The GREEN PEA PIRATES

By PETER B. KYNE

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HICKS AND FLAHERTY ON VENGEANCE BENT.

Synopsis.—Captain Phineas P. Scraggs has grown up around the docks of San Francisco, and from mess boy on a river steamer, risen to the ownership of the steamer Maggie. Since each annual inspection promised to be the last of the old weatherbeaten vessel, Scraggs naturally has some difficulty in securing a crew. When the story opens, Adelbert P. Gibney, likable, but erratic, a man whom nobody but Scraggs would hire, is the skipper. Neils Halvorsen, a solemn Swede, constitutes the forecastle hands, and Bart McGuffey, a wastrel of the Gibney type, reigns in the engine room. With this motley crew and his ancient vessel, Captain Scraggs is engaged in freighting garden truck from Halfmoon bay to San Francisco. The inevitable happens, the Maggie going ashore in a fog. A passing vessel hailing the wreck, Mr. Gibney gets word to a towing company in San Francisco that the ship ashore is the Yankee Prince, with promise of a rich salvage.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

—3—

"That'll do, bosun," Gibney thundered. Then, in his natural voice, to Scraggs: "All set, Scraggsy. Guess we're ready to be pulled off. Get down in the engine room and stand by for full speed ahead when I give the word."

"Quick! Hurry!" Scraggs entreated as he disappeared through the little engine-room hatch, for the tide was now at the tip of the flood and the Maggie was bumping wickedly and driving further up the beach. Mr. Gibney turned his stovepipe seaward and shouted: "Tugboats, ahoy!"

...

science left," Hicks defended himself.

He closed the book with a sigh and placed it back on the shelf, just as the door opened to admit no less personage than Bartholomew McGuffey, late chief engineer, first assistant, second assistant, third assistant wiper, oiler, water-tender and stoker of the S. S. Maggie. With a brief nod to Jack Flaherty Mr. McGuffey approached Dan Hicks.

"I been lookin' for you, captain," he announced. "Say, I hear the chief o' the Aphrodite's goin' to take a three months' layoff to get shet of his rheumatism. Is that straight?"

"I believe it is, McGuffey."

"Well, say, I'd like to have a chance to substitoot for him. You know my capabilities, Hicks, an' if it would be agreeable to you to have me for your chief your recommendation would go a long way toward landin' me the job. I'd sure make them engines behave."

"What vessel have you been on lately?" Hicks demanded cautiously, for he knew Mr. McGuffey's reputation for non-reliability around pay day.

"I been with that freshwater scavenger, Scraggs, in the Maggie for most a year."

"Did you quit or did Scraggs fire you?"

"He fired me," McGuffey replied honestly. "If he hadn't I'd have quit, so it's a toss-up. Comin' in from Halfmoon bay last night we got in the fog an' piled up on the beach just below the Cliff house—"

"This is interesting," Jack Flaherty ...

thought only of escape. To climb up to the bulkhead without being seen was impossible, however, so, not knowing what else to do, he stood on the iron ladder and gazed, pop-eyed with horror, at the unequal contest.

Backward and forward the tide of battle surged. For nearly three minutes all Scraggs saw was an indistinct tangle of legs and arms; then suddenly the combatants disengaged themselves and Scraggs beheld Mr. Gibney prone upon the deck with a gory face upturned to the foggy skies. When he essayed to rise and continue the contest, Flaherty kicked him in the ribs and Hicks cursed him; so Mr. Gibney, realizing that all was over, beat the deck with his hand in token of surrender. Hicks and Flaherty waited until the fallen gladiator had recovered sufficient breath to sit up; then they pounced upon him, lifted him to the rail, and dropped him overboard. Captain Scraggs shrieked in protest at this added touch of barbarity, and Dan Hicks, turning, beheld Scraggsy's white face at the hatch.

"You're next, Scraggs," he called cheerfully, and turned to peer over the rail. Mr. Gibney had emerged on the surface and was swimming slowly away toward an adjacent float where small boats landed. He climbed wearily up on the float and sat there.

"Scraggsy," He Bawled, "Scraggsy-y-y! Help! Murder! It's Hicks and Flaherty! Bring an Ax!"

Mr. Gibney Turned His Stovepipe Seaward and Shouted: "Tugboats, Ahoy!"

CHAPTER IV.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fossils Reveal History.

Gave No Promise of Greatness.

