

WHITE MAGIC

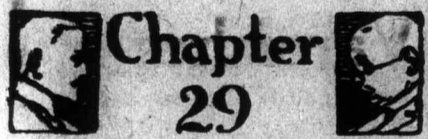
BLIND folk see the fairies, Oh, better far than we, Who miss the shining of their wings Because our eyes are filled with things We do not wish to see. They need not seek enchantment From solemn printed books, For all about them as they go The fairies flutter to and fro With smiling, friendly looks. Deaf folk hear the fairies However soft their song: 'Tis who lose the honey sound Amid the clamour all around That beats the whole day long. But they with gentle faces Sit quietly apart; What room have they for sorrowing While fairy minstrels sit and sing Close to their listening heart? —MISS ROSE FYLEMAN, in Punch.

HEMP FOR SEED

(Experimental Farms Note) According to the "Weekly Bulletin" of the Department of Trade & Commerce for January, 1917, there was a shortage of hemp seed in Great Britain at that date. Supplies were formerly obtained from Russia and Turkey, the price before the war ranging from \$6.81 to \$8.76 per quarter of 336 pounds. The present supplies come from Manchuria via New York, and at the date mentioned above the price varied from \$59.20 to \$34.07 per quarter. In the hemp plant (Cannabis sativa), the sexes are on different plants, that is to say, some plants produce the fertilizing dust or pollen but no seeds, while other plants produce seeds but have no pollen. When grown for seed, hemp should be sown as early as the state of the ground will permit. It should be sown in rows 3 to 4 feet apart so as to have plenty of room for the seed-bearing plants to branch profusely. A space of 6 inches to 2 feet should be left between the plants in each row, the latter distance being necessary for the seed-bearing plants. Experiments conducted at the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa have shown that it is quite possible to ripen hemp seed in the Province of Ontario. In the year 1915, the seeds were sown on the 21st of May and the crops were harvested on various dates between the 22nd of October and the 11th of November. In the year 1916, the seed was sown on the 25th of April and the plot was cut on the 25th of October, while in 1917 the seed was sown on the 15th of May and the crop was harvested on the 9th of October. Hemp when ripening will stand as much as 9 degrees of frost without apparent injury. The 1917 crop was grown from Russian seed and attained an average height of 5 feet 3 inches. The crop is harvested by cutting, and the bundles are placed in stocks to dry. The seeds are beaten off with sticks on to a large sheet of cloth. The yield of seed per acre calculated from the small plot grown in 1916, was 283 1/2 pounds, but further trials are necessary to determine what is an average yield. In the United States the yield varies from 12 to 25 bushels per acre, an average yield being 16 to 18 bushels; 44 pounds are reckoned to the bushel. On ground that is badly overrun with weeds hemp may be a profitable crop to grow. When it is still young the ground between the rows can be cultivated until the hemp grows sufficiently tall to smother the weeds.

THE RIVERMAN

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NEWMARK marched precisely down the street to Heinzman's office. He found the little German in Newmark demanded a private interview and without preliminary plunged into the business that had brought him. "Heinzman," said he abruptly, "my partner wants to raise \$75,000 for his personal use. I have agreed to get him this money from the firm. "Proceed," said Heinzman shrewdly. "As security in case he cannot pay the notes the firm will have to give to me his undivided one-half interest in our enterprise. "Well! You want to borrow dot money of me?" asked Heinzman. "I could not raise it. "I know that perfectly well," replied Newmark coolly. "You are going to have difficulty meeting your July notes as it is. Heinzman hardly seemed to breathe, but he raised his eye. "I intend," went on Newmark, "to furnish this money myself. It must, however, seem to be loaned by another. I want you to lend this money on mortgage. "For?" asked Heinzman. "For a one-tenth of Orde's share in case he does not meet those notes." "But he will meet those notes," objected Heinzman. "You are a prosperous concern. I know something of your business also." "He thinks he will," rejoined New-

