NOTICE TO READER
When you finish reading
magazine, place a one-cent
on this notice, mail the ma
and it will be placed in the
of our soldiers or sailors d
to proceed overseas.
NO WRAPPING—NO ADD

THE WIDE WORLD

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBOD

JULY

10 Cents.

Lion Hunting as a Business

Nuxated Iron to Help Make Healthier Women and Stronger, Sturdier Men

Say These City Physicians—By Enriching the Blood and Creating Thousands of New Red Blood Cells It Increases the Strength and Enduranc of Delicate, Nervous, Run-Down Folks in Two Weeks' Time in Many Instances.

SINCE the discovery of organic iron, Nuxated Iron or "Fer Nuxate," as the French call it, has taken the country by storm, it is conservatively estimated that over three million people annually are taking it in this country alone. Most astonishing results are reported from its use by both physicians and laymen.

Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author, when interviewed on this subject, said: "There can be no sturdy iron men without iron. Pallor means anæmia. Anæmia means iron deficiency. The skin of anæmic men and women is pale; the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone; the brain fags and the memory fails and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

"Therefore, you should supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Out-Door Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, says: "In my talks to physicians I have strongly emphasized the great necessity of their making blood examinations of their weak, anæmic, run-down patients. Thousands of persons go on suffering year after year, doctoring themselves for all kinds of ills, when the real and true cause underlying their condition is simply a lack of sufficient iron in the red blood corpuscles to enable nature to transform the food they eat into brawn, muscle, tissue and brain. But beware of the old forms of metallic iron which frequently do more harm than good.

"Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on this subject by physicians formerly connected with well known hospitals thousands of people still insist in dosing themselves with metallic iron; simply, I suppose, because it costs a few cents less. I strongly advise readers in all cases, to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package."

If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the followng test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks.

Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Numbers of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while have most astonishingly increased their strength and endurance simply by taking iron in the proper form.

Manufacturer's Note: .Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturere guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggisis and general stores.

True Adventure Stories—Not For Mollycoddles!

Nine Splendid Volumes Shipped FREE!

GET away from your comfortable fireside; shake off the shackles of convention and the deadly habits of this stupid, inert, twentieth-century civilization; come out into the open with the Great Adventurers; fill your lungs with oxygen; face Nature as primitive man once faced her; let the red blood course again through your veins, pounding with life. Play a game of football at 50 degrees below zero; drift through the long, sunless Arctic winter, helplessly caught in the ice-pack "toward God knows where"; track the fierce lion to his den in the wilds of South Africa; go where no man before ever dared, into the heart of the mile-deep canyon; live over with the hot-blooded, cool-headed men who wrote these stories, their heroic battles day by day with man and beast and all the direst forces of Nature.

Other Adventures Tame as a Tea-Party in Comparison

These are the actual experiences of the adventurers who climbed the mountains, penetrated the wilderness, explored the seas and crossed the deserts. No such records of hardship, endurance and achievement have ever before been gathered together. Death dogged each step of the men who wrote them. They are meat for strong men—not for babes or weaklings.

NINE VOLUMES SHIPPED FREE!

But you must dip into the books yourself to realize their wonder and fascination. This you may do in accordance with the present offer, and without cost or obligation. Simply fill out the attached coupon or write a letter and the entire set of nine volumes will be shipped to you free, all carrying charges prepaid.

If you don't care to keep them, you can return them, charges collect. If you decide to keep them send only $1.50 after 5 days and only $1 a month for 8 months. This offer is made for a limited time only, **so mail the coupon now, this very day,** before it is withdrawn.

NELSON DOUBLEDAY
Dept. 147,
OYSTER BAY. N. Y.

List of Titles

In the Old West
Castaways and Crusoes
Captives Among the Indians
First Through the Grand Canyon
Adrift in the Arctic Ice-Pack
The Lion Hunter
Hobart Pasha
Adventures in Mexico
Wild Life in the Rocky Mountains

NELSON DOUBLEDAY
Dept. 147
Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Please send me on approval, all charges prepaid, the nine volumes of the "True Adventure Library." If I agree to keep them I will pay you $1.50 after 5 days and $1 a month for 8 months.

Name.....

Address.....

State..... City.....

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1918.

The Editor invites Travellers, Explorers, Tourists, Missionaries, and others to send in any curious or remarkable photographs they may have. For these, and for True Stories of Adventure, liberal payment will be made according to the value of the material. Every narrative must be STRICTLY TRUE IN EVERY DETAIL, and a WRITTEN STATEMENT TO THIS EFFECT must be furnished. The author must also, if possible, furnish portraits of the leading character or characters (even if it be himself), together with any other available photographs and portraits of places, persons, and things which in any way heighten the realism and actuality of the narrative. All MSS. should be typewritten. Every care will be taken of contributions, but the Editor cannot be held responsible for accidental loss or damage. All communications should be plainly addressed to the Editor, WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE, 8, Southampton Street, London, W.C., England.

The American Edition of THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE is published monthly by George Newnes, Ltd., of London, by The International News Company, 83—85 Duane Street, New York City. Price 10 cents. Yearly subscription, $1.20 post free. Subscriptions may be commenced at any time. Entered as second-class matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, March 2, 1899. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

IN THIS DAY AND AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise!** It will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new *Nose-Shaper* "TRADOS" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE

BUT YOUR NOSE?

Before

After

WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY:—

Dr. F. D. G. writes and says that after he had used it for two weeks he thinks that "Trados O" is fine and will recommend it to his patrons.

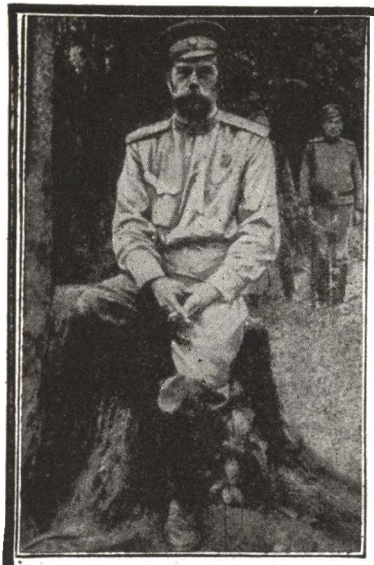
Mrs. K. W. says that she is getting fine results and is very much elated over the Nose-Shaper.

Miss C. R.—After using my "Trados O" for only two weeks sees a wonderful improvement in the shape of her nose.

Mr. P. writes—Your Nose-Shaper is doing the work and I am certainly pleased with it; will recommend it to my friends.

Mr. J. B. is very pleased with the Nose-Shaper and his nose looks much better.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1022 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y.



Banished to Siberia

The Czar of all the Russias, the most powerful autocrat on earth, has been banished to the cold and desolate land to which thousands of his subjects have been banished in years gone by, as a result of autocratic rule. The tragedy of the Czar's overthrow and banishment is only equalled in history by Napoleon Bonaparte's exile to St. Helena. Again throughout the world thrones tremble and empires totter in the great world war now in progress. Shall the new Russian Republic survive or will red-handed terrorists again force the people to institute a monarchy to insure stable government? How are we to judge of the momentous questions confronting the peoples of the whole world except from the lessons of the past? This knowledge can be acquired only from the reading of history.

The Rise and Fall of Nations

Ridpath, the historian, takes the reader back to the very beginning of civilization and traces man's career down through the long highway of time, through the rise and fall of empires and nations, down to the beginning of the present world war. If you would know the history of mankind, every sacrifice for principle, every struggle for liberty, every conflict and every achievement, then embrace this opportunity to place in your home the world-famed publication—

Ridpath's History of the World

WE will **name** our **special low price** and **easy terms** of payment only in direct letters. A coupon for your convenience is printed on the lower corner of this advertisement. **Tear off the coupon, write** your **name** and **address** plainly **and mail.** We do not publish our special low price for the reason Dr. Ridpath's widow derives her support from the royalty on this History, **and to print our low price broadcast** would cause injury to the sale of future editions.

Notice Before Advance in Price

ON account of the tremendous increase in the cost of paper and leather, occasioned by the European War, it becomes necessary to **advance the price** in order to cover the **increased cost of manufacture.** This is your **last opportunity** to buy Ridpath's History of the World at our **present low price** and **easy terms of payment.** We employ no agents, as our **low price** does not permit the payment of an **agent's commission.** The beautiful sample pages will give you some idea of the splendid illustrations and wonderfully beautiful style in which the history is written.

Six Thousand Years of History

Ridpath takes you back to the dawn of History, long before the Pyramids of Egypt were built; down through the romantic troubled times of Chaldea's grandeur and Assyria's magnificence; of Babylonia's wealth and luxury; of Greek and Roman splendor; of Mohammedan culture and refinement to the dawn of yesterday. He covers **every race, every nation, every time,** and holds you spellbound by his wonderful eloquence.

The Great World War

If you would know the underlying causes which have led up to this conflict, the great racial antipathies, the commercial rivalries, the sting of past defeats, the vaulting ambitions for world empire, you will find them all in Ridpath's History of the World.

Ridpath's Graphic Style

Ridpath pictures the great historical events as though they were happening before your eyes; he carries you with him to see the battles of old; to meet kings and queens and warriors; to sit in the Roman Senate; to march against Saladin and his dark-skinned followers; to sail the southern seas with Drake; to circumnavigate the globe with Magellan. He combines absorbing interest with supreme reliability.

FOLD HERE, TEAR OUT, SIGN AND MAIL. 7 18

FREE COUPON

WESTERN NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION
H. E. SEVER, Prest.
140 SO. DEARBORN ST.
CHICAGO, ILL.

Please mail, without cost to me, sample pages of Ridpath's History of the World, containing photogravures of Napoleon, Cæsar. Map of European War Zone, and write me full particulars of your special offer to **Wide World readers.**

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

The Boys' Magazine

A WHOLE YEAR FOR ONLY 60 CENTS!

(Regular yearly subscription price, $1.00—Newsstand price, $1.20)

Besides making this special bargain price, we give to each new subscriber a copy of our booklet "Fifty Ways For Boys To Earn Money." Every live, ambitious boy should have a copy of this booklet.

You could not give a boy a greater pleasure or a stronger influence for good than a year's subscription to this superb magazine. Each issue is filled with clean, inspiring stories by the very best boys' writers. Special articles about Electricity, Mechanics, Athletics and Physical Training, Gardening, Camping, Hunting, Trapping, Fishing, Bicycle and Motorcycle, Carpentry, Photography, Poultry, Drawing, Stamp and Coin Collecting, Boys' Societies, Jokes, Cartoons, etc., etc.

Get this splendid magazine for your boy or for some boy in whom you take a special interest. It will give him a full year of pleasure, entertainment and instruction.

Satisfaction, or money refunded. (Remit in stamps if more convenient.) Address

The Scott F. Redfield Co.
2145 Main St., Smethport, Pa.

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN MAGAZINE

is full of intensely interesting, valuable facts, instruction and information regarding Hunting, Fishing, Trapping.

Tells all about guns, and rifles; how to select them; how to reload ammunition; how to build blinds for hunting game; how to train your dog; best time and places to hunt and fish; kinds of bait to use at different times of the year, and other valuable fishing information by Dixie Carroll; tells all about camping and woodcraft. Sent for a whole year, over 1,500 pages in all, of just the kind of stuff you like best, together with this handsome watch fob for only $1.00. Your money refunded if you are not perfectly satisfied when you receive the first copy.

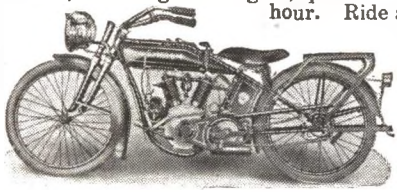
Special Offer

Just to show you what it's like, we'll send you a copy of this month's National Sportsman and this handsome ormulo gold watch fob on receipt of 25c, in stamps or coin. Wrap the money in this advertisement and mail it right now to

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN MAGAZINE
204 Columbus Ave. Boston, Mass.

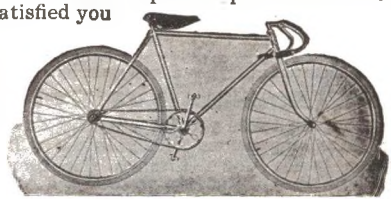
BUILT FOR SERVICE
THE EMBLEM MOTORCYCLES AND BICYCLES
NATURE HEALTH PRODUCER.

Made of the best material, excellent workmanship and finish. All latest up-to-date improvements, including free engine, quick action kick starter. One to Three speeds up to 60 miles an hour. Ride an **Emblem** and be satisfied you have the best.



Plattsburg to Brooklyn, N. Y., nearly 400 miles, in 11 hours by a soldier, shows the quality of the EMBLEM.

Illustrated catalogue of the **EMBLEMS** sent, on request.



Big opportunities open to good live agencies. Write now for particulars. Sales Dept. W.
THE EMBLEM MFG. CO., Angola, Erie Co., N. Y.

THE GREAT WAR

A War of Science, Workers and Factories, in which Science Must Turn the Balance.

EVERYDAY ENGINEERING

is prepared for the busy man interested in electricity, chemistry, aeronautics, engineering, model building, or the news of what other men in the world of science are doing to help the Americans win this greatest of all wars.

SPECIAL WAR SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

EVERYDAY ENGINEERING will be sent to you for THREE MONTHS for TWENTY-FIVE CENTS just to prove to you conclusively that it is the ONE magazine that from a psychological standpoint you cannot afford to be longer without.

Everyday Engineering Aeolian Hall, New York
Please send Everyday Engineering for three months to—
Name..... Street.....
City..... State..... Mail Today

A WONDERFUL new method of acquiring skill on the typewriter has been discovered. Already thousands of business-college graduates and so-called "touch" operators who never exceeded 30 to 40 words a minute are writing 80 to 100 words with half the effort and with infinitely greater accuracy than they ever could before, and they're earning salaries increased in proportion.

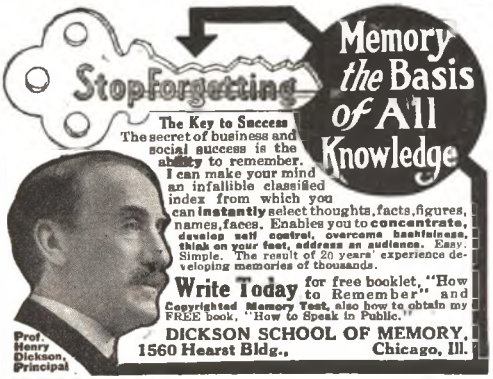
Many Earn $25 to $40 Per Week

Special Gymnastic Finger Training Exercises bring results in days that ordinary methods will not produce in months. Can be practised at home or anywhere. Wonderful machine practice makes keyboard as simple as an eraser! Course includes complete business library for stenographers. And the New Way is amazingly easy for anyone—there are only ten lessons and they often increase salaries up to $25, $30, even $40 a week.

FREE—Wonderful New Book

If you are ambitious to get ahead—if you want to make your work easier—if you want to put more money in your pay envelope—get this book at once. It will be a revelation to you as to the *speed* and *salary* that are possible to typists. Address

The Tulloss School, 5044 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio



Cornet Free! We teach you to play by mail and will give you a Beautiful Cornet or any Brass Band Instrument absolutely FREE. You pay weekly as lessons are taken. Instrument is sent with first lesson. Write to-day for our booklet, testimonials and wonderful tuition offer.

INTERNATIONAL CORNET SCHOOL
635 Music Hall, Boston, Mass.

VENTRILOQUISM

Taught Almost Anyone at Home. Small cost. Send today 2c stamp for particulars and proof. O. A. SMITH, Room R574 801 Bigelow St., PEORIA, ILL.

CORRESPONDENCE INSTRUCTION

We can teach you wherever the mails can reach you

THOUSANDS of men and women, who are enjoying enviable positions today, give correspondence instruction credit for their escape from the poorly paid class. If you're unable to finish your high school or college work, our correspondence courses guarantee you the maximum practical training for the minimum of time, effort, and money.

$25 A YEAR
will make you a
Trained Man or Woman

A year's training with us—averaging only a few hours a week—will put more "pep" into your work, and more money into your pay envelope, because it will help you keep abreast of your job at all times, while preparing for something better in the near future.

American School Training

means studying from special "short-cut" textbooks—individual instruction by expert teachers—unlimited help on field, shop, and office problems—advice and assistance in securing employment—in short, the practical intensive training that has helped American School students make good for over 20 years.

Many specialized, money-earning courses in the following branches: Accountancy, Architecture, Automobile, Business Management, Civil, Drafting, Electrical, Fire Insurance, High School, Law, Mechanical, Sanitary, Steam, Stenography, Telephone, W. U. Telegraph.

Annual Registration Plan

A year's specialized training in your chosen line for only twenty-five dollars. Fee covers your entire expense for instruction, textbooks, advisory and employment service, and postage. Entitles you to submit as many examinations as you can complete during the twelve months.

You enroll for one year only, and assume no further obligations. If you want further training, you are privileged to re-enroll on the same basis.

Train yourself for quick advancement by spare time study

The American School was chartered as an educational institution in 1897. ¶ Our work is endorsed by thousands of successful students, employers, educators, etc. ¶ Full information (without obligation) on request.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE

DEPT. G142A CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Write on margin below your name, home address, and position for which you desire to qualify. Tear off, mail today.

ADAGRAMS

6 CENTS A WORD.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

FREE—The Western Miner, 3 months to get acquainted; devoted to an exceptional mining investment and mining news. 2557 W. 37th Ave., Denver, Colo.

INFORMATION of the following kinds furnished: Value of lands, lots or other properties. Condition of titles. Names of owners. Encumbrances. Copies of deeds, wills, decrees, judgments, laws on any subject, or other matters of record in States of Washington, Oregon and California. Anything relating to property, or of a business nature, given prompt attention. Fees according to service desired. J. S. Knauss, Examiner of Titles, 96 10th St., Portland, Ore.

"HOW I STARTED a successful mail order business without capital." Sent for only 50 cents. Address Box 175, Williamsburg, Ohio.

PATENTS—TRADE-MARKS.

MEN OF IDEAS and inventive ability should write for new "Lists of Needed inventions," Patent Buyers and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Advice Free. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 54, Washington, D. C.

WANTED NEW IDEAS—Write for How to Obtain a Patent, List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent free. Victor J. Evans & Co., Patent Attorneys, 807 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS PROMPTLY PROCURED. Send sketch or model for actual search and report—1918 Edition 90 Page Patent Book Free. GEORGE P. KIMMEL, 23G Oriental Bldg., Washington, D. C.

INVENT SOMETHING. YOUR IDEAS MAY RBING WEALTH. Send Postal for Free book. Tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent through our credit system. Talbert & Talbert, 4210 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

CASH FOR INVENTIONS and patents. Write Fisher Mfg. Co., 2129 Railway Exchange, St. Louis, Mo.

BOOKS.

BOOKS—"James Boys," "Younger Bros.," "Allen Gang," "Villa the Bandit," "The Auto Bandits of Paris," 25 titles of Jesse James' Stories, among them being: "Thrilling Raid," "Wild Leap," "Mysterious Warning," "Daring Trick," "Revenge" and "Manhunter," "Harry Tracy," "The Dalton Gang," "Jeff Clayton," "John Lee," "Charles Peace" and "Temptations of the Stage," 25c. each, postpaid. Rare Old Fiji Island Newspaper with each dollar order. Address O. K. Pub. Co., Decatur, Ill.

HELP WANTED.

HOW TO PASS C. P. A. EXAMINATIONS $1.00. Joel Hunter, Atlanta, Ga.

BE A DETECTIVE. Excellent opportunity, good pay, travel. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 435 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MEN—WOMEN WANTED for Government war positions. Thousands needed immediately. Good salaries; permanent employment; liberal vacations; other advantages. We prepare you and you secure a position or we refund your money. Ask for booklet "QL" free to citizens. WASHINGTON CIVIL SERVICE SCHOOL, 2040 Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

LADIES WANTED, and Men Too, to address envelopes and mail advertising matter at home for large mail order firms, spare or whole time. Can make $10 to $35 weekly. No capital or experience required. Book, explaining everything, mailed for 10c to cover postage, etc. Ward Pub. Co., Box 76, Tilton, N. H.

PUZZLES, TRICKS, ETC.

MAGIC—ESCAPES—ILLUSIONS

Catalog of Parlor Tricks Free. Professional Catalog with 500 Illustrations. 1000 Tricks 10c. Hornmann Magic Co., Sta. 14, 470 8th Ave., New York.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS—New invention puzzles auto world; wonderful chemical cloth; one rub over rain, snow blurred windshield, presto! glass stays clear 24 hours; Putnam made $120 first week. Security Mfg. Co., Dept. 5, Toledo, O.

AGENTS NOT EARNING $900 yearly should let us show them how to make much more. We train the inexperienced. Write today. Novelty Cutlery Co., 70 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED—Sell Puzzles. Six best 10c. sellers postpaid for 20c. Western Puzzle Works, 154 E. 5th St., St. Paul, Minn.

AGENTS—Sell guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles, colors and fancy stripes. You can sell at less than store prices. Write for terms and samples. THOMAS HOSIERY CO., 3485 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

WELDING OUTFITS.

WELDING PLANTS, $25.00 TO $300.00.—Designed for all purposes. Small cash payment, balance three to six months. Every mechanic or shop should have one. H. W. Bermo Welding Co., Omaha, U. S. A.

FARM LAND FOR SALE.

SOUTHERN CROPS BRING TOP PRICES TO-DAY. The mild climate and long growing season on these Virginia and N. Carolina farms means bigger crops and larger profits for you. Good, fertile, well watered land $15 an acre up. Excellent for truck and general farming, poultry, livestock, dairying, etc. Details and copy Southern Homeseeker free—write today. F. H. LaBaume, Agrl. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 385 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

AUTHORS, SONG WRITERS.

POEMS WANTED—Cash paid for songs. Submit mss. to Needham Music Co., D-129, St. Louis, Mo.

MAKE MONEY WRITING SHORT STORIES or Articles. Big pay. Free information. Address United Press Syndicate, Los Angeles.

SONG POEMS WANTED—Cash or royalty to you. Utilize your talent. Our co-operative plan sent free. Literary Bureau, SW5, Hannibal, Mo.

WHO WILL WRITE the Song Hit of the War? If you have an idea suitable for such a song write for FREE BOOKLET "Songwriter's Manual & Guide". We revise poems, compose music, secure copyright and facilitate free publication or sale. Poems submitted, examined free. 104 Knickerbocker Studios, Gaiety Bldg., N. Y. City.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG—We write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject. Chester Music Co,. 538 So. Dearborn St., Suite 205, Chicago.

SUNDRIES.

FOR SALE—Belgian Hares, Flemish Giant, New Zealand reds, and white rabbits, Guinea pigs, ferrets, Pigeons, Poultry, young swine all breeds; blooded dogs and puppies all breeds; stamp for circular. Chas. Ridgely, Canton, O.

Cuban Guava Jelly. THE REAL STAR Brand, extra quality. Best and most nutritious jelly ever made. 75c pound package postpaid. Carr Bros., Box 2,343A, Havana.

INDIAN BASKETS—Wholesale and retail, Catalogue. Gilham, Highland Springs, California.

1,000 Envelopes or Letterheads $2.00. Nance Printing Works, Kaysville, Utah.

FORMULA—FURNITURE POLISH. mix at home, cleans and preserves finish. 12c. Harold Spraker, Fort Plain, N. Y.

"SEXUAL PHILOSOPHY," 12c: clearest, best, most instructive sex manual published. Guaranteed. "Health-Wealth," 82 Bennington, Lawrence, Mass.

CASH FOR OLD FALSE TEETH Don't matter if broken. We pay up to $20 per set, also cash for old gold, silver, platinum, dental gold and old gold jewelry. Will send cash by return mail and will hold goods 10 days for sender's approval of our price. Mail to Mazer's Tooth Specialty, 2007 S. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS (Continued)

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS.

FREE! An interesting book; all about your favorite motion picture stars, adventures, thrills, hobbies. Send today. American Filmdom, 7127 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS—$50 each. Experience unnecessary Details free to beginners. Producers' League, 316 St. Louis

SEE HERE! We want your ideas for photoplays and stories! Criticised Free, and sold on commission. Big money. Send for Guide Manuscript Sales Co., Dept. D, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

PERSONAL.

PAPERS WRITTEN for club members. Essays, speeches, special articles prepared for all occasions. 500 words $1. Gertrude Sanborn, 778 Farwell Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

TOBACCO HABIT is foolish, injurious, expensive. E. C. Stokes, Mohawk, Florida, will gladly tell how to quit easily with nature's simple antidote. Send address.

THE ETERNAL QUESTION—"What am I to do?" Revealed by astrology. Accurate information that convinces for 10c. Send birth date. L. Thomson, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

Let MADAM KOSMOS help you by giving your life prediction. Send birthdate and 10 cents. D. L. Kosmos, Dept. A10, Louisville, Ky.

WHY SUFFER RHEUMATISM and bad blood when a dollar's worth of wonderful "Gold Dragon" remedy may cure you. Send 1 dollar to E. B. Ellis Co., Williamsburg, Ohio.

WONDERFUL EVENTS FORETOLD by Scientific Astrologers. True prophecies, the upheaval of the Universe, ending of the World-Wide War and "the dawn of a new day." "Hand of time is pointing to the eleventh hour." Be prepared. Let Astrology guide you. Send stamp and birth date. C. B. WINEGAR, West Fort Ann, N. Y.

MATRIMONIAL.

MARRY if lonely; for results try me; best and most successful "Home Maker;" hundreds rich wish marriage; strictly confidential; most reliable; years' experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland, Calif.

MARRY—Free photos beautiful ladies, descriptions and directory. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 64, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—Marriage directory with photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 84, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE, the very best published, reliable. Eastern Agency, 3, Bridgeport, Conn.

MARRY RICH—For quick results join our club. Thousands worth from $1,000 to $40,000 desire early marriage; particulars and photos free. Sealed. Confidential. Either sex. Standard Club, Box 610, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRY—Many Rich. Particulars for stamp. Happiness lies in married life. Confidential, Reliable. F. Morrison, N-3053 W. Holden, Seattle, Wash.

MARRY at once—if lonely, write me; and I will send you hundreds of descriptions; congenial people, worth $1,000 to $350,000; seeking marriage (Confidential). Address Ralph Hyde, San Francisco, Cal.

MARRY AT ONCE—We put you in correspondence with thousands of charming and refined ladies who wish to marry, many worth from $1,000 to $25,000 and upwards. Particulars free. Address Allen Ward, B-513, Valley, Nebr.

GET MARRIED—Best Matrimonial paper published. FREE for stamp. CORRESPONDENT, Toledo, Ohio.

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG MAIDEN, 21, WORTH OVER $50,000. Anxious to marry honorable gentleman. K. Warn, 2216½ Temple St., Los Angeles, Cal.

MARY RICH! HUNDREDS WAITING! BIG PAPER. 17th year. Containing names, addresses, pictures, descriptions, etc., both sexes. 25c. Sent sealed. Box 3317W, Boston, Mass.

UTOMOBILES.

FREE! An interesting book on automobile economy; repairing tire upkeep, increasing mileage, etc.; invaluable to every owner, driver, garageman, repairman, dealer. American Automobile Digest, 3127 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

The "LAUGHLIN" Safety Military Pen The CAMEL

Carries its own surplus ink supply—sufficient ink in dry tablet form for a year's writing—of one good husky two page letter per day.

Note—The reserve ink supply in dry tablet form—in tablet magazine in top section of pen cap.

All the soldier has to do is to fill the reservoir at holder of his pen with water from his canteen or flask, drop in one tablet and the pen is ready to write.

You are anxious to hear from your soldier friend, provide him the means of writing to you—

Note the following press dispatch,
Washington, March 9.

"The American postal service in France has asked the post office department to urge relatives of American soldiers to exercise care in directing mail to the troops abroad. Rank and title should be used instead of "Mr." Given names should be written in full. Return addresses should be given and ink always should be used. It is explained that lead pencil writing often becomes illegible in transit."

Note that **Ink always should be used**—if the use of ink is important in writing to the soldier how much more important it becomes for the soldier to use ink when he writes to you, and how is it possible for him to use ink unless he is supplied with a **Laughlin Camel Fountain Pen**, with its year's supply of ink in tablet form in the cap cover—

The soldier boy cannot load himself down with fluid ink or unnecessary paraphernalia—but—**Water he has always with him**—and water is all that is necessary to convert our ink tablets into a lasting permanent blue black fluid ink.

Laughlin Safety Military Pen The Camel —Complete with pocket clip and ink tablets.

$2.00

Pen itself—full 14 Karat gold with iridium point—

50 extra ink tablets in metal pocket case 10c

ADDRESS

Laughlin Manufacturing Co.
35 Adams Avenue,
DETROIT, MICH., U. S. A.

Your Prospective Customers

are listed in our Catalog of 99% guaranteed Mailing Lists. It also contains vital suggestions how to advertise and sell profitably by mail. Counts and prices given on 6000 different national Lists, covering all classes; for instance, Farmers, Noodle Mfrs., Hardware Dlrs., Zinc Mines, etc. *This valuable Reference Book free.* Write for it.

Strengthen Your Advertising Literature.

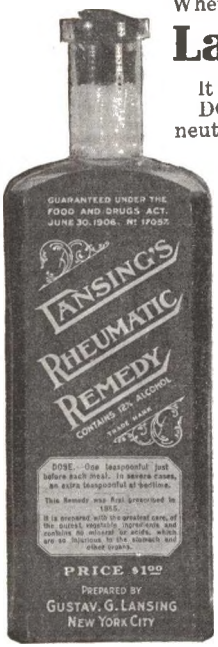
Our Analytical Advertising Counsel and Sales Promotion Service will improve both your plan and copy, thus insuring maximum profits. Submit your plans or literature for preliminary analysis and quotation—no obligation.

Ross-Gould Mailing Lists St. Louis

Why Suffer So with Rheumatic Pains

When you can get positive RELIEF by taking

Lansing's Rheumatic Remedy?



It contains no acid, opiates or other harmful drugs. It is purely vegetable. DON'T WAIT till your joints swell, take LANSING'S REMEDY. It neutralizes the uric acid in the system, preventing chalky formation, which affects the joints. Stiffness and pain are gradually but surely relieved. True testimonials show its worth. Here is one from a Doctor:

Sterling, Va.

About six years ago I was attacked with Rheumatism, the first time in my life. Being a physician myself I tried in succession all the best known remedies for rheumatism, with only partial and temporary benefit. Finally hearing of Lansing's Rheumatic Cure, I concluded to give it a trial, and the effect obtained was remarkable. I began to improve at once, and when I had taken three or four bottles the inflammation and pain were gone and the improvement has been permanent.

I have been in practice over forty years and never gave a testimonial for a proprietary medicine, though having been often solicited to do so; but I regard the merits of this medicine as EXCEPTIONAL, and in view of the benefits I have received from it, most confidently recommend it to others similarly afflicted, feeling assured that a trial will result in their most grateful thanks.

J. E. WARNER, M. D.

We have hundreds just as good, all highly recommending it as a cure.

Price $1.00, including mailing. If results are not satisfactory your money gladly refunded.

