RED SHADOWS

By J. P. Loughnan

The fishing fleet had returned to Portgarry, and little Jasper Foy had got his usual job. As he moved slowly uphill towards the village with Jake Penruddock's kit-sack balanced across his crooked shoulders, Jasper stared straight ahead at a spot on top of the hill where the road branched off to right and left. When he saw that no one awaited them his crafty eyes narrowed in a smile of satisfaction.

Jake Penruddock was also watching the fork of the road, but the fact that it remained deserted brought a look of growing disappointment to his handsome face. For here was the spot where Miriam Tregallas always met him on his return from sea. Then, while Jasper took the kit-sack home, Jake and Miriam would wander off through the twilight to tell Love's old sweet story, which is always new.

At the top of the hill Jasper jerked the sack from his shoulders.

"Reckon she won't turn up to-night. No time for the likes of us nowadays!" he croaked.

Jake, who had been peering to right and left through the lengthening shadows, swung round.

"What d'y'mean?" he snapped.

"I mean that Miriam Tregallas has learnt to look higher than such folks as we since last you was ashore." Jasper thrust his hatchet face across the kit-sack and added in a lower tone: "If you give me five bob I'll tell you where to find her. She's going with a real gentleman now!"

A flame of anger flashed from Jake's black eyes. Before Jasper could move a great hand caught him by the scuff of the neck. "Take back that lie, you little rat," cried Jake Penruddock, "or I'll shake the life out of you. There ain't no gentry here since the big house has been to let."

"It's not to let. It's bin taken——," Jasper gasped. "Let go o' my collar and I'll tell 'ee about Miriam and the gentleman who's there."

Slowly Jake's grip relaxed. "If you should be lying, God help you, Jasper Foy!" he muttered.

"I wouldn't be such a fool. You know that," grumbled Jasper. "Do you think anything, 'cept another chap, 'ud keep Miriam from meeting you to-night?"

"Where is she?" rasped Jake.

"Up to the big house, with Mr. Stanhope Chester, the gentleman who's taken it. Miriam do spend all her spare time up there these days. If 'ee don't believe I, go and ask her sister Martha!"

Jake's face went grey under his tan, the fire in his eyes frightened Jasper. For a few moments he stood clenching and unclenching his fists. Then suddenly he thrust one hand into a pocket and pulled out some coins and a key.

"Take my kit home and leave the door on the latch. You needn't wait for me; I may be latish."

His manner was quite calm now, but it scared Jasper more than his fury. He took the money and the key in a hand that trembled. "Where be going?" he whispered.

Jake shot one penetrating glance at the hatchet face which showed like a pale wedge through the deepening darkness. "I'm going to Martha Tregallas," he said, and his tone was like ice. "And if so be you've lied to me, Jasper Foy——" He broke off with a laugh that made Jasper's blood run cold, then strode away through the shadows.

Jasper drew a sleeve across his sweating forehead. "This'll mean murder," he muttered.

For a few moments he stood motionless, his narrow eyes bent to the ground. Suddenly he looked up with a muttered exclamation, dropped key and coins in his pocket, shouldered the sack, and hurried off down the road that led to Jake's cottage.

Portgarry hamlet straggles along the side of a hill. When Jake reached the cottage where Martha and Miriam lived, he gave one knock on the open door and walked in. A lean woman of about his own age looked round from a stew-pot on the fire; she was Martha, the elder Tregallas sister.

"Where's Miriam?" he heard himself ask.

Martha eyed him angrily.

"Don't talk of that shameless girl to me," she cried. "The sooner you take her away the better pleased I'll be. She and her gentleman friend!"

"Where's Miriam?" Jake repeated, softly.

"With Mr. Chester at the big house," rasped Martha. "You'd best go up along and congratulate her!" But Jake had vanished.

As he strode through the village neighbours from their cottage doors gave him good evening. Jake neither heard nor answered, for a tempest of murderous anger filled his ears and shut out all other sound. Presently the outlines of his own cottage showed up ahead. He gave a savage laugh, jerked the door open, and entered.

