The Smugglers

By WILL T. AMES

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There was no long, black, rakish lugger. There was no cave, wind swept and spray washed, carved by the erosion of a million years of breakers far into the face of a cliff. There was no secret underground passage leading from the back of the cave to the manor house of the titled leader of the smugglers; there was no clash of cutlasses; no band of bearded adventurers ready to lay down their lives for the swashbuckling, handsome young chieftain.

There was a trawler, an inshore trawler 30 feet long with a tiny cabin forward and a little glass hut like a wee conning tower to protect the steersman's head as he stood on the cockpit floor and ran his ship, engine and wheel, quite alone; for she was a one-man boat.

Ashore, at a spot where the river road ran but half a dozen rods from the estuary, there was waiting a one-ton motortruck. And there was as fine a cargo of contraband in the trawler as was ever boated ashore from any lugger or battled over in the dark by soldiers and blue-water bullies, since custom houses, and their evasion, were invented.

Travis' part in the transaction looked easy. All he had to do was to meet the tramp a mile due south of Ducks and Drakes' light at ten o'clock, take the 40 cases aboard, run into the sequestered estuary which was his home harbor, anyhow, help the man of the motortruck load the stuff and collect $10 a case from the truck driver.

Four hundred dollars for a night's work is a lot of money to a trawler. And Ben particularly needed that $400. As to the risk—"Piffle!" said Kimpinski. Kimpinski, junk dealer, was the owner of the truck, and its driver for this occasion. "If the government was looking for some one for a few bottles of booze, would they let a ship-

Arose Out of the Hedge to Greet Him.

load of it go along the coast like a peddler, maybe? Sure, it's all fixed. Everywhere it is coming in. The coast guards—shaw! They can see nothing; the wind is blowing hundred-dollar bills in their eyes!"

There seemed to be sense to this. If the government were, indeed, as zealous in the suppression of contraband liquor as it was supposed to be, would it be likely to concern itself with small fry like Ben, and still permit a big ship to cruise the coast, dropping off her illicit cargo here and there to fishermen, tugs and coastwise schooners? Surely it must be well "fixed." And Ben was young and adventurous; he didn't put much stock in the eighteenth amendment anyhow—and he needed the money; Caroline and he needed it.

Caroline was helping in the matter of the bungalow, too. She went into town five evenings a week and taught foreigners in the evening school. It's strange how things happen, how they dovetail; one of Caroline's pupils was Kimpinski's eldest son, a man grown but young. Kimpinski came to the school and called his son out into the hall. Afterward, near the door where Kimpinski had stood Caroline picked up a crumpled telegram, addressed to the junk man and signed by an initial. It said:

"Try Benjamin Travis, trawl fisherman, Sandy Bay."

It was rather startling to Caroline. Also it happened that young Isadore Finkelstein confided to Miss Webster that Kimpinski was a bad ban, a law-smasher already.

Now it was that Caroline had just been reading an old-time novel—one of the lugger and cave sort—and as she read it the thought had come to her that the dashing, handsome smuggler hero must have looked a good deal like Ben. So, with what she knew about the mysterious telegram and Kimpinski's reputation, when Ben a couple of evenings later told her the next night he would have to be out all night in his boat—a most unusual thing—something jumped up in Caroline's throat and her heart beat in fear.

No man could have deduced that Kimpinski had gotten Ben and his boat mixed up in liquor smuggling. Any woman could, especially one who knew Ben's streak of recklessness, and who had been reading lugger stories.

Wherefore, as Ben's trawler chugged up to an anchorage three rods from the shore where Kimpinski's truck waited, on as dark a night as you can have when there are no stars, and when Ben, with six of the cases piled into his skiffboat, rowed ashore, four coastguard gobs and a coastguard lieutenant arose out of the hedge to greet him, and at the same instant two others stepped from behind the trees where they had been watching Kimpinski for 20 minutes, and grabbed the junkman by the collar.

"We'll just trouble you for the loan of your skiff, Travis," said the officer, "till we bring the rest of that stuff ashore ourselves. Then you can take her and go about your business. You're a very lucky chap."

It was at the front gate of Caroline Webster's home that they had it out the next afternoon. Caroline, pale, but determined, met Ben there and talked to him over the barrier instead of swinging it open, as usual, in mute welcome.

"I know what happened last night," she began, taking the situation by the horns. "It was I who informed—if you want to call it that."

Travis looked at her as if she had struck him in the face.

"You!"

