

Then, of a sudden he disappeared. Rumor whispered that his one-time friends avoided him, that club committees desired his resignation, even that his mind had fallen under the terrible strain.

Englishmen have scant sympathy for a coward. Few men would be willing to live the life that Bruce Ismay saved from the sea. No longer a steamship magnate, no longer a Beau Brummel in Belgravia, suddenly "among the missing," the question of his whereabouts assumed the significance of a mystery.

Meanwhile the lost director was living (hiding were a better word) in a remote house on Cois Fhairrge, at the Heel of the Sea.

The loneliest road in Ireland runs from Minna to Costello along the shore of Galway Bay. Sheer moor, quite treeless, bleak beyond words, hardly a stone cabin in sight, and no path but the straight mail road. More sterile than Donegal, more pitiful than Claire, the strange network of gray land and grayer water constitutes the country of Iar Connacht.

In the heart of the Irish wilderness a solitary lodge shows white against its surrounding patch of green. A locked gate forbids entrance. Sheumas, the old jarvey, flourishes an accusing whip lash through the teeming rain.

"Look there where he hides in misery and shame. Never a gentleman have I brought here but was turned away from the very door. Money he has and all that money will buy. But he cannot shake off the memories on his mind. Day after day he must hear them—the shrieks of drowning men crying down the wind. This is his curse. What he did will be remembered until the Titanic is forgotten.

"Lonely enough the place is. He little thought we would know him—WE that stood round the Marconi masts at Clifden waiting a long week for a word from across the sea. Cast your eye about this place, bog, and moor, and fields of stones. I have

seen men and women here, decent, civil people, blue with hunger and starved with the cold. But not one of them all, old or young, would change places with the man who lives in that lodge—Bruce Ismay."

WHY ISMAY FEARS WORLD

"By that time every wooden lifeboat on the forward side had been lowered away, and I found they were getting out the forward collapsible boat. * * *

"As the boat was going over the side Mr. Carter and I got in. The boat had between thirty-five and forty in it, most of them women. * * *

"Mr. Carter and I did not get into the boat until after they had begun to lower it away."

—Excerpts from Bruce Ismay's story of sinking of Titanic.

WATSON COCKTAIL.

Bruise with the ice twelve spears of mint on the bottom of the pitcher in which the drink is to be served. (Pitcher to hold three pints.) Add the juice of two lemons and one quart of grape juice and fill the pitcher with apollanaris or seltzer. Garnish the glass with fresh cherries and spears of fresh mint. Serve at once.

POTATO PANCAKES

Peel six potatoes and allow to soak in cold water four hours. Grate them and allow to drain ten minutes. To every pint of grated potato allow one-half teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of flour, a little pepper. Beat this all together. Fold in two well-beaten eggs. Drop by spoonfuls on a hot buttered griddle or spider. Turn, browning on both sides. Send to table at once with apple jelly.

Of the few American negroes who have found their way to West Africa to settle in the negro republic of Liberia, 90 per cent ore said to be unprepared to meet the economic conditions and express regret at having left America.