

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I. — 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, Nells Halvorsen, a solemn Swede, constitutes the fo'castle hands, and Bart McGuffey, a wastrel of the Gibney type, reigns in the engine room.

(Continued from last issue)

CHAPTER II.

Captain Scraggs and The Squarehead partook first of the ham and eggs, coffee and bread, which the skipper prepared. Scraggs then prepared a similar meal for Mr. Gibney and McGuffey, set it in the oven to keep warm, and descended to the engine room to relieve McGuffey for dinner. Nells at the same time took the course from Mr. Gibney and relieved the latter at the wheel. By this time, darkness had descended upon the world, and the Maggie had entered the fog: following her custom she proceeded in absolute silence, although as a partial offset to the extreme liability to collision with other coastwise craft, due to the non-whistling rule aboard his head out on deck for a breath of the Maggie, Mr. Gibney had laid a course half a mile inside the usual steamer lanes, albeit due to his overwhelming desire for peace he had neglected to inform his owner of this; the honest fellow proceeded upon the hypothesis that what people do not know is not apt to trouble them.

Captain Scraggs read the log and reported the mileage to Mr. Gibney, who figured with the stub of a pencil on the pilot house wall, wagged his head, and appeared satisfied. "Better go for'd," he ordered, "an' help The Squarehead on the lookout. At eight o'clock we ought to be right under the lee o' Point San Pedro; when I whistle we ought to catch the echo thrown back by the cliff. Listen for it."

Promptly at eight o'clock Mr. Mc-Guffey was horrified to see his steamgauge drop half a pound as the Maggie's siren sounded. Mr. Gibney stuck his ingenious head out of the pilot house and listened, but no answering



echo reached his ears. "Hear any-

thing?" he bawled.

"Heard the Maggie's siren," Captain Scraggs retorted venomously.

Mr. Gibney leaped out on deck, selected a small head of cabbage from a broken crate and hurled it forward. Then he sprang back into the pilot house and straightened the Maggie on her course again. He leaned over the binnacle, with the cuff of his watchcont wiping away the moisture on the glass, and studied the instrument carefully. "I don't trust the danged thing," he muttered. "Guess I'll haul her off a coupler points an' try the whistle

He did. Still no echo. He was inclined to believe that Captain Scraggs had not read the taffrail log correctly, and when at eight-thirty he tried the whistle again he was still without results in the way of an echo from the cliff, albeit the engine room bowler

brought him several of a profuse character from the perspiring McGr ffey. "We've passed Pedro," Mr. Gibney

decided. He ground his cud and mut-

was thicker than ever.

Time passed. Suddenly Mr. Gibney thrilled electrically to a shrill yip from Captain Scraggs.

"What's that?" Mr. Gibney bawled. "I dunno. Sounds like the surf, "Ain't you been on this run long

enough to know that the surf don't sound like nothin' else in life but breakers?" Gibney retorted wrathfully. "I ain't certain, Gib."

Instantly Gibney signaled McGuffey for half speed ahead.

"Breakers on the starboard bow," yelled Captain Scraggs.

"Port bow," The Squarehead cor-

"Oh, my great patience!" Mr. Gibney groaned. "They're on both bows we're headed straight for the beach. Here's where we all go to the devil together," and he yanked wildly at the signal wire that led to the engine room, with the intention of giving McGuffey four bells-the signal aboard the Maggie for full speed astern. At the second jerk the wire broke, but not until two bells had sounded in the engine room—the signal for full speed ahead. The efficient McGuffey promptly kicked her wide open, and the Fates decreed that, having done so, Mr. McGuffey should forthwith climb the ladder and thrust fresh air. Instantly a chorus of shrieks up on the fo'castle head attracted his attention to such a degree that he failed to hear the engine room howler as Mr. Gibney blew frantically

Presently, out of the hubbub forward, Mr. McGuffey heard Captain Scraggs wall frantically: "Stop her! For the love of heaven, stop her!" Instantly the engineer dropped back into the engine room and set the Maggie full speed astern; then he grasped the howler and held it to his ear.

