

Local Color to Burn

by Charley Wood



ALTHOUGH Captain Jericho and his Mate Handy did not know it, they were to be directly concerned in a decision which Theodore Hesper, director of Superart Pictures, made when he got out of the wrong side of bed one morning in the late springtime and decided to change the general running of things. The director had run across a bit of nautical verse the evening before, and besides bothering him during the night, it was still running in his head when he awoke in the morning.

Said the captain to the cook,
As a hair he strove to hook,
"I'll lay a cat-o'-nine-tails
'Cross your bloomin' yellow 'ide."

Said the cook, "But you'll be sorry,
Fer when Christmas comes to-morry
I'll 'eave my plum duff recipée
In the Roarin' Forties tide!"

"Ha, ha," grunted the director as he stooped over to lace his shoes, "there's an inspiration for a picture that is different. Away with all the hokum and on with something that will make 'em sit up and gasp!"

Upon arriving at the Superart offices he went straight to the scenario department and asked the editor if he had any stories with a sea locale.

"Only one," replied the editor as he held up an envelope which he was about to return to its sender. "Rottenest of the rotten—pirate subject."

"Pirates!" ejaculated the director. "That's just the kind of a subject I want. The minute you said the word 'pirate' I was startled, and that's the way it will act on the public. Get me?"

He sank into a chair and ran over the erstwhile rejection with a rapid eye. At the end of the last page he flung it on the editor's desk and sprang to his feet.

"Have Miss Freebler start on the continuity right away, old topper," he said, with a slight return of his usual good humor. "I'll come in and give her a few suggestions later."

"The author wants five hundred for it," demurred the editor.

"I don't care, I want the story," quoth the director over his shoulder as he left. "I'm going in to see Swiberg about it."

Aaron Swiberg, president of the Superart Pictures Corporation, was seated in a leather-cushioned, mahogany swivel-chair before a mahogany desk with a glass top, and between his teeth was a cigar of the same rich shade as the office furnishings. Although the Superart concern might be termed a one-horse affair as picture organizations go these days, it was by no means in financial distress. The

room in which he sat was a room which few, unless reasons were stated well and glibly, ever saw the inside of.

Theodore Hesper, being one of the few, entered unannounced and seated himself without ceremony. Owing to the fact that the personnel of Superart was small he had few officials to fight with and was used to taking things in his own hands. Besides, both his name and Mr. Swiberg's were attached to a contract that had two years to run before expiration, and neither cared to be the defendant in a suit brought by the other. Therefore, although they wrangled now and then over a subject, they always agreed in the end.

"I want to do a special, Swiberg," began Hesper. "I'm ahead of the regular program and I want to do a pirate story that'll make everybody sit up and gasp. I tell you the public and the exhibitors are tired of society and Chinatown hokum—they want something different. I want to get away from the usual, run my name big on all paper, and give 'em a punch that'll make Superart a household word."

"How much'll it cost?" asked the president.

"We've got to find a place that looks like a southern ocean, stick in a palm-tree netting, pay five hundred for the story, and probably about five thousand for a ship that will have to be burnt and blown up."

"Five thousand dollars to burn!" squealed Swiberg.

"It's got to be done for color or the story will fall flat. You can't make pictures for nothing."

"You don't get no five thousand from me to burn up," asserted the president.

"You're blame right I do," answered the director as he rose to his feet and registered anger. "Remember, I was making pictures fourteen years before you bought your way into the field. Although you may know how to run a cloak and suit shop you

don't know how to make pictures, and I do. You're only the president."

The president banged huffily on his mahogany desk.

"Don't talk to me—don't talk to me," he sputtered. "I don't throw no five thousand in the fire for what you call local color."

"You either do or I quit," returned the director as he assumed a nonchalant air "You know Sublime Films has offered to double my salary and pay you what the court grants you if I go over to them. Suit yourself."

As he finished he went toward the door. The president threw up his arms in despair and called him back.

"What are you going away mad for?" he asked. "Ain't I always given you production money without a kick. If you got to have five thousand to burn up—why go ahead and burn and have it over."

"Best investment you ever made," said the director as he seized the phone from the president's desk. "Publicity-desk. Hello, Joe—will you get out a big story right away, like a good boy, about how Swiberg has seen the writing on the wall and will go to any expense to produce a picture that's unusual—he thinks the public is tired of this modern hokum and is ripe for a costume play. Jazz it up, you know. Working title is 'The Pirate's Bride,' and Miss Faire will star. Forget the Irish beauty stuff and have her have a Castillon ancestor, will you? She plays a Spanish girl in this. Miss Freebler's got the script. All right, by-by."