Ask your Druggists for it, but take no other.

THE LANSING RHEUMATIC REMEDY CO.

78 Reade St. (Mention Family Journal) **New York City**

GUARANTEED UNDER THE FOOD AND DRUGS ACT, 1906

"Fragments From France"

By Captain Bruce Bairnsfather

This is one of the most remarkable developments of the War, being a delightful series of humorous sketches of life in the trenches by a Scotchman!

They portray the irrepressible good spirits; dry, unconscious humor and simple stupidity characteristic of the cockney.

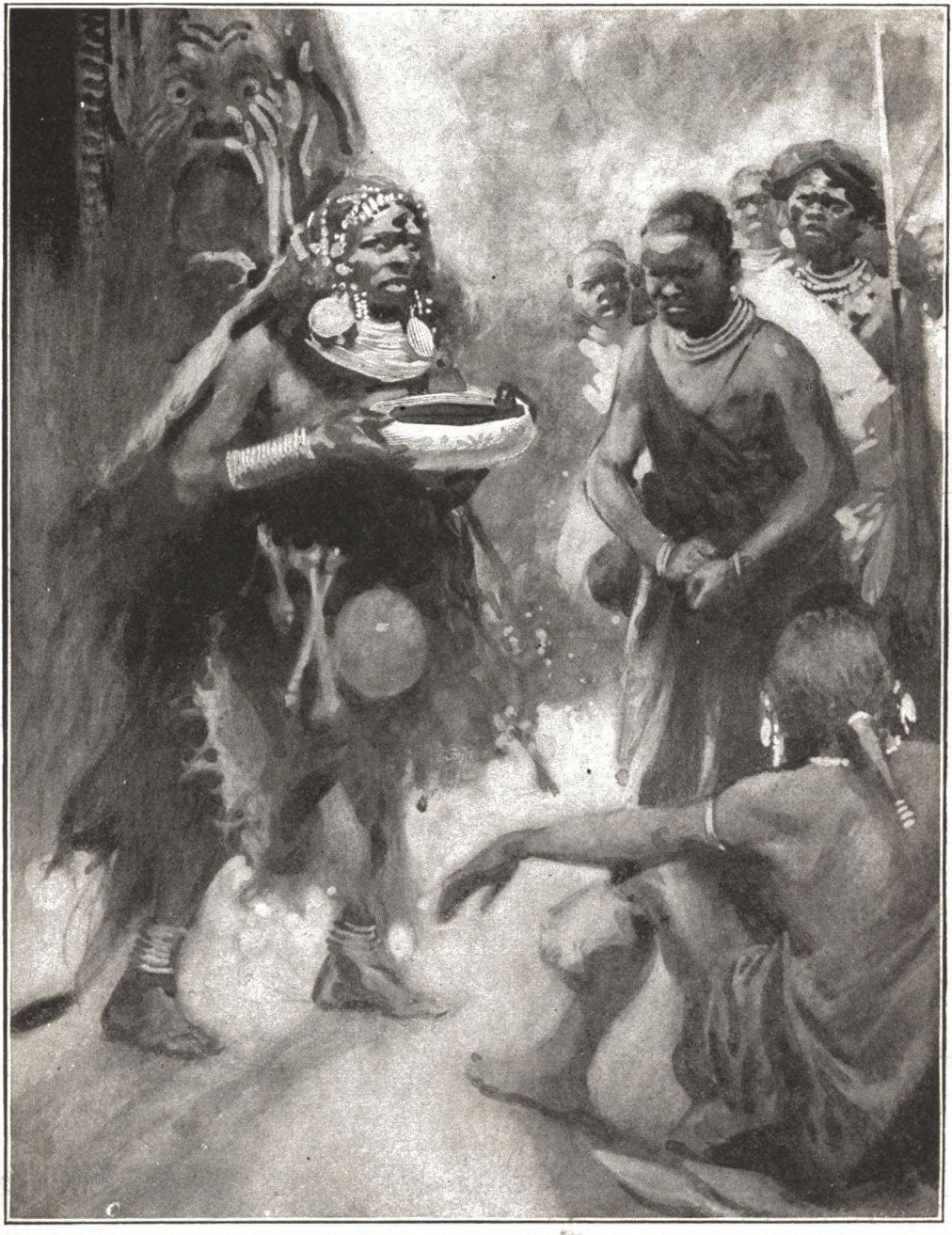
Captain Bairnsfather is not only a rare humorist, but an artist cartoonist of first order.

Each number is finely printed and bound in a style that recognizes that it is something worth keeping.

Order a copy through your newsdealer. Parts 1, 2, 3 and 4 are now ready. Price 50 cents.

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, New York

Do not miss No. 4. It is a climax of good fun!



"THE JU-JU MAN NOW CAME FORWARD AND, HOLDING OUT THE CALABASH, COMMANDED HIS SHIVERING VICTIM TO DRINK."

(SEE PAGE 181.)

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE
ADVENTURE — TRAVEL — SPORT
Vol. XLI. JULY, 1918. No. 243.

"JU-JU" JUSTICE.

By MALCOLM WATT.

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM PEDDIE.

A startling West African Ju-Ju incident and its sequel. "I can vouch for the absolute accuracy of the narrative as herein related," says the Author. "The names of both individuals concerned and places are correctly given."

IN the course of many wanderings up and down the West African seaboard I have had numerous experiences of "Ju-ju" justice. The incident herein related occurred in the year 1904. At that time I was acting as second engineer aboard the little Elder Dempster branch boat *Lagoon*, principally engaged in trading up and down the lower reaches of the Congo, with Banana, at the mouth of the river, as our "home" port.

One sizzling hot afternoon while we were lying alongside the old wooden wharf at Matadi a couple of boys came aboard. They belonged to the Mendi, one of the numerous coast tribes. According to their story they had been working on the higher reaches of the river and were now anxious to work their passage back home. However, on learning that the *Lagoon* did not often leave the river, they expressed themselves willing to accept work aboard the ship at the usual rates. The least ignorant of the two boys joined the ship under the name of Africa, while the other was known as Mendi.

Some months later, just after leaving Boma, the capital of the Congo Free State, for Noqui, a little Portuguese settlement higher up the river, we suddenly experienced a terrific bump amidships. About thirty minutes later water began to make its appearance in the holds.

The pumps were immediately set in motion, and so long as they remained unchoked the water was kept from gaining. But as we happened to have some cement in the main hold the bilge strums soon became fouled and the water began to gain again, necessitating our beaching the ship at Noqui.

It took us about a fortnight to effect temporary repairs, and we were then instructed to proceed to the German port of Kamerun for dry-docking. It was during our sojourn at Noqui that I first noticed a change in the boy Africa. He was becoming very fat and flabby. His legs, arms, and face were unhealthily puffed and every other day or so he was having a "lay in." We had no doctor aboard, but quite a good medicine chest, and a copy of that good old staggerer of seagoing humanity, a ship captain's "Medical Guide." Africa was given such medicine as his symptoms seemed to warrant, and he persisted in saying he was all right, "only tire too much, massa."

Previous to leaving for Kamerun we loaded some coal at Boma, and here our troubles started. Many of the boys who formed the crew had marked objections to leaving the river. Hence, when sailing-time came, I found myself with insufficient firemen for the four or five days' trip. As a sort of last hope I dispatched my donkeyman—an intelligent cabenda boy named Pedro—ashore, with orders not to return without at least one man. But the Boma beachcombers liked not the idea of a voyage to a German port, and Pedro's task was hard.

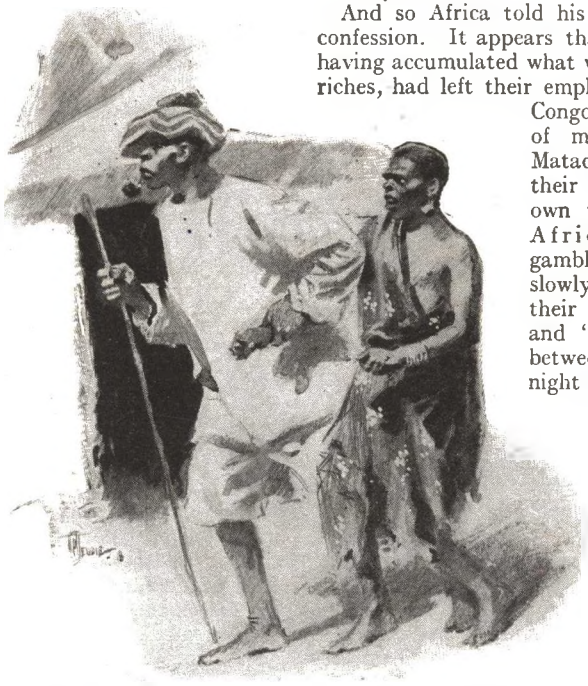
Indeed, I was just beginning to think that he also had "beat it," when I caught sight of his stalwart form. He was dragging a much-protesting and very diminutive boy along the dusty water-front. They were followed by a noisy and highly-amused crowd of men and "mammies." So far as I could gather from the rather incoherent narrative of the new arrival, he had at first been quite willing to join the ship. Then someone had told him we were going to Kamerun, where he would be forced to enlist in the German native army.

However, during the time in which he was

alternately pleading and threatening that he would die before leaving Boma, we had already cast off, and when at length words failed him and he discovered that we were now passing Fetish Rock and Boma was fading out of sight he gradually calmed down and faced the inevitable.

After leaving Banana we took advantage of a torrential downpour to replenish our fresh-water supply, and this ordinary precaution was to be the means of giving the chief officer and myself quite a bad time some days later.

The water we had hitherto been using for drinking purposes having a very unpleasant taste, we ran off the small deck-tank and discovered that the interior was covered with a disagreeable deposit. The only member of the crew sufficiently small to enter the tank was the boy who had joined the ship so unwillingly at Boma. This bright youth, who, by the way, gave his name as Julius Cæsar, was therefore told off for cleaning purposes, another proceeding which later on gave us all food for unpleasant reflection.



"He was dragging a much-protesting and very diminutive boy along the dusty water-front."

For the past few days Africa had not been working, and it was our intention to bring him before the surgeon of the first English ship we came across. However, a boiler defect delayed the ship, and it was on the fifth day after leaving Banana that we steamed up the river at Kamerun and dropped our "mudhook" opposite Duala.

Late that night Africa came aft and reported, "Cappie! Cappie! I sick too much; my heart go jump for my mouth." As it was too late to obtain medical assistance that evening a sedative was given him and arrangements were made to have him conveyed to the German hospital the following morning. But at 5 a.m. he was found dead in his bunk, and then for the first time we heard the story of Africa's Ju-Ju, and how he had died in the full belief that his fellow-countryman, Mendi, had put a Ju-ju on him and thereby encompassed his death.

Apparently about one o'clock on the morning of his death he had called the headman to his bunk and told him that "Dem fellow Mendi put Ju-ju for me. Bye and bye, I go die."

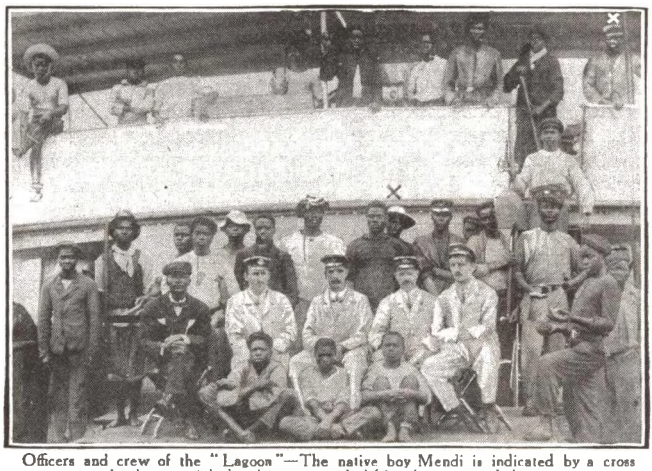
"What the matter dem boy maki Ju-ju for you?" inquired the headman. "He your countryman."

And so Africa told his story and made his confession. It appears that Africa and Mendi, having accumulated what was to them moderate riches, had left their employment on the Haut Congo with the intention of making their way to Matadi and thence working their passage back to their own village. With the Africans' usual love of gambling they travelled slowly and spent much of their time playing cards and "cowrie"—generally between themselves. One night on the outskirts of a native village the play became very fierce. Fortune favoured first one and then the other, and the stakes mounted higher and higher. And as the stakes rose Africa's luck deserted him. He lost continuously, and finally in a desperate "make or break spirit" he plunged his all—and lost.

From the narrative it appears that they decided to sleep that night some short distance from the river, and Mendi was careful to put all his money, which, of course, included all that he had won from Africa, in the lining of his coat, which he then used as a pillow.

With daylight they awoke, and Mendi's first action was to feel if his money was all right. With a howl of angry despair he discovered that not only had all his winnings of the previous night disappeared but that his own savings—the reward of years of toil—had also vanished. In his immediate efforts to find the thief Mendi did not waste any time on tactful finesse or

calm deduction. Without beating about the bush he challenged Africa with the theft. Being a West Coast native Africa indignantly denied the accusation. He had been asleep before Mendi, and had slept soundly all night. He did not awake till after Mendi in the morning. Anyway it would have been impossible to take the money without awakening Mendi. Finally, if he *had* taken the money it would be in his possession now, and Mendi could search him right away if he liked—a challenge which was very promptly accepted.



Officers and crew of the "Lagoon"—The native boy Mendi is indicated by a cross in the top right-hand corner, and Africa by a cross below.

The search, however, revealed no trace of the money, but still Mendi was dissatisfied. Once more he passionately accused Africa of committing the theft, and again Africa declaimed against the injustice of the accusation. Words led to blows, and these failing, the wordy warfare was resumed, and then in a moment of mad inspiration Mendi screamed, "I go back for dem village; I tell dem medicine man; he put you for dem Ju-ju palaver." To this fresh threat Africa assented, though in rather lukewarm fashion. For even to an innocent nigger there is something awe-inspiring in that peculiarly African system of dispensing justice, known as the Ju-ju ordeal.

It is an elastic word, this Ju-ju. It can mean almost anything that is otherwise unexplainable. But it is certainly unusual for two members of the same tribe to ask the Ju-ju man of another clan to listen to their arguments, and by his mystic power to fix the guilt and punishment on the wrongdoer, so that the innocent might be free.

The village through which Africa and Mendi had passed the previous night lay back from the river, and was not more than ten minutes' walk from where they now stood. They had therefore no difficulty in finding the village headman, and it transpired that this gentleman was also surgeon-in-general and Ju-ju dispenser to the community. He listened with interest to the story as told by Mendi and interrupted continually by Africa. Then he made both boys come to the Fetish house which stood in the centre of the village. Retiring to his own hut, he returned shortly afterwards bearing a calabash containing some coloured liquid. A fire was lit and "something" was inserted in the blaze.

What this "something" actually was I could not quite fathom. When repeating the narrative to me the headman of the *Lagoon* could only say it was "something like a hammah head, sah."

At any rate, when this "something" had attained the colour of a cherry it was withdrawn and plunged into the liquid in the calabash. For a few moments it was held there while Africa watched the proceedings in horrified silence. Practically all the inhabitants of the village had now gathered round in the charitable hope that they were about to witness something in the way of a violent death. The Ju-ju man, who by this time had got the brew to his liking, now came forward and, holding out the calabash, commanded his shivering victim to drink.

"You Mendi boy," he shouted to Africa. "You drink dem ting. Suppose you no steal dem man's money; suppose you no be tief, dem Ju-ju no fit for do you harm. You drink him. Palaver set. You go way. But, suppose you be tief, suppose you take dem man's money, dem Ju-ju fit for kill you one time. You drink him you no fit to live. You belly go on fire; you may go blind. You make plenty palaver, den you go die one time. Den dem devils catch you, savey? Drink."

As he finished speaking, he pushed the calabash into Africa's hands. The boy from Mendi, with terror-stricken eyes and shaking hands, raised the native cup to his lips. For a brief instant he hesitated and the crowd held their breath. Then he slowly opened his lips, and as the disagreeable liquid went to its appointed place his twitching features betokened the unpleasant nature of the dope.

Anyone who knows the natives of the Upper

Congo villages can imagine with what hope the audience awaited the result. How eagerly they would anticipate the bulging eye, the lolling tongue, the contracted throat. Then doubt, and their final disgust as the poor victim showed no immediate signs of doing the guilty torture stunt. At length the medicine man pronounced his verdict. Africa had been accused of theft. He had been submitted to the Ju-ju ordeal and came out unscathed. Africa was innocent.

And so the two Mendi boys continued their journey towards the coast, Mendi still lamenting the loss of his wealth, but no longer accusing Africa of the theft. Then came that day on the *Lagoon* when Africa first showed signs of sickness. In a petulant moment he accused Mendi of casting a Ju-ju or spell on him, and so far from denying the impeachment Mendi said it was so, and that torture upon torture would follow unless Africa confessed to the theft and returned the spoils. The poor wretch must have suffered agonies of fear during the months that followed, for when he told his story to our headman he point-blank accused Mendi of causing his death by means of a Ju-ju. At the same time he calmly admitted that he *had* stolen the money that night. He had hidden it in a bush near the river, but when after the Ju-ju ordeal he had returned for the loot it was gone. To his simple mind this was but another piece of Ju-juism—possibly the only punishment he would receive for his crime. It is more than likely that if one had the history of that village for midsummer, 1904, we should discover that quite a lot of trade gin and "plenty too much Tom-Tom" followed the exit coastwise of the accused and the accuser.

And so on that December morning of the same year Africa was found dead in his bunk. The German authorities at Duala were immediately notified, and in response to our inquiries we were told to put the body on the beach and they would look after it. Under cover of a Union Jack we conveyed it ashore, and when our party returned aboard some hard things were said about the absolute callousness of German officials in reference to how they had left the corpse lying apparently unattended.

A few paltry knick-knacks found in the dead man's pockets were offered to his fellow-tribesman, but Mendi, terror-stricken, refused even to touch anything in any way connected with Africa.

The body had been taken ashore about eight in the morning, and three hours later a large surf-boat with a German flag astern was seen approaching the ship. A party of sprucely-dressed military-looking men came up the accommodation ladder and in broken English introduced themselves. They wished to examine the entire crew, and Captain Howell, taking this to be the ordinary port routine, quickly marshalled his men amidships. While doing so he made a casual remark to the officer in charge of the party, about the man who had died that morning.

"Yes," said the German. "We examine zat man. Zat is why we now come. Zat nigger he die of what you call it—beriberi."

The unpleasantness of this piece of information was emphasized by what subsequently happened. Each of the men was subjected to a quick and careful examination. When he came to Julius Cæsar he almost immediately ordered him to stand forth.

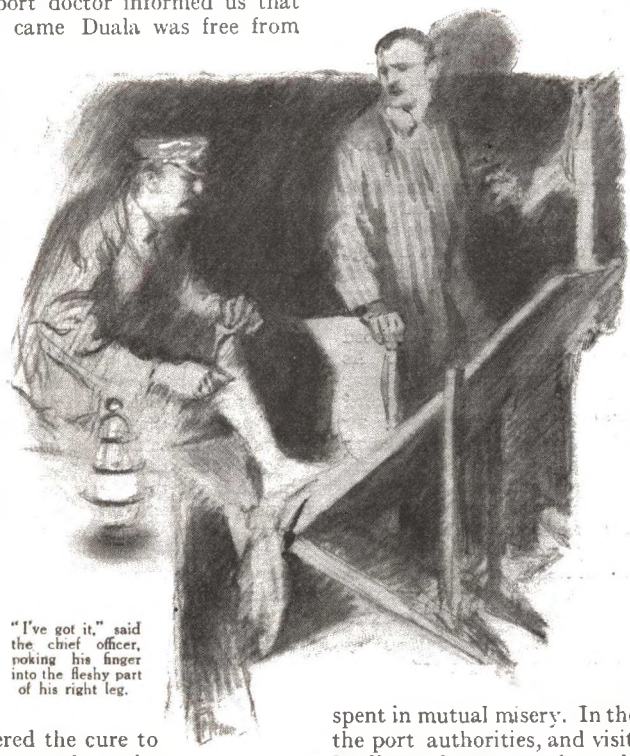
"Hospital, you," he said, with all the brusqueness which Germans use towards coloured people. Two or three others were also detailed off for hospital, but the case of Julius Cæsar gave us food for reflection. Wasn't this the boy we had engaged at Boma, and whom because of his diminutive stature we had selected to go into our drinking tank? And he had that ghastly nightmare of a tropical disease, beriberi! I for one began to feel a bit squeamish, but the doctor did not examine me, accepting my word that I was all right.

We were informed, however, that all the coloured portion of the crew who had not been sent to hospital would be isolated for observation purposes. Subsequently I discovered that they were herded into a number of *shimbequ's*, or native huts, in the bush. A number of native soldiers were put on guard around them at a distance of about four hundred yards. Every morning the day's "chop" (food) was brought to a position about half-way between the *shimbeques* and the guard. The guards then retired and three of the men were allowed to come out and collect the provisions. This, however, was the extent of their freedom, and they were given plainly to understand that if they ever attempted to come farther they would be shot without warning.

So far as we four white men were concerned, we were courteously informed that we were now in quarantine, and that we should not be allowed to leave the ship for a month. A native was sent from shore to stand by the ship and do our cooking. To make our exile still more miserable, we discovered that the ship had suddenly become alive with mosquitoes of a peculiarly black type, such as I had never seen before. They were first observed when

the hatch-covers were lifted. They simply rose in a dense black cloud of buzzing activity. The same thing occurred when the lid was taken off a large waterbutt. There must have been thousands upon thousands of them, and in a seven-hundred-and-twenty-ton ship like the *Lagoon* there wasn't enough room for both men and mosquitoes. So we sent the native cook ashore with a note to the medical authorities, pointing out the impossibility of life aboard the ship in the present circumstances.

Our answer came back in the form of a canoe containing about a hundredweight of sulphur. A note from the port doctor informed us that "until the *Lagoon* came Duala was free from mosquitoes—and beriberi. If we were troubled with insects, we ourselves had brought them, therefore it was our palaver. But we would find burning sulphur an excellent means of ridding the ship of the pests." Also we were instructed not to send anyone else from the *Lagoon* to the shore, unless we received special permission from the port authorities.



"I've got it," said the chief officer, poking his finger into the fleshy part of his right leg.

That evening we attempted to disinfect the ship, and before we were through with the job we discovered the cure to be considerably worse than the disease. The fumes were awful. Sleep was impossible, and about one o'clock in the morning I staggered on deck. I was certainly feeling very unwell, and I was never for an instant forgetting that Julius Cæsar, soaked in beriberi, had cleaned out our water-tanks, and that afterwards I had been drinking that water. I remembered also that the doctor when examining the men had pushed his fat finger into the fleshy parts of their legs. I understood him to say that if the dent thus made came out slowly, like a burst ball regaining its shape, this was a distinctive symptom of beriberi. And I didn't like the feel of my legs at all.

As I made my sickly way aft I suddenly noticed a light on the poop. This decided me. I would make sure once and for all whether I was to die a lingering death in a miserable German colony. I would see whether I had "burst-ball" legs or not.

As I went up the ladder leading to the poop I noticed for the first time that a man was standing beside the lamp. He had his right foot resting on a deck-chair. His pyjama trousers were buckled up above his knees. It was the chief officer, and I knew at once what he was doing. He was poking his finger into the fleshy part of his right leg.

As I came towards him he half-turned and saw me. His face was green. "I've got it," he said, in a strained, ghastly whisper.

"So have I," I gasped, hoarsely.

For a space we examined our legs and compared symptoms. Then the mate produced the ship's "Medical Guide," and together we looked up beriberi. That act was the death-knell of our hopes. We had both got it, and I had cholera as well.

The remainder of that night we spent in mutual misery. In the morning we defied the port authorities, and visited the port doctor. He listened very gravely, and at once ordered me to bed in the Government hospital, but forty-eight hours later I came swinging through the hospital grounds feeling in the pink of condition.

Blood tests and careful observation had quickly proved that I was as free from beriberi as I was from cholera. A little sickness, brought on by inhaling too much sulphur air, and a lot of imaginations fed on Ju-ju and beriberi, can give any man the most indigo of blues. Especially if he gets up in the wee sma' hours to glean the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, from that wonderful book, a ship-captain's "Medical Guide."

Tales of the Service.

III.—THE SMUGGLER'S CAVE.

By ALAN TEMPLE.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. H. ROBINSON.

Stirring stories of the Service contributed by a Custom-house Officer. Our Author, who has seen service on the West Coast of Scotland and also in Ireland, has met with many remarkable adventures, and has been induced to set them down for the benefit of "Wide World Magazine" readers. In the following narrative he relates his terrible experiences at the hands of a band of smgglers in a cave. "The story is quite true," he writes.

A WHIFF from the top of a fisherman's pipe! Who would imagine that such a small incident could lead to dramatic results? Yet I can vouch for the fact that this was the first clue in one of the best cases it was ever my good fortune to work upon.

I was stationed at the time at Thurso, the little fishing port in Caithness, Scotland. Officially, the post was a sinecure; just a matter of a few hours' work a day, with plenty of leisure time to indulge in sport, in the way of shooting and fishing. Indeed, I sometimes found myself hard put to occupy my time.

Strolling along by the harbour one day I chanced to pass a local character, whom I knew well. As usual, he was lolling about, smoking an old briar pipe that was half-hidden by his bushy whiskers. It was one of those mild spring days when the air seems charged with all the healthy odours of earth and sea. As I passed the old fellow I filled my lungs with the grateful ozone, catching, as I did so, a waft of smoke straight from the bowl of his pipe. Instantly I recognized the smell. There is no mistaking the pungent odour of "Cavendish," and especially foreign manufactured "Cavendish." The various sweetening ingredients impart to it a peculiar "bite." At once the Customs official in me was uppermost, and I scented smuggling. I refrained from questioning the man, as I knew I should fail to elicit any information from him, and should have put him on the alert. That I wished to avoid above all things. Of course, I had my suspicions as to where the tobacco had been obtained. Foreign fishing vessels were continually putting into harbour and there were usually half-a-dozen lying at anchor in the Scrabster Roads; but we kept a pretty rigorous eye upon them, and I did not think it likely that it had been brought ashore in the usual way.

A few days later I met the Chief Coastguard Officer, Mason. He was a particular friend of mine, and we usually made a meeting the opportunity to have a chat on the various local topics. We had often co-operated officially, and as the matter was uppermost in my mind I told him that I suspected there was smuggling going on.

For a while he pondered over my remarks, then turning to me, said:—

"I wonder if those Stewart lads have anything to do with it? Have you heard that they've bought a new boat? They keep it somewhere up the 'Water.' I've seen them going out once or twice at an evening lately. Perhaps it would pay to keep an eye on them?"

"Well, it can't do any harm," I replied. "I'll tell you what we'll do. If they go out to-night let me know, and we'll meet them coming back."

"Right! If they do, I'll call for you, and we'll take a stroll up the river."

Thomas and Donald Stewart were the joint proprietors of a grocery establishment in Thurso, and were doing an extensive business. If they were running contraband they could probably easily dispose of it through the store. Latterly, also, they had opened a fishmongery department, which possibly accounted for the purchase of the boat, as they may have wished to add to their profits by doing a little fishing on their own account. On the other hand, it may have been merely a blind to cover the keeping of a boat which was to be used for something far more lucrative than fishing. After all, fish could be bought direct from the regular fishermen too cheaply for there to be any appreciable profit derived from the retailing of them.

The two brothers were, physically and mentally, a great contrast, Thomas, the elder, being a man of fine physique, whereas Donald was undersized and insignificant. But it was the younger man who possessed the brains of the partnership, and who mentally dominated his brother. Thomas made capital out of his burly appearance, and collected outstanding accounts.

Early in the evening Mason called to see me, and his nod told me that the Stewarts had gone out in their boat again.

"There's no need to hurry," he remarked; "they won't return until dark. I've found out that they keep their punt about half a mile up Thurso Water, and so, a little later on, we'll take a quiet stroll out there."

About nine o'clock we arrived at the place where the boat was kept, and for some hours we lay, well hidden from view, on the bank above. We were just beginning to think it was going to be an all-night job, when the creaking of rowlocks warned us that our quarry were drawing near.

Lying close, we watched the movements of the two men. But we were doomed to disappointment. Beaching their craft, they each took a few fish strung by the gills from the boat, and, satisfying themselves that their property was safe, set off for Thurso. To our disgust there was nothing in their appearance to warrant our stopping them; no suspicious bulging of the pockets, or any packages that might contain contraband, and so, perforce, we had to let them go unmolested. As soon as they were safely away we examined the boat; but found nothing except some nets and fishing tackle. Apparently we had been barking up the wrong tree, for it seemed, after all, that the Stewarts had been innocently employed in fishing.

"Our conversation was rudely interrupted by a boisterous individual entering the shop and slapping down on the counter a four-ounce cake of tobacco."

For a couple of months we kept a close watch on them without result, yet several times during that period we obtained proof that contraband of various kinds had been smuggled ashore. But this we refrained from seizing for fear of spoiling our chances of discovering the smugglers.

Gradually, however, as success still eluded us, our suspicions against the Stewarts naturally diminished, and save for keeping a stricter watch on incoming vessels the matter died down.

The next incident did not occur until some considerable time later. One evening I was chatting to an acquaintance, a harness-maker by trade, when our conversation was rudely interrupted by a boisterous individual entering the shop and slapping down on the counter a four-ounce cake of tobacco, exclaiming:—

"Hey, Sinclair, what d'you think of that? Shilling a cake!" Then seeing me for the first time he stopped abruptly and, sliding the tobacco into his pocket, adroitly changed the subject. But I had seen and heard enough to put me on the alert. Where could tobacco be purchased so cheaply? And why could the vender afford to sell it at a price that would not even cover the duty? There was only one feasible answer. Because it was contraband. But who were the venders?

I left Sinclair as soon as I could without arousing his suspicions, and sought out Mason. On hearing of this fresh incident he remarked:—

"Those Stewart lads have been busy with their boat again the last few days. They were out late last night, and the other evening one of my men saw them out Scrabster way. I've been wondering if they've made a *cache* somewhere up the coast. That would account for our continual failures to discover anything in their boat."

This appeared to me to be quite possible. Thurso lies in the corner of a large bay, with the Scrabster Roadsteads stretching away to the north-east. It would be a simple matter for the Stewarts to visit the vessels lying in the Roads, and then, instead of returning direct to Thurso with their spoil, to

dump the goods in some convenient hiding-place farther along the coast. They could then bring them into Thurso by road. This procedure would naturally diminish the risk of discovery.

This new idea filled me with fresh hope. I was beginning to despair of ever locating the smugglers, whom I now felt certain were passing large quantities of contraband under my very nose, and accordingly Mason and I once more put our heads together. Our new plan was this. When next the Stewarts made an evening excursion, instead of waiting for their return, we decided that we would go along the coast towards Scrabster. Provided the night was fairly light we should probably be able to see the boat a considerable distance from the shore and, if there really were anything in the wind, might possibly locate the *cache*.

