"Sound Ports Made

Many of the sounds of the present age will be heard 10,000 years from now, if the claims of Prof. William Doegen, state librarian of Berlin, are confirmed in that time. Professor Doegen has compiled a collection of 2,500 sounds of the present age on master phonograph records made of brass and will file them away for posterity. He took records of the sounds of war during the World war, street sounds in the big cities, language sounds of 250 different tribes in Asia and Europe, and, of course, all metropolitan speaking and singing sounds. Among other novelties recorded is the Mohammedan muezzin's call to prayer.

In Valhalla and Out

by George Ethelbert Walsh

WNU Service

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Fishing, in idle fashion from a private dock, Dick Van Ness watches a ship, the Pelican, which he recognizes as the Beason, his father's yacht before his death and financial reverses forced him to part with it. A man whom he hears a girl who accompanies him address as Mr. Blake, lands from the yacht. The girl drops her handbag in the stream and Dick recovers it. Thanking him, she gives him her visiting card. She is Alice Cutler, niece of Stephen Cutler, successful business rival of the elder Van Ness.

CHAPTER II.—Dick overhears a conversation between Blake and Captain Brent of the Pelican which gives him the impression that the yacht is bound on a voyage of adventure to an island the name of which he does not hear.

CHAPTER III.—Acting on impulse, Dick, footloose and ready for any sort of adventure, remembers a hiding place in the main cabin of the yacht and determines to conceal himself and sail—a stowaway—with the party. Stephen Cutler, invalid, comes aboard, with his niece, and the ship sails.

CHAPTER IV.—In his retreat Dick overhears conversations between Blake and Captain Brent which appear to denote something sinister. Believing the cabin empty, Dick emerges from hiding and encounters Marie, Alice Cutler's French maid. Getting back quickly, unrecognized, the girl insists she has seen a "ghost." And is ridiculed. The yacht reaches its apparent destination, an island. Dick swims ashore.

CHAPTER V.—On the island next day Van Ness witnesses an exchange of mysterious signals which he realizes are between Blake, at Cutler's house, and Captain Brent, on the yacht. He is present, unseen, while Blake and Marie speak in heated terms of things which add to the mystery of the situation. Sleeping in a bathhouse near the dock, Dick is discovered by Alice. He admits he was on the yacht, and she reveals the fact that the servants who should have been at the house are mysteriously absent, only her uncle, Stephen Cutler, Doctor Alster, Blake and herself being on the island. Dick's presence is known only to Alice. The yacht sails, leaving the party.

CHAPTER VI.—Floating on a life-raft, a sailor is assisted to the shore by Van Ness. He asserts he is one of the crew of the Pelican, which is on a reef, fast breaking up, and that he volunteered to swim ashore and seek aid. Neither to Dick nor Alice, who hears the man's story, does it ring true, and Dick is more than ever convinced that some plot, engineered by Blake and involving Stephen Cutler, is afoot.

CHAPTER VII.—Exploring the island, Dick discovers a wireless apparatus from which messages are being sent and received. They are in code and he can make nothing of them, though he is convinced Blake is communicating with the yacht. Continuing his investigations, Van Ness is surprised and knocked senseless by Marie, the sailor whom he had helped ashore. The fellow leaves Dick, bound and helpless, in a cave, while he goes to inform Blake of Dick's presence, and his captivity.

(NOTE—Owing to the omission of a part of Chapter 8 and 9 in last week's installment of this serial, the part of the story where the error occurred is republished this week.)

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

Blake's revelations concerning affairs up at the house had disturbed him. If Steve Cutler was unconscious, slowly dying without chance of regaining his senses, what companionship had the girl? There was Marie, her maid, but Dick knew she was in love with Blake, and more or less involved in the plot. There was Doctor Alster. But what sort of man was he?

So far Dick hadn't met the family physician, and there seemed to be a ray of hope in the thought that Alster would prove a friend and help to Miss Cutler. "I'll have to get in communication with him," he muttered, "and establish some sort of entente cordiale. Between us we might put Blake and McGee to rout."