"Stop her!" he heard Gibney shriek. 'Why in blazes don't you stop her?" "She's set astern, Gib. She'll ease up in a minute."

"You know it!" Gibney answered significantly.

The Maggie climbed lazily to the rest of a long oily roller, slid reckessly down the other side, and took the following sea over her taffrail. She still had some head on, but very little-not quite sufficient to give her lecent steerage way, as-Mr. Gibney overed when, having at length comnunicated his desires to McGuffey. e spun the wheel frantically in a belated effort to swing the Maggie's dirty one out to sea.

"Nothing doba"," he snarled. "She'll have to come to a complete stop before she begins to walk backward and get steerage way on again. She'll bump as sure as death an' taxes."

She did-with a crack that shook the rigging and caused it to rattle like buckshots in a pan. A terrible crysuch a cry, indeed, as might burst from the lips of a mother seeing her only child run down by the Limitedburst from poor Captain Scraggs. "My ship! My ship!" he howled. "My darling little Maggie! They've killed you, they've killed you! The dirty

The succee fling wave lifted the Maggle off the breach, carried her in some fifty feet further, and deposited her gently on the sand. She heeled over to port a little and rested there as if she was very, very weary, nor could all the threshing of her screw in reverse haul her off again. The surf, dashing in under her fantail, had more power them McGuffey's engines, and, foot by foot, the Maggle proceeded to dig herreif in. Mr. Gibney listened for five minutes to the uproar that rose from the bowels of the little steam or before he whistled up Mr.

"Kill her, kill her," he ordered. Your wheel will bite into the sand first thing you know, and tear the stern off her. You're shakin' the old

glifi to pieces." McGuffey killed his engine, banked las fires, and came up on deck, wiping his anxious face with a fearfully filthy sweat rag. At the same time Scraggs and Neils Halvorsen came crawling aft over the deckload and when they reached the clear space around the pllot, house, Captain Scraggs threw his brown derby on the deck and leaped upon it until, his rage abating ultimatiely, no power on earth, in the air, or under the sea, could possibly have rehabilitated it and wendered it fit for further wear, even by Captain Scraggs, This petulant practice of jumping on his hat was a habit with Scraggs whenever anything annoyed him par- he had a vision of himself scouring ticularly and was always infallible evi-

dence that a simple declarative sentence had stuck in Me throat. "Well, old whirling dervish," Mr. author of the owner's woe sought to Gibney demanded calmly when Scraggs carry the disaster off-lightly. "Don't tered ugly things to himself, for his paused for lack of breath to continue add your salt tears to a saltier sea dead reckoning had gone ast ray and his dance, "what about it? We're up until you're certain you're a total loss

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to pay and no pitch hot." "McGuffey's fired!" Captain Scraggs

screeched. "Come, come, Scraggsy, old tarpot," Mr. Gibney soothed. "This ain't no time for fightin'. Thinkin' an' actin' is all that saves the Maggie now."

But Captain Scraggs was beyond reason. "McGuffey's fired! McGuffey's fired!" he reiterated. "The dirty rotten wharf rat! Call yourself an engineer?" he continued witheringly. "As an engineer you're a howling success at shoemakin', you slob. I'll fix your clock for you, my hearty. I'll have your ticket took away from you. an' that's no Chinaman's dream



to Get My Maggie Off

"It's all my fault runnin' by dead reckonin'," the honest Gibney protested. "Mac ain't to fault. The engine room telegraph busted an' he got

the wrong signal." "It's his business to see to it that he's got an engine room telegraph that won't bust-"

"You dog!" McGuffey roared and sprang at the skipper, who leaped nimbly up the little ladder to the top of the pilot house and stood prepared to kick Mr. McGuffey in the face should that worthy venture up after him. "I can't persuade you to git me nothin' that I ought to have. I'm tired workin' with junk an' scraps an' copper wire and pieces o' string. I'm through!"

"You're right-you're through, be cause you're fired!" Scraggs shrieked in insane rage, "Get off my ship, you maritime impostor, or I'll take a pistol to you. Overboard with you, you greasy, addlepated bounder! You're rotten, understand? Rotten! Rotten! Rotten!"