mark grimly. "I will accept your word to you that his entire income is from the firm and that from this income he must save twenty odd thousand a year. "If the firm has had luck," said Heinzman, "it is not my business." "Exactly," finished Newmark. "You come to me?" demanded Heinzman at length. "Well, I'm offering you a chance to get even with Orde. I don't imagine you love him. "What's de matter mit my gettin' even with you, too?" cried Heinzman. "Ain't you beat me out at Lausing?" Newmark smiled coldly under his clipped mustache. "I'm offering you the chance of making any where from thirty to fifty thousand dollars. "Perhaps, and suppose this little scheme don't work out. "And," pursued Newmark calmly, "I'll carry you over in your present obligations." He suddenly hit the arm of his chair with his clenched fist. "Heinzman, if you don't make those July payments what's to become of you? Where's your timber and your mills, and your new home, and that pretty daughter of yours?" Heinzman winced visibly. "I'll get an extension of time," said he feebly. "Will you?" countermarked Newmark. "Well, maybe," laughed Heinzman uneasily. "It looks to be like a winner. "All right, then," said Newmark briskly. "I'll make out a mortgage at 10 per cent for you, and you'll lend the money on it. At the proper time, if things happen that way, you will foreclose. That's all you have to do with it. Then when the timberland comes to you under foreclosure you will receive an undivided nine-tenths interest—for proper consideration, of course, and without recording the deed." Heinzman laughed with assumed lightness. "Suppose I fool you," said he. "I guess I jost keep it for myself." Newmark looked at him coldly. "I wouldn't," he advised. "You may remember the member from Laper county in that charter fight and the \$500 for his vote. Try it on and see how much evidence I can bring up. It's called bribery in this state and means penitentiary usually. "You don't take a joke," complained Heinzman. Newmark arose. "It's understood, then?" he asked. "How so, I know you play fair," asked the German. "You don't. It's a case where we have to depend more or less on each other. But I don't see what you stand to lose, and anyway you'll get carried over those July payments," Newmark reminded him. Heinzman was plainly uneasy. "If you reduce the firm's profits he is going to suspect," he admonished. "Who said anything about reducing the firm's profits?" said Newmark impatiently. "If it does work out that way we'll win a big thing. If it does not we'll lose nothing. He nodded to Heinzman and left the office. As he entered the office of his own firm his eyes fell on Orde's bulky form. He paused involuntarily, and a slight shiver shook his frame—the dainty, instinctive repulsion of a cat for a large, ruspitious dog. Controlling himself, he stepped forward. "I've made the loan," he announced. "The banks wouldn't touch northern individuals, so I had to go to private individuals. "Don't care who deals it out," laughed Orde. "Thayer backed out, so finally I got the whole amount from Heinzman," Newmark announced. "I didn't know he was friendly enough to lend us money." "Business is business," replied Newmark.

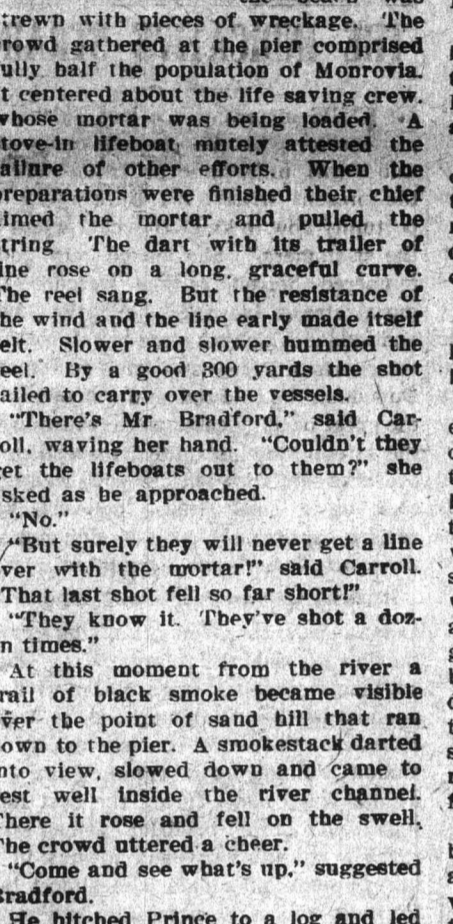
From the moment Orde completed the secret purchase of the California timberlands from Thayer he became an unwitting participant in one of the strangest deals known to business history. Newmark opposed to him all the subtleties, all the ruses and expedients to which his position lent itself. Orde, subtly and unconsciously, deployed the magnificent resources of strength, energy, organization and combative spirit that animated his pioneer's soul. Newmark worked under this disadvantage; he had carefully to avoid the slightest appearance of an attitude inimical to the firm's very best prosperity. If the smallest incident should bring clearly before Orde that Newmark might have an interest in reducing profits he would know the logic of the latter's devious ways. For this reason Newmark did not dare make bad sales, awkward transactions. The profits of the first year were not quite up to the usual standard, but they sufficed. Newmark's income cut in two the year's income of the second year. Orde reaped himself. With his old time energy he hurried the woods work until an especially big cut gave promise of recouping the losses of the year before. Newmark found himself struggling against a force greater than he had imagined it to be. The end of the fourth year found Newmark puzzled. Orde had paid regularly the interest on his notes. How much he had been able to save toward the redemption of the notes themselves his partner was unable to decide. What Orde regarded as petty annoyances had made the problem of paying for the California timber a matter of great difficulty. A pressure whose points of support he could not place was closing on him. Against this pressure he exerted himself. The margin of safety was not as broad as he had reckoned. But in any case, if worse came to worst, he could always mortgage the California timber for enough to make up the difference, and more. Against this expedient, how-

