THE ISLE OF RETRIBUTION

BY EDISON MARSHALL

ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SATTERFIELD

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Ned Cornet, son of wealthy Godfrey Cornet, celebrates with his friend, Rodney Coburn, the return of the latter from Canada. Ned leaves the Totem Club in a happy frame of mind and drives homeward in the drizzling rain. Ned's car goes into a perilous skid, knocking down Bess Gilbert, a shopgirl, on her way home. A policeman tells Cornet to report to Judge Rossman in the morning and advises Ned to settle for damage done to a passing jitney.

Ned is allowed to continue on his way when the girl is found to be uninjured. He asks her to ride to her home in his car. Ned returns home to tell his father of the accident.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Godfrey had fought upward from utter poverty to the presidency and ownership of one of the greatest fur houses of his country, partly through the exercise of the principle of absolute business integrity, mostly through the sheer dynamic force of the man. His competitors knew him as a fair but remorseless fighter, but his fame carried far beyond the confines of his resident city. Bearded trappers, running their lines through the desolate wastes of the North, were used to seeing him come venturing up their gray rivers in the spring, ear-clad and wind-tanned—finding his relaxation and keeping fit by personally attending to the buying of some of his furs. Thus it was hard for a soft man to feel easy in his presence.

Ned Cornet was somewhat downcast and sullen as he entered the cheerfully lighted hallway of his father's home.

In the soft light it was immediately evident that he was his father's son, yet there were certain marked differences between them. Perhaps blood had some way failed to come down to Ned. For all his manhood's days, he gave to particular magic of strength. He took his place at the stately table in silence and quietly ate his meal. Nothing in it was at all wrong. His father smiled gently as he saw the boy has taken his place at the board.

"Well, Ned," he asked at last, "What is it today?"

"Nothing very much. A very close call, though—to real trouble. I might as well tell you about it, as likely enough it'll be in the papers tomorrow. I went into a bad skid at Fourth and Madison, hit a jitney, and before we were quite stopped managed to knock a girl over on the pavement. Didn't hurt her a particle. But there's a hundred dollars' damage to the jitney—and a pretty severe scare for your young son."

As he talked his eyes met those of his father, almost as if he were afraid to look away. The older man made little comment. He went on with his dessert, and soon the talk veered to other matters.

The older man lighted his coffee, slowly lighted a long, rich cigar, and for a moment rested with elbows on the table.

"Well, Ned, I suppose I might as well get this off my chest," he began at last. "Now is as auspicious a time as any. You say you got a good scare today. I'm hoping that it put you in a mood so that at least you can give me a good hearing."

The man spoke rather humbly. The air was electric when he paused. Ned leaned forward.

"You've been a very attentive son," Godfrey Cornet paused again. "The trouble, I'm afraid, is that I haven't been a very attentive father. I've attended to my business—and little else, and now I'm paying the piper.

"Please bear with me. It was only a little accident, as you say. The trouble of it is that it points the way that things are going. It could very easily have been a terrible accident—a dead girl under your speeding wheels, a charge of manslaughter, instead of the good joke of being arrested for speeding, a term in the penitentiary instead of a fine. Ned, if you had killed the girl it would have been fully right and just for you to spend a good many of the best years of your life behind prison walls. I ask myself whether or not I would bring my influence to bear, in that case, to keep you from going there. I'm ashamed to say that I would.

"You may wonder about that. I would know, in my heart, that you should go there. I can't make you without also accusing myself. Therefore I would try to keep you out of prison. In doing that, I would see in myself further proof of my cowardice—a weak desire to spare you when the prison might make a man of you."

Ned recalled the words, but his father threw him a quick smile.

"Your mother and I have a lot to answer for. Both of us were busy, I with my business, she with her household cares and social duties, and it was easier to give you what you wanted than to refuse you things for your own good. It was easier to let you go off than to provide hard-ship for you. It was pleasanter to give in than to hold out—and we loved you too much to put you through what we should have put you through.