It was very dark inside, but he knew what he had come to fetch. Pulling off his heavy sea boots, he groped for a pair of light shoes, and put them on. Then, from the wall above the kitchen fireplace, he took down a double-barrelled shotgun and slipped out through the back door. Opening the breech of the gun, he noted the two cartridges it contained. Then, with set face, he hurried forward.

The big house stood in its own grounds behind Portgarry hamlet. Jake entered the grounds by a side gate and threaded his way through a plantation till he stood at the edge of a big lawn which swept right up to the house. Here he paused to peep out through the bupshes that bordered the lawn.

Most of the rooms were in darkness, but two ground-floor windows showed a light and both windows were open. Setting his teeth, Jake slipped out from the bushes and padded softly across the lawn. Soon he was in the shadow of the house; soon he was close under the nearest window.

He drew one deep breath, then, ever so cautiously, began to raise his head until he could see over the window-sill.

The room was lighted by one big standard lamp, with a crimson shade, which threw the handsome furniture into soft relief. But Jake's fierce eyes were riveted upon two figures at the far end of the room, standing side by side. One was a handsome man with brown beard and moustache, the other was Miriam Tregallas.

Jake's hands tightened round the gun. A red mist rose before his eyes. His heart seemed to thunder against his ribs; there were pulses beating like hammers behind his temples.

Dimly he saw the figures move, saw the sleek gentleman produce a little leather case, pull out some notes and press them into Miriam's outstretched hand. She took them, smiling.

Jake dashed the sweat from his eyes and leapt back from the window to his full height. Crash! Crash! The double report seemed to fill the whole world with thunder; then he was running, running as he had never run before, from the nameless horror behind.

Gradually, as he ran, the movement seemed to clear his brain. Why should he try to escape? How could he hope to escape? What was there left for him in life now that he had killed Miriam? Nothing; let them take him and make an end of it. He stopped running; he would go home and wait for them.

Back in the little kitchen, he lodged the gun in a corner and slumped on to a chair beside the table.

Through the window he could see tufts of grass and bushes moving ghost-like in the darkness. For a long while he watched timidly. And then suddenly a new figure appeared among the grass and bushes. Jake started forward with staring eyes; he felt his flesh creep, the hair on his scalp stiffen. Miriam's ghost stood in the garden confronting him.

Cold panic gripped Jake's heart as he saw that ghostly figure begin to move. With slow, deliberate steps it crossed the tiny garden towards the half-open door. In speechless terror Jake watched the door swing back, saw the figure again revealed, motionless, on his threshold.

For a few moments only the sigh of the wind broke that eerie stillness; then in a hoarse whisper Jake began to speak.

"Why did you fail me, Miriam? Why did you drive me to this?"

He turned away, dropped face in hands. Was he dreaming? He had killed Miriam, yet Miriam's voice now spoke.

"So it was you did that mad thing! Oh, Jake, you might have guessed, when I didn't meet you, there was something important to keep me away!"

He leapt up, his fears forgotten in a fresh flood of jealous rage. "You mean the gentleman at the big house? The chap you've been spending all your time with since last I went to sea? And you thought I'd let him take you from me?"

"For shame, Jake," retorted Miriam, hotly.

"Suppose you just listen to me instead of heeding the gossip of idle tongues. It was for your sake and mine that I went to the big house—"

"Yes, I saw him paying you——"

Miriam stamped her feet. "Hold your tongue till I've explained my business with Mr. Chester. It only concerns us three; that's why I've told no one else."

"You'll not have much time to tell me," remarked Jake, grimly. "The police will be here soon."

"Listen," said Miriam. "Mr. Chester is an artist. He has been painting a splendid portrait of me for next year's Academy. He hoped to finish it this afternoon, but there was more work than he expected, so I stayed late. That's why I couldn't meet you. But the painting is finished now, and I've got ten pounds, Jake, so we can get married, my dear."

"Then the gentleman was —quite straight, Miriam?".

"Do you think I'd work for one who wasn't?"

"Is he badly injured?"

"Injured? No. But there's some glass and ornaments broken by the explosions. Oh, Jake, dear, what a foolish, wicked thing to do!" If Mr. Chester weren't so decent, he'd likely summons you for the damage. We'll go up along and see him now and offer to pay. I think he'll forgive you when I explain how it was just stupid jealousy."

Jake lit a lamp and took his gun from the corner.

