These Men

Officer—So ye've lost y'r husband, have ye? Is there anything to distinguish him by?

"Well, sir, he did have a mermaid tatooed on his left shoulder; but then I suppose all gents has that."—Judge.

Fed Captive Offspring

Mrs. T. W. King of Lamont, Iowa, has some domesticated orioles which she captured in the nest when the birds were just about ready to fly. One morning Mrs. King noticed the father of the birds beating against the cage in an effort to get to his young. She then hung the cage on the porch and the father brought food for his family. He continued this until the birds learned to take care of themselves.

This One Rushes the Season

He—You don't believe in "saying it with flowers," do you?

She—Yes—certainly I do.

He—Hop right under that mistletoe, then!—Banter.

The older a girl gets the more respect she has for the wisdom of her mother.

Saxon and Norman Forms of Speech

When the Normans conquered England and dispossessed the Angl Saxons of their lands they spoke what is known as Norman-French. This continued to be the official language for many years, according to a writer in London Tit-Bits.

One of the most remarkable, though often unnoticed, results of this dual language in the same country is the different names we give to the dead and living animals used as food.

The Saxon was the serf who tilled the soil and tended cattle; the Norman was the overlord who ate the meat thus provided. While we call the living animal a cow, we call the dead animal beef, the first word being Saxon and the second Norman.

Similarly, the serf called the living animal a sheep, but when it was served on the baron's table it was mutton. In the same way deer became venison, calf became veal, and the hog became pork.

Old Salts Scoffed at Naval Academy

Eighty years ago, when George Bancroft, the historian, and then secretary of the navy, founded the United States Naval academy at Annapolis, old sea dogs scoffed at the idea of training naval officers ashore, says the Mentor Magazine. Previous to that time any lad who aspired to command of a man-o'-war went to sea at the age of ten, and was placed under the tutelage of a commissioned officer who stood sponsor for the training of young midshipmen. It was a hard school. This practical training among the "roughnecks," the scum of the waterfronts of seaport towns, produced some of the most illustrious names in American naval history; but this training also unmade many an ambitious young lad. In spite of the opposition from hardened sea dogs, Bancroft founded the naval academy, and today it stands as the leading school for the training of naval officers in the world.

Surplus oil, for which there is insufficient storage, can be pumped back into the earth, to remain there until wanted.

The RAGGED EDGE

by

Harold MacGrath

22

Ruth drank in these intellectual controversies storing away facts. What she admired in her man was his resolute defense of his opinions. McClintock could not browbeat him, storm as he might. But whenever the storm grew dangerous, either McClintock or Spurlock broke into saving laughter.

McClintock would bang his fist upon the table. "I wouldn't give a betel-nut for a man who wouldn't stick to his guns, if he believed himself in the right. We'll have some fun down there at my place, Spurlock; but we'll probably bore your wife to death."

"Oh, no!" Ruth. protested "I have so much to learn."

"Aye," said McClintock in a tone so peculiar that it sent Spurlock's glance to his plate.

"All my life I've dreamed of something like this," he said, divertingly, with a gesture which included the yacht. "These islands that come out of nowhere, like transparent amethyst that deepen to sapphire, and then become thickly green! And always the white coral sand rimming them—emeralds set in pearls!"

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever!" quoted McClintock. "But I like Bobby Burns best. He's neighbourly; he has a jingle for every ache and joy I've had."

So Ruth heard about the poets; she became tolerably familiar with the exploits of that engaging ruffian Cellini; she heard of the pathetic deafness of Beethoven; she was thrilled, saddened, exhilarated; and on the evening of the twelfth day she made bold to enter the talk.

"There is something in The Tale of Two Cities that is wonderful," she said.

"That's a fine tale," said Spurlock. "The end is the most beautiful in English literature. 'It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known.' That has always haunted me."

"I like that, too," she repied; "but it wasn't that I had in mind. Here it is." She opened the book which she had brought to the table. "A wonderful fact to reflect upon, that every human creature is constituted to be that profound secret and mystery to every caller. A solemn consideration when I enter a great city at night, that every one of those darkly clustered house encloses its own secret; that every room in every one of them encloses its own secret; that every beating heart in the hundreds of thousands of beasts there, is, in some of its imaginings a secret to the heart nearest it! . . . It kind of terrifies me," said Ruth, looking up first at the face of her husband, then at McClintock's. "No matter how much I tell of myself I shall always keep something back. No matter how much you tell me, you will always keep something back."

Neither man spoke. McClintock stared into the bowl of his pipe and Spurlock into his coffee cup. But McClintock's mind was perceptive, whereas Spurlock's was only dully confused. The Scot understood that, gently and indirectly, Ruth was asking her husband a question, opening a door if he cared to enter.

So the young fool had not told her! McClintock had suspected as much. Everything in this world changed—except human folly. This girl was strong and vital: how would she take it when she learned that she had cast her lot with a fugitive from justice? For McClintock was certain that Spurlock was a hunted man. Well, well; all he himself could do would be to watch this singular drama unroll.

