the same idea. Here are my terms. I'll take you to land in my own way. I will have nobody on the upper deck. If you have men to spare, use them for stoking. I shall not leave the post."

"But who will take a spell when you sleep?"

"I'll get that boy Bob up. If you want me, send a message by Silvers when he brings food. You've seen that I'm able to take care of myself. Well, I'll treat either of you just as I did Sam, if you as much put your foot on the main companion."

The twin protested, but in the end they gave in.

Bettington had heard no fearsome stories of violence where Kenzie was concerned. He remembered that the

man was in the habit of marrying in his moments of sea leave and regretting it in haste. No such charges were over him as troubled the others. But he feared waiting wives more than jail terrors.

"I'm in control," Bettington said to him. "I want all the steam you can give me. Have you enough help?"

"I've got these hunkies," Kenzie answered.

"If you want anything send word by the boy Silvers, I'm not allowing anyone on the upper deck."

"Suits me," Kenzie said carelessly. "All right, Cap."

He was already urging his men to activity. He cared little what went on outside his province.

Bettington immediately went to the barred door and rapped as he had arranged. Todd let him in.

"I've made terms with them," Bettington announced. "I'm to take charge. Nobody is allowed on the upper deck. I need help; I've selected Bob."

"What am I to do?" Bob asked. "Take your turn at the wheel and wake me if you see or hear anything suspicious. You'll sleep up there, so bring all the kit necessary. As for you, Todd, you stays here and never desert your post for a moment. I said I had made terms with them. That's only partly true. I've forced them for the moment to agree with me. They'll start plotting in a few hours, so continue to be on the watch. Under no condition should you go outside this part of the ship, Mrs. Radway. When the time comes that it's safe, you will be told. Silvers is a kind of official messenger. You can use him if necessary."

When the doctor left them, Crosby Todd was especially vehement in his denunciation of the scheme that robbed them of Bob.

"You don't think Bob's in danger?" Mary demanded.

"Not exactly that, but don't you see he wants to curry favor? He'll try and make Bob think he's a misundestood hero."

"Not after reading that letter," Bob answered. "No chance!"

CHAPTER XI

Bettington Captures the Cook

In a sense the breach between Bettington and Mrs. Radway left him better able to carry out his plans. He was, at least, relieved of the necessity of trying to convince her of his integrity. They had condemned him already and no more would he have to seek for excuses.

In keeping the upper deck free of the crew he was seeking to lessen the risk of sudden attack. There had always been a danger that men who had been so much at sea would notice he was not steering a southern course, and his arbitrary ruling about keeping the deck clear must have engendered misgiving among men whose natures were given to suspicion and fear of the motives too obvious to them.

They would make a concerted rush some night. Perhaps not all would come by the easily watched companion. They would swarm over the stanchions in the darkness and that would be the end of Howard Bettington, painter of seascapes.

Bob, on his way to the bridge, paused a horrified second when he saw Sam's twisted body. Under Betty's advice he had determined to be very brusque and unbending with the doctor. He was to seek to give the impression of one working for the common good, but not to be influenced by threats or a show of consideration.

Contrary to Todd's declaration that the doctor would try and ingratiate himself, there was no welcoming smile.

"What do you know about the compass?" he was asked. It was humiliating to admit that he knew nothing.

Clover Held as Sacred by the Ancient Greeks

According to legend St. Patrick had great trouble in teaching the people of Ireland the doctrine of the Trinity. Then one day he saw a dny three-leaved plant growing at his feet and plucking it he used it to illustrate his point. Shamrock is from the Irish "seamrog," and is applied to the various plants having three leaves. In Arabic, the word for three-leaf plants is "shamrakh." While the name shamrock has been applied to various three-leaf plants, it is generally used in connection with one of the clovers.

The four-leaf clover has long been associated with various superstitions. Because it is in the form of a cross is likely the reason for attributing to

such plants uncanny powers. It was, however, regarded as sacred by the Greeks long before the time of Christ. At various times it has been believed that the person carrying it would have the power of detecting the presence of evil spirits or would be successful in his undertakings. If he put it under his pillow, he would dream of his beloved and a maiden might, by slipping it, unseen, into the shoe of her lover, assure him a safe journey.

Fighting Forest Fires

The majority of people believe forest fire fighting to be just a laborer's job, but nothing could be further from the truth. It is on a strictly scientific basis and nothing is done at random. There is a definite system of organization which designates to each man a certain tool to use and a certain position in the crew. The crews usually consist of from 6 to 12 men, under supervision of a warden or a ranger. On a small fire, ten acres or less in area, one crew is usually enough, but on large fires, anywhere from 50 to 300 men, are employed. The implements used are axes, brush hooks, shovels, rakes, water tanks and torches for setting backfires. The proper use of the latter is the basic means of controlling forest fires.

Good Grounds

The young wife was seeking a separation from her husband on the grounds of cruelty.

"But isn't your husband the captain of Brown-ton Harlequins?" asked the judge, with awe, being himself a keen follower of rugby football.

"Yes, your honor," was the reply; "and that was where the trouble started. I could do with him showing me how well he had tackled by tackling the dog; but when he used baby to show me how he threw the ball into the scrum—well, that was the end."—London Mail.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale
MAY G. GRAHAM BONNER
A STRANGE CREATURE

The creature I'm going to tell you about came from South Africa.

