

The Mutiny of the Albatross

by WYNDHAM MARTYN

WNU Service

CHAPTER XI—Continued

Silvers was at first inclined to be disappointed at the mildness of the punishment meted out to his enemy. The tarpaull was removed from the sixteen-foot cutter stepped on davits outside the rail and the cook lifted with difficulty and dumped into it. Then the covering was replaced and the boat swung again over the rail.

"This is an interesting sort of game, Augustus," Bettington remarked, "and your part in it, so far, has been worth fifty dollars to you. Do you want to earn more?"

"Is each of them guys worth fifty bones?"

"Metzger is worth a hundred. I want them one at a time. How can you get Metzger here?"

"That's a pipe," said Augustus, his eyes glistening. "He'll want to know where the cook is. I'll say he's up here with the Jane he's stuck on and that you've got the other."

"All right," said Bettington. "A hundred dollars if you work it right." Silvers found Metzger sleeping. It was easy to make enough noise to awaken him. He sat up with an oath and demanded that the cook be sent in with something to eat. Silvers' smile angered him. He seized the boy's arm and spun him round.

"What are you grinning for?" he cried.

"The boy edged toward the door. 'I was just thinkin' how cook's put one over on you after all. While you've been sleepin' him and the Doc has been showing the skirts a good time on deck.'"

With a fellow Metzger drew his knife and rushed up the stairs. In moments of rage such as these he cared nothing for caution. He had been a fool to spare the handsome doctor so long.

The handsome doctor dropped the noose accurately over his neck and choked him into submission. And Metzger, gagged and bound, was dropped by the cook's side.

"That's a hundred and fifty," said Silvers happily.

"Silvers, tell Kenzie I want to see him for a minute," Bettington ordered.

Blinking, the engineer came into the bright light.

"Do you suppose," Bettington began, "that when this cruise is over, you'll ever get the chance to work on a craft like this again?"

Kenzie shook his head sadly. He would end his days patching up marine junk, he supposed. This voyage was the purple patch in his gray life. There would never be another.

"Listen to me," Bettington said. "I think if my scheme is successful that Mrs. Radway will retain you permanently. All I want you to do is to keep steam up and join in no raid against me."

"E-I," said Kenzie, "that's easy. What do I want to join in any scraps for?"

"They may make you think it's necessary. Is it a promise?"

Kenzie thrust out an oily paw. Bettington wrung it heartily. Of all the men on board, he thought Kenzie alone had a face to be trusted.

Bob had witnessed the two encounters and wanted to know what was coming. Was it possible that Todd had been wrong in his estimate of the doctor?

Bettington would tell him nothing. Instead, he changed the course of the vessel. "We'll run for New York," he said. "We shall have favoring winds and it won't take much longer." He felt certain that there would be no trouble with the gamblers for many hours. By that time some new plan could be evolved for their overthrow.

He was rather concerned for himself. In the fight with Sam he had been badly bruised and now the great exertion of lifting the two men into the boat agonized him. When he had sent Silvers below and cautioned him to report any new development, he stretched himself on the couch.

"I'm going to try to get a little rest," he told Bob. "Wake me if necessary and let no one come on deck but Silvers. Those men in the cutter can't get a drift."

Bob forgot the perils which hedged him and his about in this new-found joy of guiding a big boat. Full steam ahead was indicated on the gauge and he was heading for home. Crosby had told him that the only explanation of the doctor's change of heart—if it were genuine and borne out by deeds—was the hope of winning a pardon. He had insisted that a double murderer would have little hesitation in adding another victim to his score if it seemed necessary. But Todd would not believe that Orme, as he called him always in speaking to Mrs. Radway, had repented. They were bound for a foreign port and when they were no longer under the jurisdiction of the American flag anything could happen. In his moments of depression Crosby Todd thought un- easily of what would happen to him. Dr. Andrew Orme had looked at him with an expression that did not speak of mercy.

Todd experienced bitter moments of which the others guessed nothing. He

had allowed himself to be fooled by Graumann over the wireless and had lost the opportunity to send messages that might have saved them. It seemed necessary for the common good to refuse to listen to any of Mrs. Radway's speculations about the possibility that the doctor was their sincere friend. Mary made common cause with her fiancé against Bettington.

What a brave and steadfast child she was, thought the elder woman. Here, at the threshold of a new and fuller life, she was likely to be stayed by death. For her own part, life held no more prospects. And like Mary, she, too, was to be halted on the threshold. For a few glorious moments she had been conscious of her destiny; and now she knew they were only moments of self-deception. Women had always envied her for beauty, wealth and position. None had ever envied her for her happiness. Happiness was, broadly speaking, the common lot. She had been given every- thing else.