ever, he opposed a sentimental obstinacy. It was Bobby's and he objected to lumbering it. Affairs stood thus in the autumn before the year the notes would come due. Navigation remained open into November. No severe storms had swept the lakes. The barge and her two tows had made one more trip than had been thought possible. The weather continued so mild that Orde decided that they take on a load for Jones & Mabey of Chicago. "Did I intend to ship by rail," said he. "They're all uppers, so it would pay all right. But we can save all kinds of money by water, and they ought to skip over there in twelve to fifteen hours. Orde departed for the woods to start the cutting as soon as the first belated snow should fall. To Newmark, sitting at his desk after Orde's departure, reported Captain Floyd of the steam barge North Star. "All loaded by noon, sir," he said. Newmark looked up in surprise. "Well, why do you tell me?" he inquired. "I want your orders." "My orders? Why?" "This is a bad time of year," explained Captain Floyd, "and the storm signal's up. All the signs are right for a blow. Newmark whirled in his chair. "Are you afraid?" he sneered. Captain Floyd's countenance burned a dark red. "I only want your orders," was all he said. "I thought we might wait to see." "Then go," snapped Newmark. "You heard Mr. Orde's orders to sail as soon as you were loaded." Captain Floyd went out. Newmark arose and looked out of the window. From the government's flagpole he caught the flash of red from the lazily floating signal. He was little weatherwise, and he shook his head skeptically. Nevertheless it was a chance, and he took it, as he had taken a great many others.



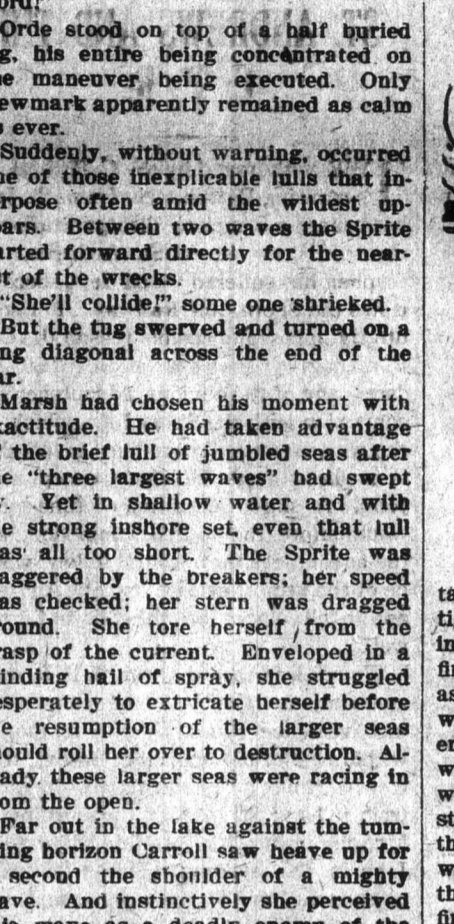
Chapter 30 Carroll's delight, Orde returned unexpectedly from the woods late that night. He was so busy these days that she welcomed any chance to see him. After breakfast Carroll accompanied her husband to the front door. When they opened it a blast of air rushed in, whirling some dead leaves with it. "I guess the fine weather's over," said Orde, looking up at the sky. A dull lead color had succeeded the soft gray. The heavens seemed to have settled down closer to the earth. Whirlwinds scurried among the dead leaves on the lawns, chasing them madly around in circles. "Winter's coming," shivered Carroll. Carroll resolved to take a drive, as she enjoyed blustery weather. She stopped for Miss Heinzman, and the two walked around to the stable, where the men harnessed old Prince into the phaeton. They entered Main street, where there was a great banging and clanging of swinging signs and a few loose vegetables. All the sidewalk displays of stables and other goods had been taken in, and the doors, customarily wide open, were now shut fast. "I wonder where all the farmers' wagons are?" marveled the practical Mina. "Surely they would not stay home Saturday afternoon just for this wind?" Opposite Randall's hardware store her curiosity quite mastered her. "Do stop!" she urged Carroll. "I want to run in and see what's the matter." She was gone but a moment and returned, her eyes shining with excitement. "Oh, Carroll," she cried, "there are three vessels gone ashore off the pier! Everybody's gone to see." "Jump in," said Carroll. "We'll drive out. Perhaps they'll get out the life saving crew." Carroll drove straight ahead until Prince stood at the top of the plank road that led down to the bathhouses. Here she pulled up. Carroll saw the lake, slate blue and angry, with whitecapped billows to the limit of vision. Along the shore were rows and rows of breakers, leaping, breaking and gathering again. These did not look to be very large until she noticed the twin pillars reaching out from the river's mouth. Each billow as it came in rose suddenly above them, broke tempestuously to overwhelm the entire structure of their ends and ripped inshore along their lengths, the crest submerging as it ran every foot of the massive structures. "Look there—out farther!" pointed Mina. Three little toy ships—or so they seemed compared to the mountains of water—lay broadside to just inside the farthest line of breakers. Two were sailing schooners. These had been thrust on their beam ends, their masts pointing at an angle toward the beach. Each wave broke in a deluge of water that covered their hulls completely from sight. With a mighty suction the billow drained away, carrying with it wreckage. The third vessel was a steam barge. The shoreward side of her upper works had given away first, so now the interior of her staterooms and saloons was exposed to view as in the cross section of a model ship. Over her, too, the

