

FOR a matter of five long years Captain Henrik Tomlinson had passed Captain Elisha Jinks, without speaking. Likewise had Captain Jinks ignored Captain Tomlinson. Theirs was the feud springing from obvious and complete antithesis. Indeed, these redoubtable mariners had, really, but one characteristic in common—they were both widowers. Jinks because of an unlucky event at sea, and Tomlinson, if we take Jinks' word for it, because Mrs. Tomlinson was slowly poisoned to death by her husband's withering company. As a further distinguishing mark, Jinks had a son; Tomlinson a daughter. Neither seemed to have inherited the family feud, which greatly perturbed the two old warriors.

Apropos of this, both captains had been thinking deeply, for some weeks, and they were still thinking when the *Liee Yankee*, Tomlinson's schooner, scraped noses with the *Whooping Jane*, Jinks' vessel, in the port of Erie, Pennsylvania. They seldom made port together. It was a matter of courtesy between them that, when one arrived, the other lifted anchor. But this time both remained. They rode within a stone's throw of each other for three days. It was on the afternoon of the third day that Tomlinson, in coming down a street, saw Jinks coming up.

He gritted his teeth, pulled his cap lower over his face, armored himself with insuperable disdain, and stalked on. Jinks threw out his chest, drew in perceptibly a hundred pounds or more of midway avoirdupois, and lengthened himself by an inch. Thus they met.

"Captain Jinks!" said Tomlinson.

Jinks stopped as suddenly as though somebody had drawn a gun.

"Captain Tomlinson!"

"I want a word with you, Captain Jinks, just a word—no more. I want to tell you that my daughter shall never marry your son!"

"The devil you say," shot back Captain Jinks, his round face beginning to blaze. "You needn't worry at all, sir! I wouldn't let my son marry your daughter, sir! I wouldn't let him!"

"Bully!" interjected Tomlinson.

Captain Jinks paused, his volley half discharged.

"But they say they're going to, yer know. I have told my daughter that your son is after my money, not her, and that I shall disinherit her if she persists in taking the scoundrel for a husband!"

"What!" roared Jinks, his face growing from red to purple. "My son after your measly dollars? My son after that rotten little tin down there, that you call a ship! Not or,

your life, sir! Your daughter doesn't give a sniff what you do. She knows I'm rich. She's after my money, that's what she is, Tomlinson! I shall see my son within an hour. I'll tell him that if he marries her, he won't get a cent. I'll nip this little plot in the bud, that's what I'll do, sir!"

"That's just what I want you to do," said Tomlinson coolly. "We must both act. Good day, Captain Jinks!"

"Good day, Captain Tomlinson!"

That night, Captain Jinks held a private seance with his son in the little cabin of the *Whooping Jane*. At least, it was scheduled as private, but the cook and the cook's wife heard it, and also the half-deaf deck hand from Oshkosh, as for three-quarters of an hour they gathered in the galley, with fear and curiosity writ in large letters upon their faces. When it was all over, the son went ashore, and Captain Jinks to bed.

It was late when he awoke—so late that he swore, which was not a fixed habit with the naturally jolly Jinks. Somebody was knocking loudly upon his door, and it occurred to him that he had heard that sound half a dozen times before.

"Hello! What's wanted?" he called.

"It's me, sir—the mate!" came a cautious voice.

The door opened slowly, and a round, red face, blooming with health and happiness, peered in.

"Cap'n Jinks," it said, "there's a dizzy bunch o' dolls waitin' for you on deck, sir! They've come from shore!"

"A—a—what!"

"A bunch of—of—ladies, sir!"

It flashed upon Jinks that this was the first time a bunch of ladies had ever visited him aboard the *Whooping Jane*. He stared his astonishment into the ruddy countenance of the mate, and the mate's bulging eyes reflected back unbounded wonder and admiration.

"There's one of 'em wants to see you perticular bad, sir," he whispered flickly. "She's the—the—dizziest o' the bunch, sir!"

"Let 'er in!"