The night before they made McClintock's, Ruth and Spurlock leaned over the rail, their shoulders touching. It might have been the moon, or the phosphorescence of the broken water, or it might have been his abysmal loneliness; but suddenly he caught her face in his hands and kissed her on the mouth.

"Oh!" she gasped. "I did not know . . . that it was . . . like that!" She stepped back; but as his hands fell she caught and held them tightly. "Please, Hoddy, always tell me when do I things wrong. I never want you to be ashamed of me. I will do anything and everything I can to become your equal."

"You will never become that, Ruth. But if God is kind to me someday I may climb up to where you are. I'd like to be alone now. Would you mind?" mind?"

She wanted another kiss, but she did not know how to go about it; so she satisfied the hunger by pressing his hand to her thundering heart. She let them fall and sped to the companion, where she stood for a moment, the moonlight giving her a celestial touch. Then she went below.

Spurlock bent his head to the rail. The twists in his brain had suddenly straightened out; he was normal, wholly himself; and he knew now exactly what he had done.

CHAPTER XXI

McClintock island was twelve miles long and eight miles wide, with the shape of an oyster. The coconut plantation covered the west side. From the white beach the plams ran in serried rows quarter of a mile inland, then began a jungle of bamboo, gum-tree, sandalwood plantain, huge fern, and choking grasses. The southeast end of the island was hillocky, with volcanic subsoil. There was plenty of sweet water.

The settlement was on the middle west coast. The stores, the drying bins, McClintock's bungalows and the native huts sprawled around an exquisite landlocked lagoon. One could enter and leave by proa, but nothing with a keel could cross the coral gate. The island had evidently grown round this lagoon, approached it gradually from the volcanic upheaval—an island of coral and lava.

There were groves of cultivated guava, orange, lemon, and pomegranate. The oranges were of the Syrian varitey, small but filled with scarlet honey. This fruit was McClintock's particular pride. He had brought the shrub down from Syria, and, strangely enough, they had prospered.

Unless you have eaten a Syrian orange," he was always saying, "you have only a rudimentary idea of what an orange is."

The lemons had enormously thick skins and were only mildly acidulous—sweet lemons, they were called; and one found them delicious by dipping the slices in sugar.

But there was an abiding serpent in this Eden. McClintock had brought from Penang three mangosteen evergreens; and, wonders of wonders, they had thrived—as trees. But not once in these ten years had they borne blossom or fruit. The soil was identical, the climate; still, they would not bear the Olympian fruit, with its purple-lined jacket and its snow-white pulp. One might have said these trees grieved for their native soil; and, grieving, refused to bear.

Of animal life, there was nothing left but monkeys and wild pig, the latter having been domesticated. Of course there were goats. There's an animal! He thrives in all zones, upon all manner of food. He may not be able to eat tin-cans, but he tries to. The island was snake-free.

There were all varities of bird-life known in these latitudes, from the bird of paradise down to the tiny scarlet-beaked lovebirds. There were always parrots and barrakeets screaming in the fruit groves.

The bungalows and stores were built of heavy bamboo and gum-wood; sprawly, one-storied affairs; for the typhoon was no stranger in these waters. Deep verandas ran around the bungalows, with bamboo drops which were always down in the daytime, ffending off the treacherous sunshine. White men never abroad without helmets. The air might be cool, but half an hour without head-gear was an invitation to sunstroke.

Into this new world, vivid with colour, came Spurlock, receptively. For a few days he was able to relegate his conscience to the background. There was so much to see, so much to do, that he became what had once been normally, a lovable boy.

McClintock was amused. He began really to like Spurlock, despite the shadow of the boy's past, despite his inexplicable attitude toward this glourious girl. To be sure, he was attentive, respectful; but in his conduct there was none of that shameless Cameraderie of a man who loved his woman and didn't care a hang if all the world knew it. If the boy did not love the girl, why the devil had he dragged her into this marriage?

Spurlock was a bit shaky bodily, but his brain was functonng clearly; and, it might be added swiftly—as the brain always acts when confronted by a perplexing riddle. No mater how swiftly he pursued this riddle, he could not bring it to a halt Why had Ruth married him? A penniless outcast, for she must have known he was that. Why had she married him, off-hand, like that? She did not love him, or he knew nothing of love-signs. Had she too been flying from something and had accepted this method of escape? But what frying-pan could be equal to this fire?

All this led back to the original circle. He saw the colossal selfishness of his act; but he could not beg off on the plea of abnormality. He had been ill; no matter about that: he recollected every thought that had led up to it and every act that had consummated the deed.

To make Ruth pay for it! He wanted to get away into some immense echoless tract where he could give vent to this wiid laughter which tore at his vitals. To make Ruth pay for the whole shot! To wash away his sin by crucifying her: that was precisely what he had set about. And God had let him do it! He was—and now he perfectly understood that he was treading the queerest labyrinth a man had ever entered.