ONE-SIDE EFFECTS

Precision and Exactness Taboo in Dressmaking.

Passing of Mathematical Ideas Has Made Place for Display of Great-er Art in Dress.

STEEPLES OF MANY DESIGNS

CAMISOLES FOR CHRISTMAS

IN KERCHIEF COLOR DESIGNS

OZONE AND THE SAND MAN

FRANCE IS FASHION LEADER

Daily Improvement Work.

Easier to Cultivate.

Good Investment in Shed.

Pigs Dislike Damp Bedding.

Avoid Cheap Cases.

Keep Little Purebred Stock.

LIKE THE RUSSIAN UNIFORM

CARDS FOR THE CARD PRIZE

IN THE BLACK DESHABILLES

FROCKS FOR VARIOUS TYPES

CANADA DID WELL

Honors Worthily Won at International Live Stock Show.

Three Trial Bottles of Perfume for Your Own Test

Before Christmas try this fascinating method of determining the real value of different perfumes.

Let us send you three miniature vials of perfume with instructions for duplicating the famous international perfume test. You can then choose for yourself the special perfume which will surround you with that individual atmosphere of fragrance that so delightfully portrays your personality.

This famous test was conducted by two prominent New York men, assisted by a jury of 103 women—famous actresses—college girls—society women—all fastidious about their perfume. It not only demonstrated beyond a question of a doubt now the individual ...

There's heart's delight in COLGATE Perfumes

WHERE SUN KILLS

Heat in Tropical Desert Fatal to European.

Garments Lined With Red Material Must Be Used by Traveler in the African Bush.

In the tropical bush desert the sun can kill you in a matter of minutes—fatally impairing your nerve system and your mind.

The nomad of the desert goes about without head cover; when he does wear it, it is only for ornament or to keep him a bit cooler. His light turban, worn by you, would lead to the most serious illness or death.

The European protects himself against the sun in the desert as carefully as the invalid in our latitude wraps himself against chill on a severe winter day; with the same care, though in different fashion.

The feet, legs and lower body, in boots, leggings and light short trousers, look after themselves; it is the parts where the sun can do vital damage that need watching. The back is protected by a wide, thick spinepad, ...

Always Plenty of Stretch

RATS and MICE MUST BE KILLED

KING PIN PLUG TOBACCO

Magazine Department

Interesting Features for Home Reading

The SANDMAN STORY

POLLY'S ADVENTURE

MISS POLLY PARROT listened as she swung in her cage, for Mr. Dog and Mistress Puss were telling of their adventures. Mr. Dog told about being chased by a big bear when he was out hunting once with his master, "but in the end," said he, "we ...

to fly into her cage, which was hung on the tree.

Mr. Dog barked and Mistress Puss sat on the ground looking with envious eyes at Polly as she mimicked them both and then laughed loudly.

When some one at last climbed the tree Polly flew away to the very top of a tall telegraph pole and laughed as though she enjoyed the joke she ...

"That Is Some Adventure," Said Puss.

The Right Thing at the Right Time

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

LUNCHEON FOR TWO

"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

PEARL

Jean Paige

Peanut Pietro

By KAYEM GRIER

CHANGE NAME OF TOWN 14 TIMES

FALLING LEAVES

By BLANCHE M. PORTER

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He had fought his own way up in the world, and had done amazingly well with his ranch in one of the most fertile and picturesque valleys of Montana. All he needed now—so Rodman Stanwood told himself—was a wife to share his prosperity. Therefore, what more natural than that his memories should turn back to Edith Weston among the New Hampshire hills; to Edith, sweetheart of other days?

"I should have kept up with her," said he to himself, "but the battle of life has been so harsh. Never too late to mend, though—if fate is kind."

He came East, buoyant with hopes; a well-set-up, bronzed man of thirty, eager to renew the old love. Unannounced he returned to Hampden Valley, poignant with recollections of youth.

Anxiously he drew near the old white house on the hill; the house that had been her grandfather's. Old Squire Weston had two daughters: Martha, Edith's mother, and one called Edith, ...

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Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—All druggists.
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Precaution.

"Look, here, Sancho Panza," exclaimed Don Quixote, "you have a ...

Ditto.

It is recorded that a certain literary man of high reputation had occasion to remark to a waiter in the res...

WESTERN CANADA Land of Prosperity

NOT MOVED BY LOVE ALONE

What Kind of a Day Do You Wish Yourself?

"There's a Reason"