"This thing we've talked over before. I've never been firm. I've let you grow to man's years—29, I believe—and still be a child in experience. The work you do around my business could be done by a 17-year-old boy. Ned, I want to make a man of you."

He paused again, and their eyes met over the table. All too plainly the elder Cornet saw that his appeal had failed to go home. His son was smiling grimly, his eyes sardonic, unmistakable contempt in the curl of his lips.

Ned's bitter smile had seemingly passed to his own lips. "I suppose there's no use of going on," he said.

"By all means go on, since you are so warmed up to your subject," Ned answered coldly. "I wouldn't like to deprive you of the pleasure. You had something on your mind: what is it?"

"It's simply this," his father went on. "Today I met Leo Schaffner at lunch, and in our talk he gave me what I consider a real business inspiration. He tells me, in his various jobbing houses, he has several thousand silk and velvet gowns and coats and wraps left on his hands in the financial depression that immediately followed the war. He was cussing his luck because he didn't know what to do with them. Of course they were part of the surplus that helped glut the markets when hard times made people stop buying—stock that was manufactured during the booming days of the war. He told me that this finery was made of the most beautiful silks and velvets, but all of it was a good three seasons out of style. He offered me the lot of two thousand for—I'm ashamed to tell you how much."

"Almost nothing!" his son promptly ed him.

"Yes. Almost nothing. And I took him up."

His son leaned back, keenly interested for the first time. "Good Lord, why? You can't go into business selling out-of-date women's clothes!"

"Can't, eh? Son, while he was talking to me, it occurred to me all at once that the least of those gowns, the poorest one in the lot, was worth at least a marten skin! Think of it! A marten skin, from Northern Canada and Alaska, returned the trapper around $60 in 1920. Now let me get down to brass tacks.

"It's true I don't intend to sell any of those hairy old white traders any women's silk gowns. But this was what I was going to have you do: first you were to hire a good auxiliary schooner—a strong, stanch, seaworthy converted craft such as is used in northern trading. You'd need a crew with a few weeks' start, and fill the hold with a couple of thousand trading goods. You'd need two or three men to run the launch—I believe the usual crew is a pilot, a first and second engineer, and a cook—and you'd have to have a seamstress to do fitting and make minor alterations. Then you'd start up for Bering Sea.

"You may not know it, but along the coast of Alaska and throughout the islands of Bering Sea there are

Their eyes met over the table.

hundreds of little, scattered tribes of Indians, all of them trappers of the finest high-priced furs. Nor do their women dress in furs and skins altogether, either, as popular legend would have you believe. Through their hot, long summer days they wear dresses like American women, and the gayer and prettier the dresses, the better they like 'em. To my knowledge, no one has ever fed 'em silk—simply because silk was too high, but, being women, red or white, they'd simply go crazy over it.

"The other factor in the combination is that the Intrepid, due to the unsettled fur market, failed to do any extensive buying on her last annual trading trip through the islands, and as a result practically all the Indians have their full catch on hand. The Intrepid is the only trader through the particular chain of islands I have in mind—the Skopin group, north and east of the Aleutian chain—and she's not counting on going up again till spring. Then she'll reap a rich harvest—unless you get there first.

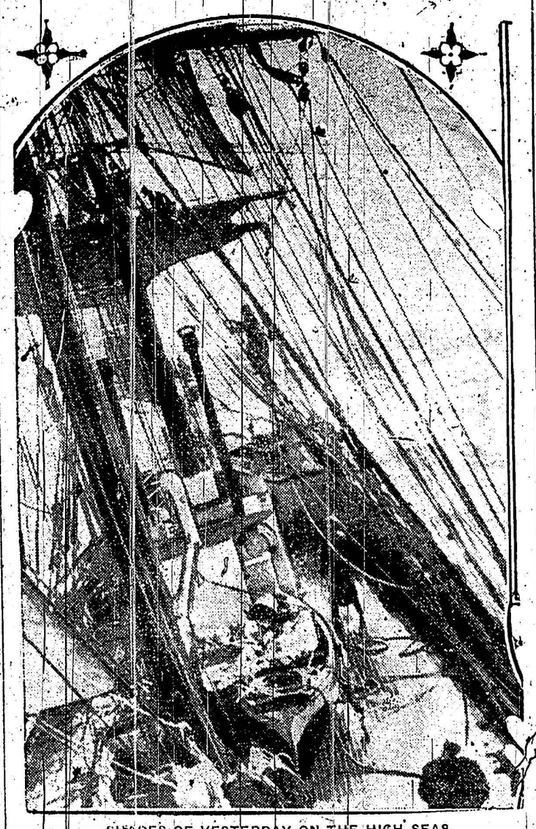
"The Skopin Islands are charted—ary that are inhabited at all—easy to find, easy to get to with a seaworthy launch. Every one of those Indians you'll find here will buy a dress for his squaw or his daughter to show off in during the summer, and pay for it with a fine piece of fur.