Why had he kissed her? What had led him into that? Neither love nor passon—utter blankness so far as reducing the act to terms. He had kssed hs wife on the mouth . . and had been horrified! There was real madness somewhere along this road.

He was unaware that his illness had opened the way to the inherent conscience and that the acquired had been temporarily blanketed, or that there was any ancient fanaticalism in his blood. He saw what he had done only as it related to Ruth. He would have to go on: he would be forced to enact all the obligations he had imposed upon himself.

His salvation—if there was to be any—lay in her ignorance of life. But she could not live in constant association with him without having these gaps filled. And when she learned that she had been doubly cheated, what then? His thoughts began to fall on her side of the scales, and his own misery grew lighter as he anticipated hers. He was an imaginative young man.

Never again would he repeat that kiss; but at night when they separated, he would touch her forehead with his lips, and sometimes he would hold her hand in his and pat it.

"I'll have my cot in here," said Spurlock to Ruth, "where this table is. You never can tell. I'm likely to get up any time in the night to work."

Together they were making habitable the second bungalow, which was within calling distance of McClintock's. They had scrubbed and dusted, torn down and hung up until noon.

"Whatever you like, Hoddy," she agreed, wiping the sweat from her forehead. She was vaguely happy over this arrangement which put her in the wing across the middle hall, alone. "This will be very comfortable."

"Isn't that lagoon gorgeous? I wonder if there'll be sharks?"

"Not in the lagoon. Mr. McClintock says they can't get in there, or at least they never try it."

"Lord!—think of having sharks for neighbors. Every morning I'll take a dip into the lagoon. That'll tune me up."

"But don't ever swim off the main beach without someone with you."

"I wonder where in the duce I'll be able to find some writing paper? I'm crazy to get to work again."

"Probably Mr. McClintock will have some."

"I sha'n't want these curtains. You take them. The veranda bamboo will be enough for me."

He stuffed the printed chintz into her arms and smiled into her eyes. And the infernal thought of that kiss returned—the softness of her lips and the cool smoothness of her cheeks. He turned irresolutely to the table upon which lay the scattered leaves of his old manuscripts.

"I believe I'll tear them up. So long as they're about, I'll always be rewriting them and wasting my time."

"Let me have them."

"What for? What do you want of them?"

"Why, they are . . . yours. And I don't want anything of yours destroyed, Hoddy. Those were dreams."

"All right, then." He shifted the pages together, rolled and thrust them under her arm. "But don't ever let me see them agan. By George, I forgot! McClintock said there was a typewriter in the office and that I could have it. I'll dig it up. I'll be feeling fine in no time. The office is a sight—not one sheet of paper on another; bills and receipts everywhere. I'll have to put some pep into the game—American pep. It will take a month to clean up. I've been hunting for this particular job for a thousand years!"

She smiled a little sadly over this fine enthusiasm; for in her wisdom she had a clear perception where it would eventually end—in the veranda chair. All this—the island and its affairs—was an old story; but her own peculiar distaste had vanished to a point imperceptible, for she was seeing the island through her husband's eyes, as in the future she would see all things.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SHASTA WASHES INTO VALLEYS

Soft Formation of Extinct Volcano Yields Readily to Rivers of Mud

San Francisco.—Is California on the eve of a new geological period?

Scientists discussed this possibility with interest following the spectacular erosion of historic Mount Shasta by a "wild" glacier, which during the past six weeks has torn up thousands of tons of soil from the peak.

Hundreds of thousands of years ago, according to geologists, the mighty mountain ranges of the Pacific Coast were formed by the shrinking of the crust of the earth.

Later came a glacial age, when gigantic masses of ice poured down from the mountain ranges as a result of an unusual period of winter, which piled up snow and ice in such quantities that finally they succumbed to the force of gravity.

Today Mount Shasta has turned loose another glacier. Only this time it is pouring down the slopes as a result of one of the dryest and hottest summer seasons in many years.

As the glacier reaches the lower levels of the slopes, it is transformed into a giant river of mud, carrying everything before it.

McCloud, a little settlement perched on one of the lower slopes of the mountain, has been intermittently swept by masses of mud, which today are piled up over thousands of acres.

May Wash Down

Scientists declare that Mount Shasta is in danger of losing its position as one of the highest peaks in the United States.

Should the glacial flow continue, they claim, it will be only a question of time before a good part of the 14,380 feet that make up its altitude will have been washed down into the lower valleys.

Mount Shasta is unlike other glacier-harboring peaks in that it is of soft geological formation.

Other mountains pour down uncounted millions of tons of snow and ice each year, but, because of the hardness of their rock lose only an imperceptible amount of their body.

Shasta, being soft in comparison with those other peaks, has already lost enough of its top soil to make its changed topography noticeable to experienced observers