

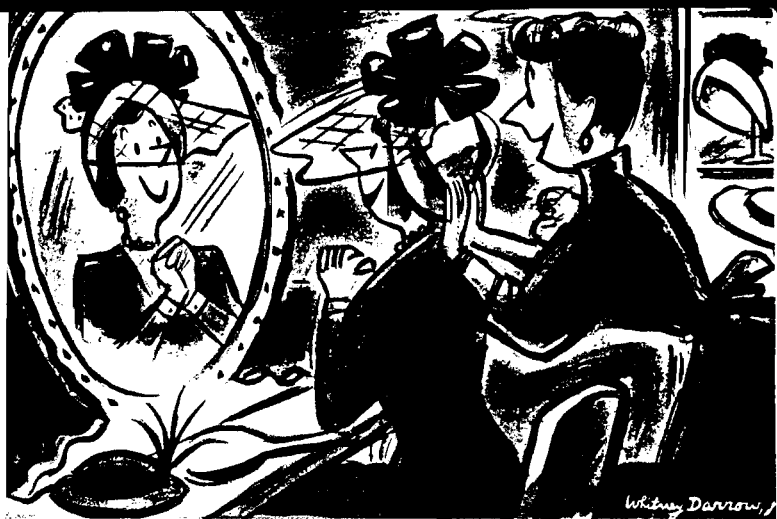
the rest get
d at him and
waddled in
hot milk and
it. "You kin
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n climbed and
again; he took
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read it on the
s on that.
ormis knocke

"Subl!"
"Not now," said Mr. van Loomis like Val-
entine, but Pheasant was insistent and said,
"Subl! Please!"
"Subl! Pheasant?" He saw she had
what is it, Pheasant? "Well, has he woken?"
of McGinty. "How is he?"
asked Mr. van Loomis. "How is he?"
Pheasant drew a deep breath. "He isn't!"
said.
Mr. van Loomis spun round in his chair.
"Do you mean he is dead?" Sweat broke out
on his face and he was cold with horror, but
Pheasant rolled her eyes and shook her head.
"I thought he was better," said Mr. van
Loomis.
"He's body bettah," said Pheasant,
"and ah, his sense don' gone. Him lak a
fish. He jes' don' remembah."
Mr. van Loomis turned his chair away
and went back to his desk. She was telling
him what he had known and did not want to
know. "Nonsense!" he said, and more loudly,
"Nonsense!" He pushed back his chair and
went down the corridor and into McGinty's
room. Pheasant hurried after him.
"Jes' look," said Pheasant.
The room was not shaded now, the slats
of the window and the evening breeze came in;
McGinty had been washed and his hair
was quite still, looking at his finger.
"McGinty."
McGinty looked up at Mr. van Loomis and
said.
The fronds of the orange creeper stirred
round the window and tapped and
tapped. Pheasant went to the door and took
from Niu a steaming bowl of soup. Webster
stood behind with a dish of fruit. McGinty
looked at Webster, who
looked back. He seemed
to be in good will and
good, but Mr. van Loomis
looked there appalled.
"McGinty," he said
softly, but McGinty only
looked up and smiled at
him, much as he had
looked at Webster. "Are you . . . quite
well?" asked Mr. van Loomis. He did not
know why he asked that except that
McGinty looked happy.
"Thank you," said McGinty politely
and looked at his fingers.
"Come back," said Pheasant. "Fo' sho'
Loomis noticed that someone had
put a pot of marigolds by McGinty's
bed. The islanders believed that
flowers with madness was holy, and
these were sacred flowers. "Take those
flowers," said Pheasant.
"I took them away, but next time
I'll see McGinty, they
will be here again."
Loomis saw the servants and
glance at him and quickly away
to meet them; they scurried out
before him. "I am so potent," said Mr. van
Loomis, "that they will be glad to be rid of
me. It did not sound like a joke. He had
looked so that Mario stared at him.
Loomis leaned his head on his hand
and shut his eyes. He felt he wanted
to speak to
Mario
Loomis gave a snort of exaspera-
tion and closed his eyes. Niu was standing
by his side. "Is it only Tsula Valentine
who must be disturbed?"
"No, you want
to be disturbed."
Loomis thought
Loomis hurried
Loomis

