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Jeremy Shaw

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... says Mother Maca



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Red Raskall
By CLARK McMEEKIN

W.N.U. SERVICE



THE STORY THUS FAR: Lark Shannon is heartbroken when she learns that her horse, Madoc, is to be sold. Her father, Rector Shannon, had died recently, leaving the place in debt. Bethel North, near neighbor to the Shannons, held a note against Rector Shannon, and the sale of the horse, she said, would clear the note. David North, Bethel's son, and Lark's childhood sweetheart, arrives in England from America, and asks Lark if she would like to go to America as his wife, but expresses no love for her, merely saying he is "fond of her."

Jagers, Bethel's husband, drives Lark to the dock and she boards the ship, Tempora, expecting David to join her. Lark receives a note saying he had sailed.

CHAPTER IV

In those last hurried days of preparation at home Jagers had said so often, "You feel strange with the boy now, Lark, but by the end of the trip you'll have grown close to one another. There'll be moonlight on the voyage and long sunny days together. David's got a wise head on his shoulders. It's a good plan, that one he talked of, to have the Captain marry you toward the end of the crossing. It's better than rushing the marriage now. You'll grow more close together and more understanding this way, and it'll be a sweeter, sounder thing, like crossing a brook from stepping-stone to stepping-stone instead of in a leap."

Presently a little cabin boy came out of the door which led to the galley and blew what was evidently a repetition of the mess-call, for Lark's special benefit and for that of the young couple who stood together on the forward deck.

The couple went below, and after a moment Lark followed them. When she reached the dining-room the two who had entered just ahead of her were seating themselves with the ship's officers and other first class passengers at the main table under the portrait of King George the Third. The gentlemen at the main table rose courteously to accept the apologies which the two young people made for their tardiness.

In the confusion Lark hesitated for a moment in the doorway, her eyes making quick note of the group at the table of honor. There was a florid middle-aged man, obviously the father of the girl, a youngish man in clerical black with a listless-looking wife beside him, a comfortable, stoutish British couple, two little old ladies, and a foppish little man in blue broadcloth who stared at her with admiring patronage until the Captain said stiffly, "Pray be seated, Mr. Dawes."

Big Dan spoke loudly to his companions, "An uncommon good-looker, that last wench. I seen her by her lonesome on deck most the night. Now if I didn't have no strings tied to me..." He winked in Minnie's direction as Lark blushed with embarrassment and Captain Walesby rapped sharply for silence.

"Ain't my Dan a caution now?" Minnie laughed and grinned with appreciation of the blond giant's wit. With great gusto she swabbed her plate clean with a crust and forked a hunk of pork onto it.

Minnie, having gobbled up her meat by now, looked around for the platter, but the steward had passed it to the men's table to be emptied. With a philosophical shrug she reached over and forked an unfinished piece off one of her girls' plates.

"I'm buying it offen you," she said casually and flipped a farthing across the table. The coin rolled on the floor and the girl dove for it as the others laughed. Only Lark wasn't amused.

"Maybe she wanted the meat herself," she said impulsively. "She's hardly eaten a bite."

"Don't take as much to nourish her as me." Minnie's tone was completely composed. "I need more victuals than most folks to keep my weight up. Bein' a circus fat lady's a job like any other. That toll-gate I run don't do more'n bring in pin-money. I got my perkisets an' use 'em when I want to." Very deliberately she leaned across the table and speared the uneaten pork off Lark's own plate.

Lark's temper flared suddenly. "No, you don't! That's mine and I mean to eat it!" Quickly she forked the meat back and began chewing it up.

Minnie threw back her head and laughed delightedly. "Spirit, and plenty of it! The filly's not broke to harness yet. We've got Mistress Houghty Toightly among us, girls. The Duchess of Horse, I'll be bound. Ain't that a belly-laugh, now?" She pushed back her chair, rose, and slapped Lark on the back with genial familiarity.

Outside the saloon doorway a little man stood waiting. Lark saw at once that it was the groom who had been in charge of the horses last night. She smiled at him.

"My name's Busby, Miss," he said humbly, "and I've been hoping for the chance of a word with you. I wanted to thank you again. It's due to you that we got our big stallion safely aboard. He's a handful and no mistake." He chuckled proudly.

