

words clipped from their lips by the fury of the wind; gasping and spluttering as the spindrift cut them in the teeth.

"Right—if you can get the men to start, sir," said one deckhand. "There were no melodramatic speeches; when volunteers were called for the response was immediate. The difficulty was to select, not to persuade.

"Through you wasn't never goin' to start, sir," said one deckhand. "My feet was gettin' colder an' colder w' waitin'. Here's one for a start."

Brentwood summoned engineers and carpenter; there were quick discussions. Yes, there was oil available, plenty of it. With one drumful trickling out of the forward scupper, and another aft, a film could be spread over the sea that would still the greatest fury of the ravening combers.

"Right; go when you're ready," said Brentwood, wishing that his duty did not pin him to the bridge. The sailor in him clamored for permission to join fortunes with the stalwarts who were risking everything in obedience to the blessed sea call. The husband in him was for the nonce forgotten; as it remained forgotten what time he threw the laboring Wanama closer and closer to the wreck. His brain was exercised with a thousand intricate problems, and he warded not think of Malsie lest he lose his nerve. He forced himself to an utter detachment of mind and soul, concentrating every energy on the salvation of the wreck's crew.

After a while of preparation a signal was sent to the wreck, indicating that rescue was now to be attempted. The answer was another flaring tar barrel, to serve as a guide in the bellowing blackness. Across the uncertain yellow gleam thrown on the water the Wanama's life-boat set out. It was a good boat—one of the best, easily capable of holding the entire crew of an average windjammer. There would not be more than five and twenty of them at the most; sailing ships were economically manned. And, although certain of the Wanama's men were

suffering from crushed fingers, gained when the boat was being lowered, their hearts were sound. They pulled like the heroes they were, and Brentwood stared at the dancing trifle, his throat parched, his eyes hot as though live coals were blazing their sockets.

"It can't be done," he said. "I'm a fool to try it—a damned fool!" The flame of light burned out; darkness fell again, so that it was only possible to imagine what was transpiring outboard.

"If we'd only a searchlight—! Get an oil cask on deck and light it—they must have light!" But before the blaze showed on the Wanama's deck fresh light appeared on the wreck, it increased, it faded out and leaped up again. The golden track appeared afresh across the oil smoothed water; the lifeboat, looking like a distorted spider, was appreciably nearer.

Then the boat was lost to sight in the shadows, until a monstrous flash of lightning revealed it again, struggling desperately, nearer to the wreck's stern.

But it was growing toward full daylight before the laden boat left the sodden wreck. Thin suggestions of the dawn showed under the cloud banks; the surrounding sea was revealed in all its wildness. There was no comfort to be gained from the outlook; the storm had not yet blown itself out. Brentwood had prayed for light; now he felt disposed to pray for a continuance of the blackness, that imagination might breed a hope that reality sneered at.

Broad daylight now; and the Wanama moving down to leeward of the wreck, in order to pick up the boat. A laden boat, this, as viewed through the spray dimmed glasses, a squelching, sodden boat, pursued by high running gray-backs that poised terribly above the trifle, that fell and smothered it with far-flung spume, that receded to show the gallant craft still alive, the oars moving spasmodically, men baling—baling like demons!

Increasing daylight; with trivial rifts showing between the lowering clouds, and a single heatrening ray

of sunlight striking a note of hope across the gray and tortured immensity of the sea. The boat was coming—it had won.

"God, look at the wreck!" The second mate gripped the captain's arm, and through the crash and clamor of storm Brentwood could hear the uncontrolled chattering of his teeth. He turned and stared, he felt suddenly sick. For the wreck was going—going fast. Wave after wave broke over her; she was like a rock attacked by a wind hounded tide. Spray enveloped her; she emerged, to disappear again. Then her stern, that had been hammered pitilessly by the tangled wreckage overside, sank deeper, her bow lifted—lifted. A greater wave roared on; it sprang exultingly; it fell. In the whirl and smother the ship went down.