great waves curved themselves, each carrying away its spoil. "Four fellows!" cried Mina. "What?" asked Carroll. "Don't you see them?" queried the other. Carroll looked, and in the rigging of the schooner she made out a number of black objects. "Are those men up the mast?" she cried. She set Prince in motion toward the beach. At the foot of the plank road ran out into the deep sand. Through this the phaeton made its way heavily. Already the beach was strewn with pieces of wreckage. The crowd gathered at the pier comprised fully half the population of Monrovia. It centered about the life saving crew, whose mortar was being loaded. A stove-in lifeboat, mately attested the failure of other efforts. When the preparations were finished their chief aimed the mortar and pulled the string. The dart with its trailer of line rose on a long, graceful curve. The reel sang. But the resistance of the wind and the line early made itself felt. Slower and slower hummed the reel. By a good 300 yards the shot failed to carry over the vessel. "There's Mr. Bradford," said Carroll, waving her hand. "Couldn't they get the lifeboats out to them?" she asked as he approached. "No." "But surely they will never get a line over with the mortar?" said Carroll. "That last shot fell so far short!" "They know it. They've shot a dozen times." At this moment from the river a trail of black smoke became visible over the point of sand hill that ran down to the pier. A smokstack darted into view, slowed down and came to rest well inside the river channel. There it rose and fell on the swell. The crowd uttered a cheer. "Come and see what's up," suggested Bradford. He hitched Prince to a log and led the way to the pier. The Sprite was lying close under the pier. Harvey, the negro engineer, leaned against the sill of his little square door, smoking his pipe. "I wouldn't go out there for a million dollars!" cried a man excitedly. "Nothing on earth could live in that sea!" "What are they going to do?" asked Carroll. "Haven't you heard?" cried the other. "This is one of Orde's tugs, and she's going to try to get a line to them vessels." Bradford turned abruptly and brushed toward the tug, followed by Carroll and Mina. At the edge of the pier was the tug's captain, Marsh, listening to earnest expostulation by a half dozen of the leading men of the town, among whom were both Newmark and Orde. "Gentlemen," said he crisply, "I'm entirely willing to take all personal risks. The thing is hazardous, and it's Mr. Orde's tug. It's for him to say whether he wants to risk her."



