

Between Bugles

A Salt Water Romance.

By **MATTHEW WHITE, JR.**
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The dressing bugle had sounded some time since, but Dorothy still stood looking out over the sea. She was thinking how unfortunate it was that dinner on shipboard always robbed her of a view of the sunset. She was a good sailor and consequently had no excuse for taking her meals on deck.

"Still, if this were the only thing had to worry over," she reflected, "I might indeed be a happy woman."

And this was why Dorothy Shaw was a mystery to all her friends. She refused to be happy, though rich.

"Try it yourself," she would reply to their expressions of incredulity. "Have so much money left over that your every movement is followed by reporters. If you happen to order a different paper on Friday from the one you bought on Thursday you are certain that you will read in all of them on Saturday that you have decided to give a million to the campaign fund."

She felt that she could trust no one. By sorry experience she had learned that wealth was a bait few could resist, and "How much does he or she want now?" was her first thought on the advances of every new friend she made.

Finally in desperation she had taken passage in a slow ship under an assumed name, but even so was beset by the constant fear that some one on board would have seen her picture in the papers when her uncle left her the fortune which was her nightmare. That was an additional reason why she liked to linger on deck after most of her fellow passengers had gone down to array themselves for dinner.

"Oh!"

The exclamation was forced from her by a sudden gust of wind that took her tam on its wings and blew it straight across the gap of lower after deck that intervened on the Allecia between the first and second cabins.

The next instant she smiled and merely refrained from applauding. A man standing well forward on the deck had stretched out his hand and caught the transient bit of red worsted as it went whirling by him.

A half minute later and the two were standing on the neutral territory of the deck below for Dorothy had descended in the order to meet him half way in descending her property.

"I'm very much obliged," said she. "Not at all," said the man.

He was tall and straight and had the clear blue eyes that Dorothy preferred above all others.

She was about to turn back when the other exclaimed:

"Look! there's a whale! He's just spotted. He'll come up again in a minute, if you care to watch. See, where my finger points."

Dorothy certainly did care to watch. In all her crossings she had never seen a whale. Now she was rewarded with a fine view of a large specimen.

As it happened, this one kept on in the direction of the steamer for awhile, and after each spout she felt she must wait and see the next one. And then her companion seemed to know a good deal about the creature, which he imparted in a voice which possessed for Dorothy an indefinable charm.

Voices were a sort of hobby with her. She often declared that this was the one point on which she was not thoroughly patriotic—she could not bring herself to admire the average American accent.

But this stranger's voice puzzled her. He looked and dressed like one of her countrymen, but he spoke with neither the western burr, the southern twang, the Boston affectation nor the New York flatness.

She did not know until some weeks later that he was English born, but had come to the States as a young fellow hoping for better opportunities to make a living than his mother country afforded him. He was returning to England to claim a sum of money left him by an uncle.

The dinner bugle sounded, and the man, as if reminded by its notes that he belonged in a different atmosphere, the second cabin is called to meals by a pebbled bell, lifted his cap and walked away.

For the remainder of the voyage Sherwood Roberts hung over the back rail to gaze into the swirl of waters surging out from the twin screws and curse the fate that had led to his meeting this pretty woman on the present trip instead of on the one he expected to take a few weeks later.

"I might as well be a thousand miles away from her as in second cabin," he muttered between clenched teeth. "Idiot that I was for coming this way. And to think that within ten days I could lay a fortune at her feet. And the conventions won't even permit that I send her a note to say that this is positively my last appearance in poverty. But perhaps I'll meet her in London."

He never did, however, although he scoured Hyde park and the fashionable hotels after his claim to his uncle's property had been established and he had come into the possession of that which enabled him to dress three times a day.

"I wonder now," he would sometimes ask himself, "if I had put my pride in my pocket and borrowed enough on my expectations to come over first instead of second, would things have turned out differently? She looked as if she didn't mind so very much my having detained her to talk about whales. I wonder if—"

But what was the use of wondering anything about a woman he would probably never see again?

