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(GREEN)

JAPAN TEA

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WIDE WATERS

by CAPTAIN A.E. DINGLE

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Alden Drake, formerly a sailor, grown soft and flabby through a life of idle ease, ships aboard the clipper *Orontes* as "boy," under the command of Jake Stevens, whose enmity, he incurs because of a mutual love for Mary Manning, daughter of the owner, who is a passenger. At Cape Town, Stevens is superseded as captain by Drake, whose lawyers have purchased the *Orontes* during its cruise. In his new role of master, Drake becomes cold and dignified in the presence of Mary. Stevens, now chief mate, finds time to follow his suit. One night the speeding ship runs into a heavy gale. A man is swept overboard. Tony and Erb, two members of the crew, are heard exchanging profane threats.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Presently out of the gloom forward an uproar bursts. The mate heard it. Mary heard it and looked apprehensively at him. Their eyes met, and each seemed to say:

"Erb's done it!"

Stevens dashed down the ladder and fought his way forward. The outcry was terrific. It rose above the shriek of the wind and the cataclysmic noises of the battling ship. Soon it stopped. Stevens returned to the poop, and there was a grim smile on his storm-lashed face.

"The devil's got into the ship!" he said. "All hands have gone crazy." "Is it—?" Mary asked, not daring to give her fear a name.

"Old Chips, that quiet old dog, chucked out the Doctor from their room for being dirty!" chuckled Stevens. "Might have picked a better time. Doctor says he'll sharpen up a cleaver and go back. Hell!"

"He might, too!" cried Mary. "Everything seems possible! I never felt so certain of—"

Drake had gone below for a moment. Mary heard Stevens' strange, choky laughter in the dark; his hand gripped hers and squeezed it as it lay on the rail; and he spoke close to her ear:

"Mary girl, you've been having dreams again! Nothing's going to happen to you. If it does, cry out!"

CHAPTER XIX.

TAUT NERVES.

With the fickleness of the Indian Ocean, the gale passed and left the big ship swinging lazily along through glassy seas under brazen skies.

The Doctor shifted his worldly effects into the galley, afraid for his life. Chips had put the fear of the Lord into the dirty cook; and the cook believed the lurid threat of the adze which Chips had hurled at him. The Doctor spent much time working over the cutting and chopping edges of a

great French poultry knife bigger than anything like Saintry had. And to the galley came Erb, seeking comfort and protection from the last one in the ship to afford it.

"We kin 'elp each other, Doctor," argued Erb. "I give you my word no Dago's goin' to hopen my triges an' tromple on 'em!"

"Did Tony say 'e'd do that?" demanded the Doctor.

"'E did. Wet's more, 'e said 'e'd come arter you next," said the crafty Erb.

"Let 'em all come!" chattered the Doctor, bending over his steel. "Fust come 'ust served! Chips sez he'll skin me wiv a spokeshave. You stop 'ere, 'e'mson. We'll show 'em."

The *Orontes* wallowed north before the faintest of airs. Every dixx dip she took into the swells ahead, was followed by a drenching, steady downpour of brine from back ropes and chain bobstays like nothing so much as a tropical rain squall. Rain squalls thrashed at her, too.

The very air was heavy, though blue as Mary's eyes. The sea had a glassy



The mate rolled away on the flood.

glare, like the eye of a dead fish. Her book was the silliest thing ever printed, she suddenly discovered.

Drake suddenly appeared in the doorway and she slipped her hand under his arm, and stepped out on deck again with him.

"Oh, Alden, I'm so glad you've come up," she whispered. "Everything seems so—so—Oh, funny!" she said with a little stumbling rush of words. He patted her hand on his arm and smiled down at her.

"It's the heavy weather, Mary," he said. "I think all hands will feel better when whatever is coming has been and gone."

"I know, Alden. I know! But I have never felt quite the same overpowering air of something about to happen. I have made several voyages before and never—Oh!"

"Hush!" he soothed her. A terrific din had burst out from some point nearby on the maindeck; and it did not seem human. He led her to the bucket rail, soothing her with quiet assurances. They stood together at the rail. The kneeling men, scattered all across the wide expanse of plank deck, had stopped work and remained in grotesque attitudes listening to the din that came from the hen coops. Here a man held his slimed holystone halfway to his shoulder while he turned up his shirt sleeve. Over there a man had both hands bearing heavily upon his stone, his back arched, his face upturned vacantly. Young Mr. Adams paused on the point of hurling a bucketful of water along the planks. An apprentice who had been working in a corner under the fife-rail with a small holystone called a prayerbook, and had been helping the toil by singing "Holy, holy, holy!" peered out through a tangle of rope gear with his mouth open on the last "Holy!" And still the ship's gear gave forth its own tremendous thunder.

