

## THE ISLE OF RETRIBUTION

By EDISON MARSHALL

ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SATTERTHWAITE

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**BEGIN HERE TODAY**

Godfrey Cornet sends his son, Ned, on a voyage to northern Canada and Alaska to exchange two thousand silk and velvet gowns with the Indians for furs. Godfrey offers to split the profits 75-25, the lion's share to Ned. Cornet is engaged to Lenore Hardworth, who offers to accompany Ned on the trip if he will take her mother with them. Ned hires Bess Gilbert to go to the same table with the seamstress. Bess makes up her mind to avoid the three aristocrats as much as possible.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**

**T**HAT'S three for each table, considering one of the men has to stay at the wheel. Why shouldn't one of these plates be removed?

"Of course, if you prefer it." Half ashamed of his reluctance, he called the negro and had the fourth plate removed. "Miss Gilbert will eat at the second table," he explained. When the man had gone, Ned turned in appeal to Lenore. "She'll be here in a minute. What shall I tell her?"

"Just what you told the servant—that she is to wait for the second table. Ned, you might as well make it clear in the beginning, otherwise it will be a problem all through the trip. Wait till she comes in, then tell her."

Ned agreed, and they waited for the sound of Bess' step on the stairs. Mrs. Hardworth's large lips were set in a hard line; Lenore had a curiously eager expectancy. Quietly Julius served the soup, wondering at the ways of his superiors, the whites, and the long seconds grew into minutes. Still they did not see Bess' bright face at the door.



**JULIUS, HIS FACE BESET WITH GLOOM, CAME THROUGH THE OPENED DOOR.**

"Send for her," Mrs. Hardworth urged. "There's a reason you shouldn't get this done and out of the way tonight, so we won't have to be distressed about it again."

Wholly cowed, Ned called to the negro waiter. "Please tell Miss Gilbert to come here," he ordered.

A wide grin spreading his cheeks, falling whizzly to understand the real situation and assuming that "de boss" had relented in his purpose to exclude the seamstress from the first table, the colored man sped cheerfully away. Bess had already spoken kindly to him; Julius had deplored the order to remove her plate almost as a personal affront.

Again they waited for the seamstress to come. The women were grim, forbidding. And in a moment they heard steps at the threshold.

But only Julius, his face beset with gloom, came through the opened door. "The lady say she's extremely sorry," he pronounced, bowing. "But she say she's already promised Mista McNab to eat with him!"

**CHAPTER VII**

The Charon sped straight North, out of the sound, through the inside passage. Days were bright; skies were clear, displaying at night a marvelous intricacy of stars; the seas glittered from the kindly September sun. They put in at Vancouver the night following their departure from Seattle, loaded on certain heavy stores, and continued their way in the lee of Vancouver Island.

Straight North, day after day! To McNab, a man who had cruised ten years on Alaskan waters, the air began to feel like home. It was crisp, surging cool in the lungs, fragrant with balsam from the wood islands.

## JOY OF HEALTH WOMAN'S RIGHT

Mrs. Evans Freed from Female Weakness by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Detroit, Michigan.—"I had female weakness with pains in my back, and I could not stand on my feet for any length of time. I was working in a factory but had to quit as I was too much on my feet. A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me, and I can hardly believe it myself that I am well. Oh, it is a grand thing to have your health! I feel well all the time and can go out like other women and not feel that awful torture. When I took your medicine first I thought it should cure after the first bottle, but I am glad my husband kept me at it. I have had nine bottles and now I am well."—Mrs. JENNY EVANS, 1604 Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Michigan.

If you are suffering from displacements, irregularities, backache, nervousness or other forms of female weakness, you should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The reason is given in letters like these, and we have published thousands of them. You may expect that

Already Ned had begun to readjust some of his ideas in regard to the North. It was no longer easy to believe that his father had exaggerated his beauty and appeal, its desolation and its vastness. It was a strange thing for a man used to cities to go day upon day without seeing scarcely a village beside the sea, a single human being other than those of his own party. Here was one place, it seemed, where the hand of man had touched but lightly, if at all.

The impression grew the farther north he went. Ever there was less sign of habitation upon the shore. The craft passed through narrow channels between mountains that cropped from the sea; it skirted wooded islands; it passed forgotten Indian villages, where the totem poles stood naked and weather-stained before the forsaken homes of the chiefs. The glasses brought out a wonderland scene just beyond the reach of their unaided sight—glacier and snowfields, lofty peaks and waterfalls. The mystic, brooding spirit of the North was already over them.

