

HIS DESERT ISLAND

A "Fish Story"

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Captain Barnabas Fish was rowing me out to the breakwater, where the little bluefish were running in multi tudes. He bent to the oars and pulled with long, even strokes, every exhalation of his deep breaths being marked by a little puff of blue smoke. Suddenly he looked up at me with twinkling eyes and spoke between his clinched teeth. "I'll bet I know what you're thinking about, Miss Telham," he declared. "Well?" I inquired skeptically. "You was comparing me to a puffing donkey engine, eh?" he grinned. I blushed and evaded the accusation. "You're not so very little, Captain Barnabas," I said hastily. "Ho, ho, ho!" he laughed down deep in his throat, and I realized that once more had the captain exercised his almost uncanny powers of telepathy. "You shall tell me a good story in return for that, Captain Barnabas," I said as he brought the boat skillfully around to the most advantageous spot in the fishing ground. "I got to think up one, then," said he, plumping the anchor overboard and sliding his oars along the thwarts. Big as he was, the old captain stepped around the small craft as agilely as one of the cats that infested his cabin on the beach. As he arranged the lines and baited the hooks I looked contentedly around at the encircling bluffs, wooded to their summits and faced with heavy yellow sand near the pebbly beach. "Ready!" called the captain lustily, and I reached forward and took the baited line from his hand and tossed it overboard. All around us were anchored other small boats whose occupants were industriously pulling in the hungry bluefish. When harbor blues are running all Quince Haven is redolent of frying fish at the dinner hour. Captain Barnabas dropped his line over, and immediately it stretched taut and then quivered suggestively. He began to pull in with a gratified smile creasing his leathery skin. "You got a whale on there, capt'n," called a neighboring fisherman. "Want any help?" sang out another. "Belay there!" retorted the captain, his grin changing to a frown as he yanked into view a large skate, which, at the moment of landing, snapped the line and disappeared beneath the troubled waters. An echoing laugh ran around at the captain's expense, and his hearty "Ho, ho, ho!" was the loudest of all. While he prepared another line I felt a nibble at my own and pulled in a wriggling little blue, which the captain promptly removed. "This is a good time to begin the story," I insinuated when we were comfortably settled once more. "Let me see," he mused, pushing the straw hat back from his head and skillfully refilling his pipe with one hand. "Something about that one skatefish I just caught makes me think of Ananias Silne's whale." "I'm rather sorry it's an Ananias story, captain."

boats, all except me. I was—" "I'll bet you was snooping around the cabin to see if the captain had left any loose money behind or something like that," I chipped in, but Ananias only gave me one of them murderous smiles and went on with his yarn. "I was still manning the fire hose and trying to pump water and hold the hose at the same time when all of a sudden I was alone. There wasn't a boat left. There wasn't anything except some slush tubs, and so I put on a life preserver and grabbed a bag of biscuits and a can of fresh water and went overboard. Just as I got out of danger the ship went down, and there I was in the south Pacific, sitting in a big slush tub with a piece of canvas thrown over me and not even a bit of plank to use as an oar. "Still it wasn't so bad, for the sea was calm, and the tub just bobbed along in an oily kind of way, kind of whirling around and around till I was dizzy. Without nothing to get nowhere, I didn't know where I might fetch up, so while I was thinking about it I just went off to sleep, and in the morning when I woke up there I was bumping gently against a kind of steep, sandy bank, while palm trees rustled overhead and monkeys chattered at me from the branches. "Of course I scrambled ashore and pulled the tub up on the beach and took a walk around the island, for that's what it was. It was only about fifty feet long and thirty feet wide, and there were only five palm trees on it, and three monkeys and a banana tree and one that bore bread fruit. The soil was sandy, but kind of spongy, or more like rubber, but there wasn't a sign of fresh water, except some that was gathered in cocoanut shells by the monkeys. Did I say there was a cocoanut tree? asked Ananias hastily. "You did not mention it, but never mind so long as you bring it in on time," I says. "Well," he scowled at me, "how long do you think I lived on that island, captain?" "An unlikely length of time, Ananias," says I coolly. "I'm not expecting you to believe it," says he, getting mad. "A man that wasn't always a deep sea sailor, if he had most of his seagoing fishing down the bay, I guess ain't seen or heard enough strange adventures to appreciate the marvels of— He looked around for the proper word. "The marvels of invention, Ananias?" I asked slyly. "I expect there's more sailors got their first knowledge of the sea selling codfish in a grocery store than you, Ananias. I've told you, Ananias used to be a clerk in a grocery store. "He stared coldly at me and twisted his mouth into another horrible smile. "As I was saying," he went on sourly, "I stayed on that island three weeks before the great upheaval came and—" "Jonah was hove up in less time than that," I chipped in, but he took no notice of me. "One morning just at daybreak the island quivered from stem to stern, and a mighty wave rushed up and washed completely over it. I would have been drowned only I clung to the trunk of a tree, and before another wave came I was up the tree among the branches out of danger. Next thing I saw was the slush tub afloat, and in it was the three monkeys as big as life, and they were cute enough to take a bunch of bananas along with 'em. They bobbed out of sight astern, and it happened so suddenly I didn't realize the situation. Then it dawned upon me that that island was racing along through the water at about ten knots! The water was washing over her and slicing the sand right off. One by one the palm trees went over as the soil disappeared, and at last there was nothing left on the island except the banana tree where I was perched, and the heap of sand and shells around the roots was growing smaller every minute. "Where the sand had washed off the ground was black and hard and oily looking, and the island rolled and wallowed in the sea just like a big whale, and so I wasn't a bit surprised when all of a sudden there spouted into the air a jet of water, and I was certain. Every minute I was afraid that whale would dive and carry me with it to Davy Jones' locker, but then I think it was waiting for the banana tree to go. It would be free then. "All at once I heard a shout, and looking ahead, I could see that we were driving straight up on to a sandy beach—a real one this time, captain—and men were shouting and leaping back as the whale advanced. Then there was a mighty flop, and we went out of the water, the whale quivered like a jelly, and the banana tree with me in it went sliding off to the ground. "When I come to the whale was dead and all the white men on this island had patched up a theory about the whale which my story only substantiated. Hanging from one of his teeth was a short length of anchor chain newly broken on the lower end. One of the links had caught in his tooth, and before the chain was broken I suppose there was a lot more of it, with, maybe, a big anchor on the bottom. Oh, you can sniff, capt'n, but that anchor maybe was resting on the summit of a volcano or perhaps on the