"This is August. I'm already arranging for a licence. You'd have to get going in a week. But as far north as you want—the farther you go the better you will do—and then work south. Making a big chain that cuts of the currents and the tides, the Skopkin group is surrounded by an unbroken ice sheet in midwinter, so you have to count on rounding the Aleutian Peninsula into Pacific waters some time in November. If you wait much longer you're apt not to get out before spring.

"That's the whole story. The cargo of furs you should bring out should be worth close to a hundred thousand. Expenses won't be fifteen thousand in all. It would mean work; dealing with a bunch of crafty redskins isn't play for boys! Maybe there'd be cold and rough weather, for Bering Sea deserves no man's trust. But it would be the finest sport in the world, an opportunity to take Alaskan bear and tundra caribou—plenty of adventure and excitement and tremendous progts to boot. It would be a man's job, Ned—but you'd get a kick out of it you never got out of a ooze party in your life. And we split the profits 75-25—the lion's share to you."

(To be continued.)

Romance of Seas Recalled



SHADES OF YESTERDAY ON THE HIGH SEAS

Full-rigged clipper, Seven Seas, formerly Swedish training ship, bought by Ingles Upperci, wealthy automobile man, during a 51-day voyage from England to America.

Tree Song

She's a very young thing
When the lips o' spring
Dispute with the winds to love her;

She's a dame wise lass
While the long days pass
And the sun's in power above her;

She's a gossip good
That's proud o' her brood
Till good o' the hairst surround her;

She's a carline and
When the black north's cauld
Is wrapt like a shroud around her.

—W. J. in the Glasgow Herald.

Swimmin' Don'ts

A promise of warm weather and bright sunshine will soon bring throngs to the bathing places of lakes and rivers. The drowning of an inexperient swimmer is an only too familiar occurence at any of the resorts throughout the summer.

With the object of preventing as many as possible of these tragic accidents of holiday time we cite a few safe "don'ts" for those who go in bathing.

Swimming is one of the most healthful of sports, but certain necessary rules should be observed.

Don't swim right after eating; wait about two hours.

Don't swim while overheated; wait until you have cooled off. Failure to observe this rule frequently causes cramps.

Don't swim until you are completely exhausted; stop before you get that tired feeling.

If you are going to dive into the water, make sure that the water is deep enough; many a perfectly good head has been completely ruined by suddenly crashing against the rocky bottom of a lake or the concrete of a swimming pool.

Should you be caught in a swift undercurrent, don't thresh your legs and arms wildly; let the force of the current bring you to the surface. Keep your head.

Always have your arms in a position to take a quick stroke if you are wading into a strange pool. You may step into a hole and need that one quick stroke.

Don't go into a swimming pool if you are not well. Communicable diseases are easily spread to others through the water.

Lloyd George's Record

J. L. Garvin in the London Observer (Ind.): To overdo the disparagement of Mr. Lloyd George does not look well. It will not gain a single vote and may lose votes. After all, though his genius is full of the faults of his qualities, he come out as a historic man of action in the sternest crisis the world ever saw; and he has carried in his time very great legislation. He will be remembered always not only for inspiration and organization in the War, but as the founder of Social Insurance in this country. He lost himself lamentably after the Armistice; he has found his form again because he has recovered his concentration. We say his, although we do not accept either his time-table or his financial estimates; and are bound to insist that his program exaggerates as to roads, utterly underestimates as to railways, and ignores the Empire.