Captain Jinks shut his bedroom door,

smoothed his hair, finished adjusting his suspenders, and was otherwise prepared inside of thirty seconds. At the end of that time, there came a timid knock, and a small, feminine voice said: "Please, may I come in?" Jinks stood transfixed! With lightning calculation, he figured that it had been many a long day since he had looked upon a vision like that which stood before him now—a fluttering, timid little pink-and-white vision, with the prettiest of brown curls peeping from under the rim of her broad hat, and great, brown eyes that looked at the astonished old sea dog as if their owner was about to ask of him one of the greatest favors in the world.

"I—I want to talk with you a few minutes, Captain Jinks. May I?" asked the girl.

"All day, if you wish!" cried the captain, recovering his humor and gallantry. He drew out a chair, and as the girl seated herself in it, she smiled up into his face in a way that seemed to set little bubbles welling up around his heart. She said:

"I'm Miss Tomlinson!"

If somebody had thrown a harpoon into him from the rear Captain Jinks could not have been more astonished. He felt the blood rushing to his head, until his face was as red and hot as a sea beacon at night; he tried to speak, but his tongue clove to the top of his mouth. The lady never faltered an eyelash, but kept on gazing straight up into his miserable embarrassment.

He could have borne the tongue lashing of a righteously indignant maiden, he could have commanded himself in the passionate storm of a wounded heart—but this was too much! There was no resentment in those eyes, none of the hatred that he might have expected, but only something of pain and wistfulness. Nothing of what any one would have expected in the face of the young creature whose wrong and suffering were due to him. The lack of it smote him with remorse.

"You know—all—about it," she trembled questioningly. "You know

out, and took one of the captain's big, fat hands between two soft little palms. "You know, your son was going to marry me. And now—he says he can't—and that he—he—won't! I don't want you to tell him that I came here. He says—he won't have any money—if he marries me!"

"The scoundrel!" roared Captain Jinks. He jerked away his hand, and stalked out into the room. An idea had come to him, and, like a drowning mariner, he snatched at it. "The scoundrel!" he bellowed, so loudly that the girl gave a little jump. "He's turned you down, has he?" He paced rapidly back and forth, his mind coming more quickly as he worked himself into his imaginary indignation. "Thinks he won't have any money if he marries you, eh?" he cried. He came, and gripped a corner of the cabin table in each hand, and leaned his fat, short body across it until the bewitching face on the opposite side was not more than a dozen inches away. "And what do you think of him, my dear?"

"I think he's a scoundrel, too—if he cares more for a little money than he does for me."

Captain Jinks went around the table, and sat down close beside her. The girl did not look at him. Her eyes were drooped; their long lashes, a little wet, the captain thought, forming dark, silken circles on her cheeks. Captain Jinks' heart thumped a trifle harder. He sat very close to her, and took one of the little, white hands, and he spoke very softly—for him.

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked.

The long lashes were lifted, and the soft eyes looked up at him, clear and undimmed by tears. He forgot that this was a Tomlinson; forgot that he was a weatherbeaten, sea-soaked widower—aged forty-nine.

"I don't believe so," she said hesitatingly. "If he cares more for money than he does for me—let him take the money. Only—I wanted to see you. I wanted to see what Walter's father was like, and—and—I'd like to have

you come up and see me, if you can. Will you?"

She turned to face him, and the captain's blood ran riot in his veins. Before he answered, there came a sound of girlish laughter from the deck, and Miss Tomlinson sprang to her feet.

"Oh, I had forgotten them!" she cried. "I didn't want to come aboard alone, so I brought some friends with me. Of course, they don't know why I came. You'll come up—please—won't you?" she asked over her shoulder, as she turned to the door, and the captain gurgled out something like an affirmative as he held her hand for a moment in parting.

He watched her as she ran down the deck to join her friends, and when she had disappeared he went back into the cabin, slammed the door, and began pacing back and forth, puffing at his seasoned pipe. So his son—his own flesh and blood—had turned this little angel down because he was afraid of losing some of his father's money! The thought of it threw Captain Jinks in a rage. Any man that would give up such a girl was a—a— Captain Jinks shook himself until he rumbled, and smashed his shaving mug by a huge concussion of his fist on the table.