As the director hung up the receiver Hank Frayne, his assistant director, and George Stodd, Superart's star heavy, strolled in. The director immediately informed them of his new picture plans.

"You'll be cast for the pirate captain, George," he added. "A nice, big, juicy part."

"Wait a minute," said Hank. "Where you going to get this ship to blow up?"

"Amityville's about the best place, I guess," said the director after some consideration. "One of those old boats that

take out parties is the thing. And for the pirates we'll get the crew of a deep-sea ship—no actors—sailors, see?"

"All right," said Hank, "but don't let any of those old Amityville boys know you want to buy a ship to blow up or you'll never get one. I know those old barnacle backs. They think more of their old tubs than a hen does of her chicks."

"Then we'll buy it without letting 'em know we're going to blow it up," countered the director. "As long as you know 'em you can put the deal over and we'll take Mr. Swiberg right along so he can write a check and pay on the spot."

That is how Captain Abel Jericho and his mate, Mr. Adam Handy, although they knew nothing whatever about motion-pictures, became actively engaged in the making of one. They were co-owners of the two-masted schooner *Starshine*, and had a history which fully explained their close companionship at their present stage of life. They had done most of their early seafaring life before the mast in square riggers, leaving steam navigation for the class of seamen they called "deckhands."

They had lived as frugally as possible between cruises, Captain Jericho having lived just a little more frugally than Mate Handy, and they reached the pinnacle they had been working for when they bought the *Starshine*. Captain Jericho owned three-quarters of her and the mate owned the remaining quarter.

As for the *Starshine*, she was no more spring-chickenesque than her owners. In fact, she had an air of antiquity about her which commanded the attention of the director and Hank even in the conglomeration of craft which filled the harbor. They picked her as they advanced down the pier toward the spot where her captain and mate sat dangling their boots over the water. Mr. Swiberg also picked her, but for mercenary reasons.

"There's two old salt types for you," commented the director as he indicated the pair. "They don't need a stroke of makeup."

They paused to admire them. They noted their dilapidated caps, which sat with an aggressive one-sidedness over faces which suggested the color and toughness of raw ham, and the bristling whiskers which thrust themselves out over neckerchiefs carelessly and picturesquely knotted about their necks. They saw the bell-bottom effect of their trousers which rung over old-time leather sea-boots, patched and mended now, but capable of registering a wisked imprint if used right.

Artistic impulse swept over the director and he was about to approach them when Hank held him back. So they conducted a subrosa inquiry instead and were gratified to learn that the pair were the owners of the schooner they had picked.

"Let me show you how to handle this," advised Hank as he approached them.

"Shoot," said Hesper.

"Look there, fellows," said Hank to the director and Swiberg, as he pointed directly at the *Starshine* and made sure her owners could hear him. "There's a real craft for you. Look how her beautiful lines make those other craft around her look like washtubs in the middle of a Monday morning! She's the only real sailorman's ship in the lot!"

Captain Jericho nudged his mate and his mate nudged him as they turned to give the speaker a closer appraisal.

"There's the first lubber I ever seen that knows anything," said the captain.

"I wonder who owns her," continued Hank.

"Right here is her owners," spoke up Captain Jericho as he removed an ancient clay pipe shaped like a powder-horn from his mouth and rose. "You're the first landlubber I seen for many a year with brains in your truck. Lead out your hand till I shake it."

"You're the kind of sailorman I thought owned a ship like that," said Hank as he strove to keep from flinching from the Samsonian grip of the captain. "What's her name?"

“*Starshine*,” spoke up the mate, “give her a fair wind and a full set o’ rags and she’ll make any craft in this here harbor look like an Erie Canal hooker.”

“How would you like to get her in the movies and let everybody see what a real, honest-to-goodness, seagoing sail-craft looks like?” asked Hank. “We’re movie people.”

The captain and mate hesitated, for they remembered having seen a picture once with alleged ships and sailors in it and they were not certain that they cared to have the *Starshine*’s name linked with the seamanship they had seen.

“We ain’t anxious to trust our craft, what we thinks as much of as we do our mothers,” said the captain, “to some o’ these actors we’ve seen dressed in sailor clothes.”

“You won’t have to,” quickly put in the director. “Our idea is to let you handle the ship yourself while we take pictures. Besides, we’ll buy her if you’ll sell her.”

