

RED HAIR AND BLUE SEA



STANLEY R. OSBORN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY JAY LEE

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Palmyra Tree, aboard the yacht Rainbow, discovers a stowaway...

CHAPTER XI

Olive Marched proudly up the sands. The girl in her arms a dead burden.

Here were people moving about: brown men, yellow men, white men; the last in white clothing and white shoes.

At her first awakening the girl had been told how the Okayama had brought her people into this harbor on the search.

She saw that this unbelievable thing was true. Unexpectedly, she sprang to her feet. "Where's Olive?" Her voice rang sharp, frightened.

"You, you don't mean..." She paused, incredulous. "You don't mean the gunboat was right here when I came and didn't steam out to catch him?"

As regarded Jaluit he had not gone there because it was so obviously the place he should have gone. Burke was sure to try that lagoon first.

Incarnate there before this islander's eyes on the Rainbow, she had been not unlike a goddess; a being—as indeed she was—from another world.

"So, my dear," finished Constance Crawford, "you were sacrificed to the ends of diplomacy. The Jap, finding you safe, decided the lesser evil was to let Burke escape."

"Dr. Crife's just had a long talk with Olive," said Mrs. Crawford. Dr. Crife of the mission was their host.

She seemed hardly to believe. So utterly with her, had the brown man been beyond the reach of words, it had seemed no one, with Ponape Burke gone, could ever bridge that gap between Babel's most diverse languages.

"But this particular pastor couldn't explain clearly," said the father, "and the Jap, misled by your name, didn't understand at all. What Olive really writes is to beseech, in Jehovah's name, that whatever friends get the letter hurry with arms and many boats to a named island, there to help him

save "Dr. Crife says there's absolutely no question about that word 'save'..."

"Help him save the high chief young lady Palmtree. The girl settled back among her pillows. Tears welled into her eyes.

"If they hadn't bungled the letter," she said at last wearily, "I should have been spared much. And if you hadn't let Ponape Burke escape, I shouldn't now be in danger still."

She learned that the brown man served Ponape Burke in a debt of gratitude; the saving of his life. He had for this white rascal a sort of love, but no sort of respect.

She learned that Olive had not known Burke meant to abduct her. And she found that in the beginning he had thought it, not an abduction, but an elopement.

Only when the schooner got under way did he perceive that this was no adventure of Palmyra's choice. Only when she did not soon begin to smile through her tears as many a native girl might have done did he realize how terrible to her the situation.

When the Japanese gunboat passed them so cruelly by, Olive had been as eager as she to attract attention. But he had known that the distance was too great.

Several drops of rain fell. Van agreed. "But there's a squall coming," he said. "I'll run back first for umbrellas."

Excitedly he spoke. "Say mister friend. That red-headed girl..."

Suddenly, something dropped past her eyes, and the three old women hurled themselves at her.

At first she put the thought from her in abhorrence. But in the still hours of the night it came back again and again. Could she indeed be in love with Olive? Was it possible for an American girl, under any circumstances whatever, to fall in love with a man of darker race?

She shuddered to think others might believe this thing of her. She avoided Olive, kept to her room. She struggled to analyze her emotions, to weigh them dispassionately.

Not for long did she find the answer. Then it came like release from a prison cell. She was in love, not with Olive himself, but with his attributes.

The old woman's house was not only conspicuous in location but in appearance. The thatches of this island were rectangular, sharp roofed, sided with wovens "tat", narrow doored.

So unexpected the attack from such as this, at almost the settlement's busiest and most public spot, that the girl was caught unready.

Though the thatch was so notoriously to the forefront as to seem above suspicion, the high wall of the police compound ended directly opposite, and turned inland, leaving between it and the blank wall of the traders, a three-foot lane.

And the mouth of that hidden path was no more than twenty feet distant. Until an alarm had been given the people would be unsuspecting.

Not all frocks bend to the uneven hemline edict. There are still a great many smart models that boast no floating draperies or dignified panels.

Her captors had taken implicit advantage of that trait in human nature which causes man never really to look at a thing in plain sight.

But just as the trio had strolled away and the newcomer almost reached the house, here, unexpectedly, was the man Martin. He ran up to Van. Excitedly he spoke.

"I got it straight," cried Martin. "The rocks were 'em or more—all with guns. And they're running her for the Puellko Rocks."

Instantly, Thurston began to throw off his white coat. "Olive? Nonsense!" "I tell you," Van affirmed shrilly, "she's in love with the damned kanaka and he's got her."

At first Palmyra thought this impossible. But now she made a discovery. Though the thatch was so notoriously to the forefront as to seem above suspicion, the high wall of the police compound ended directly opposite, and turned inland, leaving between it and the blank wall of the traders, a three-foot lane.

The Dominion Parliament

By A. C. Macphail, M.P.

Seven Sisters—well, it seems enough. The trouble those girls have caused us this week! The private members in Manitoba had some understanding with the Hon. Charles Stewart, Minister of the Interior, after a meeting with him at the end of last session, that he would not make any further move about the Seven Sisters without further consultation with the aforesaid members.

So few women are titled on their own account that when the opportunity was presented to hear, see and meet Dame Rachael Crowley, who represents the British Government on the League of Nations, I seized it with pleasure.

The Budget came down on Friday. When Mr. Robb had finished reading the brief statement, E. J. Garland, the member for Bow River, called out: "Well, the Budget had two good jokes."

The Finance Minister stated that the Tariff Board had been sitting too short a time for the Government to take any definite steps. That is the second joke. The Tariff Board was born two years ago. The Government, however, claims a very good reason for standing still on tariff matters. They are watching our southern neighbor. One sentence in the Budget speech said so guardedly. It read "We are considering the possible effect on trade of changes being proposed in the Tariff schedules of other countries, should they be implemented by legislation."

Some materials used for mining and fishing industries enjoyed slight tariff reductions, but so far as the rank and file of the people are concerned, the Budget will make little change. Its best feature was what it left undone. The Income Tax was no further reduced.

And if the apes could chatter our lingo they might agree that man did plenty of descending while he was at it.—Dallas News.

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Fashion Fancies



A Youthful Dinner Dress of Undoubted Chic

Not all frocks bend to the uneven hemline edict. There are still a great many smart models that boast no floating draperies or dignified panels.



The New Calico Coat

Simplicity of line and gaiety of fabric design characterize the new fashions for summer and winter resort use. This is especially true of coats for wear with sleeveless dresses.

The model sketched here was introduced at Palm Beach recently, and is making a strong claim to popularity. It is of quilted calico in red and yellow, with a sprigged design. Quilted in yellow stitching, it would be especially chic worn over a yellow frock.



He had gone after the shark with a knife... and conquered...

As regarded Jaluit he had not gone there because it was so obviously the place he should have gone. Burke was sure to try that lagoon first. This much Dr. Crife could read for her: Incarnate there before this islander's eyes on the Rainbow, she had been not unlike a goddess; a being—as indeed she was—from another world.

Classified

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