One by one the survivors were hauled aboard the Wanama. This in itself was no light work, but by comparison with what had gone before it was child's play. They came to deck gasping, cursing, praying, according to how their emotions seized them; they were hurried below to the comfort of hot blankets and steaming soup and coffee, for once he had determined on the attempt Brentwood had spared no single precaution. The men of the Wanama, aided by the stout hearts amongst the windjammer's crew, attempted to save the worthy boat, but it was hurled against the steamer's plates and crushed like an eggshell in the effort; the men who had remained below to hook on the tackles came scrambling up the swiftly thrown lines like drowned rats.

A hard-faced man, gray, with salt weariness showing in his eyes, gained the Wanama's bridge and extended a hand to Capt. Brentwood.

"It was good work," he said thickly. "Good work—thought you'd abandoned us. Don't know that I'd have blamed you if you had." He coughed, his hold on Brentwood's hand tightened. "You've done better than—" He evidently intended to say more, but

instead he pitched heavily against the Wanama's captain, slid down him, and collapsed unconscious on the streaming deck.

"Look after her," Brentwood told the second mate. "Go your course again; full speed ahead. I'll look after him." He was a strong man, and without ado he gathered up the limp, thin figure in his arms and staggered down the ladder. There were several men in the saloon, gathered about the snapping fire in the stove, and to them Brentwood passed the wreck's captain. He had remembered Malsie now; he was aching with eagerness to spend every minute he could snatch with her knowing in his own mind that she must die. Those precious hours spent in rescue must have swung the balance to the side of death.

"Let me look at him," he heard one of the men in the saloon say, as he stumbled into his own cabin. Malsie was again asleep; but there was now a smile—a pain-free smile on her pallid lips.

"I want to give you my thanks," said that man who had spoken in the saloon, rising and extending a thin, delicate hand. "I am proud to know you, captain. Men like you are a credit to the sea. Capt. Wedgeworth is coming round—he was fatigued only. The responsibility, you know—" He dissolved into platitudes which Brentwood hardly heard.

"It was touch and go," Brentwood said. "I'm glad we managed to get you in time, Mr.—"

"I am Sir Thomas Littlejohn, captain. A passenger in the Wildfowl. Advised to take a long sea voyage for my health—and although this has been a trying experience, I am a strong man again." Brentwood gasped.

"You're Sir Thomas Littlejohn? You're—" He realized, like a man emerging from a trance, that his hand was grasped by the most famous surgeon of the day. The name of Thomas Littlejohn rang down surgical history like a bugle call; a man who was as nearly infallible

as man could be; a man almost divine in his power of healing.

"Yes; and I owe you my life—why, man—you're ill, too." Brentwood's hand was at his throat, because of the choking throats.

"No, no. Not me—my wife. She's dying—"

As the surgeon emerged from the cabin a strong waft of chloroform accompanied him. He laid a basin on the saloon table and commenced to wash and dry the instruments methodically.

"Well?" asked Brentwood, clawing at his arm.

"I think—I hope she will live, my friend. So far as I can see the operation has been successful. Done under difficulties, eh? I've never worked under such conditions; but—what have I seen of life? Your instruments are medieval, captain—but your second mate is a born anesthetist. As cool as a cucumber—never saw such nerve. You sailormen stagger me. The bigger the emergency the bigger your pluck. It's wonderful! I think I must have learned something from you and the sea. Otherwise I'd never have attempted to operate under such conditions. As it is—get hold of yourself, captain! I'll wager my professional reputation that your wife will live, always excepting complications, and I see no reason why they should arise. Hold up, man!"

"You—man—you—mean?" gulped Brentwood thickly, still clawing at the surgeon's arm.

Sir Thomas Littlejohn tapped Brentwood's sleeve with the half of the forceps that he had just wiped. There was a note of solemnity in his voice as he said:

"I mean that it was a question of hours, my friend. Twenty-four at the outside. She couldn't have lived longer—it was impossible. How long before we make our port?"