A few nights later, shortly after dark, Mason, accompanied by one of his men, called on me, and we were soon picking our way along the cliffs on a course parallel with the Scrabster Roads. Unfortunately, the night was somewhat overcast, and spoilt our view; but occasionally, as the clouds drifted clear of the moon, we could glimpse the punt flitting from one to another of the anchored craft.

Presently, reaching a position opposite the last of the fishing vessels, we sat down to leisurely await further developments. Nor had we long to wait, As soon as the Stewarts had visited the last vessel, instead of making back to Thurso they began to pull steadily up the coast, and then, after proceeding for about half a mile, pulled inshore.

By this time we were all three feeling excited, and when the boat was beached Mason could no longer contain himself.

"By Jove! I knew it. They're making for Spaniard's Cave," he exclaimed, referring to a small cave where a member of the Spanish Armada, wrecked on the treacherous coast, was supposed to have crawled to die. "It's the most likely place along the coast."

"But," I protested, uncertain of my bearings, "we're nowhere near the cave."

"Right over it," he replied, excitedly. "Look! There's the pathway down. Don't you remember? It's on a little ledge, nearer the top of the cliff than the bottom, and there's also a fairly easy ascent to it from the beach."

"Yes, yes, I remember now; but keep down. They're coming close now, and if they spot us the game will be spoilt."

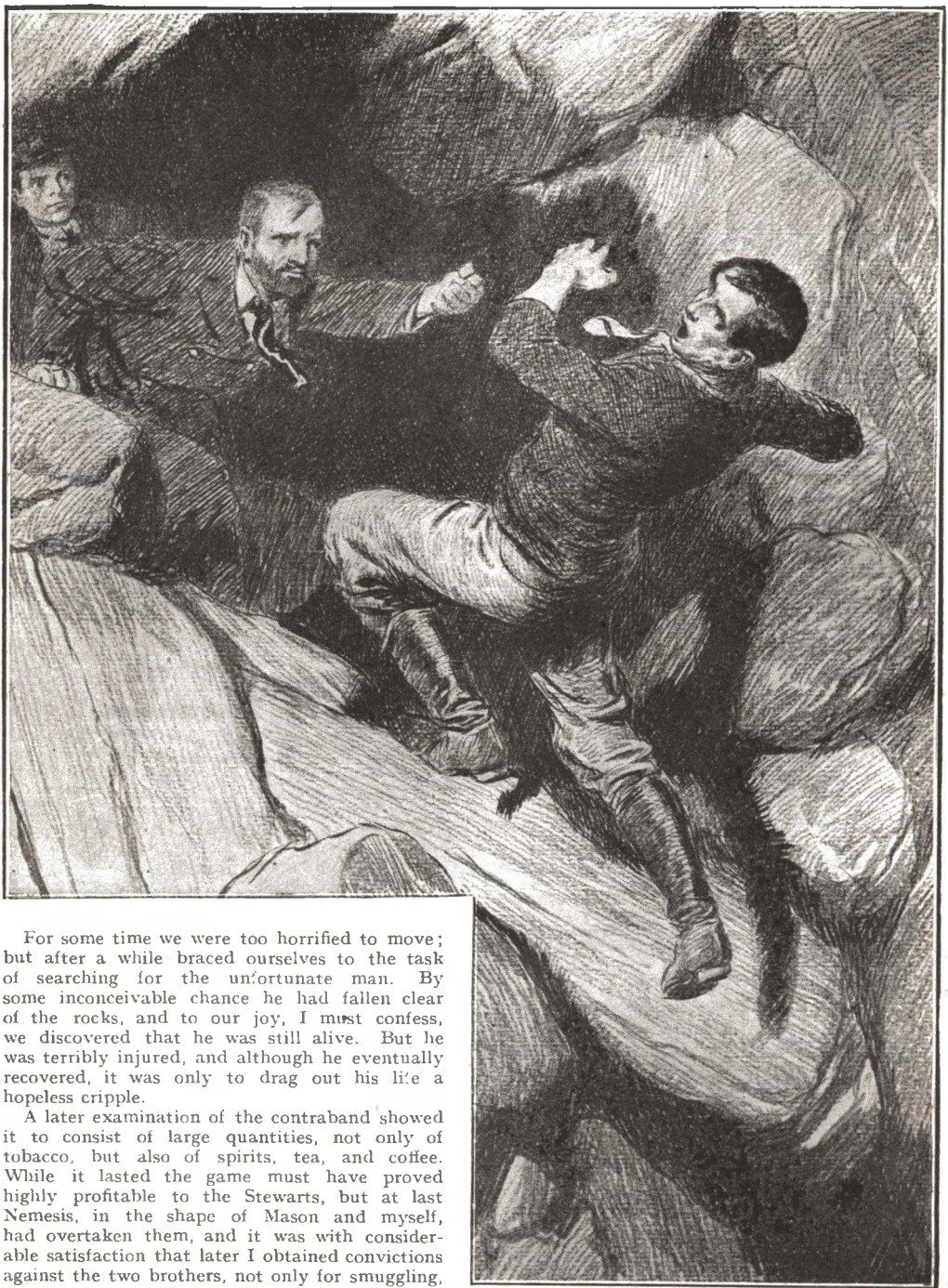
Keeping well under cover, we watched the men make for the path leading to the cave, each carrying a well-filled sack. Peering cautiously over the ledge we saw them draw nearer and nearer, until the out-jutting rocks above the mouth of the cave hid them from view.

Probably, as soon as they had dumped the goods they would be off, and there was no time to lose if we were to capture them red-handed; and cautiously, but quickly, we advanced upon the enemies' position. Progress down the steep descent to the cave was difficult in the extreme, and I feared that one of us might loosen a stone and give the alarm. But gradually we crept nearer to our goal. Pausing at the mouth of the cave, we could hear the men conversing inside, quite oblivious to the danger that threatened them. This was our opportunity. If we could take them unprepared for our onset it would be half the battle.

Silently I turned to my companions and gave the signal. With a rush and a scramble we were in the cave, and at grips with the smugglers. I had hoped, by reason of our superior weight, to easily effect their capture, especially as we caught them unawares; but knowing the penalty that awaited them they fought like cornered rats. But our blood was up, and hither and thither across the cave we reeled, a fighting, shouting scrum, falling over packages of contraband in the darkness, and smashing against the rocky walls of the cavern. It was a regular *mêlée*, in which we could hardly tell friend from foe. Suddenly I heard Mason shout, and, disentangling myself, saw him dash after the elder Stewart, who was making for the mouth of the cave. It looked as if he would escape; but just as he neared the entrance he stumbled, and the two men closed again. I could hear their muscles crack, as they wrestled for supremacy. Stewart obtained a grip on Mason, pinioning his arms to his side, and there, breast to breast, they swayed, silhouetted against the sky.

At that moment Thompson, the coastguard, created a diversion that almost cost Mason his life. With a cry of triumph he shouted that he had secured his man. For an instant the two combatants at the entrance loosened their grips, and then, as he gradually realized his brother's capture, the elder Stewart seemed to fill with frenzy. Exerting all his great strength, he lifted Mason clear off his feet and staggered out to the ledge in front of the cave. Spellbound, I watched the struggle, not comprehending the smuggler's murderous intent. Gradually, inch by inch, he forced Mason back to the edge of the cliff, and although he struggled with all his might the coastguard was like a child before the madman's onslaught. Then Mason turned his head, and a cry broke from his lips.

Suddenly the smuggler's plan dawned upon me. Rather than submit to capture he would hurl himself and his opponent over the cliff, to be dashed to pieces on the jagged rocks below. With a leap I grappled the madman from behind, trying to drag them away from the edge, only to be sent reeling half-a-dozen paces by a back-hand blow. But in evading my attack Stewart swung around, and loosened his grip. This was Mason's opportunity, and he took advantage of it. Tearing himself free, he stepped back, and then with all his might lashed out at his opponent. The blow caught Stewart fair on the point of the chin, as he stood with his back to the sea. He tottered under the shock. I saw what was coming and froze with the horror of it, powerless to save him. His foot slipped on the edge of the cliff, and for a moment he hung motionless, as if dazed. Then a scream, wild and despairing, burst from his lips, his eyes dilated with terror, and with arms outstretched, as if clutching at some invisible support, he disappeared over the edge.



"With arms outstretched, as if clutching at some invisible support, he disappeared over the edge."

For some time we were too horrified to move; but after a while braced ourselves to the task of searching for the unfortunate man. By some inconceivable chance he had fallen clear of the rocks, and to our joy, I must confess, we discovered that he was still alive. But he was terribly injured, and although he eventually recovered, it was only to drag out his life a hopeless cripple.

A later examination of the contraband showed it to consist of large quantities, not only of tobacco, but also of spirits, tea, and coffee. While it lasted the game must have proved highly profitable to the Stewarts, but at last Nemesis, in the shape of Mason and myself, had overtaken them, and it was with considerable satisfaction that later I obtained convictions against the two brothers, not only for smuggling, but also for trading in tobacco and spirits without a licence.

THE WOOING OF ABIA.

By F. E. ARNAULT.

A charming yet thrilling love story from Papua. "To'arv, the hero of this narrative," writes our Author, "still works on my plantation, and in the busy periods Abia also. The story is perfectly true in every particular, and, quite apart from the romantic love affair of these two natives, gives an interesting glimpse of Papuan manners and customs."

TO'ARV was absolutely the best worker I had on the plantation, always obliging and reliable, toiling long and doing better work than any of the other boys. He was tall, well-built, extremely good-natured, his ways being those of an overgrown boy. He was always particular about his looks, and even when performing menial tasks he wore ornaments of some sort—his fuzzy hair done up on top of his head and tied with a strip of red cloth, his body always shining with fresh coco-nut oil.

This pride in To'arv's appearance was due to one of the girls, Abia Paraha, who used to come to the plantation from a village close by with her girl-friends to pick up the coco-nuts that had fallen from the trees. To'arv resolved to make her his wife, but in Papua, as in more civilized countries, the course of true love does not always run smoothly. It certainly did not in To'arv's case, and the wooing of Abia is a story of love, jealousy, hatred, in which pathos and tragedy also played their part.

As a rule, a Papuan buys his wife, or rather pays her parents the price demanded for her hand. Accordingly To'arv worked early and late to get enough trade goods to buy the necessary pigs, dogs' teeth, birds of Paradise feathers, and the ornaments that would secure to him the object of his affection. As he earned these goods, so he stored them in a cheap Chinese camphor-wood box. The natives are very fond of these receptacles, because when they open or close the lock a small bell which is placed within it rings. One great disadvantage of these boxes, however, is that nearly all the locks are similar, and the key of one box opens all the others.

Abia, the heroine of our story, who refused to marry the Nepu or witch-doctor.

The young lover was well aware of this disadvantage, and often felt nervous about his treasures being left in the boys' hut while he was away working on the plantation. So he came to me and asked if he might leave his box in a spare room of my house, to which I readily consented. In the evenings I often came across him squatting on the floor in front of the open box and caressingly fingering his wealth. At such times there was a faint smile on his face and a far-away look in his eyes, and one could easily guess that his thoughts were in the village of Bereina, on the other side of the wooded hill at the back of the plantation, where Abia dwelt with her parents.

Then one day To'arv came running to me in a terrible state of excitement, and informed me that his box had been opened and his hard-earned treasures stolen. I went with him to have a look, and, true enough, there were only a few feathers of very little value left; all the other ornaments that were worth taking had disappeared, and with them To'arv's hopes of securing the girl of his choice disappeared also.

The natives' skill in

recognizing the authors of any misdeed by the marks left by them on the ground was of no avail this time, and To'arv and his friends quite failed to trace the thieves.

Among the workers on the plantation was a young fellow from an inland tribe, whom To'arv had often befriended. Being anxious to pay the victim back for his kindness he went to him.

"To'arv, my brother," he said, "in our tribe we have an old woman, a Nepu, who can always find out where things that have been stolen, like yours, are hidden, and if you come with me I'll take you to her and she will tell you where your things are."

To'arv, the hero of our narrative, wearing some of his ornaments.

On hearing this To'arv came to me and asked whether I would let him go to see the Nepu (or witch-doctor) in question, so that if possible he might recover his lost treasures. I had no faith whatever in witchery, but to satisfy him gave him permission, and both he and his friend set out for the village of the old woman. Four days later they came back, accompanied by a woman—old, withered, bent with age, and blind, together with some of her relatives. It was about midday when they arrived, and without losing any time they took her to the box.

There she squatted on the floor in front of it, and gropingly fingered what was left of To'arv's wealth, uttering the while words that no one could understand. After spending about a quarter of an hour in meditation, as it were, she asked to be led outside. She was conducted on to the veranda, and there, saying that she was tired by the journey, she covered herself entirely with her blankets and went to sleep. She slept for four hours, during which time the natives hardly moved and only spoke in whispers for fear of waking her up. "Her spirit is away," they said, "in search of To'arv's fortune, and when she has found it, it will come back, and she will wake up of her own accord."

I do not profess to understand what followed, nor have I any explanation to offer. But when the old lady awoke she told To'arv to go to a certain village, about three miles distant, and, when there, to enter the third house on the right, and under the matting in a corner he would find his lost treasures. After drinking the water of a young coco-nut she and her relatives departed without making any further comment.

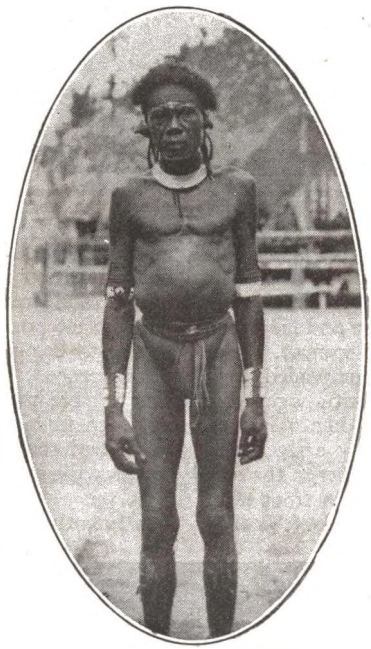
The following day To'arv, accompanied by a native constable, one of whom is stationed in every village by the Government, went to the house mentioned by the old woman, and there found and recovered all his wealth. The question of punishment never came up, To'arv seemingly being quite satisfied with the recovery of his goods. I noticed he brought back with him a large mother-of-pearl shell, which I had not seen in his possession before, and which I think had something to do with his desire not to carry the matter further.

It was shortly after this incident that Abia was greatly worried over the advancements which had been made to her by Beata Tata, an influential and powerful Nepu. It was at a dance at her father's house in Bereina where he first saw Abia, and there and then decided she would make a pleasant and welcome addition to his household, though he already possessed two wives. Although only a young fellow of about twenty, he was greatly feared, and the natives, as a rule, gave in to him rather than provoke his ill-will.

The Author's coco-nut plantation in New Guinea, where To'arv worked.

But Abia rejected his advances, which was rather a shock to his pride, and made him all the more determined to obtain her consent. He tried again and again, but with no success. He then changed his tactics and went to Abia's father, and told him that he wanted his daughter for his third wife, and that being a richer man he would give him a higher price for her than To'arv could, adding also that she would thus become the wife of the strongest chief of the coast tribes. He further gave the parents to understand that he would use all means in his power to make her come to him.

Abia's people were greatly perturbed, for they knew Beata to be deep and cunning, as well as influential and powerful, and they decided to do all in their power to make their daughter accept the chief's offer. First they coaxed her, pointing out the honour that would be hers, and that as he loved her he would make her the mistress of his house. The young girl only replied that she did not love him and that she wanted to be mistress of a house where she was the only woman in it. Then they tried to browbeat her into acceptance, bidding her remember that Beata was the son of the much-feared Tata Kou, and being a Nepu himself he would bring all sorts of misfortunes upon them, perhaps death itself. Abia, in spite of all, remained obdurate.



A Nepu or witch-doctor of the Mekeo tribe.

Then Beata tried other tactics. He told Abia that if she married him her brother would live longer. The reader may think this was a strange and a vague assertion to make, but to the young girl it was full of meaning.

A few weeks later her brother was killed by a snake. He was returning from the garden when he was bitten on the instep by a particularly venomous reptile. The boy had only time to run to the village and tell his people that a snake had bitten him before he fell to the ground, frothing at the mouth, unconscious and stiff; his eyes became glazed, and after a short period of convulsions he breathed his last.

Although there was no evidence that Beata had had a hand in this affair, there is not the slightest doubt that he was responsible for the lad's death. His father, who was a noted Nepu, is said to have killed nine men. These witch-doctors resort to all kinds of cunning devices to further their aims, and poisons play a great part in them. For this reason natives are very chary of accepting gifts of food, tobacco, or betel-nuts from these men, for fear of being poisoned. So the Nepu's trump-card, when he wished to remove someone from his path and leave no trace that might incriminate him, is a snake. Every Nepu keeps at least one of these reptiles in a secret place where he feeds it, and that snake is of a very poisonous species.

His method is simplicity itself, but exceedingly difficult to trace, for these men are very cunning. Secretly obtaining a piece of wearing apparel belonging to the intended victim, something that the person has worn for some time so that his own personal smell has permeated it, he takes it to the place where he keeps his snake and, choosing the most vicious and venomous of the lot, starts to train it for the job he wants it to do. The training consists in keeping the snake hungry and in a state of excitement and rage by teasing it, worrying it, beating it with the object that belongs to the intended victim, and locking it up with the snake in a small and dark box. After a week or ten days of this treatment the snake has learned to hate and recognize that particular smell, and as soon as the object of its hate is sufficiently near it strikes at it.

Having worked up the snake in this way the Nepu now awaits his opportunity of placing it in the path of the intended victim; which means that the person is fatally bitten. No evidence being forthcoming that the snake was put there by the witch-doctor he cannot be convicted, and goes free. This was undoubtedly the plan Beata resorted to when he set out to remove the young girl's brother.

Some time later Beata again met Abia, and he asked her whether she would come to him now; but she again refused. With deep cunning he then said to her that it would be very easy for her mother to follow where

her orother had gone, and he advised her to think of it.

Abia understood that she must match her wits against those of the Nepu, and that she must act quickly. As soon as she could, she went to the plantation where her lover was working and told him everything, and urged upon him the necessity for acting without delay. A few days later To'arv gathered together the goods he had amassed, and which were the price needed to buy Abia, and took them to her father. Abia's parents refused to accept the offering, however, saying that their daughter was to be Beata's wife. So the two lovers decided to run away at the first opportunity.

Abia's father had just built a new house, and the opening of such in Papua is always an occasion for much rejoicing, and is attended by a feast followed by a dance, which sometimes lasts for days. Our lovers decided to get away during the feast, as they knew that everyone then would be given to eating, singing, and dancing, and little heed would be paid to them.

Some of Abia's girl friends with whom she used to come to gather nuts on the plantation.

On the day set apart for the opening of the house friends from the neighbouring tribes arrived, bringing with them luscious-looking bananas, paw-paws, pineapples, sweet potatoes, yams, aros, coco-nuts, and betel-nuts. The women having brought their cooking pots with them started to get the food ready and were soon busy round the fires. Meantime the young men and women were getting ready for the dance, which was to start after the meal—about dusk.

Abia threw herself more heartily than anyone else into the preparations for the feast. She put on her best ornaments, did her hair with more than usual care, and smeared her body with fresh coco-nut oil. For was she not that night going to be in the very arms of her lover? He would not be at the feast, for he was not invited, but better still he would be waiting for her at a place agreed upon, just outside a wood that covered the hill which was the natural boundary between the Waima and Bereina tribes.

The honoured guests at the feast were Beata Tata and his father. They and Abia's father divided the hundred and fifty dishes of food among the company. When this ceremony was over the feast started in real earnest. After the meal the bamboo-pipe was passed round, each diner in turn inhaling deeply of the tobacco smoke. Betel-nuts were then brought forth and peace and contentment reigned.

Presently the young men, wearing all their ornaments and armed with drums, made their appearance, and, the young women joining them, the dance commenced.

When it was quite dark and the enjoyment at its height, Abia slipped off and made her way as quickly as she could to the spot where her lover was waiting for her. Together they made their way through the bush to my place. I was smoking my pipe contentedly, reclining in my deck-chair on the veranda, when I heard a slight noise on the steps. Turning quickly I saw a fuzzy head just appearing over the top and a voice said: "Master, are you alone?"

Recognizing To'arv's voice, I replied: "Yes, why?"

"Because," said he, "I have Abia here with me, and we would like you to hide us. I have stolen her from her people and they are following us."

I knew all about my young worker's love affair and replied, "Right-o! come along quick!"

With them following me, I made my way to a small copra-shed near by, and went in and locked them up.

I thought then that the best policy was to go to bed and put the lights out, so that if, as To'arv said, they were being followed, the

pursuers, finding the house in darkness, would not disturb me. My surmise proved correct, for shortly afterwards I watched them come to the very door of the enclosure and point excitedly at the marks on the ground left by the fugitives. They were lighting up the scene with dry coco-nut leaves tied up into a long torch, by the light of which they had tracked the runaways through the bush. After looking for a while at the darkened house they dispersed and I went to sleep.

But in the morning, as soon as it was daylight, all the members of the girl's family, as well as scores of people from the village who had followed out of curiosity, were there clamouring for me to release her.

For a while I pretended to know nothing about the matter, but soon had to give in, as they had traced them to the very door of the shed. However, I refused to open the door unless the lovers consented.

Failing to influence me, they turned their persuasions to the young couple, and with many words and sobs the girl's mother tried to persuade her daughter to come back to them, reminding her of all they had done for her; how she had reared her and watched her grow, how her heart had bled for her when she was sick, how they had worked together in the gardens, and how that now she was growing old Abia was leaving her to go away with a man unworthy of her, a man whose family had no standing in his tribe—a beggar, in fact.

I wondered several times whether Abia would give in, as I could hear the sounds of her sobs from within, but I fancy that To'arv's arms were round her and his lips very close to hers, and she was thereby strengthened into resisting all her mother's pleadings.

Finding the mother's efforts unavailing, the father came forward—he was a tall, well-made man and a very good speaker. He had in his hand a long and stout stick, and he, too, tried to get the young couple to return to their former life, but his were not words of love; his speech was made up of insults heaped upon To'arv and his people, and threats of what he would do to them if they did not separate and Abia return home with them.

What he particularly impressed upon Abia was the power of the man she had spurned, and that if she did not come back to him how terrible would be the consequences. Being a Nepu he could wreak his vengeance upon them in so many awful ways.

A rehearsal before the actual dance by a few of the principal dancers.

To'arv's pleadings must have been very eloquent at such times, for this Nepu influence is the one storm-cloud in the summer sky of Papuan life, but in spite of all threats and pleadings the request for the opening of the door was never heeded.

At night when the would-be rescuers were asleep I used to send my cookie-boy to sneak some food into the recluses, and I thought what a strange honeymoon theirs was.

This went on for three days, after which time, according to their custom, they were married. But had Abia's people been able to get at them and separate them before the three days had elapsed To'arv would have lost his wife.

BEYOND THE LAW.

First True Account of the Exploits of the World's Most Noted Outlaws.

By EMMETT DALTON

(The only Survivor of the "Dalton Gang").

The "Dalton Gang" were a band of desperadoes who for years terrorized the Western States of America, committing train robberies and holding-up banks until its members, save the Author, were killed while attempting to rob a bank at Coffeyville. Tried and found guilty, he was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. Although fully conscious that the outrages his brothers and he committed were wrong and that the sentence meted out to him was a just one, Emmett Dalton believes that if the public only knew the circumstances in which they were led to take up arms against law and order they would not judge him or those who have paid the penalty of their misdeeds with their lives so harshly. It is because of this, and the fact that so many writers have woven so much falsehood into their accounts, that he has been induced to place on record, through the pages of "The Wide World Magazine," a true and faithful account of the exploits of this once notorious band. It is somewhat strange that before these men turned bandits they should have honourably filled the rôle of Deputy-Marshals, when they risked their lives over and over again in attempting to put down the very outrages they themselves subsequently committed. We give the story as Emmett Dalton has written it—a plain, straightforward, and unvarnished narrative of stirring times and terrible deeds. It will be found both fascinating and thrilling, and valuable in that it throws a vivid light upon the wild lawlessness which existed in the West in the early 'eighties and 'nineties.

III.

THE accusations of the detectives that we were the perpetrators of the train robbery at Alila, in California, had made the Dalton boys train-robbers in name; but after the hold-up of the express at Wharton—an account of which I gave in THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE last month—we were now train-robbers in fact. It was a few days after this event that we were somewhat surprised to learn that one of the passengers on the train was a noted United States Marshal. He was a crack shot, and very boastful of what he would do should the Daltons attempt a hold-up. As a matter of fact he did nothing.

Posses were at once sent out after us, and quite a number of amateur sleuths sought the limelight for the instant by rushing to the fore, riding about in a haphazard manner, supposedly on a "warm trail." I am afraid these self-styled "trackers of the Daltons" were seeking cheap fame rather than us. Marshal Ransom Payne "trailed us" for a year or more, however, but only once got close to us. That was at Wharton. He was then at the head of a band of sixteen followers, and they camped less than four miles from where three of us were in hiding.

A rancher, it appears, gave us away. He told Payne the location of our camp, but for some mysterious reason or other Payne made off in the opposite direction. Whether he thought the rancher was trying to put him off the track or not I do not know. But if Payne had followed his advice and gone east instead of west he would probably have stumbled across us.

Although we had committed a crime in holding up the express and robbing the railway company, we did not feel that we were exactly outcasts. We had not raised our hands against society as a whole, but rather against an institution which we believed had persecuted us. And now let me correct an impression that has gone about broadcast. The Dalton Boys were not swashbuckling freebooters, devil-may-care bandits, riding into this or that small settlement, shooting and looting as they went. Crimes innumerable have been laid at our door, but these stories are the mere babblings of the scandalmonger or the vapourings of inefficient detectives or incompetent officials, who, unable to solve some mystery of which they had been told, took refuge in the words, "The Daltons did it."

From the very moment when, in the yard at Bill's ranch in California, we learnt that we were suspected of the Alila hold-up until the last ghastly minute in the street at Coffeyville, there was hardly an hour that I did not know where my brother Bob was. He was the leading genius of our crowd, and nothing was done without his sanction. Nothing was carried out unless he ordered it, and the idea

of the Daltons as a crowd of fifteen or twenty armed, bearded ruffians, riding wildly about the country keeping it in a state of terror, is a false one. But, as I said before, I am not attempting anything in our defence, but will permit the plain facts to speak for themselves.

A word, however, as to the *personnel* of our band. When we started our war of revenge, Bob and I were joined by George Newcomb and Charles Bryant. Later we were joined by Bill Powers, Charlie Pierce, my brother Grat, Dick Broadwell, Bill McElhanie, and Bill Doolin. These are absolutely the only persons who were ever connected with us in any way. Every one of these men is now dead except myself, the sole person left of those stirring times.

The pursuit that invariably followed one of our hold-ups was, to say the least, nerve-trying. A jump into the saddle and then off to our camp, always a few miles away from the scene of the outrage. There I usually had fresh horses ready. Then out into the country away from towns and hamlets. The chase was usually severe for a few days, but it always dwindled away. Once or twice we met with determined pursuits from this or that firm-minded officer, but these were few and far between, and gave us little concern. The ranchers were usually our friends. From them we received infor ation as to the strength of the posse and other valuable information. Had we been the terrors fiction had painted us we never should have been able to have kept out as long as we did.

Even to-day my mind is not exactly clear as to how we came to the decision to hold up the train at Wharton. For months we had been drifting about, forced by a strange combination of circumstances to be enemies of society and the law. Our daily life was totally different from what it was often painted. The dissipation that is supposed to accompany the life of the bandit was not for us. None of us drank. Our aim in life, backed by a bitterness that was almost unquenchable, was to harass our enemy, and then go away to South America to start anew.

I do not know who suggested the Wharton hold-up. But that suggestion came and was accepted. Bob, who had been acknowledged as our leader and who was my particular chum, laid out for me the duties of scout. It was in this *rôle* that I accompanied them on all our depredations or excursions—and I leave the reader to choose his own word. I was kept, therefore, out of much of the danger that the others encountered. Bob's affection for me was as strong as mine was for him. He would have laid down his life for me at any time, and it was my attempt to save him as he laid wounded unto death on the ground at Coffeyville that brought me to earth and ended the last exploit of the Daltons.

Our coming, instead of being a cause of alarm, was frequently a godsend to some poverty-stricken rancher. Remember we had money, evilly-gained proceeds, it is true; but even now who asks if money is tainted when it is offered? Very few. We had to have food, clothing, ammunition, and horses, and everything we got was paid for and paid for highly. Often Bob, who was as big-hearted as he was hasty in temper, would pay a rancher four or five times the real value of something purchased just to be able to help him out of plainly evident straits.

After having been with us a short time, Bryant left our camp at Riley's to visit his brother Jim at Mullhall, in Oklahoma. Becoming sick on the road, he stopped at the little town of Hennessee to stay the night. Going to the only hotel, he took a room and foolishly carried with him his Winchester, which aroused the hotel proprietor's suspicion. This man quickly wired to the United States Marshal at Kingfisher. Although not possessed of an intelligence of a very high degree, Bryant had been careful to keep his tracks covered, and he had only been connected with us by rumour.

United States Deputy-Marshal Short was sent to arrest Bryant on suspicion, not knowing who he was. Bryant was ill in bed when Short and a couple of assistants walked into the hotel, and the door of his room was locked.

"What do you want and who are you?" asked Bryant, when he heard the knock at the door.

"I am United States Marshal Short, and I want you," answered the Deputy from outside the door.

"I'm too sick to talk to you, so don't try to come in, or you'll get killed," sang out Bryant, weakly, from the bed.

A long parley then started. Bryant was too ill to really care whether he remained in bed or went to jail. Finally he made a proposition.

"Look here, Short," he said, "I'm a sick man. Give me your word that you won't handcuff me and I'll go with you quietly. But if you don't, and you try to come through that door, I'll shoot you."

"All right," promised Short, "and I'll get you a doctor."

Bryant opened the door. Short entered the room. First he took the revolvers and Winchester, which were on the bed, to which action Bryant made no protest. Then Short made good his word and sent for a doctor. It was found that Bryant was not feigning illness, and it was two or three hours before he could be moved. Finally Short went to his room and pulled out a pair of handcuffs.

"Get up and slip these on," he said; "we are going to Wichita."

"Oh, I'll go all right, but you don't need those things, and you said——"

"Never mind what I said. Put 'em on," snapped the Marshal.