With this idea in mind, he waited until Blake left the beach, and then slipped down the rocks to the level below. Following a wide circuit that led to the rear of the cliff, he worked his way gradually up to the house, using every caution to conceal himself behind trees and shrubs. His theory was that Blake would be in the front, and by approaching from the rear he could slip into the kitchen unobserved. McGee, he reasoned, would still be at the cave on guard duty.

He was successful in his ruse, reaching the rear of the big house without attracting attention. He tried the back door, and finding it unlocked opened it and slipped inside. The kitchen was a large, pretentious affair, suitable as a workshop for a large army of servants.

It was completely deserted now, giving it a forlorn, unpleasant appearance. All the latest appurtenances for cooking and serving dinners and banquets were present, but without cooks or waiters they seemed a hollow mockery.

"What is a home without a cook?" Dick murmured in passing.

He entered the butler's pantry adjoining the big, commodious kitchen, and nearly ran plump into a pair of flour and dough-covered arms. Alice Cutler, under the stress of necessity, was making tentative experiments in cookery, with her sleeves rolled up to her elbows, showing a pair of plump arms, and a fancy boudoir cap covering her head. An ample apron protected her dress. Her cheeks were flushed to a rich carmine, with small patches of flour and dough distributed here and there in irregular patterns.

She glanced up with startled eyes, and then, as calmly as if meeting an old friend, she said: "Well! What is it you want now?"

"To see you, first," he said, "and, second, to see Doctor Alster."

"What do you want to see Doctor Alster for?" she queried.

"To find out what sort of a man he is—to see if he's for you or against you."

She was quiet for a long time, watching and appraising him. Finally, she nodded her head. "I'll take you to him," she said quietly. "Perhaps you're right. We ought to know whether he's for us or against us. I have my doubts sometimes."

CHAPTER X

Dick thrilled a little when she used the word "us"; he had distinctly used the singular pronoun, and it was her own choice of the plural. He reasoned that, consciously or unconsciously, the word implied a trust in him that he had not dared to believe before.

He watched her graceful movements, as she cleaned and washed her hands and arms, dried them on a roller towel, removed the apron, touched her hair with deft hands, and then, after readjusting her boudoir cap, nodded to him.

"Follow me. I'll take you to him."

Doctor Alster was a short, thick-set man of perhaps forty, with black hair and beard, and dark, shifty eyes. Dick's first impression was not very favorable. When he stepped forward to meet him, the eyes under the shaggy brows widened in surprise, and then narrowed swiftly to small pin points.

"I'm glad to meet you, doctor," Dick said, advancing with extended hand.

The other grunted and stared back suspiciously. "Who are you, sir?" he demanded truculently.

"A friend of Miss Cutler's. You heard her say that."

"But your name?"

"For the present, names are immaterial. I'm greatly concerned about Mr. Cutler's health. How is he?"

"Bad, sir—very bad," was the reply, accompanied by a solemn shake of the head.

"Can I see Mr. Cutler?" Dick asked.

"See him!" repeated Alster in surprise. Then, frowning and shaking his head, he added, "No, sir, I couldn't grant that request. It might prove dangerous to him in his weakened condition."

"If he's unconscious, what harm could come of it? You can't surprise or shock an unconscious patient."

"He might regain his senses for a moment, and the sight of a stranger—"

"—a friend."

"Well, even a friend he didn't expect to see here, might give him a shock that would kill him."

Dick smiled with exasperating coolness. Alster's face slowly mottled and turned red. Losing his polite manners, he asked abruptly, "Who are you, sir? Aren't you the stowaway that came down here unbidden?"

"I came down on the yacht. If you choose to call me a stowaway, all right."

"Mr. Blake was telling me about you," added the doctor. "He's been very anxious to see you. I'll summon him."

"It isn't necessary," replied Dick. "I've met Mr. Blake several times."

"I'll summon him at once."

He moved toward the door. Dick made no attempt to detain him. It opened and closed behind the man, the lock clicking in response to the turn of the key on the outside. Dick smiled.

On the other side he could hear voices in an altercation. Alice Cutler was speaking authoritatively.

"You must give me that key, doctor—at once."

"I can't, Miss Cutler," replied the other. "He's a dangerous man, and I must summon Mr. Blake."

"I'll be responsible for him," cut in the girl. "Are you going to give me that key?"