"Good-morrow," said Maxwell. Mansfield. "Good-morrow," said Mansfield.

"Do you know that we are distant relatives of the Lemur family and they are related to the monkey family?" asked Maxwell.

"I don't know and I can't say that I care whether I do or not," said Mansfield.

"Oh dear," said Maxwell, "there passes a bug. I must have him." He caught the bug and ate it.

"I'll have the next one, Brother Maxwell," said Mansfield. "Your home is as untidy as mine is," said Mansfield. "You find a forked branch so that two sides of your house are built without much trouble and you get some old sticks, dried leaves and any other old stuff you can find to finish it off with."

"You don't bother about housekeeping, nor does your mate. I can see that."

"What's the use in fussing?" asked Mansfield. "As long as I have a place to eat and sleep, that is all I care about."

"Of course I don't build a large enough home as a rule, for when the little ones came not long ago I had to move out—there wasn't room for



Eating, Sleeping, Doing Nothing.

all of us, and I didn't think it was gentlemanly to turn Mrs. Mansfield out.

"But later on the little ones found their own homes, and built them, so I moved back once more."

"You think just the same as I do," said Maxwell, "and you do just the same, too."

"I have heard of creatures who were forever fussing about their homes, dusting, finding pretty things and bothering all the time."

"Really they get all tired out, and why, may I ask?"

"You may ask, but I can't tell you," said Mansfield, "for I do not understand such people."

"I feel sleepy," said Maxwell, "it is bedtime." So he went back to his own home, folded his two huge and very peculiar ears behind his head and slept for a long time.

When he woke up he had a meal of insects.

"Eating, sleeping, doing nothing, are the only things in the world I believe in," he said to Mansfield when he came to return his call later on.

"I agree," said Mansfield. "Ab yes, I see, you are just as untidy as I am—every bit of it."

"My, but what a looking home you have got! It's quite too terrible for words, and I think that is the right sort to have."

"Ah, to be lazy, to do nothing, what joy it is!"

"We are supposed to be as lazy as any creatures living," said Maxwell. "Good!" said Mansfield. "I am glad people and creatures know we have good sense."

"But we wouldn't like them all to follow our example," said Maxwell. "We will let them work, for there is work to be done in the world, only we don't want to know of it."

"We don't want to know of it, and we don't want to do it," said Mansfield, "but most especially we don't want to do it—and we won't!"

And they each shook paws on it, and each ate a leaf full of insects.

Bar the Door

Here is a good playground game. Draw a base or den at each end of the ground, then all the players but one go into one of the dens. This player takes his stand in the middle of the ground, and calls to any player he chooses by name. As soon as he is named, this player must run across to the den; that is if he can, for, of course, the "out" player tries to catch him as he crosses. If he succeeds in getting in, however, he calls "A bar," and every one on the opposite side runs across to join him.

The "out" player begins to count while they run, one, two, three, four, up to ten; and if all the players are in the den by the time ten is reached that side scores one.

Any who are not safely across are liable to be caught by the "out" player; and if he manages to catch anyone, that player must stand with him in the middle, helping to catch the others, two of the opposite side being named. Should no one be caught, the same "out" player must again do duty. Every time a called player gets across to the den he must shout "A bar."

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Fresh Egg Specialist
Astounded observers rubbed their eyes and pinched each other the other day when they saw O. J. Stoum sedately walking to market with one egg in a basket.

"How come?" they queried each to each. "Wherefore and likewise why?"

"You fellows wouldn't understand," explained O. J., "but the fact is just this. When I sell fresh eggs, they are strictly fresh and don't ever doubt it. I follow the hens around and as soon as an egg is deposited in a nest I carry it to the store. If a customer is particular, he can get eggs for his breakfast that are not over ten minutes old. This is an age of specializing and I am a fresh egg specialist."

—Vineyard (Mass.) Gazette.

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Most ailments start from poor elimination (constipation or semi-constipation). Intestinal poisons sap vitality, undermine your health and make life miserable. Tonight try NR—NATURE'S REMEDY—all-vegetable corrective—not an ordinary laxative. See how NR will aid in restoring your appetite and rid you of that heavy, lousy, peevish feeling.

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War on Bald Eagles
During the past ten years 35,000 bald eagles have been killed in the Northwest. Spurred on by the bounty offered by the government, one dollar per pair of talons, Indians, fishermen, hunters and boys have combined to carry out the war against the birds. Not only do they prey on salmon, small animals and wild birds, but very young blue fox pups are carried off by them.

Scotch Women Curling
Curling, long considered a man's game, has become a feminine pastime in Scotland. Some women have become experts at the game, and many new curling clubs for them were formed during the winter. The famous Scottish organization, the Kinross Curling club, is the latest to form a women's section, which is already flourishing.

One Good Point
Blinks—Doesn't it make you laugh to think of the old horse-and-buggy days?

Jinks—Yes, except when I remember that a tack in the road wouldn't spoil a trip in those days.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Seen Them?
"Cholly must love me."
"Huh?"
"He wants my photo by radio."

"A WONDERFUL HELP TO ME"

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—Mrs. FORTNA L. ARNOLD, 1013 S. St., Dothan, Ala.

W. N. U., Portland, Mo. 24-1930.