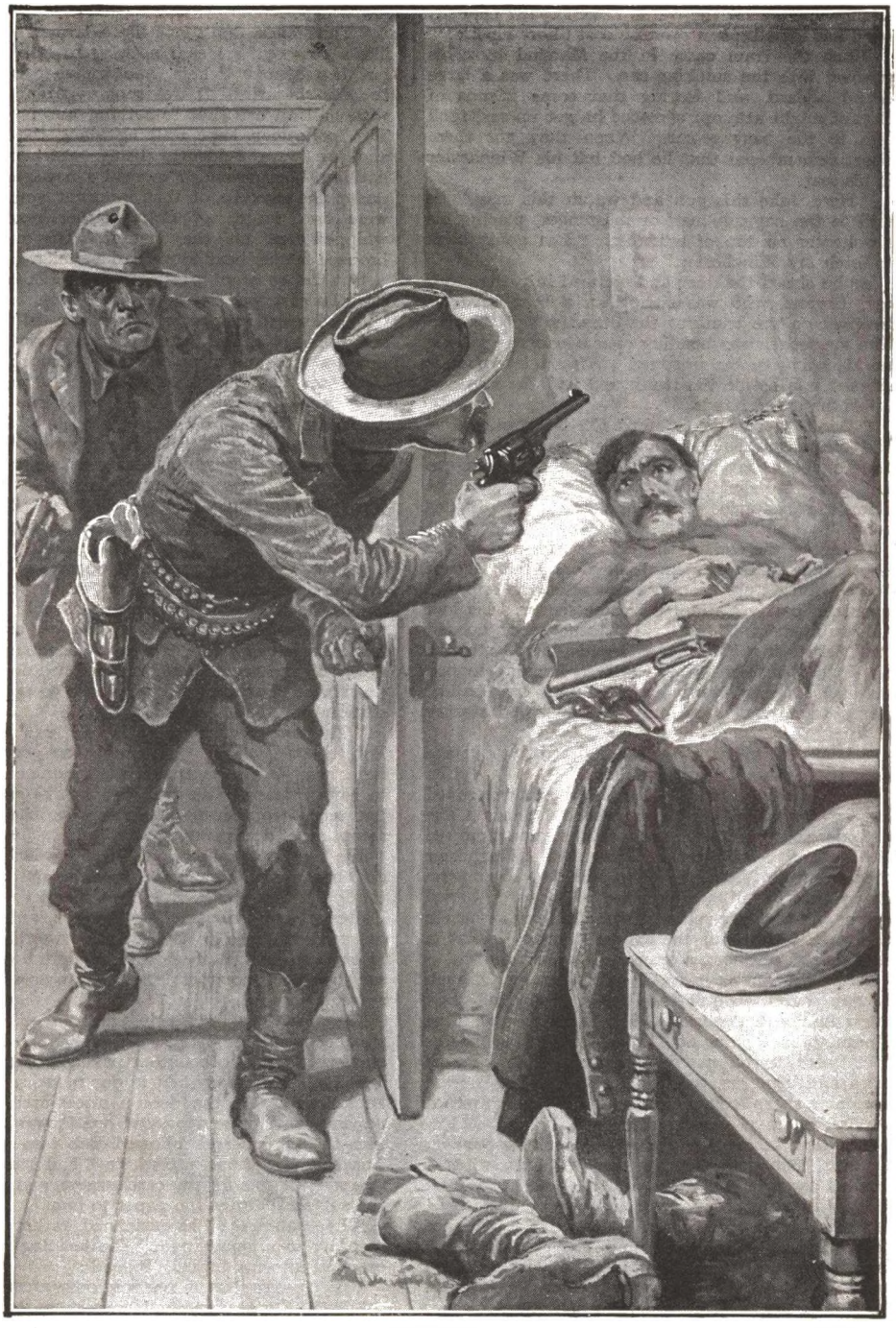
A minute later Bryant was standing in the middle of the room trussed up like a sick chicken. Short started laughing at him. "You didn't think I'd take you out of here without handcuffs, did you?" he taunted.

"But you gave me your word," argued Bryant.

"Oh, that's nothing!" said Short. "Never take any man's word."

"Well, you just take mine," shouted Bryant. "I'm going to kill you!"

"Oh, we'll see about that! I guess you are through doing anything of that sort for a while,



"Short entered the room. First he took the revolvers and Winchester, which were on the bed, to which action Bryant made no protest."

and I can take care of you any time," replied Short, as they started for the train. But Bryant kept his word and that broken promise cost Short his life.

When the train came in the Marshal took his prisoner into the smoking-car. There was a large crowd aboard, and fearing that some friends of Bryant might attempt a rescue he got up and took him to the baggage-car. When they got there Short remembered that he had left his Winchester in his seat.

" Here, take this gun and watch this man," he said to the baggage-man or messenger, placing his six-shooter on top of a trunk. " I'm going back to fetch my Winchester."

As he closed the door and stepped into the other car, Bryant, who was sitting on a box, saw the revolver on the trunk at the other end of the car. The messenger was bending over a package paying no attention to the prisoner. With a few bounds Bryant was beside the trunk and had the revolver in his manacled hands.

" Don't you make a move ! " he shouted, as the messenger made toward his own Winchester, hanging on the wall of the car. " I'm going to kill that Marshal ! Just watch and see the thing that happens to a fellow who breaks his word."

Going to the end of the car he threw open the door. The train was lurching along, but Bryant braced himself up, keeping one eye on the opposite door and partly watching the messenger. He had only a moment to wait. The other door opened and Short, his Winchester in his hand, stepped on to the platform. As he did so Bryant stepped forward, the revolver clutched in his two hands. For a fraction of a second the men stood staring at each other.

" I said I'd kill you," shouted Bryant, above the roar of the train, " and here goes ! "

As he spoke he fired. But his last taunt proved his own undoing. As he fired so did Short. The revolver and Winchester spoke at the same moment. Both men straightened up. The Winchester dropped from Short's hand and the revolver from Bryant's. Then the bodies lurched forward, sagged down, and together rolled off the platform alongside the train. That was the end of Charles Bryant, a fighter, and of Short, a man who broke his word.

After this incident we decided, strange though it may sound, to quit this life of crime and start anew in South America. Bob sent word to Miss Moore to meet him at Tampa, in Florida, where they were to be married before sailing. Posses were still after us, and we knew detectives were keeping a sharp look-out for us as well, which meant we had to travel very cautiously.

Our first act was to get rid of our cow-puncher regalia. Bob got a cheap business suit, while I donned overalls and shoes and a cheap straw hat. In this garb we turned up at Memphis, in Tennessee, intending to go to Atlanta, in Georgia, and thence on to Tampa, where we could catch a boat to a South American port. Arriving at Memphis, I went to the depot and got the tickets for Atlanta. As I walked through the station I noticed two or three men, plainly detectives, watching the passengers closely. As I passed two of them I heard a low whisper.

" That fellow don't look like a farmer. He walks like a cowboy." I said nothing to Bob, however, but bought our tickets, and together we entered the smoking-car. It was soon apparent to a man with half an eye that something was in the wind. Two policemen kept walking along the platform, and we were evidently being watched. I said nothing, but pretended to read a newspaper. But under the overalls of that innocent young farmer were two large ·45 Colts, either ready to be whipped out on the instant. The quiet, tall, bronzed farmer next to me had a similar equipment.

But the constant passing of the policemen along the platform was attracting attention, and it was being directed our way. A young fellow in the seat ahead of us half turned toward us and remarked in a low tone and to no one in particular :—

" Some people had better be getting wise."

We took the hint at once. " Go into the other car," said Bob. " I'll follow."

I did so, and bumped against one of the policemen, who was returning for another tour of inspection. I never yet have been able to understand the antics of those officials. That they suspected us was certain, but whether they thought we were the Daltons and were afraid to take a chance of trying to arrest us, I do not know. However, I do know that had they attempted it there would have been a lively few minutes in Memphis.

Bob followed me into the other car and with a half-nod passed right through. I joined him on the platform, and together we dropped down on the off-side of the train and were lost to sight in the station-yard.

" That was getting too hot for us," explained Bob, a little later ; " we had better get out some other way." So we changed our course and went to New Orleans. We travelled by the same train, but separated, because together we attracted the attention of detectives.

We rented a quiet little room in Driett Street and began making preparations for our departure to South America. But the notoriety of " the Daltons " had reached New Orleans, and we were enforced to listen to the most extraordinary tales of our exploits, all of which were pure fiction. We saw by the newspapers, too, that posses were still searching for us.

After getting our kit together we discovered a steamer about to start. We strolled over to the steamship office to book our passage, when I found I had left my money-belt in our room, and hurried back for it. At the door a street-urchin, selling papers, came up and pressed one forward. I gave him the money and followed Bob into the room. The belt was there just where I had left it. Bob was scolding me for my carelessness, and to change the subject I threw the paper to him.

" Look at that ! " he exclaimed, rather excitedly, pointing to a small item. The heading was fairly branded into my brain. It read :—

" BANDIT GRAT DALTON CONVICTED."

" Well, I guess we shall have to go back," said Bob at last, angrily ; " no South America for us ! "

Next day came a brief telegraphic account of the fact that Grat had been convicted as accessory to the Alila California train-robbery, and that Bill, our brother, had been acquitted at his preliminary hearing. Tossing the paper on one side, Bob remarked :—

"Pack up; we go back to-night. I guess they don't want us to reform!"

All the ideas of reforming, of a life to be spent on a cattle ranch, rich and respected, faded away. Once more the yellow film of revenge was across our eyes. Next day we learnt from the newspapers that Grat had broken jail the night following his conviction and had taken the rest of the prisoners with him, and that all had apparently vanished into space.

"Thank God!" said Bob. "We'll go back, get Grat, and maybe give the company whose detectives have convicted him something else to remember; and then we will get away for good and take him with us. Let's go home."

That "let's go home" sounded strange to us. From the time we had first got into trouble we had steered pretty clear of our home at Kingfisher, only going there four or five times. We knew that the Marshals would keep a watch there, so we carefully avoided it. Cautiously we worked our way back. The night we rode up to the house at Kingfisher the front door was open, and in the light from the lamp I could see our mother walking about the room getting supper ready. I was ahead of Bob, and as my form darkened the doorway she turned. There was just one cry as she opened her arms and I sprang into their warm embrace.

"My boys!" was all she said, but in that exclamation the tremor of the voice told the story of the nights and days of suffering and torture while her children were outside battling the law. Then it was Bob who took my place. Not a word of censure. Not a word of blame.

"Have you boys come home?" was the first question we were asked. This was followed by a volley from us. "Where is Grat?" "The Marshals, where are they?" "Has anyone been looking for us?" and the like.

Yes, the Marshals had been there recently. They did not think we had left the country, and were on the watch for Grat as well as for us.

Bob and I held a hasty conference. We decided to stay in the vicinity, get into communication

"The plucky little woman saddled her horse and rode two hundred and fifty miles across country to bring us the information."

with some of the old gang, and also Grat, then try one or two "tricks," and, if successful, leave the country for good.

"Well, goodbye, mother," said Bob, after we had finished supper. "Tell Grat he can find us about sixty miles south of here at Jim Riley's. Tell him to follow after us. Goodbye, mother."

A quick embrace and we had gone. We never had been a very demonstrative family, and the tears that welled up in mother's eyes spoke volumes to me that she was breaking her heart.

"I wish you boys would stay at home and be good," she whispered in my ear as I gave her a big, hearty hug. "Won't you?"

"Well, mother, we will all be good pretty soon," I said.

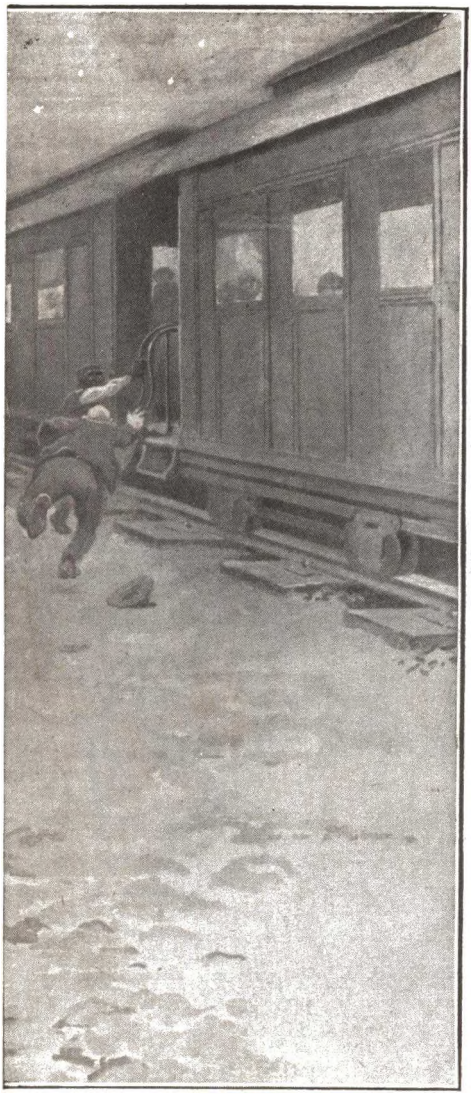
Riding away, we both turned in our saddles and waved back. The brave little mother was standing in the doorway waving toward us, though I doubt if she saw us through her tears. That was the last time she saw Bob alive, and the last time she saw me until she came to cheer me in my cell as I lay fighting with death, which was trying to claim me for its own. If we were fighters, we came of a fighting stock. Never was a braver, stronger, truer, or stauncher mother than that white-haired little woman who is now in Kingfisher, proud of the fact that the last stain has been wiped out.

"Spurring his horse and whirling around with a wild whoop, he rode straight

Stopping at Wagoner, in Indian Territory, as we came back from the south, Bob saw Miss Moore for a few minutes and told her of his intentions.

"Well," she replied, "I will see what I can find out about money shipments over this road, and meet you at Woodward next week."

Bob's sweetheart was a valuable ally. She was a girl of unusual tact and wit and was a loyal member of our band. Riding up and down on the railroad from Parsons, in Kansas, to Denison, in Texas, she was constantly on the alert for bits of information which might prove of value to us. She, being a telegraph operator, frequently overheard messages in the depots telling of money shipments. She was equipped with an excellent education, and frequently interviewed officials of



back to the train, shooting as he went."

the railroads, posing as a magazine writer gathering information for articles on the Oklahoma country. Frequently she was regaled with stories of the Daltons and the efforts being made to capture them.

Finally Miss Moore received word that a large sum of money was to be shipped over the Katy road in the following September. She was then at Wagoner, while we were camped at Riley's ranch, two hundred and fifty miles away. The plucky little woman saddled her horse, which Bob had given her, and started on a hazardous cross-country ride to bring us the information. Riding mostly by night through a country infested by Indians and outlaws, she finally arrived at our camp with the news.

After a lengthy deliberation it was decided to hold up the train at Lelietta, four miles north of Wagoner. Again Bob was the leader. With him were George Newcomb, Charles Pierce, Bill Doolin, Dick Broadwell, and Bill Powers. Bob had selected Bill Doolin to go with him on the engine. Doolin's education was *nil*, but his bravery was never questioned. All he knew was fight. He was the kind of man Bob needed, but he had to be kept in restraint, or his quick temper was liable to get all of us into trouble.

As usual, they waited for the train at the station. As it stopped the boys came out of their hiding-place and took posts close to the engine, but still in the shadows. When it pulled out they boarded the cab. Revolvers pointed at the crew were stronger arguments than words.

There was some delay in getting the messenger to open the door. It was only when Powers sent a couple of shots into the door that he decided to open rather than take a chance with dynamite, which was a bluff. But after that short delay the work was fast and quick, and Doolin came out of the express car carrying a meal-sack half full of money, which to our great surprise and disgust proved to be all silver.

A few of the more venturesome from the train gathered into a little crowd near the baggage-car and were taking pot-shots in our direction.

"Watch me chase them. They make me tired," muttered Bill Powers.

"Stick where you are ordered," said Bob, but Powers was not to be denied that chance of a little excitement. Spurring his horse and whirling around with a wild whoop, he rode straight back to the train, shooting as he went.

"I remember distinctly the antics of one stout passenger, upon whom the glare of the light from the depot fell," said Bob to me afterwards. "As Powers rode toward the train shouting and shooting, he became panic-stricken. He dropped his revolver, which he had pumped once in our direction, and scrambled for the steps of the first coach.

"The coloured porter had the same general idea about the same time. They both struck the steps together. There was not room enough for two, and the fat man fell backward to the ground. Just then the train began to move, and I could see him crawling on his hands and knees in the same direction as the car was going, as though he was trying to race the car. However, he got to his feet and managed to swing aboard the last car as it passed. He was angrily shaking his fist at us as the train proceeded and was swallowed up in the darkness."

When we came to reckon up we found we had about nine thousand four hundred dollars, or about one thousand eight hundred and eighty pounds, all in silver.

(Further stirring exploits of the Daltons next month.)

The Empire's Only Eskimo Soldier.

By LACEY AMY.

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST PRATER, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

Many strange races are to be found fighting under the Union Jack to-day, but the British Army possesses, or rather it did possess until the other month, only a single Eskimo fighting man, John Shiwak. In the following narrative the writer tells how he met John whilst travelling to Labrador. For an Eskimo he proved to be a man of remarkable character and of some scholastic attainments, for he kept diaries, wrote poetry and books, and was a clever artist, photographer, and musician. When war broke out John heard the call, became a soldier of the King, and died fighting for the flag in France. His life-story forms a remarkable human document.

John Shiwak, of Labrador, the only Eskimo soldier to lay down his life for the Empire.
Photo. by J. Cook.

IT was in the summer of 1911 that I first met John Shiwak. But to have met him once was to remember him always. Seeking new out-of-the-world places in and around Canada, I had picked on the bleak coast of Labrador. At St John's, the quaint capital of Newfoundland, I boarded a little mail steamer that ran twice a month—seldom more than five times a year—"down" the semi-settled coast of Newfoundland for five hundred miles, and then another five hundred far off to the North, into the birthplace of the iceberg, alone the uncharted, barren, rugged shores of a country God never intended man to live in—Labrador.

Yet it was a pleasant trip, one to look back upon with no shuddering memories, but with a dreamy halo of unreality dimming its thousand unwonted sights and events, a composite picture that frays off round the edges, and centres about one lone figure—John Shiwak, the Eskimo.

We were a motley crowd on board. The transient passenger-list consisted of the Woman-who-worries and myself, three professional world-vagrants who travelled as most people work, a mysterious newly-married couple whom none knew better at the end than at the beginning. And below decks bunked a score of Newfoundland fishermen and fish merchants on their way to the great cod grounds along the Labrador.

And there was John.

I was aware of him first as he sat at the Newfoundlanders' table in the dining saloon, never uttering a word, watching with both eyes every movement at the table of the "foreigners." He was the nattiest man on board. Evidently he had

invested in a new wardrobe in St. John's, and his muscular, short, straight-standing figure did each garment fullest justice. Twice a day he appeared in different array—in the mornings usually in knickers and sealskin moccasins.

Not a word did I ever hear him speak to another. He would appear on deck for half an hour twice a day, lean over the railing where he could hear us talk on the after-deck, and disappear as silently as he came. I set myself the task of intruding on his reticence, of breaking his silence. In truth it was a task! Observing him one day watching the unloading of salt into the small boats that play the part of wharves on the Labrador coast, I leaned on the railing beside him and made some trivial inquiry about the scene of the bustle. His reply was three words, and then silence. To my second inquiry after several minutes the reply was two words. And then he turned away. I was almost discouraged.

Then one night we stopped in the sudden darkness that falls in that quarter long after ten of an August evening to pick up a missionary and his family and household goods. Suddenly there broke from the outer darkness the shuddering howl of a wolf, followed by a chorus of howls. I raised myself to listen, peering into the darkness of the sea where were only scores of tiny islands, and, beyond, scores of towering icebergs.

"The Labrador Band," explained a quiet voice beside me, modest to the verge of self-depreciation but with a twinkle in it somewhere.

It was John Shiwak. And the ice was broken. "The Labrador Band" is the term applied to the howling huskies, most of whom are set down on islands during their summer months of uselessness, where they can do no harm and are out of the way.

Far into the morning John and I sat there in the dirty, deserted bow, as the ship felt its way through the islands on its northward crawl. By the pitch of the boat we knew when the islands ceased to screen us from the swell outside. Now and then an icy breath registered an iceberg somewhere about; and once a disturbing crackling far outside, and a great plunge, told of a Greenland monster that had yielded at last to the wear of sun and wave. Not a sound of life broke the northern silence save the quiet voice of the captain on the bridge above, and the weird howls of hungry or disturbed huskies, only one stage removed from their wolf-life of past generations. And in those hours I learned much of John Shiwak's immediate history.

He was a hunter in the far interior by winter, a handy-man in his district by summer. The past winter had been a good one for him—a silver fox-skin, for instance, which he had disposed of to the Hudson's Bay Company for four hundred and sixty-nine dollars, or just over ninety pounds sterling. And on the strength of such unusual profits he had gone down to St. John's, Newfoundland, whence all good and bad things come to Labrador—and whither all good and bad things from Labrador go—and had plunged himself into the one great time of his life. His memory of that two weeks of civilization had congealed into a determination to repeat the visit each summer. And I knew that the dissipations of a great and strange city had had nothing to do with its attractions.

In his conversation there was the solemnity of a man who does much thinking in vast silences. Everything was presented to me in the vivid succinctness that delights the heart of an editor. John's life had been filled with the essentials. So was his comment on life. When we parted for our berths I was conscious of a series of pictures that lacked no necessary touch of a master hand, but repetition in the stilted language and phrasing of civilization was impossible. The wonderful gift of nature was John's, and the marvel of it grew on me through the night hours.

Next morning I smiled at him from our table, and when we few wanderers collected as usual on the after-deck, there was John a few yards away leaning on the rail. I went to him, taking the Woman-who-worries, but after a few monosyllabic words he took advantage of our interest in some scene on shore to glide away. But an hour later he was there again, and thereafter he adopted us as his friends. For the next two days we separated only for meals and sleep. And on the night of the second day as we swung a little into the open to make the Hamilton Inlet, a storm arose. And through the storm a tiny row-boat bobbed up to us in the moonlight, poised for minutes in the flush of a great danger as it struggled to reach us without crushing against our sides, and then quietly dropped aboard us two Moravian missionaries. And it was John who seemed to know just what to do to make the boarding possible. The missionaries recognized him and rewarded him with a smile and thanks, but John appeared unmoved. A moment later he was standing beside me in silence, held by the same strange affinity that had been working on me.

Early the next morning we cast anchor far within the inlet before Rigolet. And as we glided into position John and I were talking. In his manner was a greater solemnity than ever. I believe now it was the knowledge that

in an hour or so his new friend would pass from his life.

"Can you read?" he inquired. And the unusual embarrassment of his manner impressed me. Then, "Can you write?" And when I modestly admitted both accomplishments, he hesitated. I did not try to draw him out. In a moment he explained. "I can, too." There was pride in his tone. I recognized it quickly enough to introduce my commendations with the proper spirit. "And I write much," he went on. "I write books."

Having received my cue, I succeeded in finding out that his "books" were diaries filled through the winter months of his long season in the interior.

"Will you read my books?" he asked me, anxiously.

We climbed over the side together and sat in the little row-boat that was to take us to the Hudson Bay quay. As soon as we landed, John led me off, past the white buildings of the Company, past several ramshackle huts that looked as if a mild wind would make loose lumber of them, and stopped before one, a shack more solid-looking than the others. He paused before entering. It was but one of his expressive movements that meant more than words. I was not to follow farther; he did not wish me to see within. I read into it that it was not shame, but a fear that I might not understand his methods of life. Inside, a few half-hearty words were uttered, and John's voice replied quietly; and presently he appeared with two common exercise books in his hand. These he handed to me and together we repaired to an ancient Eskimo burying-ground where we need fear no interruption. It would be a couple of hours before the boat would leave.

But someone shouted. The missionary who had boarded our boat two days before wanted help to unload his household goods, and John, the always ready, supplied the want. And that was the last word I had with John Shiwak.

I seated myself on the steps to the factor's house and opened one of the books. The first thing I saw was a crude but marvellously lively drawing of a deer. With only a few uncommon lines he had set down a deer in full flight. Therein were none of the rules of drawing, but in his untrained way John had accomlished what better-known artists miss. "This is a deer," underneath, was but the expression of first principles. And on the second page was a stanza of poetry. Unfortunately, it is not at hand, but this dusky son of Nature had caught from his mother what he had never read in books. There were rhythm and metre and rhyme, and there was unconscious submission to something working within. I began to read.

It was all about his past winter back there in a frozen world alone. I read on, until I heard shouts from the direction of the pier. There are more attractive dangers than being marooned on the coast of Labrador, so with the diaries I started for the steamer, thinking to meet John there. But on the way we passed his row-boat returning to the shore with its last load. I could only shout that I had his books; and his reply was a slow nodding of the head; and then a shipping of his oars for a brief moment as he turned and watched us drift apart.

I never saw him again. During the six years that followed I received from him a half-dozen letters a year or less, all there was time for in the short two months of navigation along the Labrador. I wrote him regularly, sending him such luxuries as I thought would please him—a camera and supplies, heavy sweater-coats and other comforts, books, writing paper, pencils, and a dictionary. From him there came mementoes of his life—a beautiful fox-skin for a rug, with head and claws complete; a pair of wooden dolls made entirely by the Eskimo and dressed in exact replica of the seal-skin suits of the farthest North; a pair of elk-skin moccasins; a pair of seal gloves. It was significant of John's gallantry that most of these gifts were specifically for the Woman-who-worries. For me he was ever on the look-out for a Polar bear-skin, and had planned a trip farther North to get one, when other events intervened.

But, best of all, each summer there came out to me his diaries. Diaries have small prospect of breaking through my prejudices, but John's invariably inaugurated a period of seclusion and idleness until I had read to the last word. They were wonderful examples of unstilted, inspired writing. They started with his hunting expedition in the late fall (September, in Labrador) into the interior by the still open waterways; and through all the succeeding eight months, until the threat of breaking ice drove him back to civilization with his fur-laden sleigh, they recorded his daily life, not as a barren round of uneventfulness, but as a teeming time of throbbing experience. He *felt* everything, from the leap of a running deer to a sunset, from a week's crippling storm to the capture of the much-prized silver fox, from the destruction of his tent by fire to the misfortune of pilfering mice. And he had the faculty of making his reader feel with him. In a thumb-

nail dash he could take one straight into the clutches of the silent Arctic. Now and then he broke into verse, although in his later diaries this disappeared, perhaps under the goad of more careful register. Breathlessly I would read of the terrible Arctic storms that fell on him all alone, hundreds of miles from the nearest human being. And the joys and disappointments of his traps bore almost equally for the moment on the one to whom he was telling his story.

A fisherman's family in Labrador. They are seen wearing their best clothes. John Shiwak, our hero, in a new suit which he bought at St. John's, Newfoundland, is the figure on the extreme right. The fisherman's home is an old boat.

And John had taught himself to read and write from the scraps of paper that reach the coast of Labrador.

From his diaries I gathered bits of his life. He had left home when only ten years of age to carve his own fortune, but his father and beloved little sisters were still to him his home, although he never saw them now. He was everyone's friend, grateful for their kindnesses, always ready to help, contemptuous of the lazy Indian, whom he hated. In the summer he fished, or worked for a Grenfell doctor—all a mere fill-up until the hunting season returned. But always there was a note or incomplete existence in his writings, of falling short of his ambitions, of something bigger within the range of his vision. Even before I waved farewell to him that day, I had him in my mind as the subject for a sketch, "John, the Dissatisfied."

Throughout his diaries were many gratifying references to the place I had strangely attained in his affections—communings with himself in the silent nights of the far North. And each summer his letters almost plaintively inquired when I was coming to Labrador that he might take me up the Hamilton River to the Grand Falls where Hubbard lost his life. Even in his last letter, written from a far distant field, he reintroduced our ancient plans. Once he informed me in the simplest language that he had in mind a *liveyere*, or native girl for his future home, and asked me to send her a white silk handkerchief with "F" in the corner. John was growing up. During his last summer in Labrador he was much absorbed in an ambition to set up as a Labrador merchant, but he had not the money.

During the first three years of our friendship he embarrassed me much by proposing each summer to come out to visit me; and in one letter he had almost made up his mind to come to me in Canada and throw himself into competition for the future with the white man. I funked the issue each time. I had no fear of his ability to hold his own in work of brain or hand, but the Eskimo in civilization seemed too large a responsibility for one man to assume. At every landing-place in Labrador was, at the time of my visit, a notice threatening with a fine of a hundred pounds anyone inducing an Eskimo to leave the country. It was a result of the dire consequences of the Eskimo encampment at the Chicago World's Fair, in 1893. And I could not rid myself of the solemn warning of an Indian chief friend of mine against the risk.

Once a letter arrived from John in midwinter. The familiar handwriting on the outside was weirdly unnatural at that season of the year,

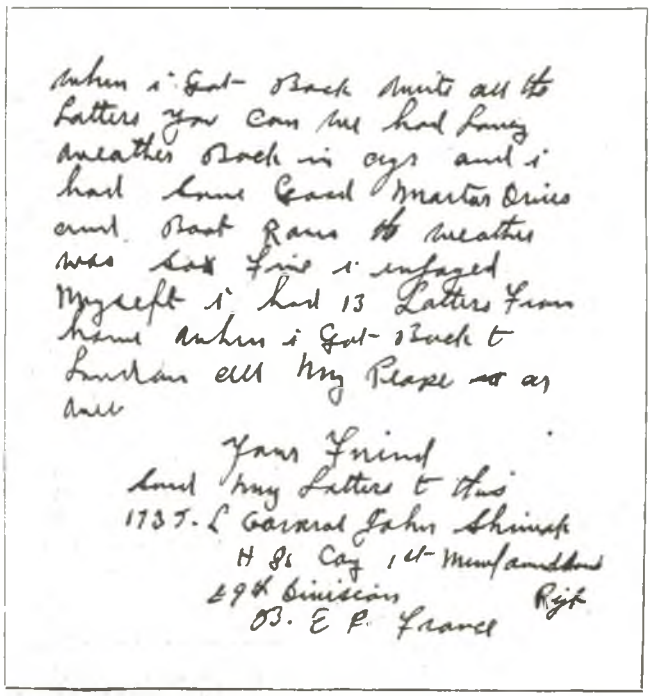
for I knew the Labrador was frozen in impenetrable ice. Inside I learned that a courier was coming out on snowshoes overland, through those hundreds of miles of untracked snow wastes of Quebec. I replied immediately. And his diary the next summer told of his joy at the receipt in midwinter of a letter from his friend. A pair of hunters, on their way in to their grounds somewhere beyond John, had carried his letter from the little village on the river and left it in one of his huts.

During the fall of 1914 my letters to him were going astray. His arrived regularly, always bemoaning my negligence. A dozen times I wrote on alternate days. The summer of 1915 opened with his diaries and more letters of lonesome plaint. Through June and July they continued. Not a letter of m ne was he receiving, although his reached me as usual. Then one day came his despairing effort. On the outside he had written in his most careful hand: "If anyone gets this and knows where Mr. Amy is, please send it to him." Thereupon I wrote to friends in St. John's to get in touch with John at any cost.

In a couple of his letters he had mentioned his desire to be a soldier, but I had dismissed it as one of his ambitions blocked by his race. In the one my acquaintances were to forward to me he announced that he had enlisted and was going to England to train.

I ask you to consider that. An Eskimo, a thousand miles from the nearest newspaper—no outside life but the Newfoundland fisherman and for only seven or eight weeks of the year, no industry but hunting and fishing, eight months in the snowbound silences of the most desolate country on earth! And John Shiwak, the swarthy little Eskimo, was going to fight for his country whose tangible benefits could mean nothing to him! Young men in the heart of things cannot read this without blushing—surely! Within the little Eskimo was burning that which puts conscription, and strikes, and shirking beyond the pale.