There was no morbidity in dwelling on the fate that was unwrapping her. She could not have lived so long and seen so much, without being aware of the lawlessness of men's desires. She thought of Metzger's burning eyes: Sam was gone, but her menace remained. And perhaps this strange man, whom she knew now to be Andrew Orme, escaped convict and twice a murderer, loved her. In her heart she was convinced of it. . . . Never, never would she let any human being know that she, too, had loved him, a murderer! A man for whom not even the most splendid of heroisms could win pardon. A man for ever without the pale.

Those elements of lawlessness in the individuals of the crew, which Clements, by his adroitness and the terror he inspired, had contrived to keep in subjection, were not long to lie dormant. Already unaccustomed ease and freedom from duties had awakened in men, to whom all honest work was abhorrent, the desire for a continuance of these romantic conditions.

The four in the forecastle experienced much of the feeling that Aladdin must have known when his lamp proved so obedient a servant. It was with a certain timidity, covered by an air of bravado, that they first made demands on Silvers for food and drink. They ordered; he obeyed. They sent him for Radway's famous cigars; Silvers brought a humidor filled with them. Mike suggested champagne. The gentle they had known as Silvers delivered it to them.

Hammer was chicken-hearted. He believed that his arrest at some time or other was certain. And there were lifers in at least two of those convict establishments to which he might be sent who had threatened to kill him. And they would succeed. He had been a trusty and he had been a stool-pigeon. Alone of the men he had a profound distrust of Bettington. He thought the surgeon was going to try to help Mrs. Radway and so save his skin. Two could play at that game. If he so stirred up the three plastic men before him—that they attacked Metzger and Pereira and killed them—and he felt this would be the result—he could be hurrying to the doctor with the news and implore him to mete out justice to the slayers.

It was a pretty scheme and his expression annoyed Graumann. "What are you grinning for?" he snarled. "What makes you so d—n happy?"

"I was thinkin'," Hammer returned, "how good and surprised them dagoes'd be if we went aft and turned 'em out of the Boss' quarters and made them come here where they belong. There they sit and wait till we get to Limon. They speak the lingo; we don't. They'll speak us into jail before we know it. You know what them Central American prisons are. Nothing won't ever get us out. We won't even know what we're in for."

"That's a fuck," Mike agreed. "I was in one in Bahia and I don't know yet why, unless it was for throwing a bull off the dock."

"If we had to shoot 'em," said Hammer, "we'd say it was because they tried to get at the women folk. That'd listen good at home."

"He's got a head on him," Mike said, with genuine admiration. "That stuff gets over every time, believe me. 'Brave seamen save the women and children first.'"

Red Mike was one of those drunkards who, after a sufficient amount of poison, lose the more obvious marks of intoxication. Where the other three slept stertorously he was kept awake by the growing ferocity he felt toward Metzger and Pereira. It was about seven o'clock when he roused his reluctant comrades from their slumbers. They awakened sober but savage. It was not hard to bring them to their last night's mood of vengeance. The bottles on the table helped them to that.

It was decided then and there to hunt for the traitors. Every stateroom and storeroom was drawn blank. The two must be on the upper deck with their crony the surgeon. That would make three against four.

Graumann was chosen to ask leave to speak with the autocratic navigator, and while speaking, locate the missing men.

Bettington listened to Graumann's story when he had given permission, through Silvers, for him to come on deck. He entertained a profound mistrust of the man.

"Well," Bettington said, seeing him gazing about him. "What is it?"

"I was wondering if the cook was up here, sir. We ain't seen him in the galley nor Mr. Metzger neither."

"Do they look to be here?"

Graumann glanced toward the wireless house. It was their only possible hiding place. Bettington watched him slide up to it.

"Are they there?" the surgeon asked, as if interested in their disappearance. Graumann took this as an invitation to investigate.

"I guess they're below," he said, touching his cap.

His news added to the wrath of the tricked four. It was plain they could



"What Makes You So D—n Happy?"

only be in the fore part of the ship immediately above the forecastle where the men were now sitting.

"There they are, the stinkin' dagoes," said Hammer, "eating and drinkin' with the women, while anything is good enough for us. If I was as strong as you boys I wouldn't stand it, no, not for one minute. Just over- head, they are, a laughin' at the monkeys they've made of us. We ought to break in. Graumann here, he knows how to open any klester ever made; it won't take him long to do the trick."