Faults

When the most insignificant person tells us we are wrong, we ought to listen. Let us believe it possible we may be wrong when any supposes we are, and enter renewed examination of the matter with a grateful spirit.

Character

A good and honorable character is a safe provision for every event and every turn of fortune.—Schiller.

Opportunity knocks but once. Evidently it isn't motor-driven.—Dallas News.

Tasty Recipes

Dutch Pudding

Boil one teacupful of well-washed rice in one pint and a half of milk until quite thick, then add one cupful of powdered sugar, half a pound of currants, two ounces of butter, the grated rind of a lemon, or, if preferred, a little candied peel. When cold, add two well-beaten eggs, and bake in a bake in a moderate oven for half an hour.

Chocolate Custards (without Eggs)

Put a pint of milk on to boil. Mix two teaspoonfuls of cornflour with quarter of a pint of milk. Pour this into the boiling milk and boil for five minutes. Take two teaspoonfuls of Cadbury's cocoa, add a tablespoonful of sugar, pour half a cup of boiling water on the cocoa, stirring all the time and, when well dissolved, pour into the mixture. Boil for two minutes, then pour into custard glasses and serve cold. A little whipped cream on the top is a great improvement.

Fried Smelts.

Wash the smelts, make a slight opening at the gills with a very sharp knife or scissors, draw them between the thumb and finger from tail to head, press the intestines out at the gill opening, keeping the dish whole. Wash and dry and dust with salt and black pepper. Beat up an egg, add a tablespoon of water and beat again. Dip the fish in the egg and cover thoroughly with seasoned bread crumbs. Fry quickly in deep, hot fat. Drain on brown paper; dish on a napkin and serve with Tartar sauce.

To Bake a Ham.

As a ham for baking should be well soaked, it should remain in water for at least twelve hours. Wipe it dry, trim away any bad places, and cover it with a common crust, taking care that this is of sufficient thickness all over to keep the gravy in. Place it in a moderately-heated oven and bake for nearly four hours. Take off the crust and skin and cover with raspings, the same as for broiled ham, and garnish the knuckle with a paper frill. This method of cooking a ham is far superior to boiling, as it cuts fuller of gravy and has finer flavour, besides keeping a much longer time. Cook a medium-sized ham four hours.

Girdle Scones.

Put a half-cup of flour into a basin with a pinch of salt and a pinch of sugar, also half a teaspoonful of baking soda and a half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, with the lumps pressed out. Crumble into these ingredients, a teaspoonful of lard and make the whole into a soft dough with a little buttermilk. If sweet milk is used allow one teaspoonful of cream of tartar in place of half a teaspoonful. Turn out the dough, knead a little, and roll into a round, thinner than for oven scones. Cut neatly into large scones or small ones as desired and bake on a heated girdle, turning once. Steam in a fresh towel when ready.

Sweet Sixteen

Sing hey for the joy of sweet sixteen;
'Tis then there's never a "might-have-been."

Though careless years be youthful wage
Regret oft pens the book of age—
When man is cold he longs for heat,
When hot, to cool he would retreat;
Unquiet here, he would be there.
When there, his fancy flies elsewhere;
Whenever fled, he would be free;
If single then he'd married be—
For life is change and change is life,
Content eludes the envying strife;
So here's for the joy of sweet sixteen,
'Tis then there's never a "might-have-been."

(W.M.C., in the "Glasgow Herald")

Disappointment

Men fo mettle turn disappointments into helps as the oyster turns into pearl the sand which annoys it.

It must be awful to die in Chicago and be a mere clue.—Brooklyn Times.