In the early spring of 1915 I came to England. Within a week I had found where the Newfoundland Regiment was in training. John's reply to my letter is too sacred to publish. There was joy in every line of it. "I have nothing to write about," he said, in his simple way. And then he proceeded to impress me with a mission in life I had scarcely appreciated. But he was in Scotland, and I was in London. And travel in England was discouraged. Within a very few weeks he was on his way to France, full of ardour. And just before he went he sent me a picture of himself in khaki, on the back the message, "This is for you."



A reproduction of a portion of John Shiwak's letter from the Front to the Author. Although only an Eskimo, John was a writer of poetry, an artist, and a photographer—probably the most educated of all Eskimos.

Almost every week, and sometimes twice a week, I heard from him. He was not liking the life. There was something about it he did not understand—this killing of men week after week—and his modesty and reticence, I fear, made him a prey to more assertive fellow-soldiers. He wrote me that his comforts were stolen when he was in the line, not complainingly but sadly. I sent him duplicates which never reached him. I wrote to him to appeal to his commanding officer. And thereafter, for months, for some strange reason, no letter of mine was received by him. His petitions for news of me drove me to measures that put me once more in touch with him. Once he

"The battalion still argue, which was the first to reach the bridge, John or another. But John reached the height of the little arch and turned to wave his companions on."

was sick in hospital " with his neck," but apart from that he was in the lines every time his battalion was on duty. And after eleven months without leave he suddenly reached Blighty.

It was characteristic of our merely spiritual propinquity that I had left for Devon on a holiday trip only two days before his joyful announcement arrived, and when his wire reached me on a Friday night there was no train to bring him to me and return him before Monday night ; and he was due in Scotland on Monday. I hastened back from Devon to catch him on his way through to France, but the letter he sent me from somewhere in London neglected to include his address, and I could not find him before his leave was up that night.

His letter of regret, written from Folkestone, as he waited for the boat to France, is by me. " I hope we will meet again somewhere," he said, and I imagined a tone of hopelessness rang in it.

Upon his return to France sorrow came to him. He had induced two other Eskimos to join up with him, but they had not been able to stand the life, and were sent home. But his real grief was the death in action of his hunting mate who had often shared his winters in Labrador, a white man. " I am the only one left from Labrador," he moaned. And the longing to get back to his old life peeped out from every line. But to my sympathy and an effort to brighten him, he replied: " I am hanging on all right. The only thing to do is to stick it till it's over."

It is through misty eyes I read his letters of those last three months. The duration of the war was wearing on him. He had no close friends, none to keep warm the link with his distant home. In September he lamented: " I have had no letters from home since July. There will be no more now till the ice breaks."

And in his last he longed again for the old hunting days. Labrador, that had never satisfied his ambitions, looked warm and attractive to him now. He wondered what the fur would be for the coming winter, what his old friends and his people were doing, how the Grenfell doctor had managed without him.

I had been sending him books and writing paper, small luxuries in food and soldiers' comforts. " It is good to know I have two friends," he thanked me. (The other was a woman near his training camp in Scotland.) " I don't think a man could be better off."

Simple, grateful John ! He complained of the cold ; and I dispatched a warm sweater-coat and a pair of wool gloves.

That was in mid-November. A month later an official envelope came to me. Inside was my last letter. On its face was the soulless stamp, " Deceased." More sympathetic hands had added : " Dead," " Killed," " Verified."

It was a damp-eyed sergeant who told me of his end, this native of Labrador, the only Eskimo to lay down his life for the Empire.

" He was a white man," he whispered. Would that John could have heard it ! It happened in the Cambrai tank drive. The tanks were held up by the canal before Masnieres, and John's company was ordered to rush a narrow bridge that had unaccountably been left standing. John, chief sniper for the battalion, lately promoted to lance-corporal, the muscular man of the wilds, outpaced his comrades. The battalion still argue which was the first to reach the bridge, John or another. But John reached the height of the little arch and turned to wave his companions on.

It was a deadly corner of the battle front. The Germans, granted a breathing space by the obstacle of the canal, were rallying. Big shells were dropping everywhere, scores of machine-guns were barking across the narrow line of protecting water. And just beyond the bridge-head, in among the trees, the enemy had erected platforms in tiers, bearing machine-guns. As John stood, his helmet awry, his mouth open in shouts of encouragement unheard amid the din, the deadly group of guns broke loose. That was why the bridge had been left.

The Eskimo swayed, bent a little, then slowly sank. But even as he lay they saw his hand point ahead. And then he lay still. And they passed him on the bridge, lying straight and peaceful, gone to a better hunting-ground than he had ever anticipated.

And my thoughts of John Shiwak, the Eskimo, are that he must be satisfied at last.

Exploring the Ice-Wilds of Eastern Karakoram.

By FANNY BULLOCK WORKMAN, F.R.G.S.,
and
WILLIAM HUNTER WORKMAN, M.A., M.D.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS.

The Authors of our new serial of adventure and exploration are old favourites with readers of "The Wide World Magazine," since they have already recorded in these pages some of their wonderful and awe-inspiring mountaineering exploits. Once more they return to their fascinating life-work, which to them has become at one and the same time a work of scientific research and a pastime. During the coming months they will describe how they explored no fewer than nineteen hundred square miles of mountain and glacier in the Himalayas, including the conquest of the Great Rose, or Siachen, the world's longest non-Polar glacier—expeditions undertaken for the first time by Europeans in 1911 and 1912, and the important results of which could only now, owing to the war, be given to the world.

III.

WE now gave our attention to the exploration and mapping of the great Siachen or Rose Glacier. It is the longest non-Polar glacier in the world, and very little was known about it. It was first seen by Colonel Strachey, who, in October, 1848, ascended its tongue for two miles. It was thought by him to end in a mountain-wall about twenty miles above the end of its tongue, and the Indian Survey map gives it that length, approximately. In the autumn of 1909 Dr. T. G. Longstaff ascended the tongue of this remarkable glacier from Nubra for about ten miles. As a result of his visit, it was decided the glacier extended farther north than had been supposed.

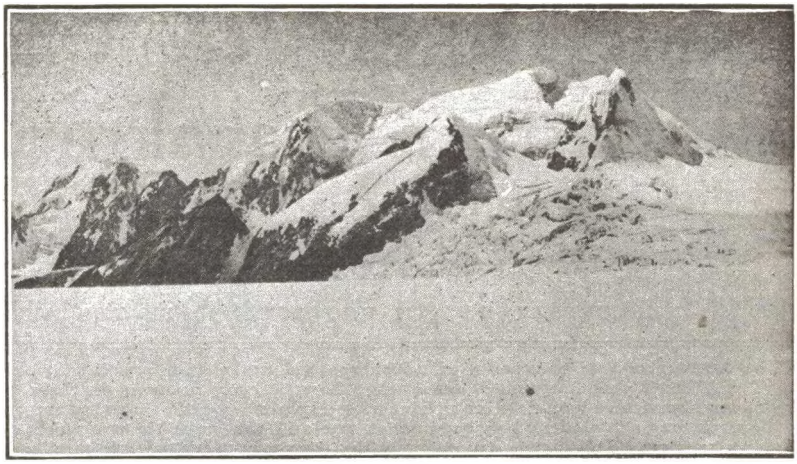
This was all that was known of the great glacier until 1911, when, as explained in last month's WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE, we crossed, at the close of our summer's exploring work, to the Siachen, and made as much of a reconnaissance of its basin as the short days, variable weather, and glacier-conditions at the advanced season would admit of. Two of its largest affluents were also explored, and a peak of near twenty-one thousand feet climbed. But the exploration of the Great Rose was as yet only begun, and to one of the writers the most important sensation of the time passed there in 1911, the one that, in spite of hardships and obstacles encountered, was ever tightening its grip on her soul, was that she might return to it, further examine its basin, force a way to and cull the secrets of its high sources, and have the glacier completely surveyed and its important peaks triangulated.

This was an ambitious project for a private explorer without Government assistance, as one was faced with the undeniable fact that the Rose was not only the longest and widest in Asia, but incomparably more inaccessible from any proper base of supplies than any other great Karakoram glacier. Those who, like ourselves, have investigated glaciers such as the Hispar, Baltoro, and Chogo Lungma, all of which may be ascended from their tongues, will experience the shudder which the thought produces of visiting in its entirety a forty-six-mile-long glacier with a useless tongue. We say "useless" for the following reasons: The sparsely inhabited Nubra valley, devoid of large villages that can supply the needs of an explorer's caravan, winds its wild, uncultivated way north of Ladakh to the Rose glacier-tongue. From this tongue issues the Nubra River, which in ever-increasing volume from the melting of glaciers above bears down upon the valley, cleaving it in the centre with its seething torrent. Some three or four fordings have to be made, from one side of the valley to the other, before the glacier-snout is reached, and these, between May and September 15th, because of the height of the water and the numerous quicksands existing in the river-bottom, cannot be made by man or beast. Thus has Nature rendered the Rose glacier-tongue "useless" and impervious to human approach during the five summer months.

Hence the exploration of the Rose resolves itself at once into solving the problem of making a last base at Goma, in the Saltoro valley, Baltistan, which is separated from the Rose by the five-mile-long Ghyari nala, the thirteen-mile-long, difficult Bilaphond glacier, the eighteen-thousand-three-hundred-and-seventy-feet-high Bilaphond La, and the Lolophond glacier descending for seven miles. When this has been done, and the little feat of traversing these intervening stretches performed, you are there, and have tapped the Siachen at about sixteen thousand feet, where you may next

make a new receiving base for the hundreds of maunds of flour, stores, sheep, and wood required by a large contingent of men for several weeks.

"No, I won't come again," said one of the writers, as she sat snowed in her tent for two days before returning over the Bilaphond La in September, 1911. But no sooner had she turned her back to the Rose and reached again the top of the pass on that brilliant September 16th, than her mountain ego reasserted itself, saying *tant pis* to the obstacles: "Return you must."



A crest of snow-covered peaks in the Karakoram. Those on the extreme left are known as Peaks Thirty-

Thus April, 1912, again found us at Srinagar. Byramji was re-engaged as agent, and dispatched at once to Kapalu and Goma, where he was to take charge of collecting the large quantity of grain required to feed the caravan, of selecting coolies, buying sheep, and making general arrangements. The two writers were jointly in charge of the commissariat; the gentleman acting as photographer and glacialist, but the lady was the responsible leader of the expedition, and on her efforts, in a large measure, the success or failure of it depended.

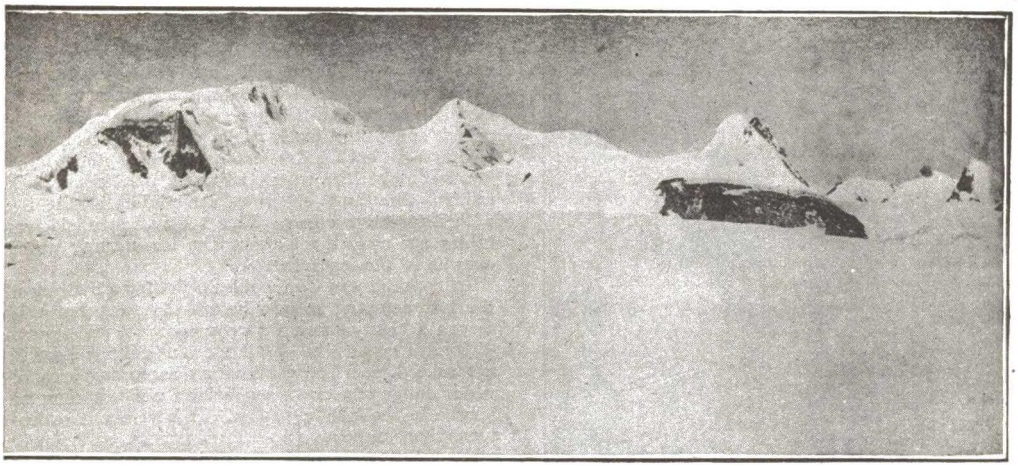
Mr. C. Grant Peterkin, diploma-holder of the Royal Geographical Society, accompanied the expedition as surveyor; an Indian native plane-tabler, Sarjan Singh, acting as his assistant. This man rendered very valuable service by his work, without which it would not have been possible for one person working alone to produce a fairly accurate map of the region in a single season. The remaining members of the party consisted of two orderlies from the Indian Army, who proved very useful in leading coolie-caravans to and from the Goma base. We also had three Italian guides, Cyprien Savoye, Quaizier Simeon, and Rey Adolf. Chenoz Cesare and Rey Julian, porters of Courmayeur, were also attached to the expedition.

We left Srinagar, Kashmir, on June 5th; Mr. Peterkin, Sarjan Singh, and Quaizier preceding us by two weeks, for Baltistan. Raja Shere Ali Khan, the intelligent, charming man who assisted us so greatly the previous year, had died in January, and been succeeded by his nephew, Nasir Ali Khan, a young man who appeared to lack all the tact and force of character of his uncle.

The Resident, Mr. Fraser, had requested the Wazir Wazirat at Leh to ask this small Raja, or, more accurately, Jagadir, as far as was in his power, to procure enough coolies and grain for the work on the glaciers. This the Raja told us he had done, and perhaps he had, although we never saw much evidence of this assistance, and, from what we later learned, his power to move the inhabitants of the Saltoro valley to visit the Rose was practically *nil*. However, he gave us our old headman, the hardy, good-natured little Wizir Abdul Karim, who hung to our camp from start to finish, always working in our interest, trying his best to lead the coolies and prevent them absconding in batches, which at times they elected to do.

Dr. Longstaff had this same man on his short visit to the Rose glacier, and gave him a chit of highest praise. He was certainly the best of the Kapalu Court retainers with whom we had to do, the others being most egregious rascals, and when not handling coolies for weeks on glaciers was capable of fair work. But after two weeks on the Rose, both the Kondus and Saltoro men under his leadership regarded his presence with as much interest as they might that of the harmless little denizen of that glacier—the mouse-hare. Dr. Longstaff, in 1909, assisted by the former Raja, had, because of his short stay on the Rose and the limited number required, no trouble in retaining coolies. In 1911, ordered by the same Raja, the Saltoro zemindars were willing enough to return to the Rose, because they supposed our sojourn would be short.

When they saw the amount of grain collected at Goma, they remarked scornfully to the agent that there was small need for all that flour, which would not be used, as the Sahibs, meaning Dr. Longstaff and party, remained only one day on the Siachen, and surely a Memsahib would not stay longer. In 1912 Byramji found on his arrival at Goma that the coolies were perturbed at our return, and at the prospect of a still longer sojourn than the previous one of three weeks on the Rose. The mullahs, or priests, of the valley had been doing a lucrative business in exhorting the gods and preparing amulets, for which they were paid by the coolies. After our arrival we noticed the odd little *tawiz*, or magic amulets, hanging by bits of cord



five and Thirty-six, while on the extreme right is Tawiz Peak. The ice at left descends to Bilaphond Glacier, at right to Lolophond.

from the coolies' necks. They were said to contain petitions to the gods to bring storms or other calamities that might limit our stay in the snows and force us to return and leave the Saltoro valley. This the mullahs told the agent were the facts, and they doubtless spoke the truth.

The Baltis, being Mohammedans, might not be supposed, like the Hindus, to worship deities, but from what one observes and hears of their habits, the ignorant rurals of the mountain districts when in difficulty appeal to their so-called gods. These may possibly be regarded as intermediaries, or be appealed to in the same way as the people of Roman Catholic countries address petitions to special patron saints. Whatever the more erudite mullahs may know of the tenets of the Prophet, or however much they may bow in the direction of Mecca, it in no way interferes with their exercise of priestcraft in fostering belief in the power of magic and gods in the simple minds of the villagers.

After three weeks, the weather-god having shown himself to be decidedly on our side, many Saltoro men disappeared, hiding in the hills behind their villages, as they found the *tawiz*-amulets had not exerted the power expected of them. Coolies from the Hushe and Kondus nalas were then requisitioned by Byramji to take their places. Some twenty-eight of the Saltoro coolies, however, remained faithful and stayed on to the close of the expedition, some of these being grey-haired and old, as natives go. An amusing remark from one of the recalcitrants was that probably we ate too much bacon, which neutralized the effect of the magic contained in the amulets. These experiences, however disagreeable to us, brought to light some of the fanciful superstitions which pervade the minds of the Kapalu district Baltis, and show that faith in the power of magic is as strong to-day among the semi-barbarous natives of India as it was centuries ago.

At Goma, the last village of the Saltoro valley, we took on a zemindar, named Mullah Halim, as grain-basha, who we understood was "a very fine fellow." Our agent found him in jail, and as nothing could be learned in his disfavour, we requested the authorities to give him leave of absence for eight weeks, after which time we agreed to return him to answer the charges against him. Our request was complied with, and he entered our service, his duties being to escort coolies carrying grain to and from the Rose glacier. Six weeks later, in order to put an end to the delivery to us of nearly empty grain-sacks, and the prolonged detention on the wrong side of the Bilaphond La of squads of coolies, and to prevent the breaking up at a critical moment of the expedition, we were obliged to curtail our visit to the lower Rose glacier, return to where Halim had arrived with an overdue caravan, and send him forthwith under escort to Goma, where he was dismissed from service. On one occasion, when flour for the coolies was at a low ebb, and our caravan on the Rose was stalled, threatened by famine, this native paragon sat feasting with the coolies in his charge for seven days on the Bilaphond glacier, burning out our scanty, treasured supply of wood, and busy in forwarding back to his home for sale numerous sacks of grain paid for by us which was sorely needed by the expedition.

Two days at the end of June were passed at Goma arranging for the main caravan that was to accompany us. We had arranged before this with Byramji to send a large quantity of wood to Naram, six miles up the Bilaphond glacier, and to Ali Bransa, two hours below the pass, as it was easier to take wood from Baltistan over the Bilaphond La than to send down the Siachen for it. On July 2nd, with sixty coolies and twenty sheep, we left to ascend the Ghyari nala, which runs nearly north by east from the Saltoro valley to the tongue of the Bilaphond glacier. This number of coolies was not sufficient to carry the necessary load even for two weeks, but a start had to be made, and Byramji promised to secure forty more to follow the next day with the remainder.

At the foot of the Bilaphond snout, at about

Our Authoress being carried across a river near the centre of the Rose Glacier.

twelve thousand five hundred feet, a grassy maidan shaded by small willows was found for camp. This was the last place where trees were seen, until the Kondus valley was reached at the end of August. The five-mile-long Ghyari nala, said by tradition to have been formerly densely populated to the end of the glacier, is now deserted, and used only by goat-herds, who pasture their live stock there in July and August.

The Bilaphond glacier was first ascended for six miles by Vigne in 1835, and again in 1909 by Dr. Longstaff, Dr. Neve, and Mr. Slingsby on a search for the "Saltoro Pass." Judging from the appearance of its snout in both 1911 and 1912, it may be said to be advancing slightly. For the first seven miles this glacier is a most tiresome one to negotiate from the condition of its jumble of huge, rickety moraines, which extend from side to side of its boundary walls. Even the large boulders, in spite of their size, are seldom firmly placed, and topple about when stepped upon. This "moraine hopping," aptly so called by Colonel the Hon. C. G. Bruce, is not a rapid process, and a mile an hour may be called fairly good time for a laden caravan. At Narani, fourteen thousand seven hundred feet six miles up the glacier, where the large east and west affluents enter, we made two substantial tent-terraces with stone retaining walls on the grass and rock-covered mountain-slope.

About a mile above Naram the wearisome moraines were shaken off, and the ascent by ice-bands running between median moraines is fairly easy to below Ali Bransa. The scenery is wild, grand snow and rock-peaks forming precipitous barriers to both sides of the glacier. One huge granite monolith, where no snow can lodge, juts up two thousand feet from the middle of the ice with impressive effect. Fine specimens of glacier-tables are strewn all about the ice, adding weird charms to the icy scene.

In 1911 we had no trouble in finding Ali Bransa, the last camping station before the pass, but this season a heavy snowstorm overtook us, and it was difficult to spot the small moraine-ridge where it is situated, this being above an ascending area of wide, dangerous crevasses, which are not easy to handle in the blinding snow. It is at about seventeen thousand feet, and is separated sufficiently from the high border-cliffs to be safe from falling stones. In 1911 eight native stone-shelters were found here, which showed no signs of fires or recent usage, and may have been standing in this protected country for a century or more. Dr. Longstaff does not appear to have actually visited this place, although he was told of the huts, and there is no account of any European having camped there before us. Our own coolies, however much they have known of its existence, were quite unable to pilot us to it, so that we and the guides had to find the way ourselves. The native shelters have been greatly demolished by the different parties of our expeditions, which constantly bivouacked here on their way to and from the Rose glacier with supplies.

For several reasons it clings to our memory as the most gruesome camp of our Rose glacier experiences, and, when we finally left it to cross to the Rose, our minds were made up never to return thither could we find another road back.

The explorers' camp on the edge of the Bilaphond Glacier, seventeen thousand feet above sea-level.

Coming directly from grass the altitude is felt and the cold also, particularly if one is kept up at night knocking snow off one's tent. Our plan had been to push on, if possible, the next day to the pass, but in Himalaya one must be prepared, after sixteen thousand feet, not to carry out one's intentions with undue speed. The snowstorm in which we camped lasted sixteen hours, so the following morning we passed in freeing the tents of their snow-burden and digging out paths, a wholesome, but not inspiring, occupation. The weather also had to settle itself. The expected supply-caravan, without which no move could be made, did not, in the circumstances, put in an appearance. Owing to the rapid and severe change in two and a half days from a shade temperature of eighty-five degrees to sixteen, and the rarefied air suddenly encountered, Chenoz, the special bag-porter of the lady member of the expedition, and the Pathan camp-servant became incapacitated. In fact, all felt more or less the change from normal to abnormal conditions. When the sun finally shone again, the heat was intense during the day. A black-bulb thermometer-reading gave one hundred and ninety-seven degrees at noon.

Last photograph taken of the porter Chenoz on the Bilaphond Glacier before his disappearance into a crevasse—a tragedy that cast a gloom upon the whole expedition.

Thus two days passed. The weather became gloriously fair, and the mind of the leader of the expedition was buzzing with thoughts of a tall snow-peak west of the pass, which she had been waiting a year to climb. At last, Savoye and Rey, who were ever watching the glacier below, sighted the belated caravan toiling upward. At dark it appeared, the coolies groaning and pointing to their hands and feet, but in reality not half so badly off as they professed to be.

The next morning at dawn, as the beautiful steel-mauve tones were transformed into deep fine weather, Himalayan blue, camp was called, and soon tents were struck and the caravan of ninety men was moving to the music of crunching snow. The Pathan servant, feigning a relapse, was sent valleywards. But the porter Chenoz answered merrily that he was quite cured now and ready for anything. In view of what happened one hour later, we often recall how we stood there that sparkling morning looking with joyous anticipation towards the sunlit pass, unconscious of approaching tragedy.

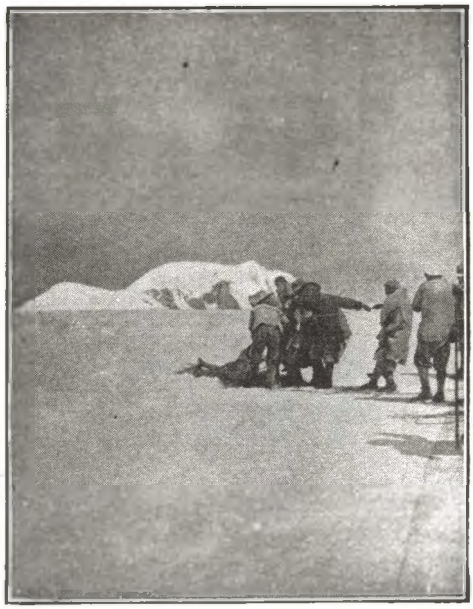
About an hour after leaving camp, as the snow was in excellent condition, and all appeared plain sailing, after a short consultation with Savoye, the leader of the expedition gave him the order to go ahead with the second guide, Rey, cross the pass, and continue north to look up a route to the peak we wished to climb, rejoining us on the far side of the pass. They accordingly left, taking one rope with them. Guide Quaizier and Chenoz remained with us.

As we moved upward it was suggested that Chenoz and the leader should be photographed on some ice-hummocks a short distance away from the line of march, for the purpose of showing the nature of the route to the col. Before crossing to this spot the leader consulted the guide as to the advisability of roping. He laughed at the idea, declaring the surface to be solid and free from crevasses. As the leader wished to take the remaining rope, Chenoz threw it over his back towards her bag. When the photo had been taken, Chenoz started off in a direction above the hummocks to join the caravan, which was moving higher up the line. Supposing the track to be quite safe, as it had been, and leaving the matter of testing the ice in front to the porter, which one falls into the habit of doing, the leader walked quickly after him, hardly glancing at the ice-surface. Her consternation may be imagined when she saw him suddenly, without uttering a word, disappear into an ice-depth a step in front of her.

Fortunately for the leader, she held up, and did not take the step that would also have precipitated her into the gaping chasm. She stood paralyzed for two or three seconds, gazing distractedly at the uncanny hole at her feet, surrounded by the radiant, sunlit peaks and glacier expanse, which had just drawn her companion so ruthlessly into its blue death-chamber, powerless to help in any way. All this was visualized within two seconds, and then she turned and called backward to the others. Her husband and the guide, seeing her standing alone, and realizing at a glance what had happened, started at once towards the spot, followed by the servants and coolies tearing along behind; but it was of no use, as the leader appreciated while standing guard by the silent chasm, for Chenoz had taken the remaining rope with him into the gruesome abyss, and the other was with the guides on the other side of the pass.

The guide Quaizier approached the aperture from the upper side, which was solid, and leaning over called to Chenoz, who, answering faintly as from a far distance, said he was alive and could wait for help. Quaizier then with three coolies left to cross the pass, find the guides, and bring them with the rope to the scene of the horror. The coolies sat in long lines, and, for the first time in their lives, in solemn silence, while we and the servants unpacked boxes and got ready blankets and stimulants for use, should Chenoz be taken out alive.

Still, as we saw the four men, held in the grip of the oxygenless air, toil higher towards the col, our preparations were made with a feeling that it was labour in vain, for it was certain that Chenoz would remain at least another hour in his icy tomb. Could even he, endowed with great strength and youth, withstand the cruel test? We doubted it.



The rescue of Chenoz from his ice-prison.

At last Quaizier was seen hurrying back from the pass, followed by the coolies, and soon Savoye and Rey arrived on the summit, and began their breathless descent in the deep snow, for it was near 11 a.m., and the sun's rays had turned the crisp surface into a toilsome snow-soufflé. On their arrival the rope was quickly tied about Rey, the smallest guide, and, bearing stimulants, he was lowered through the aperture, the other two guides with six natives holding the loose end, prepared to lengthen or shorten it as Rey might direct. It was fully ten minutes before any sound came from the subterranean ice-depths. After giving cognac to the half-conscious Chenoz, Rey made him fast to one rope, and attached himself to another, which was now lowered. Then, on his giving the signal, the men above began to pull. Fortunately, there was enough space in the crevasse to permit of these manœuvres. Rey first appeared on the surface, and a moment later, after slow, hard hauling, the limp form of Chenoz rose above the ice-mouth, and was received by his brother guides' sheltering arms, and unroped.

It appeared that he had first crashed on to an upper ice-shelf, landing, probably, on his back, and had then fallen from this still farther to the crevasse-bottom, a distance in all of eighty feet. He was perfectly conscious, although unable to stand, and suffering intensely from shock and cold. His hands were blue, and there was no pulse at the wrists nor sensation below the elbows. Stimulants were administered; he was wrapped in blankets, massaged, and soon after carried by the coolies down to Ali Bransa, where camp was again pitched. There, on careful examination, no bones were found broken, nor could any sign of internal injury be discovered. Under the warming influence of the sun he largely recovered his bodily temperature and sensation in his hands, but he remained pulseless at the wrists, his heart's action was feeble, and he suffered considerable pain in the lower part of his back. At six o'clock he sank into a quiet sleep. At nine he awoke and asked for water, drank a little, and immediately slept again, alas! his last sleep. At ten o'clock Savoye, on attempting to arouse him, found he was dead, which heartrending news he brought immediately to our tents.

After being brought to the surface the unfortunate man was placed on a stretcher made with tent-poles and blankets and carried down to the camp at Ali Bransa.

That night at unlucky Ali Bransa was a ghastly one. We

were overcome by grief, yet action was imperative. We sat up into the small hours talking matters over with Savoye in a temperature of sixteen degrees. The only course possible was decided on during this awesome vigil. At daylight the guides and coolies were to bear Chenoz's body down to the first grass at Naram and bury it, while we were to remain at the camp of mourning to guard the supplies and belongings of the expedition. Accordingly, as the sun gilded the glacier the next morning, we watched twelve coolies bear away the body of Chenoz, followed by the sorrowing guides, a strange contrast to the scene of twenty-four hours previous, when Chenoz and the leader of the expedition stood gaily talking about ascending to the col.

On the second day the guides returned, and, while heartbroken, all appreciated that the work of the expedition must be carried on at once. Chenoz's place as the leader of the expedition's particular porter was taken by Rey Adolf, who filled it most conscientiously.

During this second detention at Ali Bransa news was brought of the death of a coolie in Mr. Peterkin's caravan on the Rose glacier. The day before we finally left Ali Bransa the Sepoy, Gulab Khan, arrived with thirty more wood and flour carriers, for which we were thankful, as we felt sure that when the report of the two deaths in the expedition spread through the valleys, it would for a time be well-nigh impossible to impress new coolies into service at Goma. As a matter of fact, a number of the surveyor's coolies, on being sent to Goma for supplies after the death of their comrade, never appeared again on the Rose.

Unbeknown to us until our return to the valleys, weeks later, most garbled reports of these accidents were carried by natives to Skardi, and thence by wire to Simla and throughout Europe and America. The coolie who carried the news of a Sahib's death to Skardo, which had been passed on to him by various other natives, did not know what Sahib was killed or how, and thus the report of the death first of one of the writers of these lines and then of the other made the rounds of the Press.

Mrs. Bullock Workman reading a ladies' journal on Silver Throne Plateau, twenty-one thousand feet above sea-level.

On July 11th we again, and for the last time, left Ali Bransa. The weather was glorious when for the third time in eleven months we arrived on the summit of the Bilaphond La, eighteen thousand three hundred and seventy feet above sea-level. We would here refer to the term "Saltoro Pass," a pass which Sir Francis Younghusband sought for from Chinese Turkestan, many miles north, and which Dr. Longstaff claims to have found when he stood on the Bilaphond La. In our opinion this pass, if it exists, is still undiscovered.