"What is it, Mr. Stevens?" Drake called impatiently.

"That's what I'm going to see!" snapped Jake. He stalked towards the hen coop, scowling blackly. And the poultry squawked and fought, the feathers flew, and the men wondered.

"Some't ain't right aboard this bloody ship!" muttered one.

The ship started one of her heavy rolling spells as Jake Stevens reached the hen coop and knelt to peer inside. The chickens seemed to go mad. A man on his knees tumbled over and emptied a bucket of water over his next neighbor, who cursed him and beat him over the head with his holystone. The water slopped from Mr. Adams bucket and filled his scabbots. He cursed, too. And at the moment when Mr. Stevens raked out from the hen coop a half-shredded rat as big as the ship's cat, which had invaded the coop for eggs and set a Waterloo of teaks, a smooth, shining, harmless looking swell rolled up from nowhere and toppled over the topgallant rail to starboard.

In a second the maindeck was flooded, and men, buckets, scrubbers, and stones were hurled pell-mell across to port, all to crash together in one bruised, strangled heap as the ship rolled. Mr. Stevens hung on to the bars of the coop to preserve his footing. The sea lifted the coop; the lashings burst; the mate rolled away on the flood with the door of the coop in his hands; and in a moment the glassy swells to leeward were dotted with high riding, squawking, doomed fowls that rose and fell and flapped wings and gaped with open beaks in a new found liberty that meant a watery death.

"Dammit! What did you do that for, you clumsy fool!" shouted Drake at Stevens. Nothing in the world could have more concisely expressed the strain under which even the captain lived just then. Mary started in alarm, staring up at Drake's white face. He seemed so human, so pleasantly different to her a moment ago. She had warned to him; had nestled to him; had begun to expect that he meant to thaw out of his duty ice. Now she shuddered again, and glanced swiftly at the mate, fearful, shivery.

Jake Stevens stood in the swishing water that rolled across his legs knee deep in the scuppers where he had brought up. He still held on to the barred grating that had been the hen coop door. The leather hinges flapped on the wood, wet and slippery. Jake's face slowly turned purple; under his blonde curls his blue eyes diminished in size until they appeared like twin

points of fire set under flat blond eaves in a mask of fury. His teeth shone out ludicrously. He seemed to be grinning up at Drake.

"You talkin' to me?" he snarled. "Because if you are, captain or no captain, I tell you to go plumb to hell! If you'd been lookin' after your ship, instead of—"

"Go ahead!" snarled Stevens. "I let no man use that tone to me. Clear away, there!"

"Leave that boat! Come up here, Mr. Stevens! That is an order!" There was that in Drake's voice now which penetrated even the shell of Stevens' fury. To disobey meant insubordination. The men knew better than to carry on. Drake had seen the film of wind creeping over the sky, which could not be seen during those confused moments down in the flooded waist. He would not lose precious time for a few fowls. Stevens mounted the poop ladder sullenly. Mary stepped aside, and with difficulty refrained from screaming. She saw the two men face to face. And never before had she so clearly seen them compared in all their strength and weakness.

"I'm here, captain!" announced Stevens belligerently.

(To be continued.)

Old Publication Ceases to Exist

London.—The Edinburgh Review has ceased publication after 127 years. Its editors assert "modern readers are not willing to wait a quarter of a year for observations on life, letters, history and society."

When the Review was founded in 1802, Edinburgh rivalled London as the literary arbor of Great Britain. It began its career as a ferocious idol smasher, attacking Wordsworth, Coleridge and Goethe for spreading "new fangled ideas."

Macaulay, as one of its editors, was for a time the Review's "chief executioner"; Hazlitt, Thackeray, Carlyle and Scott were notable contributors, but Scott broke away in 1809 to help establish the rival Quarterly Review, which still is flourishing.

For Sprains—Use Minard's Liniment.

Charity Suffereth Much

A rural pension committee in Ontario has just turned down twenty out of thirty applications for old age pensions on the ground that the children of these unfortunate persons were perfectly able to support them.

This is the fly in the ointment that the social reformer was eager to overlook—the possibility that heartless offspring would take advantage of the charity of the State to get free of responsibility toward their aged and infirm parents. The old age pension for the broken totter who has no other resource is an admirable thing—but the old age pension as a sort of board and lodging arrangement for the convenience of persons who want to shirk their plain duty is something quite different.

We foresee that old age pension administration is going to be beset with many difficulties. It is going to give rise to much deception on the part of people who do not believe in honoring their father and their mother that their days may be long in the land that the Lord, their God, giveth them, but who want to make a little money out of it. We foresee that there will be much talk swearing as to what the old folk may or may not have to live on, and that pension boards will inevitably get themselves disliked by becoming inquisitorial.