"A week, at the best we can do," said Brentwood. He laid his forehead on his arms as the big sobs shook him.

ARE YOU SANE OR DO YOU PADDLE A CANOE?

By O. O. McINTYRE

Miss Phonia Finchlinch, my secretary, remarked casually the other morning, "You have an appointment at 3 this afternoon to go canoeing." Miss Finchlinch is no longer with me.

I have stood for a lot from her. She is of an ultra modern secretarial school. She believes bosses should be bossed and would have insisted I keep the date with my canoe.

She came to me highly recommended. There were fulsome letters from Harding, Schwab, Einstein, the Shuberts, the Smith Brothers and many others. She must have had great fun writing them.

She always breezed in—sliding on one foot, kittenish like—with a lively story. Her last one concerned the scientist who had succeeded in crossing a silk worm with a garter snake for the purpose of breeding silk garters. Still she kept her job. I'm broad minded that way.

But only recently I told her very emphatically that as a canoeist I had flipped my last paddle. There was a metallic intonation about my voice. She might have known that I meant it.

Ah, a Dinner Party.

I don't know exactly who it was talked me into attempting to learn to paddle a canoe. I went to a little dinner party one night and we all drank a lot of thick black Turkish coffee—it must have been fiendish stuff—but I didn't notice it at the time.

I remember giving the cab driver his plug hat in front of my hotel. We had playfully exchanged headgear and to continue the spirit of prankishness I rode the horse home. All of this is clear in my mind.

But the next day two men in working clothes rapped at the door carrying what looked like a coffin wrapped in brown paper.

"Here is your canoe!" said one, deftly taking a cigar from my coat pocket.

"What canoe for who?" I said a bit perturbed. The cigar was one out of the good box in my desk.

"The one you ordered from Mr. Ginus last night."

"O," I said—for indeed I remembered Mr. Ginus at the dinner party. He was the one who told me I was almost a Caruso when we sang but I was under the impression he told me he was a church steeple salesman or sold sky-lights.

Well, anyway, if you have a canoe there is only one thing I know to do and that is paddle it.

So I had it carted up to a float moored along the Hudson. The name of the canoe was "Skiplightly." Jokers, those canoe namers.

Just Like the Pictures.

The afternoon was warm. Already bronzed young men in bath-

ing togs were skimming over the rippling surface. Some of them had fair young passengers whose delicate white hands trailed in the clear water just as it is in the summer resort illustrations.

It all looked so easy. One just

stepping on a banana peel—only quicker.

When an attendant grabbed me under the arm pits and pulled me back on the float the canoe was on its side drifting lazily southward with the paddle in close pursuit.



"I put my canoe into the water and slipped in—up to my neck."

had to sit quietly in the canoe and with deft strokes go far from the madding throng. I wondered if I would have time to make Albany before breakfast. You know—surprise the wife.

I put my canoe into the water and stepped in—up to my neck. The thing was greased on the bottom or something. Stepping into a canoe unless you know how is just like

A friendly canoeist retrieved both. I laughed—one of those high-pitched ha-ha-haish laughs one executes when he discovers that he has insulted Jack Dempsey by mistake.

Much Determination.

The plunge had set my teeth rattling as though they were well oiled casanets, but I had started out canoeing and I was going to do it

if they found my puffed body floating off Hatteras.

The attendant—Pete was his name, if you are a glutton for details—held the canoe by the nose this time and I seated myself.

"Ready," yelled Pete. "Let 'er go!" I called cheerily, and with a certain daredevil sang-froid.

The canoe shot out across the water. Then I learned something else about canoeing. In order properly to canoe you must have a paddle. I had carelessly left "Skiplightly's" first aid on the float. There was nothing to do but wait results.

I drifted into another canoeist and told the operator, paddler or whatever he was, that I hadn't a paddle.

He towed me back to the float. Peter handed over the paddle and gave me another shove. It seemed to me it was a rather nasty shove, too.