They had touched at Ketchikan, the port of entry to Alaska, and thence headed almost straight west, across the gulf of Alaska and toward the far stretching end of the Alaskan Peninsula. During these days they were far out of sight of land, surrounded only by an immeasurable ocean that rolled endlessly for none to see or hear. They were already far beyond the limits of ordinary tourist travel. The big boats piled as far as Anchorage at the head of Cook Inlet—to the north and east of them now—but beyond that point the traffic was largely that of occasional coastal traders, most of them auxiliary schooners of varying respectability. They seemed to have the ocean almost to themselves, never to see the tip of a sail on the horizon, or a fisherman's craft scudding into port. And the solitude crept into the spirits of the passengers of the Charon.

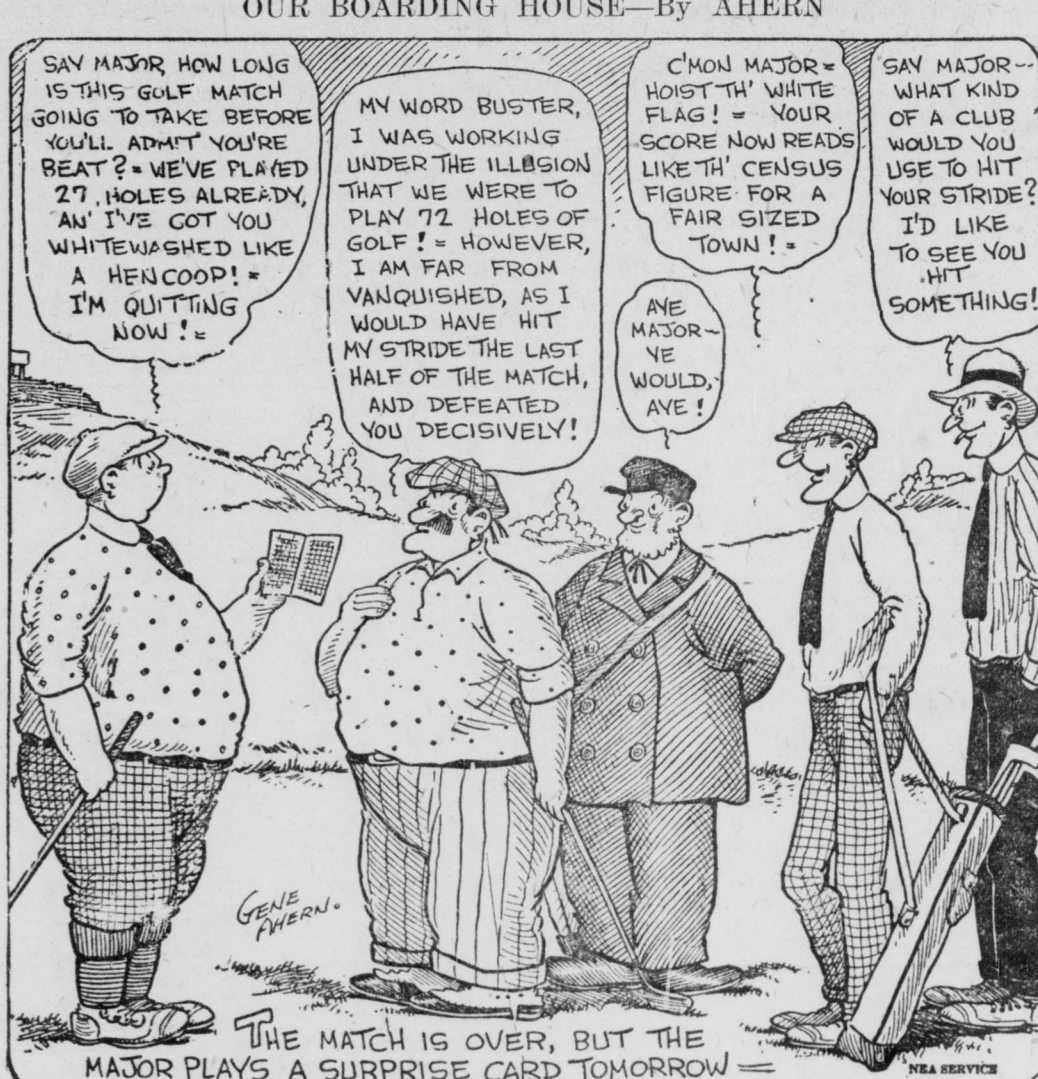
It became vaguely difficult to keep up a holiday atmosphere. It was increasingly hard to be gay, to fight down certain inner voices that had hitherto been stifled. Some way, life didn't seem quite the same, quite the gay dream it had hitherto been. And yet this immeasurable vista of desolate waters—icy cold for all the sunlight that kissed the up-reaching lips of the waves—was some way like a dream, too. The brain kept clear enough, but it was all somewhat confusing to an inner brain, a secret self that they had scarcely been aware of before. It was hard to say which was the more real—the gay life they had left, the laughter of which was still an echo in their ears, or these far-reaching wastes of wintry waters.