Then he cooled down, and began to smoke. The longer he smoked the more infatuated he became with the lovely vision which he pictured across the table from him. She had asked him to call, and—why not? His son had played the part of a coward and a knave, and a little jolt would do him good. He would tell the girl the truth, and together they two would form a scheme for meting out some sort of a punishment to his weak-hearted son. It would do him good. Captain Jinks did not consider for a moment that the girl would not take his son back. He had a wholesome, good-natured confidence in his ability to "fix things," and meanwhile—he would enjoy Miss Tomlinson's company immensely.

So he prepared. He went uptown, and got a shave, a shampoo, and a shine. He bought a new suit of

—instead of paying a quarter for six of them; he went to a dentist's to have his teeth fixed, and at four different places he inquired if there was a manicurist in town. He was busy from noon until night preparing himself for his first visit, and at dusk—he had forgotten just when the polite hour for calling arrived—he left for the neat little home, where Miss Genevieve Tomlinson lived with her aunt.

Tomlinson had sailed that day, so Jinks was unafraid. He knocked loudly at the door, and Genevieve herself came to open it. When she saw who the caller was, she gave a little cry of welcome, and held out both her hands, and under the electric chandelier in the hall, Jinks still held them tight in his own, and laughed and rumbled as she talked up at him. When she turned, his eyes followed her in tumultuous admiration. She was twice—yes, three times, as lovely as when he had seen her in the cabin!

It was very late when Captain Jinks felt his way cautiously down the Tomlinson's walk to the street. And it was much later—almost time for breakfast—when he turned in on the schooner *Whooping Jane*. His mind, his eyes, his whole head, was in a blur, but he was happy, insanely happy. He had not "fixed things" with Miss Genevieve; she had "fixed him." She had captivated him, heart and soul, and had asked him to call again—and as often as he could! The next day she was going down to Cleveland, where another aunt lived, and would be there for several weeks. But what difference would that make, she asked. Couldn't he run his boat down to Cleveland, and visit her there? And they would have such beautiful, such delightful times together!

Captain Jinks had promised. His brain sizzled like an overheated oven. Was it possible that this girl really cared for him? He had read of such things—in newspapers; of young and beautiful women falling in love with men old enough to be their fathers? Why might not this same thing hap-

pen? He had shown himself a scoundrel, anyway, and didn't deserve the girl. Would he have turned such an angel down because of a little money? He guessed not! So the next day he set sail for Cleveland.

Just what happened there, Captain Jinks could never quite understand. It was like leaping into a quick, exciting dream, that was filled with blissful moments and luring temptations, only Jinks knew that there was a great deal of reality about Miss Tomlinson. The first day after her arrival, he came into port, and lost no time in sending up a message to her, telling her that he would call that evening. His heart was palpitating with a strange excitement when he rang the doorbell at Genevieve's number. It almost burst itself in a sudden spasmodic jump when the door opened.

Miss Tomlinson was there to greet him, smiling sweetly, and when he came in she reached out her hands to him with a laugh that sounded like the tinkling of soft bells to Jinks. But that was not all. She had dressed for him—for him, Cap'n Jinks of the *Whooping Jane*! Her lovely white arms shone in dazzling beauty from the short sleeves of a gown that was the color of a pink sunset. There was nothing to hide from his eyes the rare loveliness of her throat. Upon the velvety softness of her shoulder, there trembled a little cluster of lustrous brown curls, in which she had caught the bud of a red rose. She led him into a cozy little room, where the light was quite dim, and said that her aunt had gone to spend the evening with a neighbor. Then she seated him on a cushioned settle, snuggled close beside him, and lifted the rose for him to smell.

"Hasn't it a sweet odor?" she asked softly.

Captain Jinks' ruddy nose stealthily evaded the flower. He felt the soft crush of the curls upon his lips and face, and he smelled, and continued to smell.

The evening passed. There came no interruption from the aunt. They talked, and the captain's rumbles grew

lower and lower, and there came a gentle, witching softness in the girl's voice. At times she bent her head so near to him, and he leaned so near to her, that he felt the silken touch of her hair. Very late, when it was nearly time to go, he dared to take one of the curls and play with it between his fingers. When he left, Miss Tomlinson gave him both her hands, and she dropped her eyes in sweet embarrassment, as she asked:

"You will call again—soon?"