"No, Miss Alice!"

There was the sound of heavy retreating footsteps, gradually dying away in the distance. Then a voice called softly through the keyhole.

"You must escape! Mr. Blake will be here soon."

"Don't worry about me, Miss Cutler," Dick called back. "I can take care of myself. But"—hesitatingly—"I wouldn't put too much faith in Doctor Alster. I don't believe he's for us."

• • • • • • •

Dick had surveyed the outlook through the window with just such a possible contingency in view, and it required little exertion or hazard on his part to climb out on the roof of the back porch and slide down one of the pillars. Before Blake and Doctor Alster appeared in the room he was in the woods, watching the window at a safe distance.

"Blake will know by this time I've escaped from the cave," he meditated. "Therefore, he'll set McGee on my trail again. Perhaps this time I'll be prepared for him."

His visit to the house had satisfied him on two doubtful points. The first, and what seemed the more important to him, was that Alice Cutler had come to believe and trust in him. She no longer viewed him as an enemy or troublesome interloper. The second point he had cleared up in his mind was that Doctor Alster was a friend of Blake's and in league with him.

"That means three to one against me, not counting Marie," he reflected. It was noticeable that he did not include Miss Cutler in this grouping, but that was because he had personally assumed her burdens and intended to relieve her of all responsibility.

He decided his next move was to pay another visit to the wireless plant, and learn if possible where the yacht was located. There was no question in his mind that Blake was communicating with Captain Brent, exchanging messages of some sort or another.

Dick remained a long time watching the window and the back of the house. If any one emerged through the doorway, he could see him in ample time to get away.

There was no sign of any one stirring about, and he finally abandoned the watch. Retreating into the woods, he made his way cautiously to the beach and from there to the face of the cliff, which offered so many advantageous hiding places.

Concealing himself in the mouth of a small sea cave where he had a clear view of every line of approach, he fell to meditating upon his next move. If he destroyed the wireless plant, he would cut off their last chance of getting a message ashore or to a passing vessel. On the other hand, if he left it intact, he permitted

"Which," He Reflected With a Scowl, "I'm Still Ignorant Of."

Blake to hatch up any sort of a plot with Captain Brent or to carry out his original scheme.

"Which," he reflected with a scowl, "I'm still ignorant of."

The minutes slipped away swiftly. After his exertions, Dick felt tired and sleepy. The reaction from the excitement made him doze in catnaps. Arousing himself from one of these, he heard voices over his head. They came from the top of the cliff, which was just visible from his hiding place. They were angry words, spoken in a high-pitched, feminine voice.

"I saw you with her! You needn't deny it! I'll scratch your eyes out if you touch her again!"

It was Marie, venting her jealousy upon her unlucky lover. Dick smiled, enjoying the conversation. Blake spoke in a lower, more guarded voice.

"No, I won't keep still!" the maid added a moment later. "You got to promise to leave her alone, or I'll tell her all. You've deceived me, and—"

"I tell you to shut up!" came from her lover in a menacing voice. "If you don't, I'll—"

"What will you do?" mocked the maid. "You're a coward, and don't dare touch me. I know you."

"Be careful!"

Marie laughed defiantly, taunting him only as an aroused, jealous woman could; but in the midst of it there came a new note, which made Dick glance upward hurriedly. It was as if the laugh had suddenly turned into a scream—a frightful cry of fear and horror.

A moment later a wriggling, twisting body shot through the air, missing the ledge on which Dick stood by less than a foot. The maid had either stepped too near the edge of the cliff and fallen over, or she had been pushed to her doom by another.

Dick had no way of judging the cause of her mishap. He simply saw her body hurtling through space and heard it splash in the greedy sea below. A last despairing cry escaped her lips, and then the green water closed over her.

There was no way to reach her except by a straight dive from his elevated position. Dick reasoned that Blake, after the accident, would either flee panic-stricken or hurry down to the beach with help. In either case, the fellow would be of little assistance in the rescue. It was up to him to make the effort.

Dick waited until she came to the surface, which seemed a long, torturing time to him. Her long fall had carried her far beneath the surface.