The salient object of interest from the Ali Bransa pass is the distant Rose glacier seen flowing south-eastward past the entrance of the large glacier which descends from the Bilaphond La and which we have named Lolophond. The question of names for the various affluents became a serious one, for unlike the Baltoro, Biafo, and Hispar glaciers, whose lower affluents are well known to natives, the Rose from its inaccessibility has not been visited by them, and no native names have existed for any of its tributaries. We have, perhaps, erred on the side of giving too few names, but we have studiously avoided on our map naming any of the affluents after members of the expedition, as has been done on one large Karakoram glacier, and have chosen rather to connect their nomenclature with that of the peaks dominating their sources, or to name them after the sources themselves, a method which we think will stand the test of time better than that of personal nomenclature.

Explorers and their guides on Bilaphond La, over eighteen thousand feet above sea-level. Tawiz Peak is seen in the background to the right.

(To be continued.)

A Nightmare Voyage.

By JOHN G. ROWE.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. M. PADDAY, R.O.I.

The thrilling tale of a fearless skipper's battle with fire, mutiny, and storm. The dogged determination of the men of the mercantile marine in face of terrible odds is proverbial, but seldom has a captain been called upon to carry on such a prolonged struggle against almost every conceivable danger.

ON October 25th, 1905, the American barque *Challenger* left Port Townsend for Japan. She was in command of Captain Pedersen, and was laden with a cargo of fertilizer. The captain's wife and three children shipped as passengers. As a rule, sailors like to have children aboard, they think the youngsters bring good luck; but in this instance, at least, the belief was not justified, for not only did the captain ultimately lose his ship—though through no fault of his own—but was called upon to carry on a long and bitter struggle against storm, fire, and a mutinous crew.

All went well till the early days of November, when exceedingly dirty weather was encountered—a succession of fearful storms that sorely tried the ship and everyone on board. Hardly had they fought one hurricane when another would burst upon them, often with dramatic suddenness. It was weary work, but Captain Pedersen had little fear that his ship would not come safely through. She was in every respect thoroughly seaworthy, and he knew from past experience what she could do. So things continued until the morning of December 6th, when one of the crew reported that there was a strong smell of smoke in the main hold.

Captain Pedersen at once ordered the hatch to be cautiously removed. He then went forward to investigate the matter, and was nearly suffocated by the smoke and fumes that poured forth from the hold. The discovery was anything but encouraging.

"The cargo's on fire, right enough," he admitted, to one of his officers. "Without a doubt the weather we've had has so tossed the fertilizer about that it has set up spontaneous combustion."

Prompt measures were at once taken with the hope of stifling the fire that had started. Men were set to work pumping water into the hold, and every opening was closed so as to exclude all air and draught. Still, however, the fire raged, and it was soon clear that it had a strong grip upon the cargo. Despite the flow of water the flames gained steadily, but the captain refused to admit defeat and bravely continued the battle.

Day and night the crew toiled, fighting the fire in the hold and working the ship through the heavy gales and high seas that still prevailed. After several days and nights of herculean efforts, however, the captain realized the apparent hopelessness of the struggle with the burning cargo, and, crowding on every inch of canvas he dared, headed the ship at her best pace for the nearest port. Unfortunately, the gale increased in fury and carried away several of the sails. So strong was the wind that the tarpaulin coverings which had been fastened over the hatches were ripped away as if they had been tissue-paper.

Another terrible week went by, and as ill-luck would have it, the rough weather continued. The hurricane winds tore the sails to ribbons as fast as they were set, and great seas, striking the struggling ship, shook her from stem to stern. Under the guidance of the captain the crew toiled heroically—one moment fighting the flames, the next the waves and winds. To make matters worse flames burst out in fresh places, and these new outbursts had to be promptly grappled with.

The men were unable to obtain any proper rest. They snatched a few hours' sleep when Nature could stand no more, and then a long spell of duty ensued. The captain was forced to keep them hard at it, battling with fire and winds. The men did their best for another interminable week—the third since the discovery of the fire—and then, weary of the struggle, and believing fate was against them, they lost heart, and two or three of the more discontented amongst them induced the others to revolt. It was simply useless, they argued, going on

day after day and week after week against such odds. They talked it over and decided that only by their refusal to work the ship could the captain be induced to abandon her.

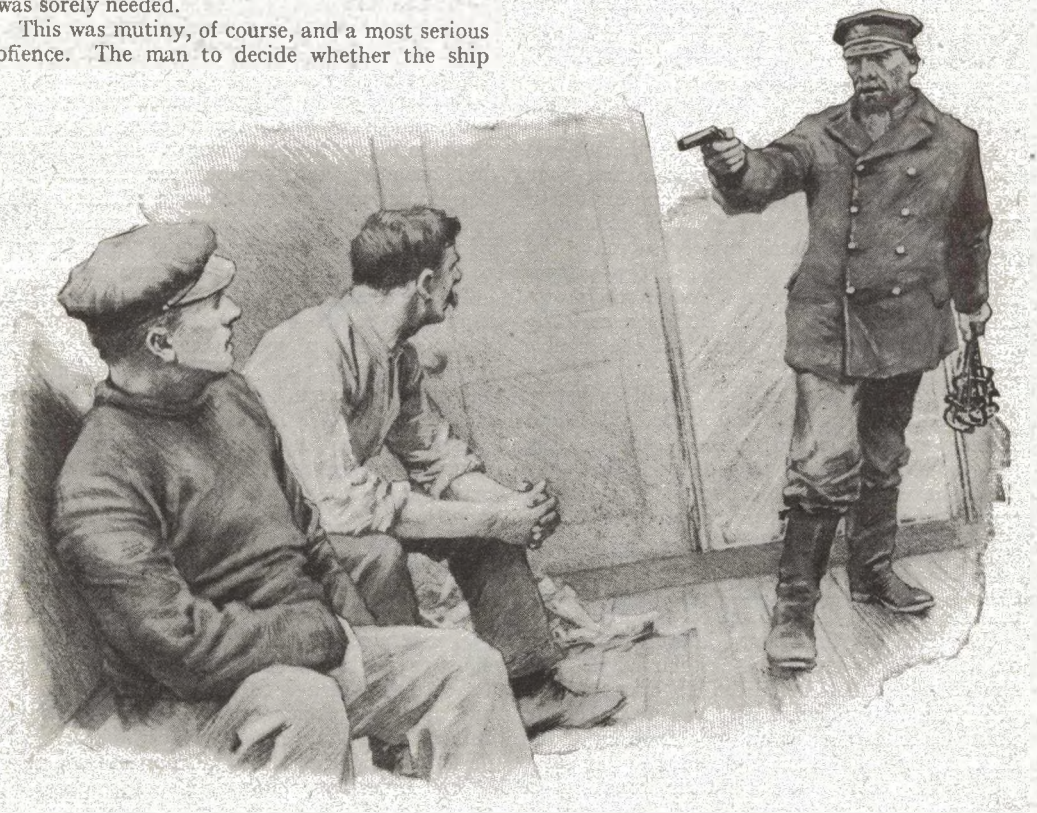
Thus, on the twenty-second day after the disaster, some seven men of one of the watches refused to come on deck and take up their duties when called. The storm and the fire were still as bad as ever, and every man's help was sorely needed.

This was mutiny, of course, and a most serious offence. The man to decide whether the ship was to be abandoned or not was the captain, not a few sullen and sulky seamen. Captain Pedersen was responsible for the ship and the lives of his men, and he knew better than they the prospects of their reaching port, and could be relied upon to do what was right.

"What's that?" he roared, when he heard the news, "they won't come on deck, won't they! We'll soon see about that." Captain Pedersen, though a humane man, and one who showed every consideration for his men, was a great believer in discipline and frightened of nothing. He had had plenty of experience in handling refractory sailormen.

Slipping a revolver into his pocket he went on deck, strode forward, and made his way to the forecastle. He knew the men were in no mood to listen to reason and that it would be futile to argue with them.

"Now, then," he shouted, as he reached the men's quarters, "on deck with you. Everyone of you on deck this instant!"



"'Hold up your hands, you!' he shouted to the nearest man."

Not a man stirred; they merely looked up sullenly at the captain.

"We've all had enough of it," said their spokesman. "We don't go on deck, not one of us, except to get the boats out. The ship's doomed."

"All right, then," said the captain. "You go into irons, every man-jack of you."

Some looked sulky, others grinned at the threat, but not one of them attempted to move.

Quitting the forecastle without another word, the captain marched back aft and routed out enough handcuffs for all the mutineers. He returned with these dangling and jingling from

his left hand, and his revolver, at full cock, firmly gripped in his right. He did not call on either of his mates or any of the watch on deck to assist him or even to stand by. In fact, he never consulted them in the matter at all. Alone, as before, he re-entered the forecastle.

"Hold up your hands, you!" he shouted to the nearest man. The one addressed looked dumbfounded, and stared in amazement, for the captain's bold action took him completely by surprise. Reluctantly, but unhesitatingly, he obeyed, and Captain Pedersen clasped the manacles upon his wrists.

"Now you!" he said, sternly, as he turned to the next man.

Either awed by his display of authority and his masterly manner, backed up as these were by the displayed revolver, or else too exhausted and dejected to make any show of resistance, every man in the watch tamely submitted to being handcuffed. Single-handed the skipper had bearded the mutinous band in their own den and overpowered them. It was a masterly stroke and undoubtedly prevented the trouble from spreading.

"Now you'll all stop here," said Pedersen, "until I think fit to release you." Without another word he locked the door, and quitting the forecastle, told the men on deck that they would have to do double duty. One of them turned upon him with a curse; the others looked very threatening.

"Men, it's double duty," said the captain, quietly, "and there's to be no nonsense." With that he hastened to the poop.

Cowed by his determined attitude, the men on deck silently continued at their work. The howling gale still buffeted the labouring barque, while the smoke rolled up ever more thickly through the hatchways and the crannies of the deck, in spite of the crew's desperate pumping.

Presently there came a frantic knocking on the inside of the forecastle hatch, and muffled voices were heard. The captain went forward again.

"Now, then," he demanded, sharply, "what are you making that noise about in there?"

"The smoke's coming into the forecastle," shouted one of the prisoners. "We'll all be suffocated. Let us out."

"You'll stay where you are," replied the captain, calmly. "You wouldn't come out when I wanted you to, so now you can stop there."

A long silence followed, broken by the noises of the storm and the hoarse orders of the captain and the mates as they kept the seamen still on deck hard at work. Then, after some hours, there came renewed knockings and calls within the forecastle.

"Let us out," pleaded the mutineers, "before we are all suffocated. We shall all be dead men if we remain in here much longer."

The mutineers' calls for mercy were punctuated with much coughing, and it was clear that some of them were in a bad way.

"Will you work if I release you?" asked the captain.

"Yes, yes," was the eager chorus from within. "Let us out, sir, and we'll do anything you want."

On that Captain Pedersen unlocked the door, and the discomfited crowd came stumbling forth, rubbing their streaming, smarting eyes, and coughing and panting for breath. The skipper hurriedly went the round of them again, unlocking the irons of each in turn. As he released them he sternly ordered them forward to work the ship or assist at the pumps.

In a few hours now the captain expected to sight the coast of Japan. He was striving might and main to get his burning ship to port in time to save her. For nearly a month he had fought a stern battle against almost overwhelming odds. With the exception of occasional snatches of sleep, when tired nature refused to go on any longer, the whole of that period had been spent on deck directing his men. A little more effort, and he believed he would yet pull through.

It was with heartfelt relief that Pedersen at last sighted the coast of Japan. Then he gazed at the great volume of smoke pouring from the main hatch like a volcano, in spite of every effort to smother it. Suddenly, while the captain watched, he saw a flame mingle with the smoke, and there were ominous crackling noises down below. Fresh streams of water were quickly directed upon the flames, and once again they subsided, leaving thick clouds of smoke that almost blinded the weary men working on the deck.

The captain scanned the coast with his glasses and then consulted his chart. With luck he would make port and snatch the ship from the flames. Every inch of canvas that could be set was brought into use, and rapidly the land drew nearer and nearer. To reach the nearest haven the *Challenger* had to enter a narrow channel. As the fates would have it, at this juncture the wind, hitherto favourable, suddenly became contrary, but the men toiled with a will, buoyed up by the thought that a few hours more would see the end of their nightmare voyage. Just as the ship was about to enter the channel, however, she encountered a strong

"Meanwhile the crew took to the boats, in the first of which they placed the captain's wife and her three children."

head-wind. This rapidly grew in violence, and the falling glass heralded the approach of a typhoon, so common in these latitudes.

At all costs the sorely-tried vessel must reach a haven of some sort before that threatened typhoon burst; she was in no condition to face more trouble. Still, however, the wind rose inexorably, and when the *Challenger* went about from one tack to another, the gale fanned the fire within her hull like a giant's bellows. Thus stimulated, the flames leaped and roared until they were surging up almost as high as the mainyard, presenting a magnificent but awe-inspiring spectacle as the barque plunged on through the storm. Very soon the ship was a mass of flames, and the men were forced to leave the pumps. They could do no more. Many of them were badly scorched through being caught by the flames and burning fragments as they were blown this way and that by the strong winds. In a very short time, it was obvious, the *Challenger* would be ablaze from stem to stern.

Still the gallant and indomitable skipper refused to acknowledge defeat. He decided to beach the vessel, hoping to save her in that way, and headed for the nearest shore. But the flames had now obtained such a grip upon the ship that even this course was soon seen to be out of the question, for if she ran aground she would only burn to the water's edge. Then another idea occurred to this stubborn fighter of a captain, and he decided to put it into instant execution.

"We'll scuttle the ship in shoal water, and then refloat her later," he told the first officer. At his command the carpenter went below and bored several holes in the vessel's hull, and gradually the *Challenger*, now burning fiercely, began to sink.

Meanwhile the crew took to the boats, in the first of which they placed the captain's wife and her three children. Captain Pedersen himself was the last to leave the sinking ship. As she plunged beneath the waves, and the raging flames were extinguished with a sudden spluttering hiss, the threatened typhoon burst upon them in full fury. In a few minutes it was blowing a perfect hurricane, and the sea was in a tumult. In spite of this, however, the three boats got safely to shore, and not a life was lost. But the typhoon completed the havoc of the fire, for the sunken barque was destroyed; next morning she was found to have completely broken up. Captain Pedersen had put up a brave and heroic fight, but luck and the elements were against him. He had storms, wind, fire, and mutiny, and then, just when victory was in sight, his vessel had been snatched from him by the typhoon.

A NECKLET OF DOGS' TEETH.

"I SEND you herewith," writes a WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE reader, "a photograph of a chief's daughter wearing a necklet made of dogs' teeth. Dogs' teeth are the Papuans' gold, the most valuable of 'coins' in their estimation. They purchase weapons, cattle, grain, and the crude household utensils with dogs' teeth. Only the four canine teeth, however, are of any value, all the others being worthless. These quaint coins are threaded on fibres, and when a wealthy Papuan goes trading he brings with him strings of these teeth. The women greatly prize them and make them into necklaces, their wealth and standing in the community being indicated by the number of teeth which compose these ornaments. The wives and daughters of the influential chiefs wear rows upon rows of them around their necks on every festive occasion. They polish them until they shine like ivory, and they certainly make an effective decoration on a glossy black body. The men, on the other hand, adorn themselves with rare and beautiful feathers. The necklet shown in the photograph is composed of no fewer than three hundred and twenty teeth, which means that eighty dogs were sacrificed to obtain them."

The daughter of a Papuan chief, wearing a necklet made of hundreds of dogs' teeth.

Lion-Hunting as a Business.

By ERNEST GLANVILLE.

ILLUSTRATED BY WARWICK REYNOLDS, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

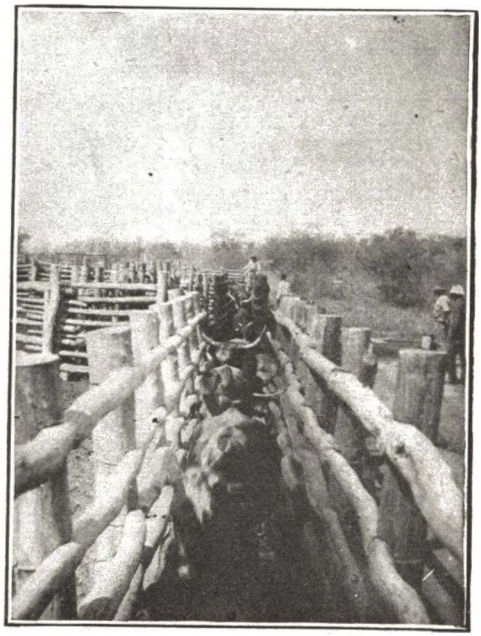
So far as is known, there is only one professional lion-hunter; that is, a person who kills these creatures for a livelihood. He is an ex-cowboy, and is to be found on the great cattle ranches which have of late years sprung up in Rhodesia. "Hearing stories of the wonderful prowess of this man," writes Mr. Ernest Glanville, a well-known Author, "I made a trip up to the ranches and ran him to earth. Frank Allen is a remarkable character. He faces the king of beasts alone and takes great risks. His bag so far is over a hundred lions, and the particulars here given of his methods and deeds are quite true."

SOUTHERN RHODESIA, one of the newest of the British Dominions, closely connected with the name and Imperial aims of Cecil Rhodes, is rapidly becoming the home of ranching, for its vast stretches of unpeopled bush threaded by ribbons of *vlei*, or wet ground, and traversed by numerous rivers, make good cattle country. The Chartered Company has two ranches of one million acres each in extent, now carrying seventy thousand head of cattle; and Liebig's ranch of the same acreage carries twenty-eight thousand head. In Africa where there is the game and the natural harbourage afforded by bush, forest, and mountain, there are carnivora, and the lion, the leopard, the wild dog, and the crocodile take toll of cattle or game as opportunity offers.

I visited Rhodesdale, the fine ranch of the Chartered Company, and Mazunga, the Liebig ranch, in September and October of 1917, that is at the end of the winter months, when there had been no rain for many weeks, and was greatly impressed by the splendid condition of the mobs of cattle at the different sections. I learnt also of the losses from wild animals. The percentage of loss is about three, much lower than on the ranches in the United States, and about two per cent. of this loss is due to wild beasts. Thus at Mazunga in 1916 snakes, crocodiles, lions, leopards, and wild dogs accounted for two hundred head.

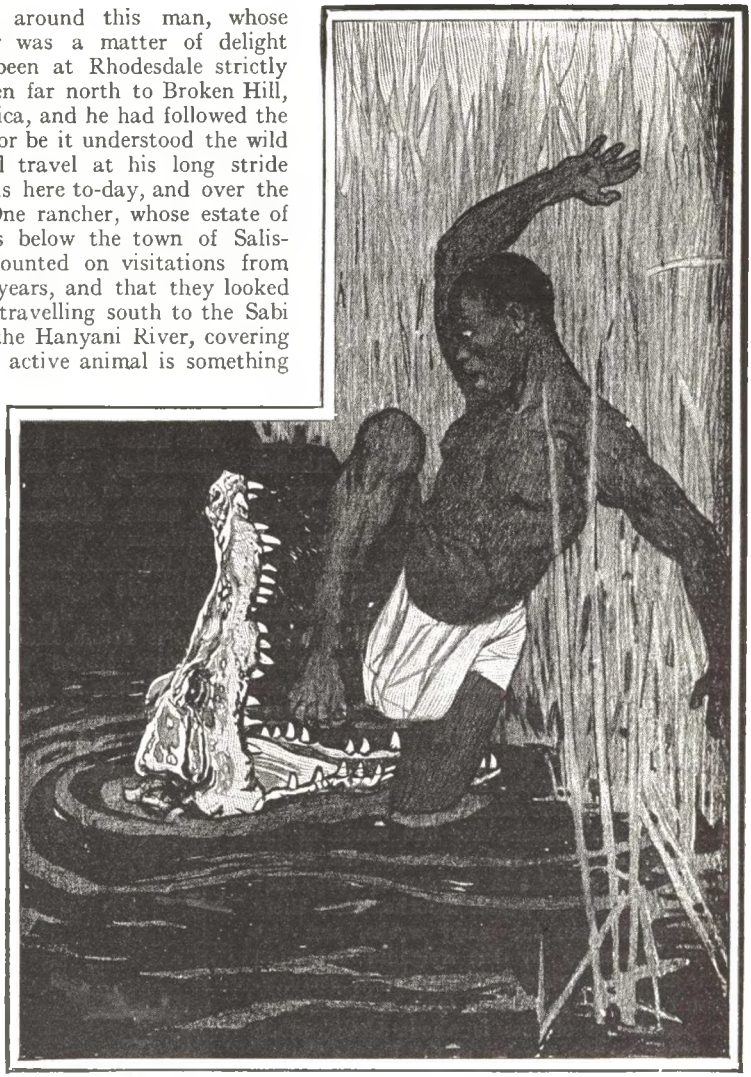
Hence the professional lion-killer, an occupation that, one may safely say, embraces the smallest number of followers, not even including the men who collect snake-poison for a living, for the man who pursues a wounded lion on foot is gambling with death. There are sportsmen who venture after the lion on horseback, but in Southern Rhodesia the lion is seldom met in the open, and the horse is very liable to the terrible scourge of horse-sickness. There are no cowboys on the Rhodesian ranches, because the wooded nature of the grazing veldt is against the horse and his rider, and the cattle are accordingly run on a different system; that is, in mobs of about two hundred each attended by native herdsmen, armed with assegais and battle-axes.

It happens, however, that an American cowboy of the old days of ranching romance figures in Rhodesia as the most famous of lion-killers. This is Frank Allen, and of him I heard picturesque stories when at Rhodesdale, where he had been at work before my visit. He was then at Mazunga, and I looked forward to meeting him there, for amongst cattlemen



Cattle on a Rhodesian ranch entering a dipper tank.

legends have grown up around this man, whose extraordinary personality was a matter of delight and affection. He had been at Rhodesdale strictly on business. He had been far north to Broken Hill, away towards Central Africa, and he had followed the Limpopo, farther south, for be it understood the wild l on is a rover. He will travel at his long stride thirty miles in a night ; is here to-day, and over the mountains to-morrow. One rancher, whose estate of twenty thousand acres is below the town of Salisbury, told me that he counted on visitations from lions about once in two years, and that they looked in upon his cattle while travelling south to the Sabi River, or back north to the Hanyani River, covering hundreds of miles. This active animal is something different from the lion of the Zoo, or the cage, whose muscles become flabby, and who, as I have seen, will pant for breath after five minutes' violent rampagings while awaiting the arrival of the attendant with the daily meat. The forest lion is a mass of muscle and sinew, with the cunning of the hunter, and the ferocity of a fighter who has to prove his strength week in and week out against the powerful buffalo, or the horned sable, and other warrior bulls of the veld . The leopard is no wanderer, and holds to his own rocky fastness, but he is as elusive as a shadow, and a raging whirlwind of teeth and claw when wounded. The wild dog is another rover, hunting far and wide in couples and periodically gathering in packs when the litters are clamouring for flesh. These hunting-dogs are big-jawed, tireless, ferocious, and cruelly intelligent. They snatch mouthfuls from the soft under-parts, and such natural fighters as the sable bull and the koodoo bull will lose heart when attacked by a single dog, for he fights foul. The crocodile is a home-stayer. He sticks to his pool, is secretive, wary, cunning, and of an infinite patience, waiting concealed for some animal to drop its muzzle into the water, or for some careless native to wade in knee-high. Then comes the sudden swift rush, the snap of the armed jaws, and there is another victim.



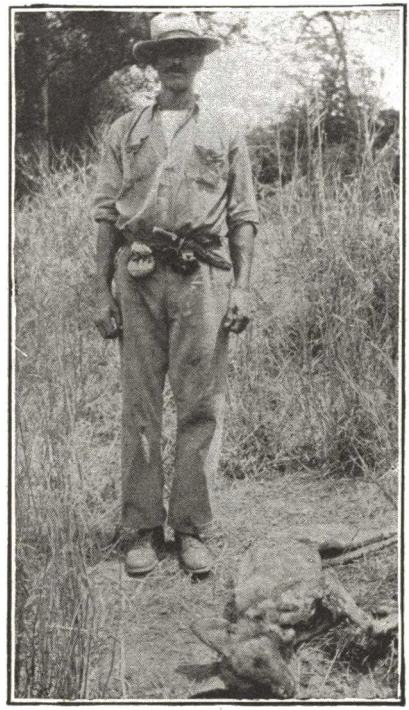
"Then comes the sudden swift rush, the snap of the armed jaws, and there is another victim."

Frank Allen drifted from the Western States of America to South Africa, wandered to Johannesburg, where he drove a cab for hire, and finally arrived in Southern Rhodesia, where he joyfully seized his career as a slayer of wild animals. His bounty ranges from five pounds for a dead lion to a small amount for a wild dog, and for a sound lion-skin he receives a further five pounds, which, added to the sale of other skins, horns, and biltong (or dried venison), provides him with a living.

I took train on a Monday in October, 1917, from Buluwayo to West Nicholson, one hundred and twenty miles, and next morning took a seat in a buckboard drawn by six mules and driven by a Matabele boy. I was glad when next morning, after an uncomfortably hot drive at over a hundred in the shade, we arrived at a stockyard on the ranch where was a well of beautifully cold and clear water. A tall tree near the well carried a platform of poles used by natives on the road for a safe resting-place at night from lions. About half-past ten, after a journey of sixty-two miles, we arrived at the home section at Mazunga, where Mr. McKenzie, a Scot from New Zealand, came to my rescue as I stepped limp and heat-sodden from the buckboard. Thence I was driven forty-eight miles east till we came to the eastern boundary at the Bubi River.

There we found Frank Allen. The Bubi River was nothing but a wide expanse of sand requiring an effort of imagination to visualize as two hundred yards of water in the rains, but the banks were bordered by gigantic mimosa trees and by rows of vegetable ivory palms, which are tapped by the natives for the making of palm-wine. In the shade of one of these trees were double rows of strips of venison hung up to dry into biltong, and these festoons of meat indicated the lion-hunter's rough wigwam. From out the shadows stepped Allen, an extraordinary figure, long, gaunt, and bronzed to the hue of mahogany. He wore an old khaki shirt, open at the throat, frayed khaki trousers, a soft felt hat, and his slim waist was encircled by a cartridge-belt, and another belt carrying a sheathed knife slung in front of the left hip.

"Mawnin'," he said, in his soft Southern drawl. "How do?" extending a huge hand. "Shot a koodoo ram yes'day, Mr. McKenzie," with a wave towards the biltong. "Came out and looked at me. I guess he ast to be shot; besides, I wanted fresh meat."



Mr. Frank Allen, the lion-killer, snapshotted by the Author on the banks of the Bubi River with the wild dog he had just shot.

He stood six feet three inches, had a disarming smile, which showed one gold tooth under the little dark moustache, and there was nothing assertive or alert about him.

"The lions are back, Allen," said Mr. McKenzie.

"What's that?" The soft smile vanished. A haughty look flashed from the brown eyes, the small chin shot up, the long figure straightened.

"A heifer was killed in No. 4 section two days ago."

"Oh, that—I'm after *him*," and the shoulders relaxed. This was no new story of invasion, merely an old episode that was receiving his attention.

"I'm looking for that one," he said. "I've just shot a wild dawg; he's just behind that tree."

We went behind the tree, and there in a hollow was a wild dog, his teeth grinning, and nearby was the torn body of a little stembok with a newly-born kid at its side. Allen had heard the stembok cry, had snatched up a rifle, ran perhaps thirty yards, and shot the dog, but in that brief interval the dogs, for there were a pair, had literally torn and bolted half the body of the little ewe, tearing out the unborn kid.

"I must have your portrait, Allen, standing beside the buck and the wild dog."

The giant solemnly regarded the stembok and shook his head. "Not by the lil' buck—I don' mine the wile dawg, but I ain't been pictured by a lil' buck. If 'twere a koodoo ram I wouldn't mine, but not by a lil' buck," and so muttering he was pictured standing against the trees over the body of the wild hunting-dog, a real picture of the heart of the wild.

His pride of craft revolted against the idea of being photographed beside a little buck no bigger than an Irish terrier, which the stembok resembles in the reddish hue of the hide; but there is no swagger in the lion-slayer. As we walked back he gave me this incident. He

persists, I may say, in referring to lions as "ole dawgs," and to lionesses as "ole cows," and he never gets to the heart of the story.

"Funny thing happened to me the other day. I were after a ole dawg lion which I hits in the head, when another ole dawg comes for me." Now it should be said here to get at Allen's way of regarding the lion that his words did not suggest alarm at the appearance of the second lion, but indignation at the unpardonable behaviour of a second party in butting into a duel.

"Yes, another ole dawg comes for me, 'bout as far as that tree," pointing to a tree about twenty yards away. "I shoots him in the head, but the gun she don't shoot well; no, she don't."

That was all the story, and I waited for the sequel, but as it did not come I put the question, "What happened?"

Picnic party at Bull's Camp on Rhodesdale Ranch.

"Oh, I got them all right," and the inflection on the "got them" conveyed the idea that the getting of a pair of male lions in the bush by a man on foot was such an ordinary and inevitable matter that it need not be discussed. That is where Allen breaks all traditions. He does not give himself airs, he does not go into details, he does not work up to the climax, but he omits the thrills and dwells upon points that seem to the average man out of the picture. For instance, he had a battle with one savage lion, and in his unsatisfactory account dwelt on what to him was a comical aspect.

"The ole dawg," he said, "comes for me in the bush and I shoots him in the head. Well, you never see anything so funny. Laff—why I laffed till I rolled, and if you'd a been there I guess you'd 'a' laffed too."

"What was there to laugh at?"

"I shoots him in the head, and there he was with one eye half-way down his cheek. You would have laffed."

"No, I wouldn't," said the other man, emphatically. "I would have been up a tree."

The question was put to Allen, how he goes about his dangerous business.

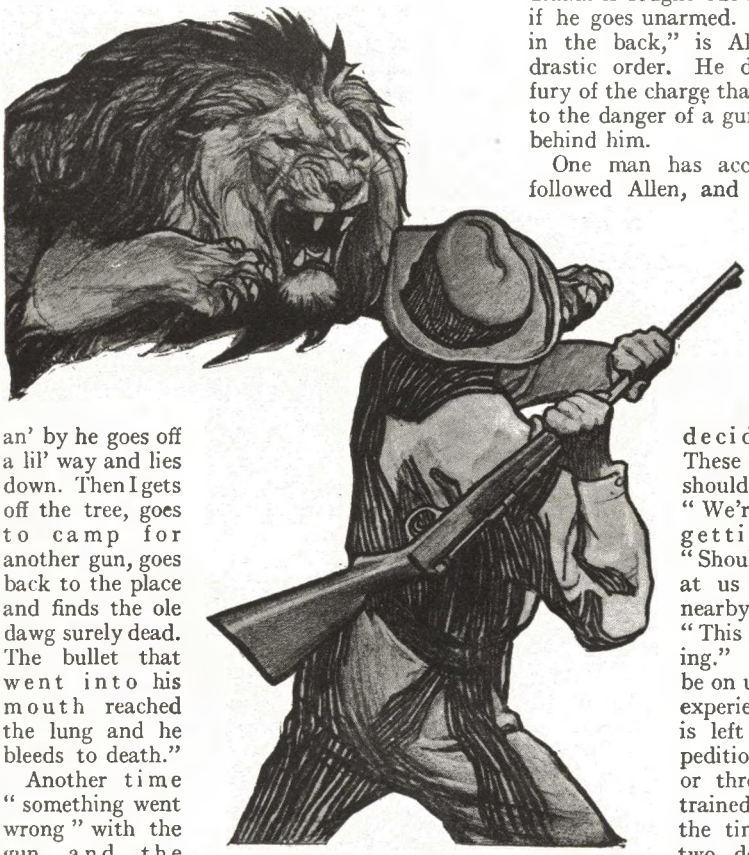
"It's easy," said Allen. "What you do is to wait till the ole dawg is near; say from twenty to thirty yards, then you hits him in the head. That's all there is to it."