"Yes, I, Ben Travis; you and I have been nearly three years trying to get a home together so as to start right. It has meant just as much to me as it has to you. And in my way I've worked just as hard for it as you have. But if we ever do have a home together, Ben, it's got to be one without a stain on it. It has got to be earned straight and kept straight.

"I could have pretended not to know anything about that escapade of yours. Or I could have let it go and then pleaded with you afterward not to do it any more. But that wouldn't do—neither of these things would do—for me. You've got a wild streak in you, Ben, that's got to be driven out.

"So when I made up my mind that you were getting into this crooked liquor smuggling—crooked it is, Ben, no matter what you may think—I went straight into town and saw the commandant of the coast guard station. I told them what I felt sure was going to be done, but I wouldn't tell them where nor who was probably in it, until they promised to let you go—and let Kimpinski go, too, for the information he could give them—if they could only get the goods and get at the people higher up, the big men behind the business. They didn't want to make terms like that, but by and by they consented. Today the commandant told me over the phone that Kimpinski had 'come through' and the men who are financing this traffic are going to the penitentiary.

"Ben, I don't know how you're going to take this. Maybe you'll think that a woman who will do a thing like what I did isn't a goodenough pal to tie up to. If you do, I can't help it. But if you come through that gate it's got to be as a man who is through, for good and all, with every thought of getting an easy dollar by breaking the law of the land." Caroline unlatched the gate and stood back.

And Kimpinski wasn't the only smuggler who "came through."

CONDOR'S REALM IS INVADED

Crossing of the Andes by Aviators Is Annoying to the Great Birds.

The Andes are becoming quite blase to crossings and the condors are understood to be highly annoyed at the constant invasion of their private residences at 15,000 feet or so of altitude. Since Jorge Newbery met the fate of the courageous pioneer there have been several successful crossings. The name of the former will always be connected with the Cordillera with the same melancholy celebrity that attaches to the death of Lord Francis Douglass and Mr. Hadow on the Matterhorn.

The most recent disturber of the wild mountain solitudes is a Chilean military aviator, Lieut. Armando Cortinez, who descended at Mendoza after leaving the military flying school ground of Lo Espejo, near Santiago de Chile. He broke his propeller in landing and was obliged to wait for spare parts and a mechanic.

As he went up merely to attempt an altitude flight, and had no leave to cross the frontier chain, the lieutenant will be put under arrest on his return, while being given all credit for his plucky achievement. Discipline is discipline.—Buenos Aires Standard.

Confusion of Names.

Aunt Matilda came back from town, proud of her new purchase. It was a "transformation," one of those front pieces of hair which are reputed to make one look young. But Aunt Matilda's made her look more than young—decidedly "loud," if you please.

The tiniest piece went to tell mother. "Oh, mother, come here and see Aunt Matilda's confirmation," she called.

The high school nephew winked at his chum. "She'd better call it her consternation, I think," he whispered, "judging from the impression it has created on me."

THRIFT COURSE LATEST SCHOOL SAVING PLAN

Interesting Pamphlet Issued by Treas. Dept. Savings Division Explains New Study.

In furtherance of the plan to promote the thrift idea there has been prepared and distributed for use in elementary schools a comprehensive pamphlet outlining a course of study in thrift. The Savings Division of the Treasury Department has compiled an interesting and illuminating booklet which embraces the essential elements for teaching and correlating thrift with everyday subjects of study.

An introduction to the pamphlet explains the purposes of the thrift course, as follows:

"One of the most important problems which presents itself at this time to the American people is the necessity for individual and national thrift. Thrift is a virtue which can be acquired only after careful study and practice. The schools are in a position to render distinguished service to the nation by establishing the habit of thrift firmly in the minds of those who are soon to direct its affairs.

"The outline for the teaching of thrift presented herewith is designed to place in relief those portions of the various subjects in the curriculum which constitute the material best adapted to the teaching of thrift. It is intended to be used in connection with the subjects now in the curriculum, but may if desired form a suggestive basis for special instruction in thrift.

"This outline is flexible enough to be adapted to the school systems of all localities. With wise administration it should contribute in a large way towards making the future men and women of America a permanently thrifty people."

Included in the pamphlet is a complete elementary course in thrift, embracing definitions by famous personages, aims, methods of teaching, ten principles of thrift, five principles of personal thrift and outlines of study according to grades. The graded courses include direct instruction, correlated study, with examples in arithmetic, history, geography, hygiene, nature study, English and special subjects, and practice of thrift as related to care of clothing, desks, etc.; salvage of paper, rubber, copper, tinfoil, iron, bottles, etc., and ways of earning money during spare time.