"You owe me eight dollars an' six bits, Scraggs," Mr. McGuffey reminded his owner calmly. "Chuck down the spondulicks an' I'll get off your ship." Captain Scraggs was beyond reason, so he tossed the money down to the

engineer. "Now git," he commanded. Without further ado, Mr. McGuffey started across the deckload to the fo'castle head. Scraggs could not see him but he could hear him-so he pelted the engineer with potatoes, cabbage heads and onlons, the vegetables descending about the honest McGuffey in a veritable barrage. Even in the darkness several of these missiles took

Upon reaching the very apex of the Maggie's bow, Mr. McGuffey turned and hurled a promise into the dark-"If we ever meet again, Scraggs, I'll make Mrs. Scraggs a widow. Paste that in your hat-when you get a new one."

The Maggie was resting easily on the beach, with the broken water from the long lazy combers surging well up above her water line. At most, six feet of water awaited the engineer, who stood, peering shoreward and listening intently, oblivious to the stray missiles which whizzed past. Presently, from out of the fog, he heard a grinding, metallic sound and through a sudden rift in the fog caught a brief glimpse of blue flame with sparks radiating faintly from it.

That settled matters for Bartholomew McGuffey. The metallic sound was the protest from the wheels of a Clift house trolley car rounding a manifestation due to the intermittent | are you?" contact of her trolley with the wire, wet with fog. McGuffey knew the exact position of the Maggie now, so he poised a moment on her bow; as a wave swept past him, he leaped sports." overboard, 'scrambled ashore, made his way up the beach to the great highway which flanks the shore line between the Cliff house and Ingleside. sought a roadhouse, and warmed his interior with four fingers of whisky neat. Then, feeling quite content with himself, even in his wet garments, he poarded a city-bound trolley car and departed for the warmth and hospitality of Scab Johnny's sailor boarding house in Oregon street.

Captain Scraggs sat down on the half-emptied crate of vegetables and commenced to weep bitterly-half because of rage and half because he regarded himself a pauper. Already

the waterfront in search of a job. "No use boo-hooin' over spilt milk, Scraggsy." Always philosophical, the he was worried. The fog, if anything, Salt Creek without a paddle; the devil an no insurance. I got you into this

and I suppose it's up to me to get you | SKETCHES WON THE RECRUITS off, se I guess I'll commence operations." Suiting the action to the word, Mr. Gibney grasped the whistle cord

and a strange, sad, sneezing, wheezy moan resembling the expiring protest of a lusty pig and gradually increasing into a long-drawn but respectable whistle rewarded his efforts. For once, he could afford to be prodigal with the steam, and while it lasted there could be no mistaking the fact that here was a steamer in dire dis-

The weird call for nelp brought Seraggs around to a fuller realization f the enormity of the disaster which had overtaken him. In his agony he

forgot to curse his navigating officer for the latter's stubbornness in refusing to turn back when the fog threatened. He clutched Mr. Gibney by the right arm, thereby interrupting for an instant the dismal outburst from the Maggie's siren.

"Gib," he moaned. "I'm a ruined man. How're we ever to get the old sweetheart off whole? Answer me that, Gib. Answer me, I say. How're we to get my Maggie off the beach?" Mr. Gibney shook himself loose from that frantic grip and continued his pull on the whistle until the Maggie, taking a false note, quavered, moaned, spat steam a minute and subsided with what might be termed a nautical sob. "Now, see what you've done?" he bawled. "You've made me bust the whistle." "Answer my question, Gib."

"We'll never get her off if you don't guit interferin' an' give me time to think. I'll admit there ain't much of a chance, because it's dead low water now an' just as soon as the tide is at the flood she'll drive further up the beach an' fall apart."

"Perhaps McGuffey will have heart enough to telephone into the city for a tug.'

'Tain't scarcely probable, Scraggsy. You abused him vile an' threw a lot of fodder at him."