This is very much like the description given by a great artist to a lady who wanted to know how a painting was done. "You mix your colours, and then you dab the colours on the canvas, and there you are."

Now a charging lion is not an easy target. He is the embodiment of force; his gape is wide enough to take in a man's head, thigh, or ribs; his fangs could crash through any human bone; his forearms are powerful enough to break the neck of an ox, his paws are armed with long sharp talons, and his great weight is increased by the impetus of his charge. If the head-shot missed, only a few seconds would lapse between the shot and the impact of this animated killing machine. Allen had shot and poisoned one hundred and five lions up to October, 1917, and out of this number it may be safely said that on fifty separate instances he escaped death because he did not miss. Why he did not miss is a matter of nerves of steel, sure eyesight, helped by a good weapon and good ammunition. If nerve, eyesight, or gun failed, the charge would get home. Three times there was almost a failure, three times he has been knocked over, and three times he has escaped because the lion was already hard hit, or because Allen had still that reserve of courage which makes instant use of the last chance. On one of these occasions he had come on a lion and lioness. I must tell the story in his own language, though it misses in the most exasperating way all the picturesque emotions.

"I were on the spoor of two of 'em for best part of a day, when my dawgs bring 'em to bay. I shoots the ole cow-lion right enough, and the ole dawg gets nasty." A sportsman would fill pages of graphic description setting forth how the lion looked and how the sportsman felt. Not so this tall ex-cowboy. "The ole dawg

comes for me and I shoots for the head. Something went wrong. Mebbe I pulled off too soon. Anyhow, I hits him in the mouth and he comes on. Then the gun sticks. Yes, the lever don't act. And the ole dawg comes on; waal, I clubs the gun, steps aside, and lands 'im eight hundred pounds 'longside the head. That knocks him silly, and I climbs a tree. I fills my pipe and has a smoke. The ole dawg looks sick. By an' by he goes off a lil' way and lies down. Then I gets off the tree, goes to camp for another gun, goes back to the place and finds the ole dawg surely dead. The bullet that went into his mouth reached the lung and he bleeds to death."



"The ole dawg comes on; waal, I clubs the gun, steps aside, and lands 'im eight hundred pounds 'longside the head."

Another time "something went wrong" with the gun, and the lioness, it was an "ole cow" this time, got home. Allen jumped for a branch, but the weight of his frame brought the branch so low that his feet were near the ground.

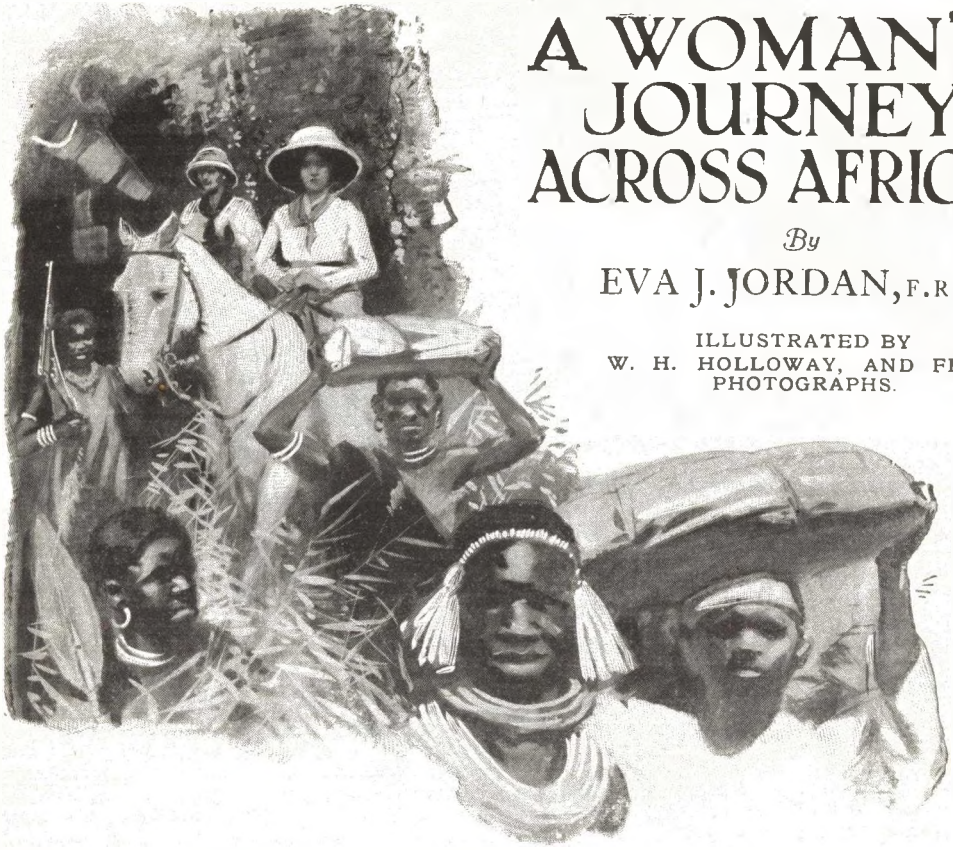
What happened? One knows that Allen escaped, for there he is in the flesh, but one wants to know what happened to the raging lioness, and this is where the story weakens, for Allen is so amused by his position at the end of the branch that he cannot do justice to the story. You ask him in irritation what happened, and he looks at you in surprise, and says in his soft voice: "Oh, I got the ole cow all right." He tells nothing of his feelings when on the trail of a wounded lion, nothing of the anxieties that must beset a lonely man threading his way alert through thick bush, not knowing when or where he will be called upon to make a fight for his life. "Oh, I got him," sums up everything. And no one is likely to fill up the blanks, for if anyone wishes to see how the drama is fought out he is permitted to go only if he goes unarmed. "I ain't going to be shot in the back," is Allen's explanation of this drastic order. He does not mind facing the fury of the charge that he can see, but he objects to the danger of a gun in the hands of someone behind him.

One man has accepted this condition and followed Allen, and he was himself a hunter experienced in the wilds. One such adventure was enough, for while he followed Allen on the trail of a wounded lion in thick bush, the man with the gun developed a strain of peculiar humour which was decidedly nerve-destroying. These remarks he flung over his shoulder as they crept along: "We're getting closer, and he's getting tired of moving." "Shouldn't wonder if he jumped at us any time." "Yes, he's nearby, hear him growl?" "This is getting quite interesting." "We'll be on him, or he'll be on us in a minnit." One such experience was enough, and Allen is left to go on his solitary expeditions attended by his two or three dogs. These dogs are trained to spoor the lion, and at the time of my visit Allen had two dogs at his camp, one of them with a fresh scar on the back. He had lost his two best animals a few days before from crocodiles. The dogs had followed a waterbuck into a pool of the Mazunga River, and two of them, the best, had been snapped up almost as soon as they touched the water. A third was gripped when Allen himself ran in and dragged it literally out of the jaws of death. He went up to the home station, got the smith to forge a large hook, and spent the whole day angling for crocodiles. He landed six, but not the big chap that had seized his best dogs.

The Mazunga River skirts the ridge on which the home station buildings are placed, and the soil on the banks is extraordinarily productive. There is one lot of seven acres which gives twelve cuttings of lucerne a year and a fresh growth of green barley every six weeks under irrigation, and in this plot rises a gigantic tree, dome-shaped, with the wide-spreading lower branches a few feet from the ground. It is a tradition that this tree is a survival of the Phœnicians, who mined for gold in Rhodesia and cultivated alluvial patches, for the tree is found only near ancient mine-workings, or settlements. Those Phœnicians, no doubt, hunted the elephant for ivory and pursued the lion for sport, just as the Matabele did. If lions killed Lobengula's cattle the king ordered out an impi to destroy the invader, and the soldiers marched out with shield and assegai. They would track the lion to his lair, then surround the place, and it then became the honour of some famous warrior to beard the king in his stronghold. Holding his long ox-hide shield as a protection to his body, this champion would advance with short stabbing assegai straight for the spot where appeared the maned head, the glaring yellow eyes, and the bared teeth. The charge provoked, he would do his best to ward off the impact with his shield while trusting to the sure assegais of his comrades. Then would the skin be borne back with the song of triumph to the chief.

Allen has no friendly comrades to assist him; but puts his trust in his gun, and his faith in the keen scent of his lurchers. When an ox or heifer is killed Allen is taken to the spot and he makes his plans. He may decide to poison the carcass or he may decide to shoot. In the latter case he waits till the lion or lions have returned to the kill in the night and then at sunrise he puts the lurchers on the spoor. They lead him in time to the lair, and the lions if they have fed well decline to be hurried. If pushed they naturally become irritated and, like Grant, determine to "fight it out on this line" and hang the consequences. In time their haughty glance discovers a solitary human on their track, prodigiously long, and abominably cool, but still, only one. Then the lion growls the low warning growl that is the signal from one gentleman to another that his presence is not required, that if he is for peace and quiet he had better turn round and depart. The warning is ignored. The long lank person still comes on, with his head up and his brown eyes hard and fearless. The lion looks over his shoulder. There is a ripple down his sinewy back. His hindquarters gather under him, and the man pauses. Why does he pause? Is he at last frightened? Will he go away and leave a gentleman in peace—that is to say, if he should not be taught a lesson? The great head is lifted to get a clearer view, but the long man is not, after all, trembling with fear, he is standing with his arms both raised, and he is pointing something. Enraged at this action the lion crouches, and out of a series of violent acrobatics he emerges at the charge, mouth open, eyes flaming, tail lashing, claws extended. The man, thanks be, still stands erect, confident, deadly cool. Three seconds and those huge fangs will meet, and the lion races with a furious joy, then the life is suddenly blasted from him in one moment of time. He is hit by a thunderbolt in the form of a bullet from a ·460 Express, and a voice mutters over the quivering body that bald remark, so destructive of the dramatic finish, "Well, I *got* him."

Mob of grade Hereford heifers on a Rhodesian ranch.



A WOMAN'S JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA

By

EVA J. JORDAN, F.R.G.S.

ILLUSTRATED BY
W. H. HOLLOWAY, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

The Authoress of this entertaining series of articles is the wife of a well-known African traveller and sportsman. After her marriage she accompanied her husband on a daring journey right across the Dark Continent, from east to west. It was a honeymoon trip of four thousand miles through unknown lands. Their route led them through the great Equatorial Forest of Central Africa, and here they encountered many strange and weird adventures. Half their "boys" left them, terrified at the hardships that confronted them, and of the six white people that started only Mrs. Jordan and her husband arrived at their ultimate destination. Not only was it a perilous undertaking, full of exciting adventures, but our Authoress was the first and so far the only woman that has penetrated those mysterious African forests.

IV.

AFTER our terrible experiences in the river, as narrated last month, we had some steep hills to climb. I do not know how Mr. Jordan managed it, for his shoulder and side had been severely strained in trying to save the canoe, and I myself felt very bad. We sent a boy ahead to try and get one of the horses, but it was a long while before he got back. However, at last he came, and I rode the rest of the way to camp, and then sent the horse back for my husband.

We were lucky to get through as we did. The natives told us afterwards that that part of the river which we had just negotiated was very dangerous, and only a short time before a canoe containing two white men and some Belgian soldiers had capsized there and all had been drowned; moreover, it abounded in man-eating crocodiles. I was glad we did not know that when the men were fishing for our goods.

We stayed in camp next day to recover. I tried to repair the remaining camera, but in vain. Here I lost one of my dogs. It must have been bitten by a snake, as it was all right in the morning and playing with the others. As he was my special pet, I felt very unhappy. About this time Mr. Jordan began to get very seedy, gradually growing worse, until I became very anxious about him, not knowing what could be the matter. It made

marching very difficult work. As we neared Kwesi we left the forest behind us, but only to encounter elephant grass, through which we had to push our way; a most tiring proceeding, as it continually trips up the unwary. We had a long hill to climb; it took us an hour to get to the top, and we were never so thankful as when we arrived there and found a stream at which we could rest and refresh ourselves.

Elephant killed on the road.

No one seemed to know the distance to Kwesi, and we toiled on and on. I had to ride one of our poor horses, both of which were very tired. It took us seven and a half hours to get there, and when we did—oh, what a place! Five white men, all very "seedy," and no proper camping-ground. Here once more the boys had to be passed by the sleeping-sickness doctor, and we lost a few more of them. Kwesi is a northern frontier station boasting of a post-office and Customs house. The river that runs past it forms the boundary between Uganda and the Congo.

A good deal of poaching had evidently been going on along the banks of the river, for there were only a few big bull elephants left. There were females and young bulls in plenty. I saw them in mobs of fifty to a hundred at a time, but they were not worth the risk of hunting. All over this part of Africa elephant, buffalo, and antelope are to be found, while the rivers abound in hippos and crocodiles. Lions are plentiful in the Semiliki valley, and there is, of course, the usual amount of small fry, such as serval cats, etc.

Many were the little worries and pin-pricks we had to undergo at Kwesi. The authorities said our horses must be put in quarantine for three months. We knew if we left them we should never see them again, and we made a great fuss, but all to no purpose. They said it was the law and must be obeyed. Mr. Jordan consequently had to look round for something for me to ride; the only animal obtainable was the doctor's mule, and at last he let us have it at a high price. We also had a great deal of trouble in getting porters, and had to leave some loads behind with an Indian store-keeper because we could not get sufficient boys. We only stayed three days, but it was quite long enough. During that time we had two terrific storms, and spent one night holding the tent; we really thought it must come down, but once more it withstood the buffeting of the elements. All through our trip we were told that the dry season was just beginning, but we never encountered it; we had storms all the way, and the tent was saved from being struck by lightning on several occasions by the merest fluke.

The horses belonging to the Authoress and her party which were put into quarantine.

We tried to get a few things we had run out of at the Government store at Kwesi, amongst them a ham.

Two-Year-Old Hams.

"Oh, yes," the man said, "I have some beautiful hams." I asked if I could see one, and he replied that it could not be opened there, and I must take it as it was. Well, I did, and got two of the boys to open it, unfortunately near the tent. It was packed in charcoal, and when the first covering was taken off I remarked to Mr. Jordan that there was a curious smell. I wondered if the dogs had brought something dead into the camp, but nothing was to be found, and meantime the ham was opened. My word! I ordered it to be taken back at once to the store and exchanged for a good one. The boys went off and soon returned with another, but the state of the second ham was, if possible, worse than the first, and though it was opened at a distance we had to seek refuge in flight until the boys had removed it. For these hams, which were about nine pounds in weight, they asked us sixty francs—about two pounds ten shillings—and on inquiry we found they had had them in the stores for nearly two years! The smell seemed to stay with us for days, and quite killed any inclination to try to obtain one elsewhere.

We added to our live stock at Kwesi. I was offered a fox-terrier pup, but it was a lot of trouble to bring up, and I had to feed it on milk and beef-juice. We also managed to purchase a cow and calf and another in calf, so that we should be able to get fresh milk daily. We took out another licence for twenty elephants and had the greatest difficulty to pay for it. At Kasindi we had been advised to take a few hundred pounds in English twenty-shilling postal orders because these would be accepted right through the Congo; yet the Kwesi postmaster refused them. The Chef de

Poste offered to send them across to an English post-office to change, but said we must pay a commission, and this was eventually done, though we were very reluctant, knowing they would not be able to return us gold, which seemed to be the only currency. We found out, too, that parcels often take as long as six months to come out from England to this part of Central Africa.

We left Kwesi on February 2nd, heartily glad to shake the dust of the place off our feet. The path was very rough and steep, and when at last, after dark, and tired out, we drew near our camp we were confronted by a great blaze right across our track—a fire among the grass! Desperately we tried to push our way through it; but it was no good, and we had no alternative but to make a wide *détour*. Even then the heat was intense and the smoke blinding. My mule was very frightened and required much coaxing, but at last we reached camp safely. Here we bought another cow and calf. The cow was giving plenty of milk and proved very useful, but she was a vicious brute, and I could never pass her until she and her calf had been driven right into the forest and were closely guarded, as she always tried to charge the mule.

The Authoress and her dog Tiger returning to camp after a shooting trip.

The march from Kwesi to Irumu, the next large boma, was not long, but very tedious. I soon had to give up attempting to ride the mule as the saddle kept slipping off her back. This part of the country is most picturesque and beautiful, with high hills rising one behind another and great valleys set with palm-trees and running streams, but the going is rough and hard and made still more difficult by the numerous marshes. These are crossed by means of the trunks of trees which have been thrown upon them, and on which you have to balance yourself as you go forward. When in the midst of this delicate operation you meet natives with dogs, with whom your own animals at once begin to fight, matters become exciting. This frequently happened to us, but luckily without any very serious results; it certainly enlivened the monotony of the way.

Boys and porters resting by the way.

Natives at War.

On the third day of our march we reached Irumu. We went right through the poste and camped on the opposite side, the Chef de Poste showing us the ground. Irumu is a nice station, situated on a large plain, where at the time we arrived an unusually large number of cattle, sheep, and goats were grazing. We learnt here that a great war was going on among the natives, and many white men were out trying to put an end to it. There was also a great deal of coming and going and palaver with the officials. Apparently a very great and good chief had been killed, together with his two chief ministers, and the whole place was plunged in grief and confusion. He had left one little son, and the question was how this boy should be brought up. The Belgians wanted to get a tutor for him, but no decision could be arrived at with regard to the nationality of this tutor, Belgian, English, and German being alike considered unsuitable. What was eventually arranged I do not know, as we left that part of the country while they were still debating.

We were treated with courtesy at Irumu, and when we complained to the judge about our horses being detained at Kwesi, he gave orders that they should be sent for. We also obtained porters to fetch our loads from the store-keeper there. When these matters were settled there was a strike among our boys; they suddenly refused to work for us any longer, and asked for their back pay. We sent them to the judge with their pay-books, and he speedily found that they had been paid up every farthing and nothing was due to them. After this Mr. Jordan told them they could go. For two days they sat talking among themselves in the village, and then they began to come back in twos and threes till every boy had returned to work perfectly content and a trifle ashamed of himself for being such a fool. We interviewed the Chef de Zone about licences, etc., and all our affairs were satisfactorily arranged. We went the round of the Government stores, of which there were five, and, oh, what awful prices they charged! We ventured on another ham, but took good care it was a "York," and not an "Ardenne." Some of the things were quite good, but mostly restricted to eatables and native produce. Of the station itself we saw next to nothing, as it rained nearly the whole time we were there.

On the fourth day we made a move, stopping

"On every tree hung natives. On the ground lay scattered loads of all sorts, and in the midst of them was seated Ginger, the terror of the natives."

for some time at a white man's place for a chat, and arranging with him to send our loads on when they arrived at Irumu. We had a great deal of trouble in arranging for these loads to be sent on after us from place to place. Our second day's march brought us to a camp on the Aruwimi River, an old Arab settlement with a dignified Arab in charge. Nearly all the villages from Irumu to Stanleyville were built by the Arabs in the days of their slave-raiding expeditions. The doors of some of the principal buildings were as beautifully carved as those in Zanzibar. There were also fine plantations containing every variety of tropical fruit.

The Arab Slave-Raiders.

The chief, with true Arab hospitality, arrived after we had pitched camp, accompanied by a retinue of slaves bringing us poultry, eggs, and fruit, also rice for our porters. My husband, finding he spoke the pure Kiswhalli, with which dialect he is acquainted, chatted with him about the slave trade. The Arab was only too pleased to give him all particulars, telling him what great pleasure it gave him to converse before he died with a European who spoke his language like one of themselves. He said that the great Tip-o-Tee, the best-known slave-dealer on the east coast, travelled with his armed forces all over the Congo, but finding the Manyama tribes in the Ujiji country had the most brains, he established them, under chiefs of his own appointing, in a series of villages along the slave-route, to act as traders and raiders. The Manyama soon copied their masters, whom they held in great respect, dropping their own language and using a bastard Swahili, and calling themselves Mangwana. When slavery was abolished, the majority of the Arabs returned to their own country, leaving the Mangwanas in possession of the villages they had built. These people still follow the customs of the Swahilis, and even purchase slaves from the natives in the interior, whom they hire out as carriers along the route. But to guard against their slaves running away the masters will only allow them to carry loads from village to village.

The Authoress in camp in the Congo.

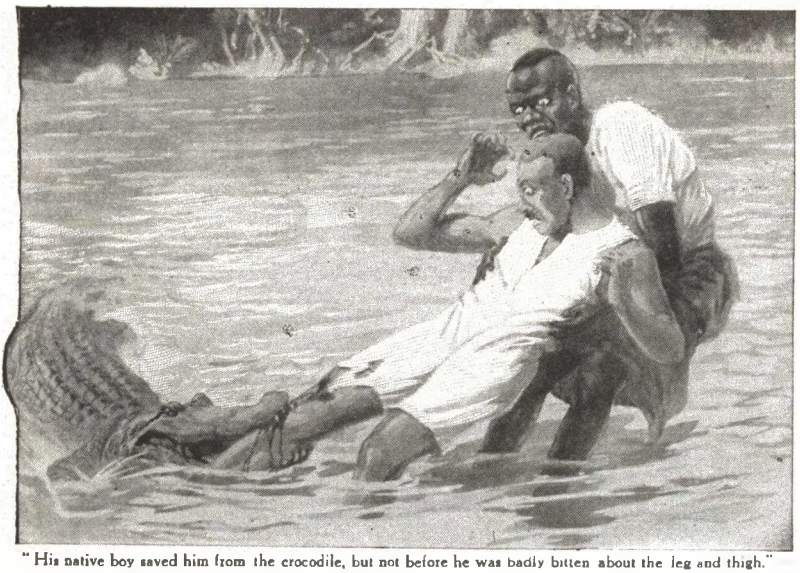
In theory slavery is abolished, but the native chiefs still have to be reckoned with. If they want slaves they will have them, and simply snap their fingers at the Government. The more one sees of this country the more one realizes that the white man is here, at present, only on sufferance. If a boy wants to run away and leave his work, he can. If he steals his master's things there is no redress. If he prefers to loll against the chairs and tables in a room, instead of standing at attention when his white masters speak to him, he may. I have often gone to an official's residence and been shown into his room where his black woman was sitting; I have waited to see if she would be sent out; but no, I was expected to sit with her.

We were warned at every camp that the natives in the part of the country through which we were now passing were distinctly hostile. The war, of course, was going on, and many times we heard the guns. One place we were especially warned against, and told on no account to stop anywhere near, as the natives were in the habit of shooting poisoned arrows at people passing on the road. We were not particularly worried by these tales, and quietly went on our way keeping our eyes open. Where we did have trouble was from the Manyamas in the civilized villages along the road. They were supposed to be friendly and under the close observation of the Government officials, but we found them insolent and offhand, and often they refused us food until they were forced to bring it. The inhabitants of one village a little way off the road were said to be cannibals of the worst type. It was just by this village that we stopped for rest and breakfast, but the natives did not come out to introduce us to their cooking-pots or to make nice little stews of us.

Making Our Own Butter.

About this time our cows were giving so much milk that I thought it was time we tried to make some butter. Getting a fruit-bottle, into which I put milk, a little salt, and plenty of water, I began to shake it; but soon growing tired, I told the boys to see what they could do, promising them baksheesh. They shook it for four hours, and at the end of that time there was some rather nice cream-cheese. I took it out of the bottle and put it on a plate, and left the hut for a minute. Imagine my disgust when I found on my return that Tiger, our Great Dane, had placed his delicate little head on the table and licked it all up! However, that little episode did not daunt me, and I tried again with greater success. After that we always had cream and fresh butter until we sold the cow.

Many little incidents broke the monotony of our now continual tramp through thick forest, which, with its dense, dark, shut-in feeling, was apt to get



"His native boy saved him from the crocodile, but not before he was badly bitten about the leg and thigh."

on one's nerves. Mr. Jordan and the caravan had gone on, and I was following behind. Presently I heard shouts, and coming round a bend saw one of the funniest scenes I have ever witnessed. On every tree for a space of twenty-five yards or more hung natives; every branch had its burden, and it almost seemed as if every leaf had, too. They hung on by hands and feet and teeth. On the ground lay scattered loads of all sorts, and in the midst of them was seated Ginger, the terror of the natives. Coming upon a large caravan, he had rushed at the porters, and they, dropping their loads, had fled for the trees. Ginger sat there for at least ten minutes wagging his tail and giving short, sharp, savage barks, the natives all the time shouting and yelling, beating pans and blowing horns, while we were helpless with laughter. The din was terrific. At last Mr. Jordan called the dog off, and we proceeded on our way, Ginger casting longing glances back now and then, evidently wishing he could set his great white teeth in one of those black legs; but it was no good, master was stern and must be obeyed.

We had not long gone to rest on our second night at China Clima when I was awakened by a great deal of noise and rushing about. I aroused Mr. Jordan, and he called out to know what the trouble was. To our horror we were told that the mule had broken loose and had gone off into the forest. After about twenty minutes we heard the joyful announcement that it had been caught, and with minds relieved we lay down once more.

The next day there was a tremendous storm, which began at four in the afternoon and went on until twelve at night, with thunder and lightning all the time. The tent and everything in it was soaked, and had to be spread out all the next day to dry. This, of course, delayed us, but we got off on the following day and had a long and difficult march, with many rivers and marshes to be crossed. We passed through two large native *shambas*, both deserted on account of their having been ravaged by elephants.

On the third day the horses arrived in very bad condition, worn out and worried to death with flies; but with care and good feeding we hoped they might pull round. Next day Mr. Jordan had to stay in bed with fever, and I was sitting beside him quietly reading, when an awful noise arose in camp. Shouting and yelling, the boys rushed in to say that one of the porters had stolen the clothes from another. When accused of the theft he promptly ran amok, and snatching up a knife tried to cut the boy's eye out. As Mr. Jordan was ill, I had to deal with the matter. If there is one thing I hate more than another it is anything of a bloody nature; but there was no help for it. The man was brought up. He had a great gash over one eye and down the cheek, just escaping the eyeball. Sewing it up was beyond me, but I did the best I could, and at the end of six weeks it was quite healed. I was rather proud of my efforts.

From this place it was quite a short march to Mwambi, where there was a Chef de Poste. The poor man was looking ill, having barely recovered from a nasty accident. When bathing in the river which runs at the bottom of the boma he threw his dog in to have a swim and a crocodile came and caught it. He jumped in to save the dog, when the reptile left it and went for him. His native boy saved him, but not before he was badly bitten about the leg and thigh. A crocodile had never been seen in that part of the river before, and this incident shows how these creatures keep themselves hidden.

The boma at Mwambi is one of the prettiest we had seen. It stands on a hill above the village, with the river below winding its way through wooded banks, very rocky in some places, and the water quite white as it bounds over the rocks and stones. People can go from Mwambi to Avakubi by canoe, but it is neither a pleasant nor very safe journey, as there are a great many cataracts and falls on the way and the current is very strong. We slept in a house at Mwambi and afterwards regretted it, as the rats were something dreadful, although we had the dogs with us.

(To be continued.)

The Baboon and the Baby.

By MRS. FRED. MATURIN (EDITH PORCH.)

ILLUSTRATED BY E. PRATER.

A thrilling little narrative from the Himalayas. Our Authoress relates the strange experience that befell her friend's baby. Left in the bedroom, the baby was appropriated by a large baboon, when a veritable battle ensued between parents, servants, and the monkey for its recovery. "The story is quite true," she writes, "though I have purposely given a fictitious name to the baby's parents."

IT is not given to every baby of eight months old to be the hero of a true adventure. We were stopping with the Cholmondeleys in their pretty bungalow in Nynee Tal, and as Colonel Cholmondeley appeared to live his life in the club playing cards, and I also was left much alone, Mrs. Cholmondeley and I had plenty of time to converse and compare experiences.

We were each the mother of a strapping little son, aged about eighteen months, and each was the "first baby," and it was not long after my arrival at Almorah Lodge that Patience Cholmondeley related to me the following story, her baby and mine sprawling on *resais* at our feet. Below the veranda in which we sat the marvellous panorama of Himalayan mountains and valleys unrolled itself, these valleys to-day being full of soft puffs of small, fleecy, rolling, white clouds, while we two mortals above seemed veritably to be seated in the blue heaven, with the clouds for our footstool.

The year was in the late 'eighties.

"How I loathed India at first!" said Patience, white and strained-looking, as she always was. Nor, leaving alone the club-loving Colonel Cholmondeley and his little ways, was I at all surprised at that strained look, after she had told me the following tale:—

"We were on our way up here for the hot weather. Baby was eight months old. I had a Daie ayah for him from Agra, and when she heard we were coming up to the cold hills she refused to accompany us. You know how they loathe the cold. Well, she was finally persuaded to come, and we started; Moonie very sulky indeed. I don't know that I blamed her, for her husband was quite evidently only awaiting her departure to wed with a younger, prettier woman, the sort of thing these Indian husbands seem able to do whenever the fancy takes them. In vain I pointed out to her that if Kareem Bux loved another woman he wasn't worth the keeping, for who wants the shell of a man? She, being still very young, apparently did, and howled and cried; but Kareem Bux became so horrid that she at last gave him up as a bad job, told him to go to the devil, or Hindustani to that effect, and we started on our travels.

"We had a long train journey, and, mercy! the heat! We arrived at Bareilly and had an appalling night in Dak *gharries;* baby yelling for twelve hours without a stop, and Moonie ayah rocking him and crying in between over dear Kareem Bux.