"Good Lord, man, want's the tug in a case like this?" cried Orde. "I thought so," replied Captain Marsh. "I'll take her out if I can get a crew. Harvey, step up here." The engineer hoisted his long figure through the doorway. "Harvey," said Captain Marsh briskly, "we're going to try to get a line aboard those vessels. It's dangerous. Will you go?" "You all goin', suh?" he asked. "Of course." "I reckon I'll done half to go, too," said Harvey simply. He swung lightly back to the neassy craft below him. "I want a man with me at the wheel, two to handle the lines and one to fire for Harvey," said Captain Marsh. "That's our job," announced the life saving captain. "Well, come on, then." Captain Marsh shook the hand which Orde, stooping, offered him. "I'll try to bring her back all right, sir," said he. "To be with the tug?" cried Orde. "Bring yourself back!" Marsh entered the pilot-house. "Cast off!" he cried. The "jangler" called for full speed ahead. "Brave chaps! Brave chaps!" said Dr. McMullen to Carroll. "But, do you know, to my mind, the bravest of them all are that biggel and his fireman oalled down in the hold where they can't see nor know what's going on." The tug had rounded the end of the pier. The first of her thousand enemies, sweeping in from the open, had struck her fair. "She can stand that, all right," said one of the life saving crew. "But wait till she drops down to the vessels." The Sprite was now so distant that the loom of the great seas swallowed her from view save when she rose on the crest of some mighty billow. "There, she's turned now!" cried some one. Beneath the trail of black smoke she had shifted direction. With startling swiftness the Sprite darted out of the horizon into full view. For the first time the spectators realized the size and weight of the seas. One moment the whole of her deck was visible, the next her bow alone showed high as the back suction caught her and dragged her into the hollow. A sea rose behind. Nothing of the tug was to be seen. It seemed that no power could prevent her being overwhelmed. Yet somehow always she staggered out of the gulf until she was again cast forward like a chip.

"Maybe they ain't catchin' p'ticulars at that wheel to hold her from yawing!" muttered the tug captain. The Sprite rushed at the outer line of breakers. The combers crested and fell with a roar, just as in milder weather the surf breaks on the beach. At the edge of destruction the Sprite came to a shuddering stop. Her powerful propellers had been set to the reverse. Thus she hovered on the edge of the breakers, awaiting her chance. If one of the waves should happen to crest and break, the water, catching the tug on her flat stern deck, would indubitably bury her. The situation was awful in its extreme simplicity. Would Captain Marsh see his opportunity before the law of chances would bring along the wave that would overwhelm him? Two or three of the townsmen walked up and down. One woman prayed aloud in short hysterical sentences. "O God, save them! O Lord, O Lord!" Orde stood on top of a half buried log, his entire being concentrated on the maneuver being executed. Only Newmark apparently remained as calm as ever. Suddenly, without warning, occurred one of those inexplicable lulls that interpose often amid the wildest apars. Between two waves the Sprite darted forward directly for the nearest of the wrecks. "She'll collide!" some one shrieked. But the tug swung across and turned on a long diagonal across the end of the bar. Marsh had chosen his moment with exactitude. He had taken advantage of the brief lull of jumbled seas after the "three largest waves" had swept by. Set in shallow water and with the strong inshore set, even that lull was all too short. The Sprite was staggered by the breakers; her speed was checked; her stern was dragged around. She tore herself from the grasp of the current. Enveloped in a blinding hail of spray, she struggled desperately to extricate herself before the resumption of the larger seas should roll her over to destruction. Already these larger seas were racing in from the open. Far out in the lake against the tumbling horizon Carroll saw heave up for a second the shoulder of a mighty wave. And instinctively she perceived this wave as a deadly enemy of the little tug and saw it bending all its great energies to hurrying in on time to catch the victim before it could escape. Her whole being was concentrated in a continually shifting calculation of the respective distances between the tug and the pier, the tug and the relentlessly advancing wave. "Oh, go!" she exhorted the Sprite under her breath. Huge and towering, the wave came on now calmly and deliberately. The Sprite was off the end of the pier when the wave lifted her. Just in the position her enemy would have selected to crush her life out against the crests. Slowly the tug rose against its shoulder. She lifted onward, poised, and then with a swift forward thrust the wave broke, smothering the pier and lighthouse beneath tons of water. A low, agonized wail broke from the crowd. And then, and then—over beyond the pier they saw gliding a battered black stack from which still poured defiantly clouds of gray smoke. The Sprite was safe. "I wonder if she got the line aboard," speculated the tugboat captain at last. The crowd surged over to the piers again. Below them rose and fell the Sprite. All the fancy scrollwork of her upper works, the cornice of her deck house, the light rigging of her cabin, had disappeared. The tall smokstack was bent away. At sight of Marsh the crowd set up a yell. He paid no attention. One of the life saving men tossed a mooring line ashore. It was seized by a dozen men. Then for the first time somebody noticed that, although the tug had come to a standstill, her screw was still turning slowly over and over, jerking her against the erratic strong jerk-