"Miriam," he said, rather shakily, "I fired those shots to kill, and you talk of a few broken window panes. There's something odd here."

He opened the breech of the gun and laid two cartridge cases on the table. "Look!" he exclaimed. "They've both been cut in half; there was powder but no shot in those cases. Who could have done that?"

"I did, Jake Penruddock," came a voice from the door.

Looking round, they saw the crooked form of Jasper Foy.

"I was scared you'd do some mischief with the gun," continued Jasper. "What about another five bob, Jake?"

—Tit-Bits (London).

The Dock Dreamer

Down at the docks on his lonesome beat,
With broken shoes on his shuffling feet;
Watching the tugs as they come and go,
With a grizzled grin and his eyes aglow;
For he's dreaming of soft sapphire seas,
Far tropic isles and ocean breeze—
And longing again for a lost lagoon,
Or a fiddle's rasp in an old saloon;
But his watch is over, his days are done,
As he sits alone in the noon-tide sun,
Seeing 'em still where his fancy strays
Those gallant ships of his sailing days.

—By Harvey McKenzie in N.Y. Sun.

Lost in the Jungle

A Graphic Description of an Aviator's Experience, by G. W. T. Garrood, in The Listener, London.

It happened in 1916. I was with the R. C. F. and had been sent to Mombassa. Part of our duties there were to turn our then enemy, the Germans, out of Tanganyika territory. One day I was ordered to fly from our field at Tulo, just south of the Uluguru Mountains, to bomb a place called Logi Logi. Logi Logi was bout 45 miles due south. One of our infantry columns had reached the Rufiji River, on which the place was situated, but were farther up. However, with the excessive optimism of youth, I decided to do without the help which our own men could afford in an emergency, and flew due south, over country which was totally uninhabited in parts and as thick as the African jungle can be.

I was about three miles from Logi Logi when my engine began to cough and sputter. I eased the throttle, and then tried jerking to clear it, but I knew it was ignition trouble, and in a few seconds my propeller stopped and my precious 855 feet of altitude was 600. I selected a "nice green oval stretch of grass" to set the plane down upon, released my bombs, and pancaked the bus (that is, made a slow landing without running far). To my great consternation I found that the grass was six feet high, and the machine turned on her nose. It was a bog, and the water nearly covered the top of the landing wheels. My first impression was of the eerie silence, which sent a shiver through my spine. I remained perched up in my cockpit for a minute, I suppose, before a bird screeched and broke the silence. Then I reached for my revolver, ammunition, sun helmet, water bottle, some quinine and a tin of sardines and a packet of chocolate which were in a small emergency kit. I realized that I probably had a long walk of about forty miles. So off came the compass, and I let myself down into the water.

Due north was the course decided upon, chiefly to avoid running into the enemy lines. It as 4.45 p.m., so I decided to make for the nearest lot of trees before sundown, at least, and probably to do a couple of hours' hiking. Unfortunately I had had an attack of malaria three days previously and was not in cross-country form. We were right in the rainy season, so the traveling was particularly difficult.

My compass proved very valuable, as the growth was high and dense. I soon came across fresh elephant spoors, and then came face to face with an ugly black animal about four feet high and with vicious-looking tusks. Wisdom cautioned making for the nearest tree, but the animal must have been nervous, too, for it crashed off into the undergrowth. When the silence died away there was another of those eerie silences.

Dark came on, and although my tree was not a very comfortable one, I had to stay there. About seven o'clock a terrific thunder storm came on, and in less than a minute I was drenched. When the storm abated the mosquitoes came out. I was wearing shorts, so my knees were left to every hungry mosquito, and they were all hungry. About nine a lion roared close by. I tried to doze off when the roaring ceased, but suddenly a twig snapped beneath my tree. The moon was coming up, but all I could see was two green lights. The two lights circled round and round my tree. I couldn't fire my revolver because the rain had soaked everything I had. The circling of the bright lights kept up for ten minutes, but it seemed more like ten hours. At last I began to shudder; my nerves seemed almost at the snapping point. Suddenly something seemed to give way inside me; I yelled at the top of my voice. At once the leopard slunk away in the undergrowth, the eyes disappeared.