“What do you expect to use her for?” asked Mate Handy.

“Just to cruise around and take pictures with,” answered the director, glibly, and mentally asked forgiveness.

“What’s your price?” asked the captain.

“Two thousand five hundred,” spoke up Mr. Swiberg before he could be prevented.

Hesper and his assistant glared at him from both flanks, and the owners looked as if they were about to smite him down.

“Five thousand dollars on the spot,” said Hank quickly, in an effort to save the day. The owners started at this extensive rise in the price. It was more than they had paid for her, and she was fairly aged when they bought her. Now she was ten years older. But they seemed to feel a grip about their hearts as they thought of irreverent hands handling her rigging and careless owners trodding her decks. Yet, money was money.

“I vote we let the old girl go fer that price, skipper,” said Mate Handy, “as long as

we’ll have the sailin’ of her, anyhow. We had owners wunst and we kin stand it agin fer that money.”

“Let’s go and have a bill of sale made out right away,” said the director, who now thought he saw the way clear to his masterpiece and intended to have a hand in everything so that there would be no slips made. A short time later Mr. Swiberg was in possession of a receipted bill of sale, which he did not want, and the erstwhile owners of the *Starshine* were in possession of a five-thousand-dollar check.

Hesper then explained to the captain and mate that he expected a carload of artificial palms in on the morrow, and the crew of a freighter which was laid up for repairs, and who would work as well as take the part of pirates.

“I know the place for you,” said Captain Jericho as he grew interested in the working out of the thing. She’s a dangerous place to get in and out, but there ain’t no better place to make look like a tropic island.”

“He means Horse-Tail Reefs,” put in Mate Handy. “I run them shallows many a time. I kin help you make them palms look natural, too. I was in the tropics in 1861 and again in 6—”

“I was in the tropics in 1861 and agin in 1874,” interrupted the captain. “We’ll show you how them palms sets.”

The director and his assistant felt a twinge of shame as they observed this enthusiasm and thought of the calamity which was to happen to the *Starshine*.

The next day the crew that the director had hired came aboard and the properties were loaded. Although the erstwhile owners were old at the seafaring game they were more than once astounded at the relics of archaism which came aboard. There were old, muzzle-loading deck cannon, slave-irons, cutlasses, blunderbusses and flint lock-pistols, chests, grappling-irons, dynamite, tar, ammunition, and a deck load of artificial palms.

These aboard, the schooner was run out to Horse-Tail Reefs, and under the direction of Hank, who also acted as location director, the palms were put up with goodly effect by the freighter's crew. This took most of a day, and in the late afternoon the schooner was run back to Amityville, and Hank took the freighter's crew to be costumed at the studio and return in the morning.

Shortly after sunrise the next morning the company arrived at the dock in a touring-car and a bus, the latter containing the freighter's crew in piratical costumes. The captain and mate, who had been waiting since sunrise, regarded the procession which came down the dock in lofty wonder.

In the fore they saw Hesper, his assistant director, and Mr. Swiberg, all dressed in ordinary street clothes. But just behind them was Florine Faire, whom Joe Bird, the publicity man, invariable described as "the queen of electric thrills." She was swathed from comely head to dainty feet in a long cloak, and behind her walked a French maid with an Irish face. Beside her strode George Stodd, also swathed in a long cloak, but with wicked appearing mustachios protruding from the collar of the cloak, and an awe-inspiring click of an unseen scabbard as he walked. He had spent many hours of the night learning to walk naturally with the thing dangling there.

Next came Raymore Wellsville, leading man, with a camera man, weighted down with machines and tripods, on either side of him. Following them was the erstwhile freighter's crew, now the most villainous, cutthroat, piratical-looking company the captain and mate had ever set eyes on in all their years of experience.

Hank took one of the camera men and left in a motor-boat, for they would take long "shots" of the ship and pirates.

The schooner made a brisk run, and some two hours later the captain and mate were guiding her over the dangerous Horse-Tail Reefs into the lagoon. Safely inside the

anchor was dropped, and everything was made ready for the taking of the first scene.

About a mile off the starboard quarter lay the strip of sand with the palms waving in the breeze, just back of them, blue to the horizon, rolled the ocean with the hot morning sun glaring on it, all of which helped to lend a composite land and sea scape of a fair tropical order. But all about, so that the Starshine was virtually surrounded by them, jagged rocks stuck their noses up out of the rolling seas while big breakers rolled and thundered angrily over them.