When her head showed finally for an instant, bobbing on the crest of a wave, he took the plunge, making a clean dive straight for her. The inevitable sinking and quick struggle to recover his breath on the surface followed. Then clearing his eyes of the salt water, he caught a glimpse of her as she was going under the second time.

Dick was an expert swimmer, and understood the art of handling a drowning person. He made a surface dive, and caught her by the back of the hair, twisting it around in his fingers until he had a firm hold, and then throwing himself on his back he began towing her in.

Fighting his way slowly through the waves, he managed finally to grasp the nearest rock, and with this as a lever he swung the struggling body of the terrified girl into shoal water. After that it was easy to pick her up and carry her to a safe ledge a few feet above the highest roller.

Gasping a little from his own exertions, he rested a moment before paying attention to Marie. He doubted if she had swallowed much water, and her moans and cries were due more to hysteria than to any alarming symptoms. At the worst she would suffer only a little physical discomfort.

CHAPTER XI

Marie came to her senses in due time, and struggled to a sitting position. Her wild, startled eyes took in the sea rolling close to her feet. With an involuntary shudder and moan she drew as far back from it as she could. Dick smiled.

"You don't have to be afraid of it, Marie. It can't reach you."

She turned her terrified eyes to him. She was stupidly quiet for a few moments.

"You—you saved me?" she gasped.

"I picked you out of the sea," he replied lightly. "You weren't swimming very well."

"I can't swim," she replied.

"Then you should keep out of the water. What made you take the long dive?"

She shuddered again, and glanced up at the top of the cliff. Memory suddenly flooded her mind. Her eyes flashed.

"I didn't dive!" she said. "He pushed me over. He wanted to kill me—get me out of the way—the murderer!"

"Whom are you speaking of—Mr. Blake?"

"Yes, the reptile! He tried to murder me. Oh, the wretch!" She began wringing her hands. "He made love to me—said he'd marry me, and then—then—to try to put me out of the way! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Dick permitted her to sob undisturbed, her whole body shaking violently. When she grew calmer he spoke with emphasis to impress her.

"Marie, I saved your life. You know that. If I hadn't plunged in you'd be food for fishes by this time. Now I'm going to ask a favor of you in return. Will you grant it?"

"Yes, sir, anything," she replied, weakly but honestly.

"Then I want to know why you betrayed your mistress and put yourself into the hands of Mr. Blake and Doctor Alster. Was it because you loved Blake?"

In spite of her shaking she flushed slightly, and nodded her head.

"I thought so," he resumed. "In fact, I knew it. A woman in love will do the most extraordinary things."

He paused again, glancing seaward. When he turned once more to her he was smiling frankly.

"You didn't want anything terrible to happen to Miss Cutler, did you? That wasn't a part of the bargain with Blake, was it?"

"No, sir, he promised not to harm her," she answered meekly.

"Nor her uncle?"

"No, sir, he said he was a sick man, and needed the change down here. He wasn't going to harm him."

"Then what was his scheme?" asked Dick bluntly, taking her off her guard.

"—I don't exactly know," she stammered. "He said something about making his fortune if he could keep Mr. Cutler down here for a few weeks. It was something about stocks. I don't know exactly."

"H'm!" mused Dick. "I think I understand."

He was quiet for a few moments. Then, noticing the girl's agitation, he took pity on her. "I'll get you around to the beach, Marie. You need dry clothing."

"I'm cold," she murmured, shivering.

"Miss Cutler will help you. Go to her and tell her you fell into the water. Don't say anything to her about Mr. Blake."

"Thank you, sir. I'll do as you ask."

"Then come; I'll help you to the beach. Go up to the house, and act as if nothing serious had happened. You might, by the way, redeem yourself by looking after your mistress a little more carefully. Doctor Alster and Mr. Blake are no friends of hers."

"I know it, sir, but I'll show them I am. I'll protect her from them. I'll scratch their eyes out, and—and—"

"I believe you would, Marie. Now come!"

Dick helped her along the face of the cliff until they reached the beach. Marie was so terrified of the water that she clung to him desperately until her feet touched the sand, and she knew she was safe. She drew a long sigh of relief then, and at Dick's bidding hurried up to the house.