I as ashamed of my fearful exhibition of fear, and tried to sing. That helped, and for hours it seemed I sang everything I could think of, even hymns which ended with a long-drawn Amen. It did seem incongruous to be singing "All Things Bright and Beautiful" while wet through, with jungle animals prowling all about, and the incessant sound of frogs and mosquitoes.

About 3 a.m. I began to get very hungry, but I managed to withstand the temptation to touch my scanty stores.

As soon as it was light enough I left my tree and pushed off, keeping to my compass course. My khaki drill shirt and srorts and puttees were wet and clammy. I crossed two streams, which I had to swim, and by 8.30 a.m. I was confronted by a substantial river running east and west. I could not throw my clothes across, so I put the revolver and food in my tunic pocket, fastened it round my neck, so that the revolver would not have a chance to get wet, and tied my boots to the back of my belt. I had only gone a short distance when I caught sight of the ugly nose of a crocodile quite close to me. In the excitement and the extra energy used at the sight of him the tunic came undone and down went the precious revolver, my compass, and the bit of food. But I reached the shore all right, only to be confronted by a huge hippo. That meant another swift sally into a handy tree.

My plight was now bad. The undergrowth was almost heartbreaking to penetrate, and I had no means of directing my progress. At the end of the first hour I was not more than a hundred yards from the river. The bush scratched my face, arms and legs unmercifully. Then it began to rain, and it lasted for a couple of hours—real tropical downpour. My stomach began to rumble, but there was nothing to satisfy it with, my head ached as though I was in for a return of the fever. I struck a game path which ended in a bad bog, which was an awful trial. Once or twice I heard the drone of an airplane overhead, but my signaling was all in vain.

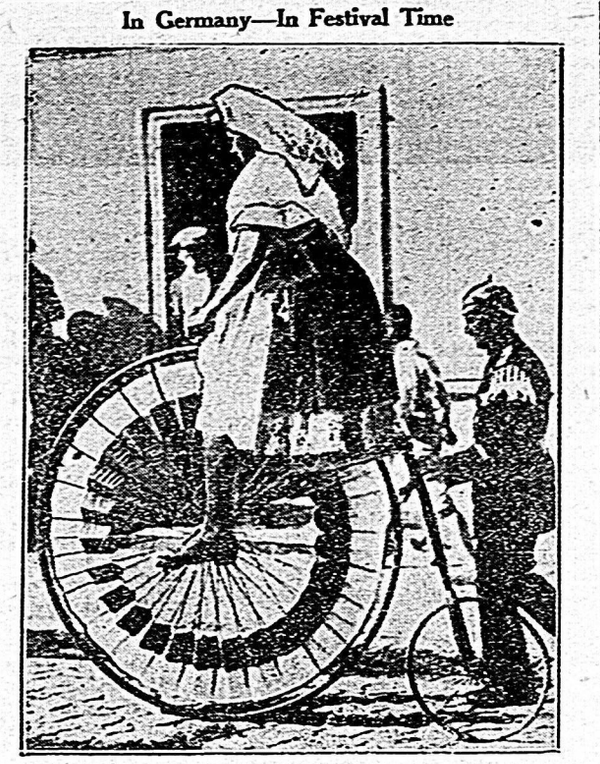
Beyond the bog the country was less densely overgrown, but there was a cruelly sharp, short thorn bush which tore my legs and arms, and caused terrific pain. Added to that were myriads of long, thin flies which also managed to draw considerable blood. I was drinking now from streams and any old pool, but the food question was becoming serious.

After crossing my seventh stream for the day I sat down to get dried a bit, and spread out my shirt and shorts in the sun. Then along came another huge hippo and forced me to another tree. When I came down again it was almost dark, and I could find no trace of my clothes. I remembered some quinine which I had put into my helmet a few days previous, and took a little of that to help the fever. But it made me violently sick, and I soon developed that "fed-up-fever" feeling. That night I didn't mind the lions and leopards so much, because I felt almost dazed.

Next morning I managed to start out again. I soon came across a buffalo and then a family of giraffes. They moved off quietly, probably because I was a sorry enough sight to send anything away, clad as I was in only my boots and scant undergarments. I trudged on, once almost stepping on a venomous snake, but I had become too tired to care much what happened. With the third night a terrible depression came over me, and I began to feel that I would not get through to the Uluguru Mountains, which were now my sole compass.