"We couldn't have found a better place to shoot these sets," said Hesper as he leaked admiringly around.

"It's all right so long as we don't get caught in a gale o' wind in here," replied Captain Jericho, as he squinted distrustfully to windward. "There ain't no hold-in' ground here, and if we get caught we got our choice o' bein' smashed to death on them rocks or chancin' to run that reef."

But the director, as he thought of what was going to happen to the Starshine anyhow, was not much concerned at this information.

"I'd feel safe on any ship with you two aboard," remarked Miss Faire as the maid helped her off with her cloak.

"I'll say so," said Hesper, as he also removed his coat. "I've got a little part for the captain to play, too, when the pirates capture the ship."

From then on for many hours the captain and his mate watched interestedly while more or less dramatic scenes, close-ups, and shots of the pirates swarming aboard and over the rigging and the running up the Jolly Roger were taken. It was all like a hazy mystery to the captain and his mate, and they could make neither head nor tail of the proceedings. Finally the sweating director came over and posed the captain at the wheel for rehearsal while George Stodd advanced toward him with a devilish grin and a waving cutlass. This also was a hazy mystery to the

captain.

“Fine, George!” he heard the director commenting. “Now, hold that, cap—you see him, but you think it’s your duty to get the ship over the reef, see? Take another step, George—no, don’t glare at him, cap, look as if you were praying—you’re not armed, you have no hope and he has no mercy—no, don’t swear, pray! That’s fine! Advance, George, slowly—like a snake crawls—that’s it. Hold your cutlass up to strike—”

“If he holds it that way I could easy catch a holt of his arm and heave him overboard,” objected the captain.

“Never mind, it’ll look all right on the screen,” returned Hesper. “Now, Florine, while George holds that you rush forward and throw your arms around the captain’s neck—you’re willing to give your life to protect him from the pirate, see? That’s it, only do it with more abandon. Oh, heck! You’re not Irish now, but Spanish—that’s more like it—don’t gulp so much, cap, it’ll soon be over—”

Shortly after the director had yelled “camera” and the scene was finally filmed, things that were not in the script began to happen, for the captain and the mate suddenly spied the freighter’s crew pouring tar about the decks while a camera clicked.

They sprang forward simultaneously.

“Avast there!” bawled the captain as he and the mate vaulted into the scene. “Keep that tar off my decks, you egg-headed actors, er I’ll tie every one o’ you into anchor-chain links!”

The pouring of the tar ceased and every one lapsed into silence. Miss Faire clutched the main shrouds and registered realistic alarm as she waited for the outcome. Mr. Swiberg, who had been lolling luxuriously on the cabin deck-house with a cigar, sat upright and hoped inwardly that the erstwhile owners would win.

“This is not your deck now, it’s our deck,” said the director, at last. But his heart was heavy within him as he continued: “Boys,

I hate to break, the news, but in order to carry out this story we’ve got to set this craft afire, blow her up with dynamite, then rake her with that cannon on the beach where the palm-trees are.”

“Look here, you underhanded huggermugger!” bellowed the captain as he snatched forth the check and shook it in his large, tough fist under the director’s nose. “Take back your dirty check. We didn’t sell this ship for to be smashed up by no actors. Jest harm a thread o’ her rig-gin’ and I’ll smash that camera over your truck!”

“If they’s any one o’ you who thinks he kin mistreat this ship while I’m aboard,” followed up Mate Handy as he looked invitingly around at the assembly. “jest step out here one at a time er all together and see what happens.”

“We don’t want that check back,” protested the director. “We’ve got to finish this picture and we’ve got the receipted—”

“Belay that actor gab,” interrupted the captain. “You ain’t going to harm this ship, not a splinter of her!”

The director, driven to the last resort, suddenly raised his hand as a signal.

Plainly, the freighter’s crew had been waiting for just such a move, for they all sprang for the erstwhile owners of the Starshine at the same moment. The camera man, sensing the realism, instantly turned his lens upon them and began cranking.

“Don’t hurt those poor old sailors, Teddy!” pleaded Miss Faire of the director. “They’re hurting them, aren’t they?”

“Calm yourself, Florine,” returned the director, as he noted with pleasure that the camera man was on the job. “That freighter’s crew’ll be lucky if they don’t get hurt themselves by the looks of things. They’ve got orders not to hurt ’em, but only to capture ’em and put ’em somewhere where they won’t bother us again till we’re done. Look, ain’t that great? Oh, boy!”