ing of a slender rope that ran through her stern chocks and into the water. "He got it aboard!" yelled the man, pointing. Another cheer broke out. The life saving crew took charge. It was necessary to pass the line around the end of the pier and back to the beach. This was a dangerous job and one requiring considerable power and ingenuity for the strain on the line imposed by the waters was terrific and the breaking seas rendered work on the piers extremely hazardous. A number of the curious lingered about the Sprite. Marsh and Orde were in consultation over the smashed stern. Harvey leaned out his little square door. "No," he answered a query. "I wasn't what you all would call scart—that is, not really scart—Jess a little nervous. All I had to do was to feed

her masts and listen for my bell. You see, Cap'n Marsh, he was in charge." "No, sir," Captain Marsh was saying emphatically to his employer. "I can't figure it out except on one thing. You see, it's stove from underneath. A sea would have smashed it from above. That last sea must've lifted us bodily right over the corner of the pier." "Well, maybe," assented Orde doubtfully. "Sure thing," repeated Marsh with conviction. "Well, you'd better not tell 'em so unless you want to rank in with old man Ankinas," ended Orde. The wild and picturesque work of rescue was under way. The line had been successfully brought to the left of the lighthouse. To it had been attached the rope and to that the heavy cable. These the crew of the schooner had dragged out and made fast to a mast. The shore end passed over a



"They were ours," he said. tall scissors. When the cable was tightened the breeches buoy was put into commission, and before long the first member of the crew was hauled ashore, plunging in and out of the waves as the rope tightened or slackened. He was a flaxen haired Norwegian. The crew and its volunteers worked quickly. Carroll and Mina stayed until dusk and after, watching the long heavy labor of rescue. The women making the hot coffee found their services becoming valuable. Big fires of driftwood were ignited. They were useful for light as well as warmth. Orde discovered the two girls and drew Carroll one side. "You'd better go home now, sweetheart," said he. "Bobby'll be waiting for you." "I suppose so," she assented. "But hasn't it been exciting? Whose vessels were they, do you know?" Orde glanced at her strangely. "They were ours," said he.



NEWSPAPER WAIFS Sunday-school Teacher (smiling benignly)—"Ferdinand, what is an enemy?" The Slummiest—"He's a frien' what's found yer out."—Life. Flatbush—"Are you doing anything to cut down your table supplies?" Bensonhurst—"Oh yes; we've eliminated the finger-bowls."—Yonkers Statesman. "Hello! Is this Smith's coal office?" "Yes!" "I've only got coal enough in my cellar to last till to-morrow." "That's good! What'll you take for it?"—Boston Transcript. "Let me sell you this 1918 style book. It tells you what will be worn and why?" "I already know what I'll wear and why. I'll wear my old clothes because I can't afford new ones."—Boston Transcript. "So you favor Government ownership?" exclaimed the friend. "Who said I favor it?" inquired Senator Sorghum. "Why your recent speech was strong for the idea." "That's no sign I favor it. That's a sign my constituents favor it."—Washington Star. "An egg is mighty valuable these days." "Of course," asserted Farmer Corntassel. "An egg will bring almost enough to pay for feeding the hen until she lays the next one."—Washington Star. "Yes, that's Capt. Deeping's wife. His boat went down with all on board." "How sad! Not at all! His boat's a submarine."—Boston Transcript. "My former maid has not been married a year yet, and already she is taking in washing." "What is her husband doing?" "Oh, he is taking in the proceeds."—Baltimore American. "I love the ground you walk on." "You inconstant rascal! I know you've been engaged to four girls." "Still you can't accuse me of inconstancy. They all walk on the same ground."—Louisville Courier-Journal. "They say that men of brains live longer than others." "Don't worry about that, dear boy; you may be one of the exceptions to the rule."—Baltimore American. Wife—"To-morrow is the anniversary of our wedding day. What shall we do about it?" The Professor (absently)—"I suppose we shall have to make the best of it."—Life. "I understand your servant has notified you that she is going to quit work." "Not exactly," said Mrs. Crosslot. "She hasn't been working to speak of for some weeks. Now she announced that she doesn't intend even to associate with us."—Washington Star.