So this Englishman who had lived so long in the States that he could not keep away from them re-embarked for his adopted country in a first cabin deck room and tried to be happy in spite of a handicap that he couldn't forget.

During the first night out it came on to blow great guns. Roberts lay in his berth late, debating whether to get up or not, when suddenly something shot through his open port and hit him squarely in the face.

It was soft and red, with gold threads running through it, and—

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Roberts, starting up in his berth. "Her tam! Surely there could not be two of them—at least, he hoped there couldn't. But how had it come into his cabin?"

It could not be possible that she knew he was there and had taken this means of appraising him of her presence? Why, she had scarcely spoken half a dozen words to him in her life.

But the cap was hers unmistakably. He fondled it foolishly for a minute or two and then got up and proceeded to dress with all speed, or at least with as much speed as was consistent with the rolling of the vessel.

All day he haunted the ladies' room and the decks, almost deserted on account of the storm, and had begun to read the cards—afraid, beside each stateroom door when he suddenly remembered the foolishness of this plan to find a woman whose name he did not know.

"This is simply maddening," he told himself after a day of fine weather and still no sight of the tam's owner.

"At this rate she will escape me again." Then he bethought him of a brilliant expedient.

He took a pen and wrote the following notice:

Found—A lady's red tam, shot with gold. Owner may have same by applying at cabin 2 between bugles any evening.

This he affixed to the bulletin board in the companionway and that night dressed a half hour before the first bugle sounded so as to be in readiness to receive company during the period named.

"But nobody appeared—that evening nor the next, and now there were only two days left on the voyage.

He had passed a half hour of impatient waiting in the stuffy stateroom on the third day of the notice, and, quite discouraged, threw open his door to go to dinner, when he stepped squarely into the person who had emerged from her room just opposite in the narrow entryway.

"I beg your pardon," said Roberts, and then he fairly gasped as he realized that the other person was the lady of the tam.

"I have something of yours," he blurted out, "that red tam you lost once before."

The girl's cheeks suddenly took on the hue of the cap that hung over Roberts' berth.

"Oh," she said, "was it your port I hung it into? I didn't know. It started to blow away again that first morning and I thought I was tossing it into my own cabin."

"And you've been just across that five foot space," Roberts rejoined, "while I've been ransacking the ship for you—to restore the tam," he hastened to add. "Didn't you see the notice on the bulletin board?"

"No. This is the first I've been out since the storm. It left me with a nasty reminder of the shaking we all received. I'm so glad to be on deck again!—Did you have a pleasant trip on the other side?"

"Jolly fine," answered Roberts. But he wasn't thinking of the other side at all when he said it, but of the woman he had lost and found again.

Unconsciously they had walked to that part of the deck where Dorothy had been standing when the tam blew off on the voyage over.

"I suppose I must pin the cap in tightly this time," she remarked. "You won't be there to catch it if it flies off again." And she glanced over at the second cabin.

He looked up at the cue she was wearing.

"That's a very pretty tam," he observed impudently. "I trust it is skwered in tightly."

Whether she read his inner meaning, she gave no token then, but suggested that it was high time they both went down to dinner. The next night was the dance, and after the final two-step she reminded him that in the morning there would be the bustle of landing.

"And I haven't relieved you of that tam yet," she added.

"I shall miss it very much," he replied. "And you won't need it now the voyage is over."

"Yes," she said slyly, her eyes fixed on Nantucket light, toward which they were swiftly cutting their way. "I suppose it has served its purpose, but I don't want to lose it again."

Roberts knew she wasn't thinking of all the words implied, but he was quick enough to seize at the opening, and—well, before they faced the customs-officers on the pier he knew where to take the tam.

But he always forgets to carry it with him when he calls, and when Dorothy one evening said "Yes" to a certain question he asked her she added, "This is a desperate step to take to regain possession of a little old red in-a-shakes."

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mme. Alexandre Ribot, wife of a leading French statesman, was formerly Miss Minnie Burch of Chicago.