But the business of “capturing” them

was evidently no easy job, for the captain and his mate were fighting like a pair of hungry wildcats. Down and up and in and out among their adversaries the two mariners battled, and the fray, owing to the piratical costumes, became a seething mass of changing and varied colors. Neckerchiefs were torn from heads and necks, earrings rattled to the deck, false mustachios and whiskers floated away on the breeze, tin cutlasses were bent double, and top-boots sailed through the air with the feet of their owners inside them.

Finally the fighters were separated into two piles, which was caused by the captain and the mate being at last on their backs and held down by sheer weight.

"We can't hold 'em very long, though," yelled one of the victors to Hesper.

The director scratched his head as he realized that although the recalcitrant pair were "captured," the picture could not be gone on with if the freighter's crew had to spend all their time holding them down. Then he suddenly remembered the slave irons. He immediately dispatched a man for two sets of them, and while the camera still clicked they were adjusted about the mariners' wrists and ankles.

But even then the trouble was not settled, for the ironed twain kept up such a run of fiery language that the director, in another fit of desperation, ordered them removed to the hold. There the sailors, who had had a hard fight and wished to vent some of their spite on the causes of it, took advantage of the fact that the director could not see them, and clapped on all the other sets of irons they could find. Therefore, when they left them, the very weight of the encumbrances forced the irate mariners into harmlessness.

Peace and quiet was thus somewhat restored to the *Starshine*, and the work of taking the rest of the scenes prior to the burning of the craft were gone ahead with. But, though the director did not suspect it, there was a worse trouble breeding, and it

began to manifest itself almost before the work was well started again. The cameraman noticed it first when he began to complain of a "yellow" light, and then for the first time they noticed that the sun was growing hazy. The director gazed off into the southeast and noted a bank of darkish clouds which seemed to be approaching with terrific speed. It was preceded by a line of white-caps and the winds were freshening each moment.

The director then bethought himself of the remark the captain had made about the lagoon being a dangerous place in a storm. He also noticed, with a sinking feeling in his stomach, that the owners of the boat in which Hank had been taking "long shots" were heading her for the reefs at full speed, evidently seeking to clear them before the storm broke.

He gazed anxiously at the way the sea was dashing ever higher on the jagged rocks which thrust their noses up all about, and wondered what would happen if the *Starshine* struck one, broke up, and left them to swim for their lives in that raging sea. The wind was beginning to sing: a weird, awe-inspiring song in the rigging, too. Suddenly a heavy gust caught the *Starshine's* sails and she jibed with the noise of a thunderclap.

"We better get out of here before it's too late, mister," advised one of the freighter's crew, all of whom were beginning to look anxious, for they realized the danger better than the landsmen;

"I don't want to be drowned out here in this lonely place, Teddy," said Miss Faire, who had been studying the situation on her own account. "You know, I can't swim, either."

"Neither can I," spoke up Swiberg. "Remember, I got a family."

"I give up!" finally said the director as he threw up his hands in disgust. "All right, get her out of here, boys."

"The only men who can get her out are down in the hold with chains on," said Miss

Faire, but no one seemed to heed her.

With all speed the freighter's crew got up the anchor, and the Starshine was soon headed at a smart clip for the reefs in an effort to get to deep water.

"Get those old salts up here, I don't know this course!" suddenly yelled the man at the wheel.

The director started, for with his other worries he had forgotten all about them for the moment.

"Sufferin' cats, yes! Get 'em up here quick!" sang out the director. Several of the freighter's crew dropped into the hold and passed the captain and his mate up. All but the freighter's crew started as they saw the number of irons the pair were weighted down with. The freighter's crew set frantically to work to release them and were staggered to discover that it might be a long, hard job to remove so many and such rusty irons.

"How did they get all those on two men?" asked Swiberg.

"Don't ask me, I don't know," answered the director.

At that moment there came a sickening jar, and all on board were thrown from one side of the deck to the other as the schooner listed heavily over.

"You're aground, you Junk-heads," yelled the captain.

The director paled as he looked around, for although it was true that the Starshine was aground, the nearest land which met his eye was the sand reef where the palms were planted. He reckoned it was about a half mile away, and that half mile was a wind-swept mass of water, impossible to swim.

Simultaneously, the gale was on them, with all its fury. The wind reached such strength that the palms lay flat on the ground. As the freighter's crew struggled with the irons a great sea reared and roared and crashed over the deck, sweeping everything before it. Luckily, it swept no one overboard, but the moment they found their footing again the

entire movie company sprang into the rigging as with one thought, leaving the more adept freighter's crew still wrestling with the irons and the seas.