However, the old age pension is a great blessing, but unlike the quality of mercy which is not strained, it must be carefully filtered, if it is not to be regarded as easy money by designing persons. Like democracy, it is a very fine thing, and, like democracy, we've got to be very careful about it.—Montreal Standard.

Minard's Liniment for Warts.

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The Poor Pedestrian

Y. Y. in the New Statesman (London): No one any longer attends to the querulous pedestrian. Everybody knows that his ancient rights are gone and that if he does not wish to be killed or maimed, his place is frequently in the hedge.

THE TOOL DE LUXE For Sharpening Knives and Tools Hand Grinder Emery Wheel, 4 1/2 x 2 Inch. Send for bargain list of other tools. L. S. TARSHIS & SONS, Managers 450, McGill Street, Montreal.



Needless Pain!

The man who wouldn't drive his motorcar half a mile when it's out of order, will often drive his brain all day with a head that's throbbing.

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BACKED BY THE WHOLE DOMINION

Early Migration Of Japanese to South Sea Told

California Anthropologist Traces Parallels in Social Usages of Islands

San Francisco—Edward W. Gifford, curator of the University of California Museum of Anthropology, has just completed a study of the culture of the Tongan islanders, in the south Pacific, which leads him to the conclusion that ancient migrations from Japan played an important part in the development of that Polynesian civilization which dates back, perhaps, to 900 or 950.

The results of curator Gifford's study, which has taken nine years to complete, have just been published in book form under the title "Tongan Society," by the Bernice B. Bishop Museum, of Honolulu, Hawaii. Tonga and its outlying islands are situated about 1,000 miles north of New Zealand.

Social Organization Suggests Japan

In the conclusion of his 350-page book, Gifford says: "The parallels in the social organization of Tonga and the remainder of Polynesia and Micronesia are obvious. Beyond Oceania, Tongan social organization suggests that of ancient Japan. The general course of political development in the two countries is also superficially parallel, though Tonga is but a replica of Japan in this respect, the Tui Tonga, or ruling chief, corresponding to the Mikado; the Tui Kanokupolu or sub-chief to the Japanese Shogun.

"In both countries society was patrilineal, that is, traced through the father's side of the family; the patrilineal groups traced descent for many generations, sometimes back to a god, and each patrilineal group had a patron deity; the members of the patrilineal groups were of unequal rank. General Resemblance in Mythology

In both countries great chiefs were buried in megalithic vaults in mounds. Both countries were characterized by lack of priestly rule. There are certain general resemblances in mythology and worship.

"It seems predictable that further evidence will reveal two streams of influence into Polynesia, one from south-eastern Asia via Malaysia, the other from Japan via Micronesia; the former bearing features of the theoretical Indo-Oceanic culture, the latter bearing features of the theoretical Indo-Oceanic culture, including the traits just enumerated.

Tonga is at present ruled over by a woman, Queen Charlotte, and Gifford explains that even though the past rulers of Tonga have ostensibly been men, their sisters have invariably been more powerful and have been known as the female kings of Tonga.

Nieces Outrank King

Even the daughters of the king's sisters were usually higher dignitaries than the king himself. This queen dominance by a man's sister extends through the lower classes as well and a man is open to domination by his sister's children.

These children may go so far as to remove property from their uncle's home without fear of reprimand. Within each family daughters rank higher than sons and menial duties, such as cooking, washing, gardening, etc., fall to the lot of the men, while the women interest themselves in work requiring skilled labor, such as sewing and weaving.

New Zealand Freak

Tuatara Lizards Force Their Presence on the Home of the Petrel

Lizards live as uninvited guests with the birds of the New Zealand islands as some time wrinkled blackmaller might force his presence on a human household and finish by outliving all of them.

Some of the islands off the east coast of New Zealand still are the haunts of the petrel, a small, night flying, sea bird, which nests in holes dug in the ground. On these sea islands live hundreds of the tuatara lizards, smaller and feebler descendants of the giant dinosaurs which dominated the earth millions of years ago.

These tuataras appreciate the comfort of a snug hole in which to take shelter, but are either too lazy or too incompetent to dig homes for themselves. So they intrude, the naturalists find, into the small cave-like homes of the petrels. During the day both birds and lizard may be found snuggled together at the bottom of the hole. At night both ally forth about their business.

So far as the naturalists can discover neither partner of this strange household obtains any benefit from the other, except that the lizard gets a free house. The birds seem merely to tolerate the lizard, which they seem either too stupid or too feeble to expel. Occasionally, it is believed, the lizard repays the tolerance of his landlords by eating the petrel's only chick, but usually he lets his bird companions alone.

Petrels, however, live short lives, while lizards live long ones, so that presently the pair of birds from which the lizard stole his lodging go away never to return, leaving the acquisitive reptile in sole possession.—Baltimore Sun.