The next morning a pair of vultures followed my weak and stumbling way. This frightened me badly at first, but I selected a young bough of a tree as a cudgel, and determined not to give in. About 2 o'clock on the fourth day I came to another bog, and saw odd-looking stakes in the water, rather like a fence. Then, to my great joy, I saw two natives, just as I had tried to ease my hunger with a bit of raw fish. The fish made me sick, but the natives were the means of getting me back to safety eventually.

In Germany—In Festival Time



The great Spree Forest festival in Germany, calls forth native costumes of the district. Here we see a revival of an old-timer, that is, the bicycle.

THE DECEIVER

A little boy surprised his parents refusing to be scared into being good.

"It's no use telling me the angels will write down in their books if I'm naughty," he said. "I might as well tell you they think up in Heaven that I'm dead."

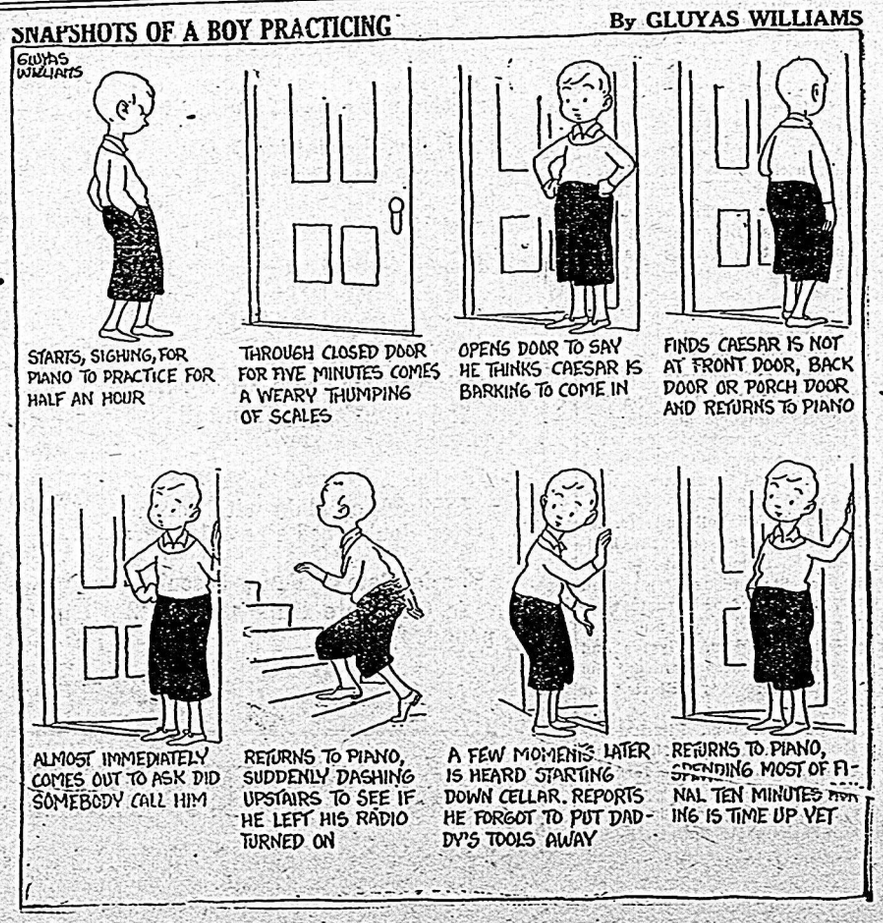
"But why should they think that?"

"Because I haven't said my prayers for two weeks."

"Your cook sits on your front piazza every evening."

"Well, we like the back porch just as well, and of course we never say anything to hurt cook's feelings in the hot weather."

The teacher told the children about the Garden of Eden and how Adam and Eve had disobeyed after being forbidden to eat the fruit of one tree. "Now, children," she said, "can anyone tell me what lesson that teaches us?" "Yes, miss," replied a small boy. "Eat less fruit."