Mrs. Christina Huber of St. Louis, Mo., after twenty-two years in an insane asylum, at eighty-five years has recovered her reason.

Mrs. Mary Minora, aged fourteen, of New York, has been a wife for more than a year. She still has the appearance and manner of a child.

Miss Hattie Beatty, a San Francisco newspaper reporter, has fallen heir to \$20,000 to be used in behalf of poor children as Miss Beatty sees fit.

The Ottoman government has conferred upon Dr. Mary Mills Patrick, president of Constantinople college, the order of the Shefakim in recognition of her splendid services in the cause of higher education for women.

Flippant Flings.

Water, water everywhere—and plenty on board to drink. —Boston-Herald.

Dr. Anna Shaw favors cheaper divorcement. Pity the poor who have to get along happily together. —Detroit Free Press.

Most of our motion picture films come from Italy, France and the United States. You seldom see a Scottish reel in the picture palace. —London Globe.

"Make room for your boy's energies," advises Edwin Markham. He will find the room if you will supply him with a bat, a catcher's mask, a ball and a lawn mower or a whitewash brush. —Houston Post.

Dress Hints.

White shoes can be dyed brown with ten drops of saffron mixed with three teaspoonfuls of olive oil, two coats being applied with flannel.

In making children's dresses it is a good idea to make a large hem at the bottom, making a tuck underneath in the hem, to be let out as needed.

To freshen black kid gloves mix a teaspoonful of salicylic acid with a few drops of black ink. Apply with a feather and then dry the gloves in the sun.

To keep a pocket from tearing down sew a hook and eye at the very bottom of the pocket on the wrong side. Hook together, pinching the hook down tightly, and it will never come unfastened.

Town Topics.

One trouble with Philadelphia is that she pays more attention to individual drinking cups for horses than to better accommodations for the people. —Washington Herald.

With 110 bomb outrages in eight months, New York may well be silent as to happenings of a similar character in Europe, even where an arch-duke is concerned. —New York World.

Here's a vote to put St. Paul in the unique city class. City street crews here work so fast that the contracting company can not keep them supplied with creosote paving blocks. —St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Fashion Frills.

Paris is now viewing with interest a fashionable shoe with no toe. Can it be possible that the human foot is to be released from its ancient bondage? —Chicago News.

Florists are somewhat concerned about the new fashions because some of the new bouquets do not contain enough material to pin a rose on. —Youngstown Telegram.

Slim women are going out of fashion, says a household page. That will be good news to most women. It's so much easier to build out than to squeeze in. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sporting Notes.

Uncle Sam might do well to fill that yawning cup with lead before Sir Thomas tries to lift it again. —Chicago News.

Juvenal declares that nature never says one thing and wisdom another, but nature often says "the bad part" when wisdom says "the job." —Louisville Courier Journal.

Baseball is barred at the Olympic games because not enough nations play it. What we need is a nation who will sweat a ball with a sweat heard around the world. —Omaha World Herald.

Health Hints.

The wind-blown room is a curse to civilization and should not be occupied by either man or beast.

In measles there are cases that never break out, and in whooping cough there are cases that never whoop; however, these cases are just as "catching" as any.

We eat three times a day, but we must breathe eight or nine times a minute. And every breath we take should be of good, fresh air, not stale, second hand or used cast-off air, either.

Automobile Runs.

There are 210 makes of autos on the British market.

Copenhagen compels all taxicabs to be ventilated after each trip.

An automobile mounted on but two wheels, employing a gyroscope to hold it erect, has been built by a Russian engineer.

It is estimated that there are approximately 1,000,000 automobiles in use in this country and that they consume \$100,000,000 worth of gasoline in a year.

SIRENS AND SONS.

A. K. de Gulaard has been employed by one New York bank for the past fifty years.

Samuel Gompers is sixty-four years old and has been president of the American Federation of Labor for half that period, or for thirty-two years.