"I love horses," Lark said. "I've handled them all my life. There's no mischief in that beast. It was just that he was panicked. He let me catch his halter strap right at once. It's plain that he's a very fine

horse. What are his blood-lines?"

"I've not had a look at his papers yet." Busby stood twirling his cap in his gnarled hands. "Master Jarrod Terraine just bought him from Mr. Galphine yesterday. His right-hand name's Lancer, but I've took a notion to call him Red Raskall, like you did. A pet name's good luck in racing stables, you know."

Lark said, "That's fine, Busby. He's a horse to be proud of."

"Miss Dana, the master's daughter, took a rare fancy to him at the fair yesterday and egged her pa into the deal."

"He looks much like a horse my father owned," Lark commented. "Our Madoc had Spanker blood in him and this horse has much the same conformation."

"This Raskall's the prize of the string my folks are taking back to Virginia," Busby said. "They've a grand racing stable there. Great-ways, I understand its name is..."



"This Raskall's the prize of the string."

Would you like to have a glimpse of the way I've got our beasts bedded down?" he asked shyly.

Lark nodded and followed Busby down the long twisting passage that led at last to a steep ladder which descended to the hold. Here the stalls had been set up, slatted overhead and with neat divisions of braided netting to separate the beasts.

The other groom, a Moroccan, was watering the gray Martindale and the roan yearling which Lark had noticed last night.

These two, Busby explained, belonged to Mr. Plascutt Dawes.

By mid-day dinner Minnie seemed in high good humor. She joked with Big Dan at the adjoining table and ignored Captain Walesby's reproving glances. She even made an unsuccessful attempt to bring Lark into the general badinage.

"Cheer up," Clelia whispered, "she's just teasing you; smile, Lark!"

Lark tried, hard as she could, but she felt like a fish out of water. She was feeling blue and dispirited over David's seemingly casual desertion of her. She missed Jagers and the friendly everyday chatter of the neighbors about the parish doings. It was a relief when, the meal finally over, Mr. Swalters approached her confidently, and asked if she would care to promenade the deck with him.

He was a pleasant, friendly young man, Lark thought, and her usual good spirits soon returned as she listened to his gossip of ship-board life.

"Minnie's crossed with us before," he told her. "Every now and then she comes over for the Irish fair circuit and takes back a group of bound girls with her to add to her earnings. She's a great tease, but her heart's as big as her body."

"I don't believe it!" Lark remonstrated. "Why, I think she's dreadful, outrageously common and vulgar!"

"Most circus people are," Clink said knowingly. "You've lived a very sheltered life I imagine, Miss Shannon. I'm worried about what you're going to do, if you land before Mr. North does. Minnie told me she thought he'd sailed on the Runnymede, but that's a slower ship than ours..." Please don't think me curious or impertinent."

"I think it's kind of you to take an interest. I've the address of a friend of Mr. North's. She'll let me teach at her school, though I'm not very well educated. You see my very real talent is for riding. Perhaps I could be a jockey."

Clink laughed politely, looking a little shocked. "You're a plucky girl," he said. "That's a good joke, by Jove!"

Lark smiled at him. "I feel much better than I did. You've cheered me up a lot."
"I'm glad of that, most awfully

glad. We must walk together whenever I can get away from my duties. Your friend who put you aboard, Mr. Jagers North, was that his name, asked me to keep an eye out for you, you know."

What a nice young man he was, Lark thought; of course he had none of David's charm or good looks, but having someone like him take an interest would help, quite a lot.

One day, the third Sunday of the voyage, Captain Walesby announced at breakfast that he would conduct church services on deck. There was great confusion in the women's saloon as all the girls unpacked their Sabbath finery. Lark dug down deep into her portmanteau searching for her good blue bombazine dress. She couldn't find it. It just wasn't there.

It was immediately after the service that Busby waylaid Lark. He had a worried and anxious look about him.

"I don't like to trouble you, Miss," he said soberly, "but the horse is sick; really sick. It ain't just colic, like the master says. I've changed the blanket over and over again and it's sweated through in no time. It's lung inflammation, and that's a fact, Miss. It's serious. I've seen it often enough afore to know that."