Mike battered the table with his iron fists.

"No, by G—d," he shouted, "that's not the way I work. We'll batter the door down."

With bars of iron, Mike made his first savage onslaught. The noise in the quarters of the prisoned people was deafening; Mary clung to Crosby. She saw Mrs. Radway take the automatic. During intervals of this battling they could hear the most horrible oaths hurled, as they believed, at themselves alone.

To Mrs. Radway it meant that the doctor had been, as she had feared, tricked into helplessness. This was the end.

Indian Ruler Famous for Astronomical Study

There lived in India, in the Seventeenth century, a ruler known as Maharajah Jai Singh II, and being keenly interested in astronomy he evolved a series of structures which, though not now used for practical purposes, constitute the most unique astronomical instruments in existence. He appears to have collected all kinds of astronomical books, and sent some workers to foreign countries to gather information. Having determined the kind of instruments required on which to make the necessary recording of the movements of the heavenly bodies, he selected five places in India as the centers in which the observations should be taken. The first he built at Delhi, and then others in Jaipur, Ujain, Benares, and Mathura. The

Helpful Suggestion

An employer who believed in supporting all efforts to introduce a new spirit into industry, had called his men together to place before them his plans for bettering working conditions.

"Now whenever I enter the work- shop," he said, "I want to see every man cheerfully performing his task, and therefore I invite you to place in this box any suggestions as to how that can be brought about."

A few days later he opened the box and took out a slip of paper on which was written: "Take the rubber heels off your shoes."

Bettington, on hearing the extraordi- nary racket, ran to the head of the companion. The shouts of Mike and his friends warned him of grave dan- ger. Mike, Graumann and Krause were trying to batter their way to the women; there was no other explana- tion possible.

"Stop," he shouted. His voice arrested them for a mo- ment.

"We want Metzger and Pereira," they told him.

"They are not in there," cried Bettington.

"Then where are they hiding?" Graumann snarled.

The doctor's unreadiness to answer promptly seemed direct proof that he was lying. Krause pulled out his re- volver and took aim at Bettington, shouting obscene abuse as he did so. It was no moment for hesitation. Bet- tington shot first. Krause spun round—a bullet had gone through the hand that held the weapon. Another run spat out and Graumann fell shot through the heart. Bettington glanced round and saw Hammer's smoking barrel.

"Saved your life them, Doc," said Hammer heartily.

It was Hammer's treachery which staggered Mike and made him fall an easy victim to arrest. Bettington slipped a clove hitch over his wrist. Mike was led to the chain locker and pushed in. Hammer, although he was betraying joy at the result of the fray, knew in his heart that until Mike was dead he was in hourly peril. Hammer cursed his inaccuracy of aim. He had meant to kill Mike, and by a jerky, nervous pull on the trigger had slain Graumann. Graumann he could have managed. But Mike!

Silvers had brought Kenzie up from his engines. The boy had become panic stricken. He could not under- stand how it was Hammer had emerged with so stainless a reputa- tion. Hammer was engaged in the necessary business of cleaning up. No longer filled with visions of vengeance, Krause followed Bettington to the doctor's room, where his wound was dressed. He did not venture to protest when he was locked in a small room.

Things were going rather well for Hammer, but he still was in some perplexity as to where Metzger and Pereira might be. Thinking it over, and bearing in mind Andrew Orme's justly earned reputation for violence, what was more likely than they had been done away with and dumped into the ocean?

Hammer was evolving a story where- by he enacted the role of Sir Galahad and Providence together. In the end it would be seen that, but for him, the voyage would have finished in utter disaster. He determined to attach himself to Mrs. Radway. He had been, formerly, a specialist in those hard-luck stories whose success de- pended upon feminine sympathy.

CHAPTER XII

The Treachery of Friends

After the first amazing clamor was stilled and Crosby Todd had whis- pered some comforting phrases to Mary, two shots rang out. Then came Krause's yell of agony. After that there was a silence of half-an-hour. But the three, waiting as they ex- pected for death, made no move.

Out of the silence came three stac- cato double raps, the signal by which the doctor was known.

"Don't open!" said Todd, hoarsely. "It's a trick."

"I must know," Mrs. Radway said, and unbolted the door.

Bettington stood there. He was pale and unsmiling.

"I'm afraid you have been very much frightened," he began. "I'm sorry; but it has turned out fortunate after all. I control the boat at last and you are free to use the upper deck when you want to."