The Aspect of Medieval England

The lot of the tiller of the soil in medieval England would certainly have been far more tolerable if her had been a little more resourceful and enterprising in his daily work. He was desperately conservative and slow, distrustful of new ideas if any reached him, and most unlikely to have any of his own. Each manor contained land of three kinds: arable, pasture, and waste or common. But the yield of the cultivated land was very poor, often only six bushels from an acre in return for two. . . .

The aspect of the country was very different from what it is now, and decidedly less attractive. Few hedges divided the fields from the highroad and from each other. The various holdings were marked off by baulks of unploughed turf, and, as they were usually strips instead of squares, the surface of the land must have had a queer striped appearance. The homes of the villeins were little better than huts, the walls made of wattle and daub. This was a very simple method of construction, practised by the ancient Egyptians. A wall of this type consisted of a row of upright stakes connected by twisted withes and then covered with rough plaster. Just as in prehistoric times the potter was wont to ornament his clay pots with rows of scratches or thumbnail imprints, the medieval plasterer liked to make a crude pattern of herring-bone lines or intersecting angles upon the pale grey mud before it hardened and dried. The roofs of these cabins would be either of thatch or of interwoven boughs, and on the floors of bare earth straw was thickly strewn. Since straw served as bedding for both man and beast, it was a very useful thing; hence the medieval habit of cutting the grain very high up on the stalk when reaping. In the smaller houses chimneys were unknown, and the smoke of the winter wood-fires escaped as best it might through a hole in the roof. . .

Harvest was the great event of the year. University students were released from their books in order that they might lend a hand in the fields; hence the length of the "Long Vac" in summer to this day. At harvest and haymaking time the laborers often received small gifts in kind. Thus at North Curry, in Somerset, each reaper might claim a sheaf bound with a band "long enough to go twice round the reaper's head"; the man who made hurdles had thirty cut saplings, and the hayward could take as much hay as he was able to raise to his "medkniche," or mid-knee. Communal farming was practised in England until the middle of the fourteenth century, and did not pass wholly out of use for some time afterward. Under this system all the lands, both the lord's lands (the demesne) and the tenants' holdings, were cultivated together. The holding of the free tenant averaged about thirty acres; that of the villein might be little more than a plot, or might extend to five or ten acres, or more. Each holding was divided into separate strips, sometimes at a considerable distance from each other, so that poor and rich land should be fairly shared out. Whenever the corn was cut and gathered into barns all the cattle of the village were let loose to graze upon the stubble. Meanwhile the grain was threshed and winnowed, and taken in sacks to the manorial mill to be ground.—Dorothy Margaret Stuart, in "Men and Women of Plantagenet England."

Says Blood Spots in Eggs Normal and Unharmful

Fears of housewives that blood spots in eggs indicate a lack of freshness or that such eggs are not fit for food are not warranted in most instances, according to Professor C. S. Platt, poultry husbandman at the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station, who says blood spots may be found in strictly fresh eggs and in eggs that are normal in all other respects.

The cause of a blood spot is the rupture of a small membrane in the sac which envelopes the yolk before its release into the fowl's oviduct, where albumen and shell are added to make the complete egg. Often only a small blood vessel is ruptured and the blood spot is hardly discernible. At other times sufficient blood may accumulate on the yolk to cause a decided discoloration of both yolk and white of the egg.

"When the blood becomes diffused throughout the white," Professor Platt explains, "the egg should not be considered as edible. When there is only a small speck of blood on the yolk, however, there is no reason for discarding the egg. After the egg is broken the blood spot can be removed with a fork or spoon and the egg used for any desired purpose.

"The presence of this small amount of blood in the egg is not in any way indicative of diseased birds, as practically every bird produces a few eggs containing some blood at some time during her life. Under most conditions blood spots can be detected by candling, which is the general practice on many farms where eggs are sold at retail. Even with the best of care there is a possibility of some eggs being mixed when candled, particularly if the yolks are dark or the eggs are brown shelled, and buyers of eggs should not be too critical if occasionally eggs are found with small blood spots."

Reading a la Carte

In an attractive London restaurant the sign that first meets the eye questions the guest: "Are you lunching alone?" Next, "If so, why not take a book?" The sign hangs beside the desk where the friendly proprietor sits.