Owing to the force of the wind they found speech impossible. Mr. Swiberg, George Stodd, and Raymore Wellsville clung palely in the port main rigging. The director and the camera man climbed well up in the starboard fore ratlines, and Miss Faire and her little French maid hung desperately to whatever they could grasp in the starboard main shrouds. Each time they tried to speak the wind flung the words back into their mouths.

They watched in helpless silence while sea after sea came aboard and the crew, stung to desperation, still wrestled with the irons. The wind bit and tore at them and the seas, with their white crests hissing like escaping steam, seemed to be growing to the height of houses. Finally, after what seemed hours, the last irons succumbed to the efforts of the crew and the captain and mate rose slowly to their feet.

The people in the rigging watched them aghast as, instead of belching into activity as they had expected them to, they merely took a firm hold on the wheel and conversed by putting their mouths to each other's ears. Finally Mr. Swiberg, divining what the delay was about, drew a piece of paper from his pocket and waved it at the captain with a trembling hand.

The captain reached up, took the piece of paper, read it, then tore it into shreds. It was the receipted bill of sale! Then suddenly everybody on the deck of the ship was filled with action and new hope. Under the direction of the captain and mate the crew worked like maniacs. As the pair had had a life-long training at making their voices heard above sea and wind, the rigging occupants heard snatches of the magic words.

"You three there, get that dory over the side and get that port kedge anchor in it—look

alive or I'll make splinters out o' them wooden heads with a belayin' pin—

"The rest o' you clap on to them jib and fore downhauls and slack away them halliards—come on, you lazy swabs—lay back on that downhaul—get some beef into it afore I knock you out o' them pirut boots—"

In this manner, while the movie people looked admiringly on, the captain and his mate worked and bellowed amid the breaking seas. With the lowering of the head-sails, the hauling home of the main sheet, and the leading of a kedge anchor hause to the capstan, the *Starshine* began to twist her nose toward deeper water. Hesper, even in his predicament, grunted with admiration and did his best to share his thought with the camera man, but was unsuccessful.

Round and round at the capstan went the crew, while Mate Handy stood over them and by the liberal use of his boot caused them to keep their backs straight. Certain of his words came to those who clung to the rigging:

"Put your weight on 'em—dig your toe-nails in the deck—keep them backs straight er I'll straighten 'em—"

Finally, after three shiftings of the kedge, the *Starshine* floated once more. There was no insincerity in the cheer that those in the rigging made an unsuccessful attempt to utter. With Captain Jericho at the wheel and the mate abusing the crew into getting the jib up in a hurry, she gradually gathered headway and held her own. He headed her nose straight for a seemingly impassable maze of jagged rocks, where the passage over the reef was hidden, and the task of getting her into the open sea was at last begun.

With the floating of the schooner the seas had ceased coming aboard, but still the movie company stayed in the rigging, for they feared they would only be in the way on deck and knew not what else to do.

They were still there when the running

of the shallows was begun. Straight for the apparently unbroken line of breakers she went, and all but the captain and his mate paled again as though she was headed for certain doom. Sometimes she passed so close to jagged rocks that the spray from the waves which broke over them covered the decks. More than a few times it seemed as if the next moment would see the piercing of her hull, but each time the captain gave her a spoke this way or that and cleared in safety. It was a passage dangerous enough to make in good weather and doubly hard in a gale.

Despite the danger, the director was recovering his equilibrium to such an extent that he caught himself cursing because he had no camera man stationed on the rocks to film the thrilling passage.

At last she had passed the final line of hungry, jagged rocks and was in the open sea once more. One by one the company came down from the rigging and began to recover their poise with unbelievable rapidity as they saw that all danger was practically over. Miss Faire suddenly went over and shrilled in the captain's ear:

"I'm glad you saved your ship!"

"Put us ashore anywhere—the sooner the better," shouted the director in his other ear. The captain put his mouth to the director's ear and replied:

"We're only goin' to one place, and that's Amityville. Three-quarters o' this hooker is mine ag'in and I goes where I please!"

As nobody could dispute the assertion, and as everybody was glad to be able to get ashore at all, there were no vain objections raised. Mr. Swiberg was far from happy, however, for with the lessening danger he began to feel the loss of his check cruelly, and he hoped the wind would soon cease to roar so loud so he could say all he wished to the director.