So I reached out with my paddle and began to paddle. At first I made more butterfly strokes and emboldened by my success began to dip the paddle deep. Before I knew I was executing a circle. It was just like a merry-go-round and I was growing dizzy.

I quit paddling and lighted a cigaret. The canoe was drifting down the river. But I had made up my mind I would not yell for help again. Wherever I drifted it didn't matter. You get that way when everything goes wrong for a long, long time.

I finally looked around and right in my path was a huge, iron gray battle ship coming up the river. I never saw a battleship look so big.

A lot of little tugs all around began to toot their whistles. I could see some sailors on one of the decks waving flags and I decided something had to be done. I stuck the paddle in the water and began pushing sideways. I felt I was moving and I was and soon I was out of the cruiser's path.

Scientific Fact of General Interest

A telephone transmitter has been invented, for use in noisy places, that is held against the throat instead of in front of the lips, eliminating outside sounds from the wire.

A method of photographing the brain of a living person without affecting the health of the patient has been discovered at the University hospital in Philadelphia, Pa.

In cold storage plants the cold produced by means of ammonia is equal to 50,000 tons of ice consumed daily.

Of the 35,500 applications for patents taken out in England last year, a large percentage were made

by women. Women outnumbered men with inventions for the home.

The largest telescope in the world is being constructed at St. Albans for the Nicolaleff observatory in Russia. When complete the apparatus will weigh nine tons.

A machine has been developed that automatically fills cartons with a measured amount of ice cream. Bricks of one, two or three flavors can be made.

A new electric treatment of pneumonia "like placing a mustard plaster inside the lung" has been successfully applied on nine patients in New York.

The making of a set of good

Ivory billiard balls requires the joint labor of half a dozen experts.

Waterproof paint, giving an enamel finish, has been invented that dries in half an hour.

A European scientist has discovered that there is aluminum in small quantities in desert plants.

Scientific researches conducted by the Bureau of Standards, in Washington, D. C., cost approximately \$41,000,000 a year.

Pads to be worn on a thumb and finger, connected by a short strap, have been invented to give a golfer firmer grip on his clubs.

Vacuum-clothes brushes have been invented for use in homes and barber shops.

There was a little tug nearby and I yelled to the mate. "Come and get me," I called. "I got cramps in my arms." He threw out a rope and pulled me up alongside.

In getting out of the canoe a backward swing of my foot sent the canoe off again. I don't know where it is but I know where I hope it went. And I hope it's hotter there than usual.

Home in a Taxi.

Here I was almost down to Fourteenth street in a bathing suit. They say New York does not notice you whatever you wear but that didn't encourage me to go home in the subway at the rush hour in a bath-suit.

The little tug put me off at a warehouse where there was a telephone and I ordered a taxicab. The starter at my hotel got me an overcoat and I sneaked in the back way—where all the help comes in.

"Did you enjoy your canoeing?" Inquired the Mrs.

"Enjoy it? Why I could just die canoeing." I replied—and I added, "I'm going again on Friday."

Miss Finchlinch overheard the conversation, made the memorandum and that is why she lost her job.

My respect for the American Indian is greater than ever. When you think how they used to shoot over rapids in their frail birch canoes you begin to think that Edison, Henry Ford and a lot of others haven't accomplished anything.

Like motion pictures, real achievement is just in its infancy.

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How Evelyn Fooled Doctors With Her Hot Water Bag.

(Continued From Page One.)

pressure upon the legs or back apparently increased the pain. The same conditions existed at a second examination two weeks later, and there was little change in an examination three months later.

At the trial a year later she walked with evident distress and had to be helped up to the witness chair. But when a photograph showing her swimming at a beach resort a few days after the second examination was shown in court she jumped off the witness chair and ran out of the court room.

Usually the malingering whose only symptom is pain will jump at the physician's suggestions localizing the site of pain and he will suddenly find that it hurts where a few minutes before the physician's pressure produced no pain.

Successful malingering requires greater skill and intelligence than successful crime, for the malingering is always behind the physician in his knowledge of disease and its symptoms.