They couldn't help but be thoughtful. Realities went home to them that they had no desire to admit. A fervent belief in their own sophistication had been their dominant point of view, a disillusioned and a realism that was the tone of their generation, denying all they could not see or hear, holding themselves superiorly aloof from that gracious wonder and simplicity that still blesses little children; but here was something that was inscrutably beyond them. They couldn't laugh it away. They couldn't cast it off with a phrase of cheap slang; demeaning it in order to hold firm to their own philosophy of self. Here was something that shook their old attitude of self-love and self-sufficiency to its foundations. They thought they knew life, these three; they thought they were bigger than life, that they had mastered it and found it, but now their unutterable conceit, the pillar of their lives, was threatening to fall. This sunlit sea was too big for them; too big and too mighty and too old.

The trouble with Ned's generation was that it was a godless generation; the same evil that razed Babylon to the dust. Ned and his kind had come to be sufficient unto themselves. They had lost the wonder, the awe, the fear of the great, the wonder and fear of the great Author of life. To these, life had been a game that they thought they had mastered. They had laughed to scorn the philosophies that a hundred generations of nobler men had built up with wondering reverence. Made arrogant by luxury and ease, they knew of nothing too big for them, no mystery that their contemptuous gaze could not penetrate, no wonder that their reckless hands could not unweave. They were drunk with their own glories, and the ultimate Source of all things had no place in their philosophies or their thoughts. It was true that their churches flourished among them, that their Christ received his due; but the old virile faith, the reverent wonder, the mighty urge that has achieved all things that have been worth achieving were cold and dead in their hearts. But out here in this little, wind-blown craft, surrounded by an immensity of desolation beyond the power of their minds to grasp, it was hard to hold their old compacency. Their old philosophies were barrenly insufficient, and they couldn't repel an ever deepening sense of awe. The wind, sweeping over them out of the vastness, was a new voice, striking the laughter from their lips and instilling a coldness that was almost a fear in their warm, youthful blood. The sun shone now, but soon vast areas, not far off, would be locked tight with ice; never the movement of a wave, never the flash of a seabird's wing over the wastes; and the thought sobered them and perhaps humbled them, a little too. Sometimes, alone on the deck at night, Ned was close to the dearest reality, the most profound discovery that could possibly touch his life; that the dreadful spirit of God moved upon the face of these desolate waters, no less than, as is told in Genesis, at creation's dawn.

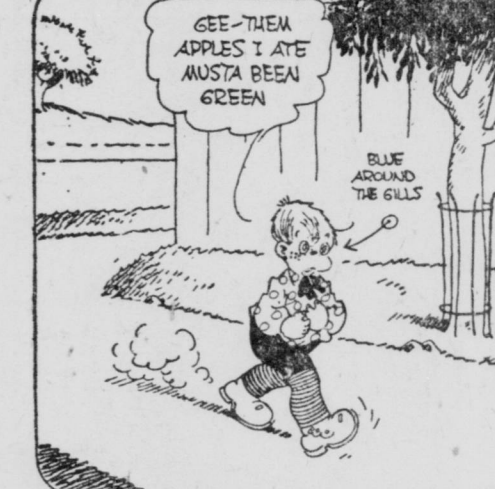
Everything would have been different if they had come in a larger boat, for instance, one of the great liners that plied between Seattle and Anchorage. In that case, likely they would have had no trouble in retaining their old point of view. The brooding tone of the North would have passed them by; the journey could still have been a game, a game of chance.