"As soon as you will let me," he said, squeezing the hands he held.

She looked up at him, with a bewildering flash of her eyes.

"To-morrow evening, then—and—if you haven't anything to do in the afternoon—"

"I haven't!" rumbled Captain Jinks happily. "I won't have anything to do for a month!" And he went back to the *Whooping Jane* like a man intoxicated by some wonderful elixir of the gods.

He called again the next afternoon. He called the next evening. And every afternoon and evening for a week he called. On the seventh night, it was nearly twelve o'clock when he put on his hat and coat to take his leave of Miss Tomlinson. His head was in a whirl. She had let him kiss her—once. The next morning, Miss Tomlinson gave a letter to the postman. It was addressed to Captain Henrik Tomlinson, schooner *Live Yankee*, at the Soo, and read like this:

DEAR PAPA: I know that you will be very much distressed by what I am about to write you, and before I go a word farther I want to ask your forgiveness for all that I am doing. You know, dear papa, that to give you pain causes me even greater pain. If this were not so I would not have given up Walter when you commanded me. But I am afraid that another complication has developed which, while it may not be as unpleasant to you as the other, will still make you very much displeased with me. But I cannot help it. I have come to the conclusion that one's happiness depends largely upon oneself, and now that I have given up Walter for your sake, I do not believe that you will ask me to make a sacrifice in this instance. I have met Walter's father. We have become very well acquainted. In some ways

I am sure that he excels Walter. He has asked me to marry him, and I have promised. It is his desire that our wedding take place immediately, before his next trip; so when you see me again it is possible that I may be Mrs. Jinks. Lovingly,

GENEVIEVE.

It was a somewhat different Genevieve Tomlinson who welcomed Captain Jinks that afternoon. Her face was radiant, and her smiles were filled with that same witching sweetness, but she was dressed in a manner which puzzled the skipper of the *Whooping Jane*. She enlightened him, while he still held his hat in his hand.

"It's such a glorious day," she said, picking gently at his sleeve, "and I'm just crazy for an automobile ride. Aunty wants to go, too. Won't you please take us? We're all ready!"

Captain Jinks took them. He ordered a car from a downtown garage, and when the machine arrived he found an opportunity of asking the chauffeur what it cost.

"Four dollars an hour," replied that individual.

"The devil!" exploded Jinks. "Four dollars an hour! Don't you mean a day?"

"An hour," reiterated the driver tersely.

Captain Jinks' heart began to dance a nervous jig. He did not venture to speak when the ladies came out of the house, and climbed into the machine. Miss Tomlinson tactfully accepted command.

"It's only forty miles down the lake shore to Old Point Pelce House," she suggested sweetly. "We can take supper there, and return in the cool of the evening. Do you know the way, driver?"

"Yes'm!"

And the machine whizzed down the avenue.

It was a beautiful ride. For thirty of those forty miles the road stretched along within a few rods of the big lake, and for twenty of those thirty miles there was nothing but sand to drive through. But the sand didn't spoil the beauty, or the fresh breeze, or the radiant color in Genevieve's cheeks. It

merely made the machine go slow. And it made the machine go still slower on the return trip, so that it was nine o'clock before Genevieve and her aunt climbed down from their seats and asked Captain Jinks if he wouldn't come in and spend the rest of the evening with them. The skipper of the *Whooping Jane* gave a negative mumble. He heard, as if in a dream, Genevieve's honeyed thanks for the delightful time he had given them. Then he rode down to settle his bill. It was twenty-nine dollars and fifty cents, plus six dollars for the supper, plus two dollars for a bunch of violets which he had taken to Genevieve, plus a dollar and—

Captain Jinks doubled his fat red fists, and tore like an engine for the *Whooping Jane*, his fire escaping him in manbling explosion, his blood surcharged with a fire that seemed burning him up alive. Forty dollars—blown on a girl! He—Cap'n Elisha Jinks—had actually squandered that amount in seven hours—six dollars an hour—ten cents a minute—five cents for every decent breath he had drawn! That forty dollars would have paid his crew for a week; it would have fed 'em for a month; it would have bought his clothes for a year! What had Genevieve meant by inveigling him into such an expensive excursion? He was still suffering from the effects of the trip when he called upon her the following afternoon. Another shock was in store for him. He found that some woman named Melba was in town, and with the same sweet artlessness, Genevieve invited him to take aunty and her to hear her sing.