Dr. S. F. Pearson, who built the electric light plant which supplies the City of Mexico with light and power, is an American, a native of Massachusetts.

Representative Stanley E. Bowditch of Ohio, the successor to Nicholas Longworth in congress, spins gyroscopic tops for a pastime in his hours of recreation. When he gets tired spinning tops he designs and invents still more tops.

Professor Albrecht Penck, on whom the American Geographical society has conferred a medal for geographical research and his important contributions to science, is the originator of the international world map on a uniform scale of one to a million. The presentation was made in Berlin, the home of the scientist.

Short Stories.

Budapest, Hungary, is to have a suicide prevention bureau.

It is said that about 1,400 earth tremors were felt in Japan last year.

More than 4,800 persons have applied to join the latest British polar expedition.

The annual capacity of the forest nurseries of the government is about \$25,000,000 trees.

Sugar consumption in the United States is now about a pound and a half a week for each person.

Elopements are prevented in New Guinea by compelling eligible girls to sleep in the trees. The ladders are removed after they retire.

Industrial Items.

There are about 1,500 factories in Sweden manufacturing machinery, and these give employment to about 60,000 workmen.

A recent government report shows that wages of farm laborers have increased more than those of city workmen in the last twenty years.

The average wages earned by ready-made clothing operators in England are as follows, depending on age and skill: Girls, 5 to 12 shillings (\$1.20 to \$2.90 a week); boys, 6 to 12 shillings (\$1.40 to \$2.90); women, 18 to 20 shillings (\$4.32 to \$4.80), and men, 21 to 25 shillings (\$5.10 to \$6.32).

Laundry Lines.

To insure bluing being evenly distributed add a little salt to the water.

If you wish laundered lace to look nice, iron it while quite damp, with cheesecloth over it.

To set colors in laundering pink, green, aniline reds, lavender and purple, use water containing dissolved alum, two ounces to a tub.

To restore dingy towels to whiteness put them in a boiler of cold water, add white soap shavings and lemon juice and let them come to a boil. Rinse in tepid water, then blue water. Hang in the sun to dry.

Train and Track.

The Canadian Northern will this year build 100 miles of railway between Oliver and St. Paul de Moles, Canadian Northwest.

Operating expenses of American railroads in 1913 amounted to \$2,184,451,000; gross revenue, \$3,118,929,000; net, \$825,927,000.

Railroad ties made of re-enforced concrete into which asbestos fibers have been introduced, tried out on a Bavarian railway, can be drilled and hammered like wood, which they far outlast.

Current Comment.

What a terribly dangerous place our oceans would be without the wireless! —Boston Herald.

The haste in announcing cures by radium has developed some danger of putting it along with turtle serum in the popular estimation. —Washington Star.

France had 5,112 fewer babies born last year than in 1912. It looks as though the language of diplomacy would soon become a monologue. —New York Sun.

A Few Questions.

An Oregon newspaper tells us that "women will run things yet." Why not say still? —Philadelphia Ledger.

Jews in America, according to a New York rabbi, neglect their religion. But why confine this criticism to the Jews? —Manchester Union.

It costs more to raise a dog than a sheep," says the agricultural department. Then why the price of lamb chops? —Detroit Free Press.

Flower and Tree.

The magnolia has a more powerful perfume than any other flower.

A fig tree in Spain, if in good, healthy condition, produces 150 to 200 pounds of fruit annually.

An orange tree will sometimes produce 20,000 oranges, while a lemon tree seldom yields more than 2,000 lemons.

In India there is a "burning tree," which imparts the same sensation as a burn when it comes in contact with the skin.

The "Gentleman Corporal"

By M. QUAD
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They were going to make a ride to the foothills and back—Captain Cline and the colonel's daughter. That meant a gallop of thirty miles.

"Not an Indian has been seen this side of the range for four months," said the captain as he talked over the proposed ride with the colonel, "and the trip is perfectly safe. I will detail an escort from my own company, but it will be only for appearance sake."