Already the thrift study course has met with popularity among principles and school teachers, and there is an increasing advocacy of the plan which, it is predicted, will win universal approval throughout the country when its benefits are more widely recognized.

Saving Ideas — How and What to Save

If Saving Were Fashionable.

(Prepared by Savings Division, U. S. Treasury.)

The effect of fashion on saving has been deemed so important by the British National War Saving Committee that it has devoted a special paragraph in one of its reports of the importance of making saving fashionable. This report reads in part: "An outstanding feature of modern life is the effect of fashion. Town life, universal newspaper reading and gregarious habits make people very susceptible to suggestions of all kinds. . . . A stronger counter-suggestion must be supplied."

The report then urges simplicity in life, dress, decoration, to provide available money to lend to the government, but also to release services engaged in non-essential activities for the production of more important staples.

In the United States the war made saving fashionable. It was a good fashion, especially the fashion of buying War Savings Stamps and Victory notes. It would be too bad to have this fashion pass. Wise buying, avoidance of waste, intelligent saving and safe investment mean so much to the nation in the post-armistice and early peace periods.

UNITED STATES
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
Spend Wisely — Save Sanely
INVEST SAFELY

Will You Be One Of A Million Workers To Secure Members for The American Red Cross

Volunteer Now At Your Chapter Headquarters
Third Red Cross Roll Call
November 2-11

NOT SO GREEN, AFTER ALL

Man About Town Need Not Have Wasted His Sympathy On Seemingly Unsophisticated Youth.

"During the state fair," remarked the man about town, "I was riding north on a High street car. Yes, it was crowded. As we approached the Union station a gaunt youth, with shoe-top trousers, green suit, red necktie and unrazored lips, leaned over, as we stood together in the front vestibule, and asked me if that place up yonder might be the depot. I assured him that it was, wondering to myself if he would be able to get through the mob at the station without having his pocket picked.

A moment later the youngster, whose innocence had so impressed me, explained that he was looking for a friend from Greenfield on the 11:40 train. "We've come over to take in the cattle show at the fair grounds," he added.

"I prided myself on directing him carefully as he got off the car, but worried, nevertheless, when I thought what an easy mark he would make for a 'sharper.'

"Instinctively I felt for my own purse and—it was gone. My own back would have been a more appropriate place for that green suit."—Columbus Dispatch.

MYOGA HAD DONE ITS WORK

Ample Proof of Its Potency, Though There Was No Occasion for Many Congratulations.

A Japanese, Mr. Aisaku Waseda, discusses Japanese humor in the Tourist, and offers the following selection:

Said an innkeeper's wife to her husband:

"The guest who came this evening carries a package that seems to contain things of great value. I wish he would leave it behind."

"I have a good idea," said the husband. "I will give him a great deal of myoga."

The innkeeper carried out his plan and gave myoga, a spicy vegetable supposed to produce forgetfulness, in abundance to the guest with soup and with vegetables, and soon after the guest had departed he hopefully inspected the room. There was no trace of the coveted baggage.

The landlady began to scoff at the inefficacy of myoga as an oblivion producer, but her husband admonished her not to lose faith so easily.

"The myoga has had its effect," he declared.

"What do you mean?" demanded the woman.

"Why, he forgot to pay his bill," replied the husband.

Surely Something of a Jonah.

There is still some firm belief in Jonahs at sea. Not so long ago, in England, a sailor, who was prosecuted for failing to join an admiralty transport, pleaded in excuse that he was known to seamen generally as Jonah, and that the sailors on the transport had threatened to throw him overboard if he did join.

Certainly if superstition ever could be rational they had some reason for theirs. This sailor had served on the Titanic and the Empress of Ireland, both of which were wrecked, and on the Lusitania and Florizan, both of which were torpedoed.

Explained.

They are mighty proud of their one skyscraper up in Seattle.

It is a long, skinny building, that stands on one leg like a stork, and blinks down disdainfully from its thousand windows on ordinary 15-story shacks.

A San Francisco man, recently in that city, was incautious enough to express surprise.

"What are those posts sticking out all the way up?" he asked a Seattleite.

"Those are mile posts," said the Seattle man.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Why Complain?

There was a fish dinner and Henrietta, aged five, was doing considerable grumbling about a couple of bones that, despite her mother's caution, were in her portion.

Edith, aged six, listened to Henrietta for some time without comment. Then, suddenly, she burst out, patience having apparently reached its limit.

"For goodness' sake, Henrietta, don't fuss so! God put 'em there."—Rochester Times.

Not Warm Enough to Ignite.

"What have you there?" asked a curious friend.

"A package of old love letters," replied the host.