"Be sure and get one of the lower front boxes," the girl admonished, as he left to secure tickets. "I know you'll enjoy it more from there!"

"How thoughtful!" rumbled Captain Jinks to himself. But he rumbled out something else that made the box man stare at him when he paid nine dollars for the tickets. A dozen times that night he could have thrown a club at the woman who sang, and at least twenty times Genevieve pressed his

hand, and he felt the softness of her lips. The *Whooping Jane* was a quiet little woman, with gray hair and demure eyes, and she spoke not a dozen words until the three stood out upon the street, and Jinks was looking eagerly for a street car. She said only a few words, then, suggesting in a resigned sort of way that it was pretty late for their usual after-theatre supper, and that it would be a good idea to go right home, where she would make a nice pot of coffee for them all. Captain Jinks felt Genevieve's hand tighten upon his arm, and there was a quaver in her voice, as she said:

"Why, aunty, do you think that Captain Jinks would take you to hear Melba and then go home without supper? How ridiculous! Aunty always fears she is in somebody's way," she added, in a low tone, to the master of the *Whooping Jane*. "Let's go over to Fenwick's."

Sixty minutes later, Captain Jinks broke another five-dollar bill, and received one dollar and forty cents in change. Three-quarters of an hour after that, he held Genevieve's hand for a moment in parting.

"I'm so glad you're going to be in town for a month," the girl whispered, looking up at him with shining face. "We shall have such gorgeous times together!"

Such gorgeous times!

Captain Jinks repeated those words fifty times as he puffed back to the *Whooping Jane*. As he thought of what had happened during the past two days, he felt himself swelling like a blowfish. Just about one more of those gorgeous times would make him telegraph home for money. That night he dreamed of bankruptcy and thieves, and the next afternoon he sent word to Genevieve that business detained him from calling. He appeared in the evening, however, congratulating himself that it was too late for anything "gorgeous" to be schemed out for him that night. Miss Tomlinson was dressed in a simple house gown, with her lovely hair done up in a big coil on the top of her pretty head, and she

looked so sweet and womanly and everything that was good, that Jinks' fears began to subside.

A little after the clock struck nine, Genevieve began talking of the future. Very gently, and with embarrassment at first, she intimated a few things which she thought were necessary to marital happiness. As she continued, and Jinks listened, she gathered a little courage. She was sure that they would be happy, that she would be, anyway. All that was necessary for her happiness was a kind husband, a pretty little home, nicely furnished, a piano, a horse and buggy, and an automobile. Later, perhaps, they might get a naphtha launch, for she loved to entertain a great deal, and would probably always have a few of her dear friends with her when her captain was away.

To-morrow she would go with him to look at automobiles. She knew of a beautiful little two-seated rig, that cost only a thousand dollars. Most good machines, she said, cost more, but she would not for the world have him put a mortgage on his vessel in order to buy things for her—at least not a very large mortgage, though she understood that small ones were not very dangerous. And when he was ashore they would make up for her loneliness during the weeks and months of his absence. They would have perfectly gorgeous times together!

For an hour and a half, Captain Jinks listened like a sick man, baking and shivering alternately between hot sweats and cold chills. Then Genevieve left him, to make their evening cup of coffee. Lighting a cigar, he paced nervously back and forth across the little room, the panic in him growing with every step. Ahead of him he saw a terrible picture of ruin—ruin and disgrace. With insane longing, he gazed at the hall door. How he would love to take his hat and coat, slip quietly out, and never again set foot in Cleveland. But he had gone too far! He groaned inwardly, and then, with sudden resolution, he doubled his

fists, thumped through the hall, and, red-faced and frightened, confronted Genevieve in the kitchen.

"Genevieve," he growled huskily, "I've been a fool—a fool—" He puffed like a porpoise, as the words came from him. "You mustn't marry me! I'm old enough to be your father—an—I—I—can't afford it!"