"Lancer's sick?" Lark asked sharply. "Oh, no, not my Red Raskall!"

"No, ma'am, it ain't Lancer. It's our mare, Penelope. Squire Terraine and me have been a-working over her the live-long night. Maybe you'd come down to the stalls with me and give me a word of advice, say what you'd do if it was your own Madoc, you've spoke of so often."

"Indeed I will," Lark said with warm sympathy, and following the groom past the neat little temporary tackroom and the dark cornered enclosure where the bars of hay were stacked shoulder-high, Minnie, standing back in the shadow, grinned at them and said, "Seen my Dan anywhere?"

Busby shook his head and led Lark through the wicket into the fenced-off stall where the mare stood, sweat-drenched and bloody.

Lark laid a gentle hand on the drooping neck. "Poor Penelope," she said softly. "She's as sick a horse as ever I've seen. She'll have to be bled, won't she?"

"Indeed she will, young lady," Plascutt Dawes had entered the stall and stood there behind Lark with his shrewd little eyes fixed on her. She frowned a little and said anxiously, "Can't we do something? Does the Squire know how sick a mare he's got?"

"Jarrod Terraine's a nincompoop," Mr. Dawes said with asperity. "He's trying to keep up the pretense that his beast has nought the matter with it but colic, when the fact that it's lung fever is clear as light. I've known Terraine, boy and man, for forty years and he's never yet acknowledged himself wrong. Take this bet of ours, now; fifty pounds on our imported stallions. Why, this Thunder Boy of mine, he's a wonder horse..."

"Our Raskall will beat him, Mr. Dawes," Busby interrupted with surprising spirit. "Give me a couple of weeks to work him out when we land and that's all I ask."

"Pooh, sirrah, you overestimate your nag!" Plascutt, who, at another time, would have scorned to enter into discussion with a groom, was now feeling expansive and talkative under the stimulus of his neighbor's bad luck.

"Tattersall's stands behind my gray Martindale, and your horse is only a pick-up at a county fair. It wouldn't surprise me a mite if his blood-line papers were forged..." Why I'd raise my bet to a hundred pounds, to five hundred. I'd bet my whole plantation, even my slaves, and the thoroughbred horses in my racing stable."

"You would, would you, sir?" Big, lumbering Jarrod had come in quietly, tiptoeing as if he were in a sick-room. "Well, I wouldn't take you up on any such bet. I'd wager my lands and even my house on this race between Lancer and Thunder Boy, but I'd no more bet my slaves and horses than I'd bet my daughter, Dana. Live flesh ain't a right thing to gamble with, against the Ten Commandments, like bowing down to graven images, or some such. I'll bet Greatways, by Capri-corn, but neither my horses nor Negroes against your Dawes Ferry. Your place'll make a nice enough house for my overseer Barnes or one of the tenants..." You can't bluff me, sir! Want to have it writ down, lawyer-wise?"

"I never bluff," Plascutt said haughtily. "Such a thing would be beneath my dignity. And gentlemen's sporting wagers are never reduced to writing. My word, sir, is sufficient." Plascutt turned abruptly and left them.

Jarrod threw back his head and bawled with laughter. "Well, young lady, I guess you heard me call that little popinjays bluff, didn't you?" He eyed Lark with great friendliness, as if she shared the joke and entered into his game. When she smiled at him with amusement, he continued, "I'll bet a golden guinea you're the young miss my groom's been babbling so much about. He says you're a first class horsewoman yourself and that, spite of the fact that you're a parson's daughter, you know all the fine points of the turf!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Star Dust
STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO
Released by Western Newspaper Union.

By VIRGINIA VALE

FOR the first time Hollywood can remember, two actors, in different studios and different productions, are playing the same character. In "Murder, My Sweet" (RKO) and "The Big Sleep" (Warners), the author, Raymond Chandler, has as central character a hard-fisted detective, Philip Marlowe. That was right up Humphrey Bogart's alley, and Warners gave it to him; at RKO, apple-cheeked Dick Powell got it. Off the screen they're good friends, go sailing and play bridge together. It was Powell who took Bogart under his wing when the latter came to Hollywood from the New York stage; today Bogart is Powell's biggest booster for success in his own field.