Above the notice is a shelf on which a dozen books in attractively colored cellophane cover are arranged. Although the number is small the selection is sufficiently varied to suit many tastes. Included are essays, short stories, verse plays and novels. The service is free to the restaurant's patrons. Nor does the bookseller a few doors down, from whom the books are procured, charge the restaurant for their use. A label in the front of the book simply tells the reader the name and address of the bookseller who has donated the volume.

The gesture by both the restaurant proprietor and bookseller is generous, and happily not unrewarded. A book lover who is captured by the scintillating prose or lilting poetry of one of the season's latest books cannot easily give it up because a mere meal is ended. Even when he must hurry through hsi meals, he finds himself at dinner time automatically turning in at the restaurant which not only serves delicious food, but where waits his favorite book which he laid aside regretfully yesterday.

Some customers, indeed, are likely to patronize the restaurant-library until an interesting book is finished. Or, if that is impossible, they may resolve to buy the book—from the bookseller who so far-sightedly loaned it in the first place.

Thus, with the slogan, "Read While You Eat," a service as wide in its appeal as lending libraries may be initiated. And benefiting by it will be author, publisher, bookseller, restaurant owner, and, most of all, the average man who would like to read more but never seems to have sufficient time.—The Christian Science Monitor.

Lion—"Was the banquet a success last night?" Eagle—"I'll say it was. Two of the speakers swallowed fish bones and couldn't say a word."

Fathers and Sons

"I'm going to be what Dad is," was once the slogan of boyhood. Later, perhaps because parents often discouraged this intention, there was a swing in sentiment among sons. Boys might not always be sure what they were going to be, but they were most certain as to what they were not going to be—namely, whatever father was.

Now, at last, the pendulum has swung back again. Boys are said to be showing a renewed inclination to follow in their fathers' footsteps. On first thought it might seem that the longer skirt, the Empire hat, the slightly leg-o'-muttoned sleeves worn by their mothers have instilled in boys a new respect for the fashions and philosophies of other days. But the fact seems to be that something more than old-fashioned hero-worship is inspiring them to take up their fathers' work. It is the hope that they may do better than Dad has done.

Not that they feel father has failed. Most of them probably would admit he has done pretty well in his way. But naturally, he grew up in a comparatively backward age. Why when he was ten years old he didn't know the difference between a superheterodyne radio set and a television apparatus. And if you had told him moving pictures could talk he would have thought you had been seeing too many of them. Of course, father is a success, as fathers go. But he lacked the kind of educational opportunity a boy gets today.

Well, fathers may like a word here. When they were boys they could harness a horse, manage a harrow or strike a bargain—or at any rate they knew other boys who could—with a finesse that white-collared education may never develop. But that really is neither here nor there. For not only are they willing to admit that their sons may have ideas they never thought of—they even hope it is so. Fathers are "funny" that way. And mothers, too. Not one goes ever so far in success and service but wishes his son and his neighbors' sons may go at least a little further.—Christian Science Monitor.

EASY WINNER

The defendant in the breach of promise action was a singularly ugly little man.

When his counsel rose to address the jury, he said: "You've heard the evidence of the plaintiff, believe this enchanting, this fascinating, this captivating, this accomplished girl would favor the advances or listen, save with scorn, to the amorous protestations of the wretched and repulsive creaure, the deformed and degraded defendant?"

His client tried to interrupt.

"Silence, sir!" replied his counsel, in an under-tone. "Gentlemen," he continued, "do you think this girl would ever have permitted an offer of marriage to be made her by this miserable atom of humanity, who would have to stand on a penny to look over twopence?"

The jury thought not. Verdict for defendant.

CHEAT

A man greatly esteemed by his employers informed the cashier that a mistake had been made in his wages. He had been given ten shillings too much, he explained.

The cashier, after counting the contents of the open wage packet, said it was correct, his wages having been increased by instructions of the management.

"How long have I been having this?" was the next inquiry of the man—a husband, and the proud father of two children.

"The alteration was made three months ago," rejoined the cashier after a glance at his books.

"The cat!" ejaculated the man. "And she never told me!"

"I've half a mind to get married." "That's all you need."

Mr. Peters: "At last we're out of debt." Mrs. Peters: "Oh, thank goodness! Now I can get credit again."