"Do you mean the dreadful danger has passed?"

He looked down at her and smiled just for a moment.

"I think so. I shall want Todd up there at once."

Bold

Three little four-year-olds of Broad Ripple were discussing in a very serious way what they were going to do when they grew up. Joe said he was going to shoot lions. The next little fellow was going to get on a train and ride forever. The third, Donald, wanted to be more daring than the rest and in a babyish voice said: "I'm going to buy an ice cream cone and get on the street car and eat it."—Indianapolis News.

Vicar's Patience Tried

"This is enough to try the patience of Job," exclaimed the vicar to his wife, after reading the newspaper. "Last Sunday I preached from the text, 'Be ye, therefore, steadfast,' and the printers have made it read, 'Be ye there for breakfast.'"—Border Cities Star.

Todd came forward. "Well?"

"Don't go anywhere but on deck and these quarters of yours. I have very good reasons."

He bowed to Mrs. Radway and went out.

"What's happened?" Bob cried eagerly when he was relieved at the wheel.

"Murder and sudden death," said Bettington. "You'll be able to see your sister and your esteemed friend Todd soon. Ah, here they come."

Evelyn Radway seemed paler and more slender than he had ever seen her. He reflected that she had en- dured agonizing hours compared with which his own had been as nothing.

Briefly he told them of the struggle just over.

"But what about Metzger and the cook?" Todd asked.

"I am coming to them." He turned to Mrs. Radway and the girl. "Don't be frightened."

He swung the davits round so that the cutter was over part of the deck. Then, with the aid of Silvers who had hurried up, he lowered it a bit and removed the covering.

The two women shrank back at the sight.

"I'm going to make the cook work in the stokehole," he announced. "He is not dangerous without a knife and he'll have no chance to get one this side of eternity. I shall lock Metzger up until we reach New York."

"New York?" said Mary, smiling for the first time.

"We're heading for home now," he answered.

He was bombarding Bob in the wheelhouse with innumerable ques- tions. He voiced again his suspicion of the doctor and speculated as to what his motive might be.

Hammer, polishing brass, crept near enough to hear what they were saying. Evidently Hallett's nephew writhed under the authority of Andy Orme. That was a new angle to look at the future from.

"Beg pardon, gentlemen," said Ham- ner unbarbered, "but is there anything I can get for you? You'll be taking command, sir, I suppose?" He ad- dressed Todd. "You're the only offi- cer aboard now your pore uncle's gone."

"You see," said Todd, when Ham- ner had gone away unanswered "what they think. It's abominable how a doctor, and such a doctor, is al- lowed to take command." He forgot that his qualifications were all. Bob's sympathy was very grateful.

It was easy for Hammer to mold these young and enthusiastic lads to his liking. Already they had com- mended him highly to Mrs. Radway. But she persisted in her mistrust.

"Look at them," she said to Mary when they had slept themselves into better spirits. "Are they conspiring together?"

"Crosby wants to get all the evi- dence he can," Mary answered. "You see, he's really an officer and will have to be chief witness. He says this will be a celebrated case."

"Not if I can help it," Evelyn Rad- way said. The idea of widespread publicity was abhorrent.

"May I wireless to my lawyers?" she asked of the doctor. She had been told indignantly by Todd that he had been locked out of his own quar- ters.

"Of course," he answered. "I for- gave Todd because he was for wiring accounts to the papers. May I ask you to see that he sends no other mes- sages?"

"I will look after that," she said. "When can we get to New York?"

"Let me see," he meditated. "This is Tuesday noon. We ought to be in by Thursday afternoon. I think you may safely promise that."

Instead of Bob Unwin being allowed to remain on deck and talk to Todd he was sent below to aid the weary Kenzie. It was plain to Mrs. Radway that Bettington had deliberately broken up the committee on griev- ances.

"Mary," she said abruptly to the girl, "I'm going to live at my home up the Hudson. It is near Peekskill and perched on the top of a hill with a marvelous view of the river. It's very, very big. I was wondering if your father would care to live there too, and act as a sort of secretary and generally useful business man. There would be a great deal to do and I think the place would benefit Mrs. Unwin. Of course, you'd be there too."

"Oh, Mrs. Radway," cried the en- raptured Mary, "there is nothing in the whole world that could make me happier. How he hates his work, poor old dear. May I break it to him?"

"You shall wireless him to meet us on Thursday and tell him whatever you choose."

On Wednesday night Bettington in- formed Mrs. Radway that he hoped to be in early on the following morning. "You talk as if you were glad to be in," she said.