Returning to his hiding place under the cliff, where he felt he was reasonably safe from discovery, Dick awaited the coming of darkness to put his plan in execution. He had gathered enough facts now to determine his course of action. It was to be drastic, and full of danger; but it was the only thing under the circumstances to do.

Convinced that Blake and McGee would keep a watchful eye on the underground wireless in the expectation that he would revisit the cave either to destroy the instrument or to operate it, he made his way cautiously to the vicinity shortly after dark. Proceeding with the utmost care, watching and listeping every few feet, he gained the summit of a nearby rock that commanded a good view of the entrance to the cave. Concealed there among the bushes he began his long vigil. His ears more than his eyes had to guide him.

Fighting off sleep, he spent the entire night watching and waiting, without results. Light of a new day was beginning to break a little in the east when his ear caught the first sounds of stealthy footsteps.

Craning his head forward he waited eagerly. In the half light of early morning he saw a dark figure creeping cautiously in the direction of the cave. It halted frequently to look around and listen.

"McGee!" Dick murmured, smiling. "I thought he'd come."

The sailor was approaching the entrance in a wide detour, beating the brush, as it were, to make sure his enemy did not take him in the rear. When he finally reached the brink of the hole he leaned over cautiously and peered down.

This was Dick's opportunity. Swiftly but noiselessly he crept upon him from the rear. Not anticipating any danger from behind, the man was leaning far over to explore the interior of the cave. The sailor was a formidable antagonist, and Dick had no intention of taking chances. He intended to give him a dose of his own medicine.

With a stout club picked up for the purpose, Dick dealt the sneaking seaman a blow on the head that knocked all senses out of him. With a grunt he lurched forward and tumbled into the cave.

Dick was after him, descending rapidly, and stood over him with the club upraised before he had a chance to struggle to his feet. But further punishment was unnecessary. Either the first blow or the fall on the hard rocks had made him as helpless as a child. The man was still unconscious.

"That was quick work, McGee, Dick said exultantly. "Now for a gag and some rope."

He had brought both along with him, and within a short time he had the sailor trussed up and gagged. Rolling him into a corner just as consciousness was returning to the sailor, he climbed back out of the hole, and resumed his vigil.

He had every reason to believe Blake would put in an appearance before daylight. It was his habit to send wireless messages just before the break of day. With McGee as advance guard to clear the way for him, there was little to fear, and when he did finally appear he approached the cave with less caution than his confederate.

Dick had taken possession of an automatic that he found on the seaman, and with this in his hand he trailed in the rear of Blake. His intention was to use it to force obedience to his orders, but the sight of the man, small and rather weak of stature, made this course repugnant to him.

"Turn around, Mr. Blake," he called calmly.

The man whirled on his toes as if electrified. When he saw the gun pointing at him, his hands started upward as if to surrender. Dick smiled at the craven fear on the white, pasty face.

"Now you'll go below to join your friend. I expect McGee's lonesome down there."

"McGee! Is he down there?" stammered Blake.

"Yes, he's been listening to our little altercation."

Dick picked him up and carried him to the entrance. He was a lightweight, and without great difficulty he got him down and placed him alongside his partner in crime. McGee shot him a venomous look and tried to grunt his anger.

"Don't exert yourself, McGee," Dick said. "You'll burst a blood vessel. That gag's made to stay in the mouth. You can't work it loose."

"Are you going to gag me?" whined Blake. "I'll keep quiet if you don't."

"For the present—no," replied Dick. "I may want to ask you some questions, and it would be a little inconvenient to remove the gag to get answers from you."

He left the two in the corner and walked over to the wireless, which he began examining carefully and critically. He was so absorbed in this that he nearly forgot his prisoners. Finally with a smile he looked up.

"I get it now," he said triumphantly. "I guess I know wireless enough to operate it."

(To be Continued)

Law of Life

As the blessings of health and fortune have a beginning, so they must also find an end. Everything rises but to fall and increases but to decay.—Sallust.

Incompatibility

If Americans can be divorced for "incompatibility of temper" I cannot conceive why they are not all divorced. I have known many happy marriages, but never a compatible one. The whole aim of marriage is to fight through and survive the instant when incompatibility becomes unquestionable. For a man and a woman, as such, are incompatible.—Chesterton.

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