U. S. Astronomers Get Splendid View of Eclipse

Clouds Obscure View of British Party on Siamese Side

Manila.—Natural scientists assembled at Iloilo, south of her, had an unobstructed view of the solar exclipse on May 9. They took photographs and made numerous other observations of the phenomenon in their quest for information about the sun's corona and the effect of the eclipse upon the earth.

A message received here from the Rev. Miguel Selga, director of the Manila Observatory, who headed one of the expeditions to Iloilo, declared the eclipse revealed a beautiful corona and made visible many planets and stars in the direction of the sun.

Mr. Selga reported that the United States Naval Observatory expedition, the University of Hamberg expedition and a group of English natural scientists carried out their observations as planned under favorable weather.

Iloilo made a holiday out of the occasion and thousands of persons turned out to see the phenomenon. The phenomenon was visible to only a small part of the earth—a slightly curved streak about 100 miles wide beginning in the Indian Ocean just east of the African shore and extending up through Polynesia and out into the Pacific.

Astronomers hope to learn more about the makeup of the solar corona as the result of their observations.

The United States naval observatory expedition obtained 59 photographs of the eclipse. The English experts took 17. The Manila observatory group made several actinometric measurements.

"Two airplanes at 5,000 and 10,000 feet secured photographs and observations from the air. A moving picture camera at Antique (a town west of Iloilo) took photographs. Good sketches of the corona were made by great artists. Radio tests were made by the destroyer Hull."

Patani, Siam.—The total eclipse of the sun was obscured by clouds over the entire Siamese side of the eclipse's path and the British observation party here saw nothing.

For a few fleeting moments on May 9 the black shadow of the moon will trace a narrow path of total darkness across Sumatra, the Malay Peninsula and the Philippines. Beneath its sudden night nine astronomical expeditions will make observations which have required weeks of preparation and the expenditure of more than a quarter of a million dollars.

Centuries ago the phenomenon of a total solar eclipse called forth a picturesque explanation in China—the story of the great dragon of the sky who attempted to swallow the sun. One may smile, but it is well to remember that the astronomers of the present day cannot explain the pearly corona which is visible only during an eclipse.

The study of the corona is expected to yield valuable clues as to the exact composition of the sun itself and the fluctuation of its heat and light. Some geophysicists believe that data of this kind, collected over a long period, may contribute greatly to the accuracy with which they hope to be able to forecast the weather weeks, or even months, in advance.

The discovery of helium in the sun during the eclipse of 1868 was the forerunner of the discovery of this important element upon the earth. Who can envisage the ultimate outcome of the abstract studies now being pursued? The superstition of the past has given way before the advancing knowledge of the present, with the result that the possibilities of progress are enlarged each time that the dragon swallows the sun.

Great Quantity of Fruit In England

Products of Africa and Australia Succeed Those of Canada

London.—John Bull cast his bread upon the waters and it is bringing forth fruit after many days.

For scarcely, even in opulent years before the war, has England seen so much fruit in spring. Fruit everywhere and of the best. France, an old fruit country, is now zero with England in its fruit stores. From fashionable Mayfair to the slums, John Bull sees tempting fruit at every turn. And it is largely Empire fruit. Except for a few special displays here and there, Canadian fruit, its season over, has passed from the scene. South Africa came with its wealth of plums and pears, its grapes, peaches and nectarines. Now it's the turn of Australia House, a special stall does a thriving business in Australian apples at sixpence and a shilling a bag.

What the effect of it all will be on the England of tradition, one can only conjecture. In its diet, as in all things, the Englishman changes slowly. He still turns with a sigh of infinite relief to the roast beef and puddings and pies which are the mainstays of the old chophouses near Temple Bar. Yet he is changing, if slowly. Beer consumption is falling.

If you wish to preserve your secret wrap it up in frankness.—Alexander Smith.

"Man with 10 wives may be insane." May be?—Border Cities Star.

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ISSUE No. 21—'29

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Sir Esme's Hobby Is Bookbinding

Advocates a Humble Hobby as a Means to Happiness

Princeton, N.J.—Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador at Washington, on his retirement from the diplomatic service next year, plans to devote much of his time to bookbinding, he said in a speech recently to the literary and political societies of Princeton University.