"I am," he answered. "I want to be done with this nightmare business."



MARY GRAHAM BONNER

GREAT BANQUETS

The button bush flowers aren't like the big buttons one sees in a work box.

So, really, there is no special reason for such a name. Each button bush plant has a great, great many flowers upon it and each one of these flowers is filled with the most delicious honey.

There was going to be a banquet that day, and the banquet table was to be the bush.

It was being held in the swamp where the bush grew. Perhaps you could say that the many, many flowers on the button bush looked a little bit like very small buttons, but any- way each of these flowers was filled with the most delicious honey.

"When is the banquet to begin?" asked one little flower.

"In a very short time," said the Button Bush.

"Patience, though, little flowers. The guests will come soon."

"Who are the guests to be?" asked the flowers.

"All the little insects of the swamp," said the Button Bush.

"Oh, goodie!" they said. "It will be a great and magnificent banquet, a great and gay banquet."

And they all looked very happy. At last the guests began to arrive, and once they had started to come it seemed as though they would never stop.

Of course, they held banquets every day in the swamp, and many times a day, but this was a very special banquet.

One little insect was seated upon the edge of a tiny button bush flower.

"Will you tell me a secret?" asked the insect.

"What is it?" asked the flower.

"Ah, it's a secret you all have; but if you will tell me I will promise to tell only my friends and companions, the insects."

"You don't mind if we know. We're all such friends."

"What secret have we that you want to know?" asked the little flower.

"Ah, shy one, shy one, you know," said the insect.

The flower moved a little in the breeze. "Have another good sip of honey and I will tell you," said the flower.

"That's an easy command to obey," said the insect.

"We are very, very shy," said the flower. "Yes, all the flowers on each of the button bush flowers are so shy that they want to keep away from people."

"We have been told we would make lovely garden flowers and that people would admire us."

"They say we are so fragrant and sweet and that we are pretty to look at."

"All of which is true," said the in- sect, making a low bow, and taking another little sip of honey.

"But somehow we love the swamps best. They are so quiet. People don't come to the swamps so much, and we are so shy. People are nice, we haven't a doubt, but we like to be off by ourselves and so we always grow in the swamps where there are no houses, but where there are lots of insects."

"We like insects. They enjoy our de- licious honey—for we can't help boast- ing a little of our honey, which every- one loves to eat, and we like to give our honey to the insects."

"We help them and they help us. We all love each other. The insects come to us because they hear of our rare honey and because we are so fragrant that they are drawn to us."

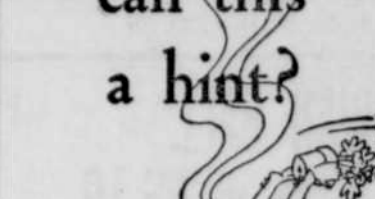
"But, little insects, do not feel sad if the world doesn't see us, and be- cause the world can't share with you our fragrance."

"We are shy, we have always been shy, and we will always be shy."

"But the people in the world outside the swamps have many beautiful things to look at and enjoy and we want to help along the swamps which aren't always so nice."

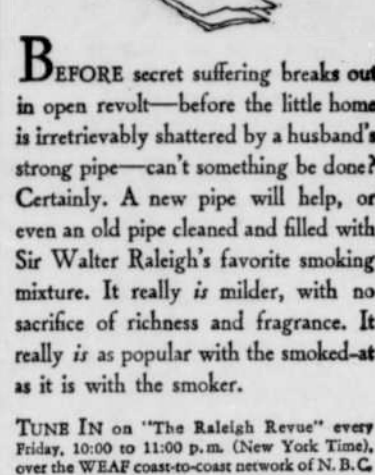
"And we love to give banquets. Yes, little insect, the button bush and the insect family are great friends when they meet in a good old out-of-the-way swamp!"

Would you call this a hint?



BEFORE secret suffering breaks out in open revolt—before the little home is irretrievably shattered by a husband's strong pipe—can't something be done? Certainly. A new pipe will help, or even an old pipe cleaned and filled with Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture. It really is milder, with no sacrifice of richness and fragrance. It really is as popular with the smoked-at as it is with the smoker.

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SIR WALTER RALEIGH

How to Take Care of Your Pipe
(Hint No. 6) If you smoke one pipe all day long, it will become hot and strong and smelly. Keep several well-broken-in pipes to your collection. Smoke them in rotation, so that each pipe stays cool and dry thoroughly for the next use. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe," Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 143.

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