"I wish I'd been took with paralysis first," Scraggs wailed bitterly. "You'd best jump ashore, Gib, an' 'phone in. We're just below the Cliff house and you can run up to one o' them beach resorts an' 'phone in to the Red Stack Tug Boat company."

"Twouldn't be ethics for me, the registered master o' the Maggie, to desert the ship, Scraggsy, old stick-inthe-mud. What's the matter with gettin' your own shanks wet?"

"I dassen't, Gib. I've had a touch of chills an' fever ever since I used run mate up the San Joaquin sloughs. Here's a nickel to drop in the telephone slot, Gib. There's a good fellow."

"Scraggsy, you're deludin' yourself. Show me a tugboat skipper that would come out here on a night like this to pick up the S. S. Maggie, two decks an' no bottom an' loaded with garden truck, an' I'll wag my ears an' look at the back o' my neck. She ain't worth it."

"Ain't worth it! Why, man, I paid fifteen hundred hard cash dollars for

"Fourteen hundred an' ninety-nine dollars an' ninety-nine cents too much. They seen you comin'. However, grantin' for the sake of argyment that she's worth the tow, the next question them towboat skippers'll ask 'Who's goin' to pay the bill?' at the lowest figger, an' if you got that much credit with the towboat company you're some high financier. Ain't that logic?"

"I'm afraid," Scraggs replied sadly, "it is. Still, they'd have a lien on the Maggie-" "Steamer ahoy!" came a voice from

the beach.

"Man with a megaphone," Mr. Gibney cried. "Ahoy! Ahoy, there!" "Who are you an' what's the trou-

Captain Scraggs took it upon himself to answer: "American stehmer Mag-

Mr. Gibney sprang upon him tigerishly, placed a horny, tobacco-smelling palm across Scraggs' mouth and effectively smothered all further sound. "American steamer Yankee Prince," he bawled like a veritable Buil of Bashan, "of Boston, Hong Kong to Frisco, with a general cargo of sandal wood, rice an' silk. Where're we at?" "Just outside the Gate. Half a mile

o' the Cliff house." "Telephone in for a tug. We're in nice shape, restin' easy, but our rudder's gone an' the after web o' the crank shaft busted. Telephone in, my man, an' I'll make it up to you curve; the blue flame was an electric when we get a safe anchorage. Who

"Lindstrom, of the Golden Gate Life Saving station."

"I'll not forget you, Lindstrom. My owners are Yankees, but they're

"All right. I'll telephone. On my way!"

"God speed you," murmured Mr. Gibney, and released his hold on Captain Scraggs, who instantly threw his arms around the navigating officer's burly neck. "I forgive you, Adelbert," he crooned. "I forgive you freely. By the tail of the Great Sacred Bull, you're a marvel. She's an all night fog or I'm a Chinaman, and if it only stays thick enough-"

"It'll hold," Gibney retorted dogged-"It's a tule fog. They always hold. Quit huggin' me. Your breath's

Captain Scraggs, hurled forcibly backward, bumped into the pilot house, but lost none of his enthusiasm. "You're a jewel," he declared. "Oh. man, what a head! Whatever made you think of the Yankee Prince?"

"Because," Mr. Gibney answered calmly, "there ain't no such ship, this

(Continued on Page 3)

Alvan Hadley, Crayon Artist, Now "Drawing" Some of the Prominent Legion Men.

Alvan C. ("Hap") Hadley, crayon expert and ex-marine, travels with a Greenwich Vil-

lage troupe. He probably recruited more marines by his clever sketches, during the war, than any other individual. No one that ever looked very hard at one of his pictures ever stayed out of the marines, and no one that ever looks

very hard now ever stays away from his show. He is at present busy sketching prominent members of the American Legion, outside of "hours," for publication in newspapers. When "Hap" enlisted in the marine corps at Paris island, a red-necked sergeant asked him what his occupation was.

sergeant again.

"Artist," said Hap. So the sergeant put him to work white-washing garbage cans. The rowning disappointment of Hap's life is that he never ran across that

Use of Oil Long Ago. Oil from natural springs in Sicily was used in lamps in the temple of Jupiter at Rome and oil-fed lamps were burned in other temples and in

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