These Pictures Show What Relief From Hookworm Disease Meant to One Family

THE tumbledown shack is where they all lived in misery, not knowing what was their trouble. They were illiterate, for in four generations not one of their ancestors had ever gone to school. There were the father and mother and five children. The mother had never known a well day. The father was doing about half work, the eldest boy almost none. The neat two story house is where



From squalor and wretchedness to health, comfort and happiness in a few months.

they all lived fifteen months after they were treated for hookworm disease. They were so restored in health and vigor that they set to work to make enough money to better themselves in every possible way. The little white schoolhouse is where the children are now going to school to learn to read and write—things that were beyond the power and knowledge of their father and

mother, their grandfathers and grandmothers, their great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers. The sturdy, healthy boy at the fence is one of the lads who are using their muscles and energy to bring the family into a prosperity never known before. He is industrious and capable now, but he was an invalid until he was relieved of hookworm disease. Is it any wonder that this family is doing what it can to prevent the

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. David Chambers McCaa, who was recently appointed a civil service commissioner in Los Angeles, is said to be the first woman in this country holding such a position. Miss Lillian D. Wald, head of the Nurses' Settlement House, New York, and Miss Caroline Ransome of the Metropolitan Museum, New York, were among those on whom honorary degrees were conferred by Mount Holyoke college during the recent celebration of its seventy-fifth birthday. Mrs. Sarah Christopher of New York is the first woman in this country to be appointed an inspector in a fire prevention bureau. Her salary is \$1,200 a year. She has been assigned to the cloak, suit and skirt factories in the metropolis, which number more than 500 and employ about 100,000 persons, mostly women. Miss Elle Sem, the only practicing woman barrister in Norway, qualified as a lawyer in 1904. Not being content to remain "sakforer," or lawyer, with right only to plead in minor cases, she has finished the four test cases necessary to her admission to the supreme court and is now a barrister entitled to appear.

Current Comment.

Football may be all right, but it can't keep the bulletin board busy—New York American. The new Zeppelin dirigible is equipped with a kitchen, but the average aviator doesn't need one to cook his goose.—Washington Post. The Gasoline Engineers' Protective association has been organized to "evate the chauffeurs." Numerous patrons would like to organize a dynamiters' society for the same purpose.—New York Sun. Superintendent of Schools Franklin B. Dyer of Boston announces his discovery that the father is practically lost in the modern home. But father emerges from eclipse pretty regularly about the first of the month.—Boston Traveler-Herald.