"You young people of America, and also our young people in England, can add much to your own happiness and also the happiness of the world generally, if you will learn not only to appreciate beautiful things but also to create them within the measure of your capacity.

"There is nothing—apart from the ever-important cultivation of the spiritual values—which your country and my country need so much as the cultivation of the aesthetic values.

"Unfortunately for myself, I may say that I never learned any handicraft, and that source of creative happiness is at present denied me. But I hope to make good this defect when I retire from diplomatic life next year, and to become perhaps an enthusiastic if belated bookbinder. I should like to think I had persuaded one or two of you here present to try your hand at such humble work, and so assure to yourselves many happy hours."

The Kitchen Scissors

What can be done with them?

The expression, "kitchen scissors," conjures up in some minds an article that is a kind of "under dog" of its tribe, possibly minus one point and that refuses to cut anything tougher than brown paper.

Now kitchen scissors of the right kind—that is a good-sized, sharp, well-pointed pair—can be put to countless uses in the kitchen and are, in fact, indispensable in its furnishings. The ordinary uses, such as cutting shelf paper, oilcloth, string, jam-pot covers, stems of flowers and so on, are well known, but a hundred others will gradually suggest themselves.

Some tried ones follow:

1. For shredding lettuce, celery, and beans.
2. For cutting parsley, instead of chopping it in the usual way.
3. For cutting peel, dried figs, raisins, glace cherries and certain other dried fruit for cake and puddings.
4. For clipping off surplus pastry when making pies.
5. For decorating the edges of an open tart.
6. For removing the rind from rashers of bacon.
7. For trimming a smoked haddock.
8. For jointing game or dividing it in half down the back.
9. For cutting fancy leaves and so on from almond paste.

The "Flapper" Speaks

Sir Thomas Davies, M.P., relates that at a meeting of Welsh "flappers," he was explaining the Widow's Pensions Act. When he came to the case of a widow who married again, a girl interrupted, reports the Aberdeen Press, saying:—

"That ain't right."

"What?" asked Sir Thomas.

"Widows marrying again!" answered the girl. "We girls want you to bring in a law to stop widows marrying a second time."

"Why?" inquired the speaker.

"Because there ain't enough men to go round for us girls. Widows shouldn't be allowed to marry again until there are," replied the girl immediately."

Many will wonder if girls widely hold this view.

How knowest thou whether the thing thou reportest is true? Is it only because a creditable person spake it? But how did that person know it to be true? Might he not take it upon trust as well as thou? And might he not take a person to be credible that is not?—Richard Baxter.

The disasters and other criminals of today have no courage.—Grover Whalen.

Extend Medical Service In North

Department of the Interior Will Establish Two More Stations in Arctic Canada

Realizing the future development of Canada depends to a large extent on the health and general well-being of the native population, and being put forward by the Department of the Interior to protect the interests of the Far North, when the administration assumed charge in 1927, one of the important steps taken was the extension to the number of medical officers among the native population in the Arctic, during the year Pangnirtung on Baffin Island, the other at Aklavik, Mackenzie Delta. This year a third has been established at Chesterfield Inlet, on the western shore of Hudson Bay, and a fourth on the Arctic mouth of the Coppermine.

Last year D. Livingstone was sent North in the 1928 Canadian Arctic Expedition to the posts in the Arctic archipelago. Pangnirtung is headquarters for Baffin Island. Last year it was established that the most northerly point at which Eskimos live is about July 26 on board the Beothic, it will include a trip to Pelince Dr. Livingstone, the Pangnirtung. The changes during the expedition and Dr. Livingstone's report, made by the Beothic, will be considered by the Department of the Interior where the matter will be handled for the future. It is expected that the home port will be changed from Halifax to Churchill, Manitoba, on Hudson Bay, and Dr. Livingstone will be appointed to the new post. It is expected that Dr. Livingstone will continue the work on the home port. The Beothic will be used for the Hudson Bay and Fury and Hecla Straits, where the matter of a base will be handled for the future