"Yes, it will be safe, and May will enjoy the gallop," said the colonel, and no more was said about it.

At sunrise all were ready to set forth. As the girl stood on the veranda waiting for her horse six of the men of A troop came riding up under command of Corporal Haynes. They halted thirty feet away, and as she looked them over she gave a start of surprise, and a flush overspread her face. Next moment her cheeks went white, and she gasped as if choked for breath. The corporal's hand slowly lifted, and his head was uncovered for an instant, and Private Harkins whispered to Private O'Brien:

"And did you see that, Jim? By smoke, if our corporal and the colonel's daughter haven't met before then I don't know a jack rabbit from a long drink of whisky!"

"And the corporal isn't a bit easy in his mind," added the other.

"It all took place in a minute, and then Captain Cline rode up, followed by the girl's horse.

The two riders went galloping away, followed at a distance of 100 yards by the escort. Now and then the pace was slackened down a bit to breathe the horses, but no halt was made until the Devil's basin was reached. The escort halted forty yards from the riders, and the men sat about on the rocks. Meanwhile Corporal Haynes climbed to the top of a great boulder and surveyed the country about with his keen eyes. It was three-quarters of an hour before he came down and said:

"Mind, see to your arms and be close. I'm going up to report to the captain."

"Did I call you?" he harshly asked as the corporal came to a halt and saluted.

"No, sir," was the reply, "but I thought it best to tell you that I have met our Indians beyond the basin to the north."

"It's all nonsense."

"But there are Indians skulking about, sir," persisted the corporal.

"Go back to your men!" was the sudden reply.

When he had reached the troopers he quietly said:

"Men, I have been up to the captain to report that there is a band of at least fifty Indians skulking down this way from Red Bird pass. They have seen us, and they are after us. We've got good cover, and we can stand 'em off for the day."

"But when night comes?" asked one of the men, though without a tremor in his tones.

"Get quietly ready," was the reply.

Meanwhile there was an argument between the captain and the colonel's daughter. He sought to assure her that nothing had been seen and that there was not the slightest danger, but to his annoyance, she persisted in believing that there must be good grounds for the corporal's report. This annoyance made him delay matters, and nearly half an hour had passed, and it was very much against the grain when he shouted for the soldier to approach and sneeringly added:

"Well, corporal, isn't it about time your Indians showed up?"

"We shall hear from them in ten minutes," was the reply. "But if we mounted now and rode fast we would find the way open," said the corporal, with downcast eyes.

"Rack, you impudent vagabond!" thundered the captain with outstretched arms. "I'll break you for this, minute we get back!"

The corporal turned his gaze on the girl for a few fleeting seconds; then his head and shoulders dropped in a helpless way, and he saluted his officer and retired.

Bang, bang, bang, went the carbines of the troopers, and the corporal came running up the hill to seize and drag the officer under shelter and to say to the girl:

"You must crouch down here and remain quiet. They can't get at you till they have killed the last one of us!"

By and by she missed the reports of the carbines, and the sound of footsteps echoed in her ears.

"Come!" said the corporal as he lifted her up.

"Oh, Robert, and have you beaten them off?" she exclaimed.

"No. My men are all dead, and the Indians will rush us in a minute."

"And we—"

He put his arms around her waist and assisted her to the rock, on which were the remains of her breakfast. The steaming, heaving, mysterious lake was thirty feet beneath them.

"Better this than that!" he said as he pointed from the lake to a score of Indians advancing.

"Yes, better this!" she murmured as she took fast hold of him and put up her face to be kissed, and the savages stopped in their advance and shrieked and screamed their disappointment. By and by they advanced and looked down into the lake, but it had no story to tell.

"Because we men always stand by each other."

HIS PUNISHMENT

By F. A. MITCHEL

"Did any one ever hear the like of that? I'll fix him!" with a concentration of energy on the word "him."