Dorothy Lamour is headed for more dramatic roles, now that she's abandoning sarong roles; "Medal for Benny" and her current



DOROTHY LAMOUR

chose, "Masquerade in Mexico," give her opportunities to go all out for serious acting. Now it's no sarongs—maybe no technicolor!

Betty Hutton's career seems to be following the general lines of Carole Lombard's. Carole started as a tornado, then slid over into romantic and dramatic roles. The blonde bombshell's dual role in "Here Comes the Waves" showed what she could do as a dreamy, romantic lass, and in her next, "Incendiary Blonde," based on the life of Texas Guinan, she has some "moments" that are anything but incendiary.

If you were disappointed because Gracie Fields didn't sing a note in "Holy Matrimony," wait till you see "Molly and Me." She not only sings six songs, she does one of them as a duet with Monty Woolley. According to The Beard—"When Woolley sings, it is quite as rare a thing as when Woolley shaves." Gracie's planning to return to England by the western route, entertaining troops all the way.

First thing we know those low-cut, off-the-shoulder fashions are going to return. Twelve of Tallulah Bankhead's 14 frocks in the Ernst Lubitsch "A Royal Scandal" are made that way. Trouble is, a girl has to have shoulders like Tallulah's to wear those gowns. The picture, in which she plays Catherine the Great, promises to be one of those Lubitsch masterpieces.

With her first week's salary as "Grandma Rommely" in 20th Century-Fox's "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," 63-year-old Ferike Boros finished paying a debt of gratitude. Nine years ago the Hungarian actress had a run of bad luck; hospital and doctor bills took all her savings, and she was about to lose her home when Director John Cromwell stopped foreclosure proceedings.

Kay Kyser and his "College of Musical Knowledge" are off on the most extensive hospital tour in the history of this country. Broadcasting along the way, they'll sweep through the country in a big arc.

Tanis Chandler's RKO contract came in an unexpected way. A studio executive heard her sing on one of the first OWI programs to General MacArthur's invasion troops and Filipino guerrillas on Luzon. You'll hear her in "George White's Scandals of 1945."

Shirley Dinsdale, 17-year-old ventriloquist, and her dummy, Judy Splinters, are now regular members of the cast of Nelson Eddy's CBS "Electric Hour." Shirley's a sophomore at the University of California and a holder of the distinguished honor citation from the government for war bond campaign work.

ODDS AND ENDS—Nancy Walker is such a hit in the Broadway musical, "On the Town," that her movie alma mater, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, wants to rewrite the stories scheduled for Mickey Rooney and star Nancy in them... At Warner Bros. they're preparing a short subject entitled "G.I. Music" to be made up of name bands overseas with the U. S. army... Jean Hersholt, star of CBS "Dr. Christian," will go to Denmark immediately after the war to make a survey of postwar needs... Darryl Hickman, who plays the cynical "Raymond" on the Corliss Archer air show, will play the same role in the Corliss Archer movie, "Kiss and Tell."

ASK ME ANOTHER?

A General Quiz

The Questions

1. What is the greatest distance one can travel from land on any ocean?
2. What are geoses?
3. In the theater, what part is played by an ingenue?
4. What is a Betty?
5. What is the chemical symbol for gold?
6. What is meant by altruism?
7. How many years usually constitute a generation?
8. Why was Moses so named?
9. What is a pot-valiant man?
10. What portion of the 500 muscles in the human body are located in the neck and face?

The Answers

1. But 1,500 miles, as no spot is more than that distance from land.
2. Pressing irons used by tailors.
3. An artless or ingenious part.
4. A man who does women's work.
5. Au.
6. Regard for and devotion to the interest of others.
7. Thirty-three.
8. The name means drawn from the water.
9. One who is courageous when intoxicated.
10. At least one-fourth.

Airplane Speed Indicators
Correct Only at Sea Level

As speed indicators in airplanes register accurately only at sea level, pilots have to estimate speeds by adding 2 per cent to their readings for each 1,000 feet in altitude. For example, when the indicator registers a speed of 225 miles an hour at 5,000 feet, a pilot knows that he is actually traveling almost 248 miles an hour.



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