"Tsula, you once said —"
"I was only trying to frighten him."
"Don't frighten him, Tsula. Do it. Send
him." Niu's breast heaved. "Send him
away."
"But . . . he is the best boy on the island.
There is no one like Filipino!"
"There is no one like Filipino." For the
first time there was feeling in Niu's voice, a
feeling of passionate alarm. "You heard
him, Tsula. How can I stop him?"
"NOTHING can stop Filipinos," said Mr.
van Loomis. He heard an echo, a slow inex-
orable beat. "Nothing can stop Filipinos."
"There is Resurrection," pleaded Niu.
"That is a good quiet boy. Everybody loves
him and trusts him, but Filipino is nothing
but trouble. Trouble! Trouble! Trouble!"
cried Niu passionately. "No quiet. No rest.
Nothing but mischief. He is an uneasy boy,
he stir us all up, all the time. To the young
men he is like yeast. How can I stop that?"
"I will take him with me," said Mr. van
Loomis.
"If you take him, Tsula, he will come back.
You heard him. Nobody comes back from
Zambun," said Niu.
"But he is your grandson!" said Mr. van
Loomis. Niu did not answer. Mr. van Loomis
said, "You can't be afraid of a boy."
"I am afraid," said Niu calmly. "I am an
old man and a boy is strong. You told us, we
shall lose the island."
"He is only a boy. He will quieten."
"Resurrection is the quiet one, Tsula."
"But Filipino is a good boy."
"He is good." The admission fluttered
from Niu like a sigh. Mr. van Loomis knew
what that sigh meant. He
had felt it with Filipino
himself. He remembered
the trousers; he remem-
bered the coffee machine
which Filipino had made.
"He is good but he makes
bad," said Niu, and Mr.
van Loomis had to agree.

Enthusiasm is the leaping lightning, not to be measured by the horsepower of understanding. —EMERSON.

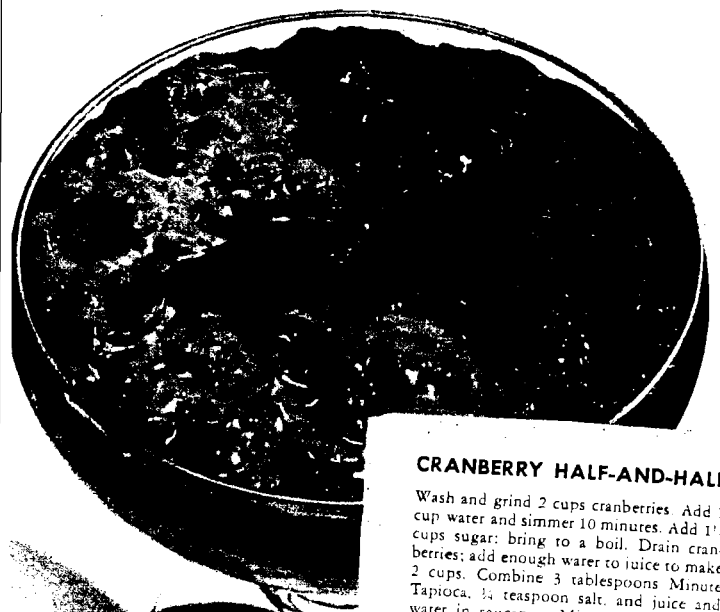
"If he goes while you are still here,
Tsula —"
"I have told you, no!" said Mr. van
Loomis. "You must learn to deal with
Filipino. It's no good trying to stop him. If
you put your hand on a water spring to stop
it rising, what happens? It comes up some-
where else. What you ask is wicked, wicked!"
said Mr. van Loomis with heat. "I'm not a
devil or a witch doctor. Nor are you." Niu
did not answer, and Mr. van Loomis said
sharply, "You hear me, Niu." Niu nodded,
but there was no change in the hardness of
his face. "You must deal with Filipino in
your own way," said Mr. van Loomis. "When
I put the island in your hands." And he
looked at Niu's hands, thin and dark against
his white cloth. He remembered with a feel-
ing of coldness how he had thought of them
peeling the silk-thin apple skins, rigging those
cobweb boats, sending those arrows steadily
to their dead-line mark. He saw the cock
flapping its wings on the stone and the small
dead hand.
"Niu!" he said sharply.
"Yes, Tsula."
"Don't be absurd, thought Mr. van Loomis,
but his spine crept and he began to talk
eloquently and earnestly to Niu of how he
was to manage Filipino. Niu stood in front
of him and said, "Yes, Tsula" . . . "No,
Tsula" but his face did not change or relax.
The bones stood out under his dark skin and
caught the light as if they were polished. He
thought Mr. van Loomis



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Wash and grind 2 cups cranberries. Add 1 cup water and simmer 10 minutes. Add 1 1/2 cups sugar; bring to a boil. Drain cranberries; add enough water to juice to make 2 cups. Combine 3 tablespoons Minute Tapioca, 1/2 teaspoon salt, and juice and water in saucepan. Mix well. Cook over medium heat until mixture comes to a full boil, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add cranberries and 1/2 teaspoon grated orange rind. Cool; stir occasionally. Chill. Divide pudding in half and fold 1/2 cup cream, whipped, into one half. Serve plain and cream puddings side by side in sherbet glasses. Serves 6. For "country-kitchen" desserts no ready-made dessert can match. Get real, genuine Minute Tapioca today!

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