Dorothy Deane, engaged to Tom Arnold, had called at his house to see his mother about arrangements for the wedding. It happened that Tom and his friend, Ned Winthrop, were in the smoking room and unconscious of Dorothy's presence in the adjoining parlor. She overheard her fiancé talking with his chum. Ned was saying:

"So you're to be swung off next week? Poor fellow! You'll feel like a muzzled dog, a chained dog, a dog with his tail between his legs. If you smoke she'll bother you till you give it up that she may have the money you spend on it for hats. If you stay at home much of the time she'll make you feel what it is to have a man about the house all day. If you go out she'll accuse you of leaving her to mope all alone while you are enjoying yourself in the gay world. As for me, she'll brook no rivalry. She'll freeze me out the first."

Dorothy heard no more for at this point Tom shut the door.

The honeymoon was over, and Ned Winthrop was invited to spend the week end at the newly married couple's country place. When Arnold invited him Ned tried to beg off by saying he had no mind to be snubbed by the bride with a view to breaking off the last vestige of intimacy between himself and the husband. But Tom urged him, and he gave in. Mrs. Arnold received him cordially.

Moreover, she had provided a young lady friend to meet him.

Miss Kate Rathbone had been selected from all of Mrs. Arnold's acquaintances as the most competent person to make him eat his words overheard by her before her marriage. The hearts Miss Rathbone had smashed were like the sands of the sea. Men had fought over her, had mourned over her and groaned over her. And now Ned had been brought to the house in order to be made to suffer for his strictures on wives.

The net was set immediately. Miss Rathbone gave Mr. Winthrop a glance the moment of their meeting intended to give him to understand that her breath had been quite taken away by his Apollo-like appearance. She was very gracious to him at dinner and when left alone with him on the veranda in the moonlight turned her face so that the heavenly orb might rest upon it, softened her voice to dove-like tones and used her eyes without mercy.

Mr. Winthrop appeared at least to be deeply moved by his fiancé's companion. He was a bright man, a good conversationalist, which with him meant to listen attentively. His voice was a baritone, but he seldom used it, though when he did it was with good effect. For two days he was under the fascinations of Miss Rathbone, and when Monday came, being loyally to prolong his visit, consented to do so.

Mrs. Arnold was much pleased at the way her scheme of punishment was progressing. Her husband was obliged to go to the city during the day, but returned the same afternoon. Mrs. Arnold busied herself with her household duties while he was absent, leaving her guests to entertain each other.

Every day it was expected that Ned Winthrop would break down before Kate Rathbone and beg for mercy. There was certainly every indication that he would. He showed plainly that he was about to drop into the bottomless pit that had been dug for him. He hung on Miss Rathbone's every word. If she remained long in her room for her afternoon siesta he walked about forlorn, and his face brightened at her appearance. Mrs. Arnold did not scruple to do some eavesdropping, hoping to hear the proposal.

At the end of ten days Winthrop remarked ruefully that his affairs in the city were suffering and he must return. Mrs. Arnold urged him to remain, and Miss Rathbone looked unhappy at the prospect of his departure. He was easily persuaded and the campaign was prolonged. But there was every indication that a capitulation would occur at any moment.

On the morning of the thirteenth (unlucky day of this scheme of punishment Mr. Winthrop did not appear at breakfast. A servant reported that he had started for the railway station for the 5:30 train. The two conspirators looked at each other in dismay. Then a maid brought the hostess a note left by her guest apologizing for his abrupt departure. He had received a telephone message during the night that his presence was needed in the city. When the postman came he brought a letter for Miss Rathbone from a friend. She read it and handed it to Mrs. Arnold. It ran as follows:

"I understand that woman hater, lady killer Ned Winthrop is of your party at the Arnolds. Although you are adept at such affairs yourself, I would advise you to have a care with him. He is a terrible heart breaker, without any conscience whatever."

Mrs. Arnold looked up from the letter to her friend, and both burst into a laugh.

"Tom," said Mrs. Arnold before her husband's departure for the city, "why didn't you tell me your chum was a heart smasher?"

"Because we men always stand by each other."