Town Topics.

Chicago will be the solitary mourner at the passing of New York's last horse car.—New York Sun. Street gas lamps were first used in 1807. And some of them haven't been replaced.—Milwaukee Sentinel. When Des Moines gets around to the point of purchasing the much needed city ambulance it might be well to send a committee to Sioux City, where a city ambulance long has been in commission and where the latest things in the way of automobile ambulances ply daily to and from the hospitals.—Sioux City Journal.

Facts From France.

France has 9,475,798 houses and 137,676 workshops and factories. Of the total revenue of France over 70 per cent is derived from indirect taxes. The records show that 323 valuable pictures have been perloined from the Louvre. The French army needs 70,000 horses, and the shortage in the country is estimated at over 200,000. The cause of it is attributed to the fact that rapid multiplication of motorcars led to the neglect of horse breeding.

Science Siftings.

The density of water is 770 times greater than that of air. The invention of a flame derived from electric energy that will not give off heat is claimed by a French scientist who is keeping the details secret. Evidence of an atmosphere on the moon to a height of sixty or seventy miles or more has been reported by Professor W. Luther of Dusseldorf, who on two occasions saw one side of the planet Mars become darkened on nearing occultation by the moon.

Pert Personals.

Perhaps Abdul Hamid will begin to enjoy his vacation now.—New York Sun. Andy Carnegie will be always laughing when he is with kings. And the laugh too.—Washington Post. We can understand the silence of the gentle poet laureate, but it's strange that in these stirring times nothing is heard from the stony petrel of Great Britain—Rudyard Kipling.—New York Telegram.

Woman's Attire.

The young lady who dresses to be looked at shouldn't get angry when a fellow takes a good square look at her.—New Orleans Picayune. A young girl walked down one of our main streets recently without any makeup and with her hair hanging in a simple braid. Thousands of people gazed at this unusual spectacle.—Pittsburgh Post.

A PLAN FOR A BREAK

It Led to Complications and a Fiasco

By JULIA D. EDMONDS

The autumn season when the tourist begins is southerly was opening, and the resorts of the border states were well stocked with guests. The rocking chair brigade—as those ladies who daily occupy the porch of the Viendeau hotel, each and all plying some kind of needle as an accompaniment to their melodious gossiping voices—was in session. Two ladies sitting somewhat apart from the rest were engaged in earnest conversation in a low tone. "I sympathize with you, Mrs. Harper," said the one, "but I don't see how I can help you. My son is actively engaged in business and can't be away from it at this season more than a few days at a time. Could he be here with us, say, for a fortnight I would be glad to lend him to you for the purpose of drawing your daughter's attention from this young Ruggles, who you fear will win her. There is another course I will suggest. A young man has just arrived who has entered his name on the hotel register as Edward Caton. Being the only young fellow of prepossessing appearance (Ruggles excepted) in the hotel, he will soon be besieged by the girls. If you like I will make his acquaintance, introduce him to your daughter (telling him she is the belle of the place), and she will naturally be interested in taking him away from the others. This will serve to divert her mind from Ruggles and make a breach between them. But why do you object to Ruggles? He is said to have an income of \$5,000." "My dear Mrs. Crawford, what would \$5,000 a year be for Gwen?" "What you wish I presume is simply to break off her affair with Ruggles, that she may be free to marry a fortune." "Precisely. If you can accomplish this break by introducing any one—no matter who he is—I will consider myself under a lasting obligation to you." The same evening the introduction was accomplished. Gwendolen Harper and Edward Caton were introduced, and before the guests left the dancing hall in the evening Mrs. Crawford said to Mrs. Harper: "Did you ever see such a remarkable case of love at first sight?" All the parties to this scheme were pleased except Sam Ruggles, who went off to the far end of the veranda and scowled and smoked and smoked and scowled, keeping by himself where he could not see his rival's success lest he should make a scene. But on the third day after the break had been made effective, when Mr. Ruggles was reading a northern newspaper, he saw something that thrilled him. It was an advertisement of Mrs. Edward L. Caton for information concerning her husband, who had deserted her and their three children. Ruggles immediately cut the ad. out of the newspaper that he alone of those at the hotel might possess this information and that he might consider a plan by which he could get the greatest satisfaction out of it. The same evening an anonymous letter went to the advertiser that a gentleman had appeared at the Viendeau hotel at — answering to the name mentioned in the advertisement. Ruggles, who mailed the letter, could not refrain from adding that "the fellow was evidently bent on committing bigamy."

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