The fatal words were out, and he stood like a man waiting to be shot. For a moment Genevieve stared at him, as if she did not comprehend. Then she buried her face in her arms, and began to sob. At least, Captain Jinks thought she was crying. He went over to her, and gently put one of his big arms about her shoulders, as a father might have done.

"There, there," he comforted. "You'll soon forget it all, Genevieve!" A sudden thought leaped into his brain. "Does Walter know about this?" he asked.

"No," gurgled Miss Tomlinson.

The arm tightened around her shoulders.

"I'm glad he don't," mumbled Captain Jinks. "'Cause I tell you what I'm going to do. You're going to marry him, and on your wedding day I'm going to give you a third interest in the *Whooping Jane*. Will you?"

There was a silence.

"Will you, little girl?"

There came a little convulsion of the doubled shoulders, and a wee voice replied, in tearful faintness:

"I've b-b-b-roke my heart twice in t-t-t-two weeks, but I guess I can d-d-d-o it again!"

"You'll marry him—if I set you out with a third interest in the *Whooping Jane*?"

"Yes."

Half an hour later, the happiest skipper on all the Great Lakes was hurrying down to the *Whooping Jane*. And even sooner, in a little room a mile away, a telephone jingled noisily. A young man answered it, listened for twenty seconds, gave a muffled yell, dropped the receiver, and ran from the room. It was this same young man who, not waiting to ring, rushed into

the little home on 44th Avenue a short time afterward. Genevieve was waiting for him. There was a deeper color in her cheeks now, and something gloriously warm in her eyes. She put her arms about the young man's shoulders, as though that was the perfectly proper place for them, and turned up her face to be kissed.

"You're sure you've fixed it, sweetheart?" he whispered.

"Yes, Walter. I've been cultivating your father, as you advised, and he likes me. We're very good friends. He hasn't any objection to me at all now. He says—"

The doorbell rang sharply. When

Genevieve answered it, a messenger boy handed her a telegram. With trembling fingers, she fore open the little yellow envelope, and read:

If you have any hope of Heaven throw over that old fossil take-back son-give cottage on lake to start housekeeping in marry old Jinks and I'll murder him!

TOMLINSON.

A merry peal of laughter burst from Genevieve's red lips.

"What is it?" asked young Jinks.

"Papa has telegraphed that he is sorry, and that I can marry you," she said, and tore the telegram into countless bits.



ADVENTURE

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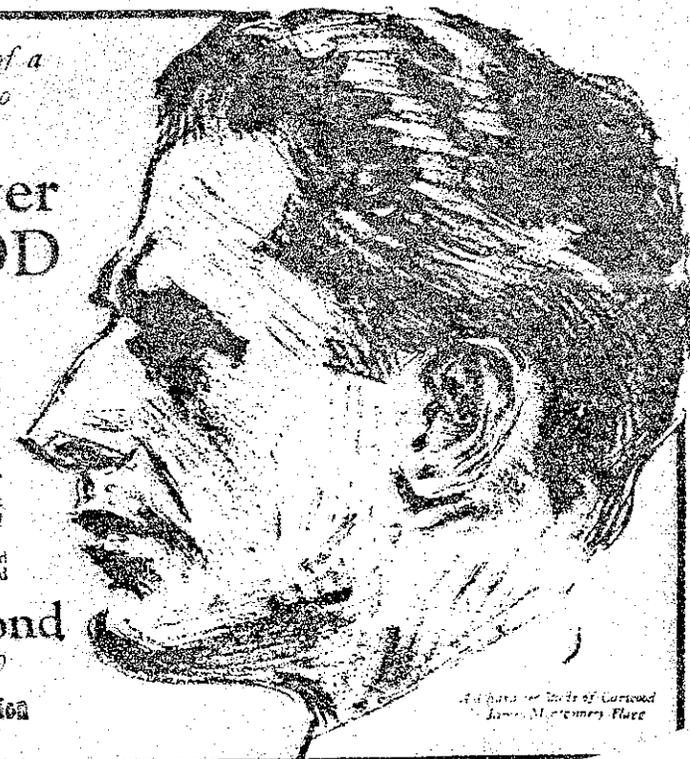
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