"Going to burn them?"

"Yes. When I wrote these missives, they were so fervent I had an idea they might be ignited by spontaneous combustion, but I think I'll have to use a match, after all."—Houston Post.

No Wear and Tear.

"Why do you always type your letters, old bean?"

"Saves brain fag, dear old boy. I just type 'My Darling,' and then tap away at the jolly old X, and—er—well, there you are!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Retrouse.

He—Good-day. Where are you going?

She—Though it's no business of yours I am following my nose!

He—Oh, I see! You are going up in the lift?

FOND OF GORGEOUS RAIMENT

Queen Elizabeth, in Full Regalia, Must Have Had Some Resemblance to a Rainbow.

The wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth, according to an inventory just handed down, rivaled that of any of the present-day movie stars. A list of her clothing at one time included 99 robes, 126 kirtles, 269 gowns, 136 foreparts, 125 petticoats, 96 cloaks, 85 doublets, 83 safeguards and 18 lap mantles. Designers fashioned her gowns from the richest materials, including gold tissue, crimson satin, cloth of gold, cloth of silver, white velvet, drake-colored satin, dove-colored velvet, lady-blush satin and mantles of white plush striped with swan's down, it is recorded. She had all of these and many more.

A description of one of her characteristic dresses is: A forepart of white satin, embroidered very fair with borders of the sun, moon and other signs and planets of Venice; gold, silver and silk of sundry colors, with an embroidered border of beasts beneath. She carried a fan with white feathers and with a golden handle set with precious stones. Her slippers were made of cloth of silver embroidered with seed pearls. She wore a parasol of crimson velvet damask, striped with Venetian gold and silver lace, with a handle of mother of pearl.

DIVIDING THE FAMILY AUTO

Arrangement Proposed by Hubby By No Means Satisfactory to His Better Half.

There is a distinct feeling in a Muncie family, due to a difference in mother's and father's politics, he being a Democrat and she a Republican. Also there is a family automobile.

On the morning of the last election in Muncie the head of the house made the announcement that he was off that day and was going to haul voters to the polls. Immediately mother rose in revolt: "Half of that machine is mine!" she stormed, "and you are not going to use it to haul Democrats to the polls!"

Father was rather warm under the collar then. "Indeed I am," he retorted. "Tomorrow is my day to use it and I intend to use it to haul Democrats to the polls. The next day is yours and you can use my half of it as well as your own to haul Republicans to Halifax for all I care!"—Indianapolis News.

Sound Finance.

"Tell me, Ethel, is it true that your husband stays late every night at the club to play billiards for—for money?"

There was a sob in the anxious mother's voice as she spoke the last sad words. But her recently wed daughter smiled brightly as she replied.

"Yes, mother, but it's quite all right. He gives me all his winnings!"

"What!" gasped the elder lady. "You—"

"He always plays with Mr. Jones next door," went on Ethel. "And Mrs. Jones makes him give her all his winnings, and she gives me all the money she gets and I give her all the money I get, and so we both have twice as much as we could get out of them otherwise."—London Answers.

Nothing More to Be Said.

"I'm afraid you haven't much of a town here, my friend."

"What's wrong with it, stranger?"

"Well, you have only half a dozen ramshackle stores and about the same number of dwelling houses. The most substantial building I see is the little red depot over there."

"Maybe you're right, stranger, Chiggersville ain't much for looks, but," continued the resider as he straightened up and his eyes flashed, "I'd have you understand that this is the home of an American 'ace.'"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

His Method.

"Oh, Mr. Scribbler," cried the gushing young admirer to the successful novelist, "how do you get your delightful dialogue, perfect cross-sections of life, I call it? Where do you ever find it?"

"Perfectly easy, my dear young lady," replied the gifted author. "I have a party line, and whenever I want anything of the kind I merely unhook the receiver and listen for a few minutes. It never fails."—Columbia State.

Discouraging.

"I shall never ask Jack for his advice again."

"What's the matter, dear?"

"He never thinks what I've made up my mind to do is right."

Not Sure About It.

"You are giving your daughter a musical education, aren't you?"

"Well, I can't say that exactly, but I am paying for one."

American Ships Gain.

American tonnage on the seas has been increased 382 per cent by the war, while Britain's tonnage decreased 12 per cent.

Tip to Inventors.

An inventor has invented a noiseless gas engine. What humanity really needs, however, is a noiseless tomcat.—Thrift Magazine.

Everything Upset.

A New York state church choir has gone on strike. The spirit of [illegible] it seems has spread even to [illegible] are supposed to furnish [illegible]