But here they were, in a small boat, surrounded by an immensity of desolation beyond the power of their minds to grasp, it was hard to hold their old compacency. Their old philosophies were barrenly insufficient, and they couldn't repel an ever deepening sense of awe. The wind, sweeping over them out of the vastness, was a new voice, striking the laughter from their lips and instilling a coldness that was almost a fear in their warm, youthful blood. The sun shone now, but soon vast areas, not far off, would be locked tight with ice; never the movement of a wave, never the flash of a seabird's wing over the wastes; and the thought sobered them and perhaps humbled them, a little too. Sometimes, alone on the deck at night, Ned was close to the dearest reality, the most profound discovery that could possibly touch his life; that the dreadful spirit of God moved upon the face of these desolate waters, no less than, as is told in Genesis, at creation's dawn.



THE MATCH IS OVER, BUT THE MAJOR PLAYS A SURPRISE CARD TOMORROW

FRICKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



SYLVESTER P. GUFFEY WAS MAD AS A HORNET WHEN HE JUMPED UP AT DINNER TIME TODAY, AND FOUND HIS COAT TAILS HAD BEEN NAILED DOWN BY SOME SMART ALECS AT THE CIGAR STORE

they would not have broken all ties with their old life. There would have been games and dancing, the service of menials, social intercourse and all the superficialities and pretenses that had until now composed their lives. Their former standards, the attitudes from which they regarded life, would have been unaltered. There would have been no isolation, and thus no darkening of their moods, no haunting uneasiness that could not be named or described, no whispering voices heard but dimly out of the sea. They could have remained in their own old ramshackle of isolation and scorn. But here they were alone—lost and far on an empty sea, under an empty sky. (Continued in Our Next Issue)

## SCHOOL ENROLLMENT INCREASES IN CHICAGO

Shortage in Seats Is Placed at 50,000.

By United Press  
CHICAGO, Sept. 4.—Alleys and streets of Chicago were peculiarly quiet today as 600,000 children returned to school following the summer holidays. Enrollment increased 15,500. Schools are short nearly 50,000 seats.

By Times Special  
LA PORTE, Ind., Sept. 5.—Ralph Dunkelbarger, 5, of Wheeler, was killed when the rear tire of a racing car came off at a turn and went through a fence striking the boy in the face. The accident came at the



A WASTED VACATION

Playin' Safe



—By BLOSSER



SALESMAN SAM—BY SWAN

**HOOSIER BRIEFS**

Pendleton which has used a hand drawn fire apparatus for many years has purchased a \$38,000 motor truck.

The sugar beet crop in northern Madison County looks fine and promises a good yield.

Three minutes will be devoted each morning during opening exercises for the discussion of some topic on "Thrill" in Decatur public schools.

The annual meeting of the fourteen Baptist churches in Jackson, Scott and Jennings Counties will be held at Crothersville Wednesday.

More than one hundred patrons at Montpelier have signed a petition for removal of telephones in case the higher rate asked there goes into effect.

An oil company organized by Hartford City stockholders has drilled in its first well in the Geneva field. It produces 150 barrels of oil a day.

While Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Roush, aged residents of Michigantown, both over 80, were sleeping, a thief entered their bedroom and stole \$15 from the husband's pocket.

After officials had spent the after-

## LETTER CARRIERS PICK STATE CHIEF

Orleans Man Is President as Conclave Ends.

John W. King of Orleans is the new president of the Indiana Rural Letter Carriers' Association, and Ora Watson of Wadesville is the new president of the Indiana Federation of Rural Letter Carriers, following sessions here Monday.

King, who was elected in a meeting at the Severin, succeeds R. B. Dick of Farmland. Walter I. Ults of Kokomo was named vice president.

The Federation of Rural Letter Carriers, meeting at the Severin, named G. W. Dickinson of Crawfordsville as vice president. Members urged salary increases and separation of salary and equipment funds.

Mayor Shank greeted the carriers at the Severin. Methods for improving efficiency of the postal service were discussed.

**Terrier Dog Is Stolen**

Wallace Lee, 3528 Graceland Ave., asks police to locate his white terrier dog, valued at \$25, stolen from his garage Monday.

**Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA**

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. H. H. Fletcher*