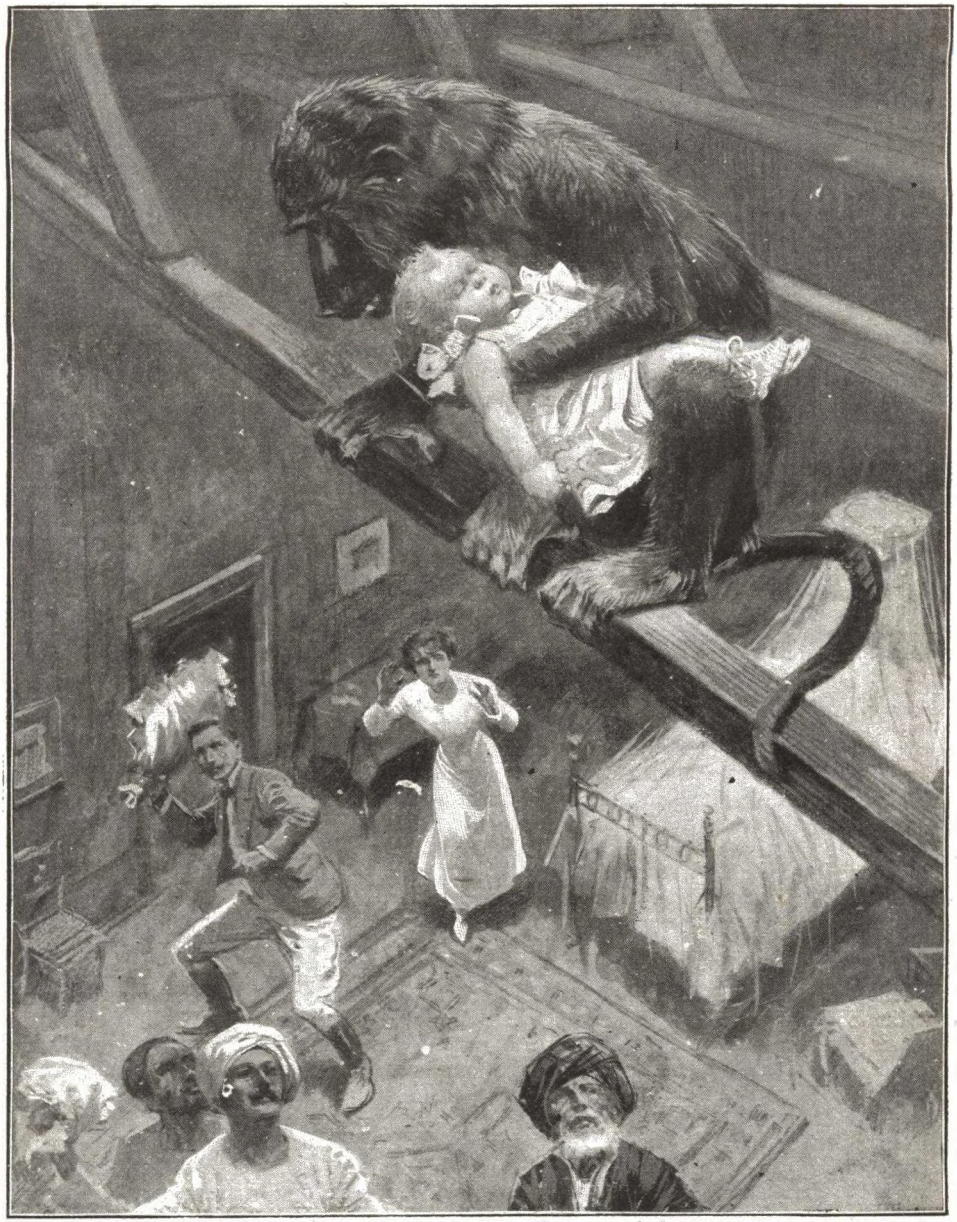
"Well, we arrived at the foot of the hills and climbed all that day, ayah and baby in a dandy, I in another, and Horace on a *tat*—in a perfectly vile temper."

"Is he ever in anything else?" I inquired, and Patience agreed that he never was. I should here remark, in case some charming Colonel Cholmondeley reads this, that Cholmondeley is not the real name of the dear man.

Patience continued her narrative, her beautiful eyes wandering over the charming valleys below us and on the everlasting snows beyond.

"At nightfall we arrived at the Dak bungalow and to my joy found no other travellers there. I was worn out and we told the Khansamah to produce dinner instanter (really we are unreasonable in India, you know), and I took my precious baby in my arms into the bedroom, followed by the ayah, who was evidently also in the blues and tired.

"While I sat there waiting for dinner I noticed that the trees round the bungalow were full of enormous grey monkeys, chattering and screaming and in frantic excitement. They were watching us and struck me as extraordinarily human. One huge old grey mother sat with her little one in her arms, rocking it, in exact imitation of myself. When I kissed baby she kissed hers. When I sang she crooned. I watched her and laughed. Then dinner was announced and I left the room, leaving baby asleep on my bed, and telling the unwilling Moonie to remain by him until my return. We sat over the meal for some little time. All was quiet in the adjoining room. Horace was momentarily affable, and I quite enjoyed the



"Horace and the servants threw soft things—towels and powder-puffs—at the brute."

Moorgie curry and Bombay ducks, and the rice and jam after, and strawberries from Douglas Dale.

"All of a sudden I heard a most peculiar sound in the next room. There was, of course, only the usual *purdah* over the doorway. I got up and went in.

"There was no baby on my bed. The room at first seemed empty. The ayah was gone. It turned out later she'd gone to have a hubble-bubble in the *bachee-khana*. My beloved hild had vanished. I thought at first, 'Oh, the ayah has taken him out,' and then—a sound came from far above my head; and I looked

up. The room was tremendously high, and seated on a wooden rafter right up near the roof I beheld, to my horror, the same huge grey mother-baboon which I had seen mimicking me in the trees outside. It sat up there now, nearly thirty feet, I should think, above my head, and in its long, thin, hairy arms lay my baby fast asleep, or dead—I could not say which. But he was strangely quiet. I did not then know that Moonie, wanting to make him sleep while she went off to her loved hubble-bubble (with enticing visions of Kareem Bux fondling the new woman thrown in) had given baby to suck, out of her finger-nail, some of that black paste with a bazaar narcotic in a mild form in it, which, as you know, ayahs have been caught giving babies. It makes them sleep heavily, and so there lay my child in the horrible arms of its unusual nurse, and, for the time being, unconscious of its surroundings. The baboon no doubt meant it all very well, and was merely responding to its own mother-instinct, and was doubtless much hurt at the ungrateful reception she got. I can see that now. Poor old thing!

"I stood transfixed. She, the baboon, sat on the perilous rafter, rocking baby in grotesque mimicry of me, gibbered and chattered, and every moment I expected to see my child dropped or flung to the floor. I gave one long, dismal yell, and of course Horace rushed in, followed by the native servants. I never can forget the scene that ensued. Horace and the servants threw soft things—towels and powder-puffs—at the brute. We dared not throw anything heavy for fear of hitting baby's bald head on the place where the skull hasn't yet shut. But even the powder-puff enraged the baboon. It caught it with one hand, baby tucked now under the other arm (upside down, as if he was an old rag), and, after smelling the puff and tasting it, and finding it no good to eat, the creature hurled it at Horace's nose—an excellent shot, covering his face with powder."

"From what I know of Colonel Cholmondeley," I interpolated, "he probably became as enraged as the baboon after that."

"My dear! Enraged! Livid with fury, his one wish now was to be even with that baboon, and it was quite evident that he had almost forgotten our child's terrible plight. He seized one thing after another, regardless of my shrieks, and sent them spinning up at the animal. Baby's white bonnet, with its real lace veil mamma had sent me, hit the baboon in the face and, of course, was seized and torn to pieces in a few seconds, the pieces flying down. A banana followed. This the creature deftly caught with one hand (with quite a grateful look on its face, for the moment), balanced itself on the rafter, making a lap with its knees for baby, scratched itself, and then peeling the banana and flinging the skin at Horace it devoured it with grimaces—and looked down for more. Receiving, instead, my sponge (full of water), the armistice ended, and, gibbering with rage, it tucked baby under one arm again, head downwards, and commenced to leap about from one rafter to another, I expecting every moment to see my child hurled to its death."

"Did it take him into the forest?" I asked.

"Thanks to my rushing and shutting the doors, it did not," replied my friend, "but it would have done so very soon, for in its leaps it got nearer and nearer the door. I nearly went mad. I shrieked to Horace to contain himself, or the monkey would next start to tear our child to pieces before our eyes. But you know what he is. He bawled to the servants to do this or that. I entreated everyone to keep still, but no one would. Horace rushed for another banana, and this time held it out to entice the brute down. But he had to stop. I snatched it from him, because I saw the baboon was about to drop the baby in order to climb down itself and get a bit nearer the banana. This upset Horace once more (my interference), and seizing baby's little square pillow off the bed he sent it at the monkey, nearly knocking it and the baby together off their perch. I was so indignant at Horace's selfishness that I hit him—thumped him hard in the chest. I was beside myself. I've never hit anyone bigger than myself before. In fact we had, of course, all gone mad together.

"To make matters worse, baby now began to get over the narcotic and recover consciousness. He first started to writhe and cry, but when his blue eyes opened upon the horrible hairy face of his captor his yells became simply diabolical. He has his father's nature, and intensely resents discomfort or being thwarted. He flapped his little arms about, kicked, struggled, and clawed at the baboon's face. Baby, like Horace, can be very sweet if he gets his own way in everything. But it must be everything."

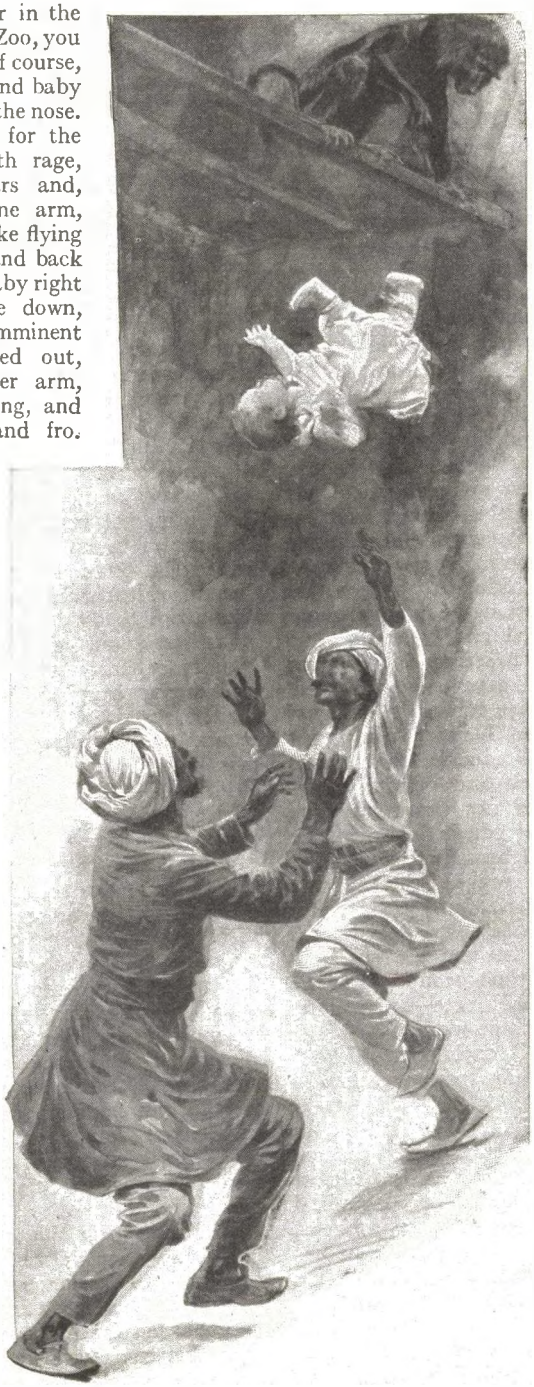
"A most interesting nature," I said, reflectively, "and very comforting—for the person who has it."

"Of course, on this occasion one could not blame baby for wanting his own way, which was simply to be safely back in his usual surroundings. We spread mattresses quickly over the floor in case he fell, for things were now getting desperate. The monkey, I am bound to admit, being a mother herself, did at intervals try to soothe baby. She laid him on her knees and searched

his golden fluff of hair in the way monkeys do in the Zoo, you know. This hurt, for, of course, hairs got tweaked out, and baby retaliated by a blow on the nose. But I was distracted, for the monkey, gibbering with rage, now cuffed baby's ears and, tucking him under one arm, started once more to take flying leaps across the room and back again. Now she held baby right side up; then upside down, his darling brains in imminent danger of being dashed out, while she hung by her arm, or her leg, to something, and swung herself to and fro. You can just picture me, looking up! But at last I fainted dead upon the floor."

"How did it all end?"

"The brute finished by hurling baby at Horace's head. So I was later informed. I needn't say that the darling arrived in ribbons, so to speak. Most luckily the bearer and Khansamah, between them, caught him in mid-air. Horace rushed for his gun to shoot the brute, but while he was gone those servants opened the door and let it leap out into the forest. They pretended, of course, it was an accident, but, as you know, they regard monkeys as sacred and were not going to let it be killed. The fury Horace was in when he came rushing back and found it had escaped him! The noise he made brought me out of my faint. The wonder was that I wasn't trampled to a jelly, for I'd fainted on the mattress on the floor, and Horace was chasing the servants round and round the room to chastise them."



"Most luckily the bearer and Khansamah, between them, caught him in mid-air."

"Did he catch them?"

"The bearer, being apparently the chief offender, shot out of the open door, his back well bent in, in the pathetic way they do, hoping to thus afford less resistance to the boot from behind. I think he forgot for the moment that we were in the hills, and that the chances were he'd be sent over the Khud outside. I always believe it's one reason why the plainsmen object to going to the hills — with masters like Horace. On their native plains a kick sends them spinning along a soft, dusty, flat surface. It hurts, of course. But in the hills they know the chances are they'll be sent down into the valley below and break something. That baboon is costing Horace a small income. The bearer fell into a rhododendron tree, fifty feet down, broke his arm, had Horace up in the Nynee Tal Cutcherry, and received compensation in the shape of a small sum monthly which will continue till his arm is useful again—which the bearer is determined shall never be, I imagine."

Mr. James Henry Butcher, who herein relates his thrilling experiences in German East Africa.

My Experiences in German East Africa.

By

JAMES HENRY BUTCHER.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND A DRAWING.

The conquest of German East Africa, the last of the Central Empires' Colonial possessions, is rightly regarded by all military critics as a daring military achievement. The Author of the following contribution, who was a private in the South African Infantry, herein relates his personal experiences. It is a thrilling narrative, and throws a new light on the difficulties and arduous character of this campaign. It was not only a question of fighting Huns, but a continuous war against innumerable odds—tropical heat, intense cold, insect plagues, lions—while the shortage of water and even food was felt at times acutely.

IT was on January 12th, 1916, that I embarked at Durban on the *Laconia*, since torpedoed, as a South African infantryman, for service in German East Africa. In due course we landed at Kilindini, in British East Africa, and at once began preparations for the invasion of the enemy's country. *En route* we had been regaled with stories of the abundance of native labour in German East Africa waiting to be utilized at five shillings a month, of tons of meal, fruit galore, and a plenitude of water. We were soon, however, to be undeceived. We found labour scarce, food none too plentiful, and water difficult to obtain at times, while in addition there were the terrific heat, mosquitoes, terrible insects, an enemy strongly entrenched and well supplied with machine-guns and artillery, and, not least, there were the wild animals of the country, lions particularly, giving us considerable anxiety. Indeed, the conquest of this last colonial stronghold of the Germans proved a greater tussle than many people at home imagine.

Our jumping-off place for the campaign was Mashoti. Here we remained ten days, doing garrison and patrol duty and skirmishing in dense brush. It was here, too, that we first received our introductory education in the economical use of water. We were allowed one small bottle a day for drinking, bathing, and washing purposes, with the result that we soon lost our spick-and-span appearance. Unfortunately, a high temperature prevented my taking part in the first advance, but, recovering rapidly, I was soon back again in the regiment and was with it at the fall of Moschi.

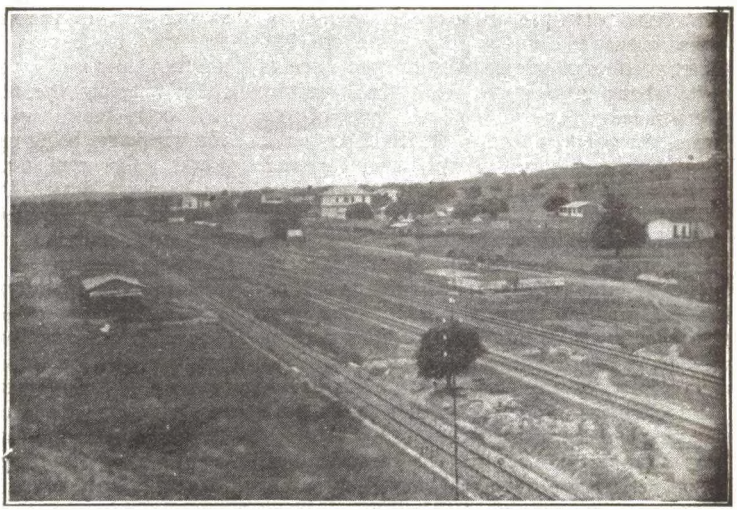
On entering the town we found the bridge had been blown up, and had to climb over the wreckage, being up to our waists in running water. We were detained here for a month on garrison duty. During this time it rained heavily, so we entered and utilized the houses and stores as billets. Though I knew it not at the time, the house I had obtained was to have been that of General Smuts. Luckily, he changed his mind and made Old Moschi his headquarters. The rain continued, and soon we were at a loss for firewood for cooking, etc. However, there was a fine bedroom suite in my room; need I say what was its fate? After this no foraging for firewood was done until the whole stock of well-dried furniture was exhausted. Around Moschi is to be found some of the finest scenery imaginable, it being situated on the lower slopes of Kilimanjaro.

It is glorious to behold the summit of this great mountain, snow-covered, scintillating in the sunshine or moonlight, but more fascinating still when seen at sunrise peeping through the low dark cloud. The snow on the top is stated to be over four hundred feet deep. One felt that he could gaze on this magnificent sight for ever, and yet see some fresh beauty every day. A few miles away Lake Chala is situated, which is said to be of unfathomable depth; and, wonderful to say, it is set on the top of a mountain. Another strange sight which strikes one is that through all the country sea-shells abound profusely—hundreds of miles from the sea.

Native troops (from the Belgian Congo) on the march in German East Africa.

The trees grow to a great height, from fifty to eighty feet, while the bushes attain an enormous size. A remarkable point about the vegetation is that nearly everything that grows is to a certain extent poisonous. Taken in conjunction with the reptile and insect life, one would not be far wrong in summing up by saying that everything bites or stings and all is poisonous. A prick or a scratch means inflammation of the flesh, and months elapse before it is well again. And it was particularly so with us, who were often in a poor state of health through arduous marching and semi-starvation.

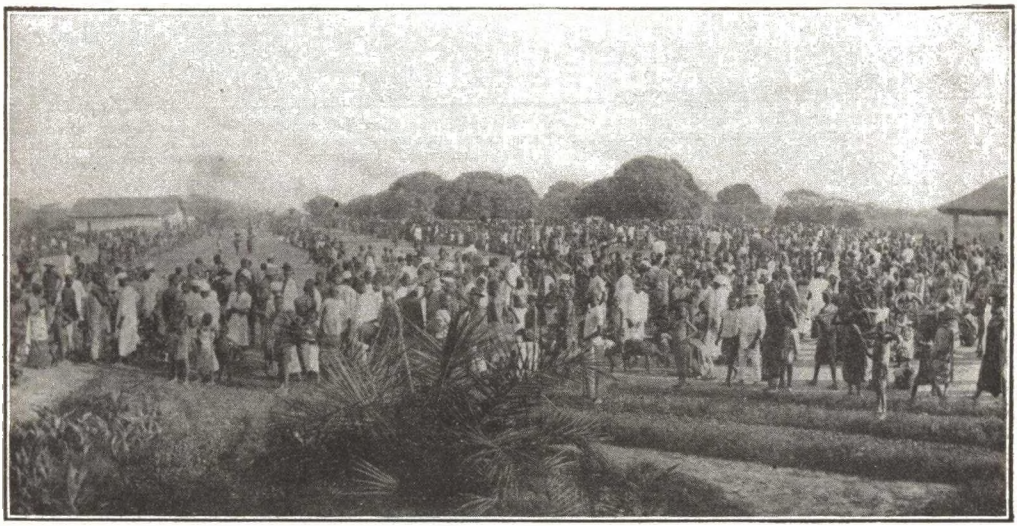
Through the retirement of the enemy we were enabled to travel from Moschi to Kadjiado by rail. There I joined a column on a three-hundred-mile trek which proved to be one of the most interesting experiences of my life. On an average we covered eighteen miles per day, varying our starts from 1 a.m. to 10 p.m. Rest was indulged in mostly during the hottest part of the day, but it so happened at times that this was impossible, owing to our crossing stretches of waterless desert. Then we had to continue till water was reached, and often by that time every man was in a state of complete exhaustion. Halting at night after these forced marches through such terrible country, and so physically worn-out, mother earth seemed like the downiest bed one ever rested on. We were travelling the old slave roads under the shadow of Mount Meru, in Central Africa. But we had little time for reflection upon the historical character of the country, for bugles sounded early and we had to push on, often with bleeding and blistered



A general view of Tabora, one of the principal towns on the railway that runs from Dar-es-Salaam, on the coast, to Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika.

feet, on half rations or less, to join our comrades who were besieged just outside Kondoa Irangi.

I was detailed to take the men of our regiment up to the firing-line together with ammunition and supplies. The route took us at one time near the enemies' lines, and here it was they opened on us and I received my baptism of fire. We were unable to reply, not knowing the exact position of our other regiments, so orders were given to extend in a half circle, and shoot anyone approaching in a suspicious manner. After about twenty minutes the enemy fire ceased, and one of our officers came and told us they had captured two German officers and ten Askaris. We were then able to press on, and arrived at our destination outside Kondoa Irangi at 2 a.m. Dawn found us shaking hands with the boys who had escaped hospital, though it may be interesting to record that there were only about fifty per cent. left of those who had been first to cross the German border.



Scene at Kasonga after the arrival of Belgian troops from the Congo.

Then commenced the more serious part of the campaign; patrol duty all day and all night in the trenches was for some little time the order of the day, on rations which by this time had been cut down to a quarter. Fortunately, there were a number of native huts in No Man's Land, which we used for firewood, and a few pumpkins growing around which we commandeered.

At the rear of our position, at a distance of some three miles, was a Swahili village, at which we used to barter, or purchase sheep—which might in England be taken for greyhounds—and goats at a rupee each, kaffir-meal, and sometimes milk. Often it was impossible to raise the money, so we parted with our clothing in cases where we could not get what we required to keep us alive by any other means. Fortunately, there was an abundance of water, although to get that one had an hour and a half's stiff climbing to do; but often the uncertainty and difficulty of obtaining water and the absence of the modern field-kitchen caused the regiments on the march to look somewhat comical. Imagine a battalion marching along, each man with a dirty old bully-beef tin for cooking tied on his back, rattling at every step, and a calabash for water in his hand, he himself not having washed or shaved for weeks, and with his clothes in shreds.

There was no time for rest, as the taking of Kondoa Irangi was all-important. Before dawn we were well on the way towards the river-bed which divided our positions. Beyond this was the old German road, and still farther on the new one. After posting the men in various positions with orders for the day, the captain with six men moved carefully forward, under cover of the mealie stalks, until reaching the first road, where we left three on the watch, leaving four to go forward including the captain. Safely gaining the second road, two more were left, while the captain and I went on to get as close a look into the enemy's position as we possibly could. We had been slowly getting forward, when we halted to bring the glasses into play. After taking a survey of the situation the captain decided, since we were not likely to

In the conquest of German East Africa our soldiers experienced trouble with lions. Our Author relates how he heard them roaring not thirty lion and lioness approaching a British post to rob a kraal wherein sheep and goats are confined as food for the garrison. "On November 1, driven off. They would stalk close up to our barbed wire before we

get any more information and had advanced dangerously near the enemy lines, to pick up the others and rejoin the main body of the platoon. We had not moved off any too soon, for on gaining a small eminence some little way back, we saw an enemy party cautiously approaching the position we had so recently vacated. This kind of thing continued for some days, as we were not strong enough to commence a general attack, and they had a considerable advantage over us in artillery, which peppered us to their hearts' content.

On the night of June 24th, 1916, I had completed my watch in the trench, and had lain down for a spell, when along came our captain with orders to be ready to move at 3 a.m. to attack. That, however, did not interfere with our sleep, but I remember it did not seem like five minutes before somebody was shaking me to wakefulness, reminding me that we had an appointment that Sunday morn. Up we got, rolled our blankets and made for the rendezvous, for these were the rosy days; soon we were to know bitterly cold nights with pouring rains, and no blankets, coats, or waterproof sheets. Here we were told that our platoon was going into action with the rest of the company in support, and we knew we should not meet again until the action was ended.

Descending the donga we gained the river-bed and halted while the N.C.O's were given final instructions. We then moved farther forward, three of us being sent in advance as scouts, until within six hundred yards of the Germans, and the remainder coming up quietly when we gave them the "all clear" signal. How the enemy missed observing us I cannot think. We extended and took up firing positions. Meanwhile we could see their pickets get up, shake their blankets, and jump into the trenches. Another few minutes passed, when we could see them gesticulating wildly and pointing in our direction. We then received orders to open fire, and a few of those gentry will never gesticulate more. We continued firing, but for half an hour the reply was feeble; then seeing that we were not advancing they opened up in real earnest. The bullets sang over our heads, then commenced to cut the grass, and finally cracked and struck all about us. We were subjected to rifle-fire from the front, while Maxims enfiladed us from right and left.

Strong parties were then sent down by the enemy on either flank to cut us off, so we were forced to retire. It is a mystery how any of us got out at all, and when one realizes that only one poor fellow was killed and six wounded out of a band of fifty it becomes a miracle. Our section remained firing to cover the retirement, and when we could follow we received a tremendous fusillade of rifle and machine-gun fire for our especial benefit. We decided to separate widely for better general security, and did so in ignorance of the fact that their flanking parties were coming down upon us. Going a considerable distance to the right I was followed with shots in every little clearing, while each time I sought cover in a mealie plantation they

yards away while on guard, and how on one occasion he stumbled across two tremendous lions only fifty yards off. Above incident depicts a 1915," writes an officer, "lions appeared at our post and with great daring got into our kraal and killed forty sheep and goats before they were detected their presence, and their sudden roars were anything but pleasant."

swept it with a Maxim. At one clearing they got so dangerously near that it was necessary for me to crawl carefully to the cover I was making for. One bullet struck within an inch of my head, and I did not relish their attentions a bit. I learned on reaching the camp that one poor fellow who passed before me gained the cover I sought, but with a bullet wound in the foot. The river-bed was reached and crossed, but still their snipers were busy. Eventually we regained the donga at the foot of our position, where, coming towards us, half-way up, our reinforcements joined us, and we all went up to our trenches. This ended our reconnaissance in the siege of Kondoa.

During the night of Sunday, June 25th, our brigade was ordered to attack the position in force, but it was soon discovered that the enemy had anticipated our design and retired, leaving, as we discovered at sunrise, what would have proved to us an absolutely impregnable position. Their dug-outs, gun-positions, and trenches were most up-to-date. The last were loopholed, thus affording perfect cover. Thousands of small trees had been cut down and made into screens, which were placed all through their position, so that it was impossible to see any movement they were carrying out.

Kondoa Irangi was now ours! And it was decided to rest the troops after their two months' siege, particularly in view of the transport difficulty. In addition to the shortage of food, the continuous strain of patrol and trench work, the Germans added to our discomfort by lumping shells into our position, particularly during the night, and at times when little expected. This procedure was followed by them throughout the campaign.

Our next objective was Tumba. Outside this town we found the bodies of ten Askaris in a hole, having apparently been shot by the Huns. Many deserters gave themselves up. Our section was placed in a valley, in dense bush and tall grass alive with snakes, lizards, and all creeping things. Some yards behind us was a game-track through the bush, and just beyond us one of our A Company men had spotted a lioness and shot her. The next night the lion came, evidently bent on finding his mate, and gave a terrific roar not thirty yards from where I was on guard. There were other exciting experiences—terrific bush-fires caused by carelessness, or perhaps by the heat of the sun. Here we saw some of the biggest, stretching for miles, and with a tropical breeze behind them they travelled long distances at an enormous speed. Catching a particularly dry spot, you would see an enormous, fierce red glow reflected in the dark blue sky, and then a great burst of white flame mounting higher and higher, to die down again further away. The burning trees had a lighthouse effect, caused through their dry upper foliage and the dense creepers in which they are encased burning fiercely before the trunks caught alight. The great Bilboa or Cream of Tartar trees the Germans turned to good account by hollowing

out their massive trunks and placing machine-guns in them.

One night our whole camp was disturbed by ants. I had slept for about three hours when I was awakened by a pricking sensation, and found I was one mass of ants, from head to foot. I quickly threw off all my clothing, and you could not see my skin for the beggars; they were biting like fun. It appears that a whole army of them were trekking, and we lay in their path. The next morning we found they had moved a little beyond us, around the mess-tins some of the fellows had left out. You could not see the tins—they seemed to be one living mass of ants about ten inches high. Another pest that greatly troubled us was the "jigger flea!" They are black and crablike, being little more than the size of an ordinary pin's point. They "dig in," and take up their abode between the dermis and epidermis, and immediately commence to breed. All one notices is a jumpy sort of feeling in the affected part, and later a slight inflammation is seen. This is the time to operate. We learned the correct method of operation from the natives, and were invariably successful in removing the flea and its eggs without mishap. To effect this neatly, one must split the skin in a cross with the inflamed spot as centre, then lift the flaps like the back of an ungummed envelope, when the microbe with its thousand eggs is open to view. It is then quite easy to remove both, but care must be taken that the bag in which the eggs are contained is not broken, for should there be any left they would speedily fructify and travel through the system. One fellow had over one hundred extracted from his feet; while others had to have feet, toes, and fingers amputated through them.

We now experienced an awful shortage of water, while in addition food was none too plentiful. Ever since leaving Kondoa we had been living on one spoonful of mealie meal, one spoonful of rice, and a spoonful of tea or coffee per day. All the time, too, we were marching and fighting through an exceedingly hilly, bushy, and roadless country in tropical heat. It was small wonder that fever and dysentery claimed so many victims.

On reaching Anneti, our platoon was detailed for headquarter escort, as the staff were following the 11th Regiment to the right of the 12th, while the 10th were away to the left, so that the division was moving forward in three columns. Thus we proceeded through Tchiene to Meia-Meia.

Here we relieved a platoon of the 11th who were guarding prisoners. It was anticipated that an attempt would be made to rescue them, so our platoon was divided into two, each taking prisoner guard and picket duty alternately. One day I noticed that a German sergeant-major among the prisoners would get up to stretch his legs apparently, when he invariably scanned a kopje some two miles off most searchingly. This little performance took place about every half-hour. I said nothing, but watched as he did. At nightfall I was off for a spell, and lay down watching the kopje as before. Presently I saw a light at its far end; it approached the middle, then descended the kopje some distance below the summit, all the time burning steadily. It was extinguished momentarily, and then flashed a message across; but, fortunately, we had tucked the sergeant-major where it was impossible for him to see it. I reported this, and the guard was doubled, while the pickets were warned against a raid. However, it did not come that night, for apparently our putting out the fire, which was allowed on account of the cold, spoilt the signal arranged. The

Crossing the Nyawarongo River, Kagera.

A look-out station in the jungle.

following evening, being our turn for picket duty, the sergeant and corporal went out to inspect a small kopje which had been selected for our position, to see if it commanded a good enough area, and while there they espied what they took to be the expected relieving expedition. Arrangements were made for their warm reception and capture. Their attempt was a complete failure, and we took a large number of prisoners, sending them back seventy-five miles the next day by motor-lorry.

It was here I had my closest acquaintance with the lions. When we were signalled to proceed we found the climbing of the kopje most difficult. I am absolutely sure no human foot had scaled that hill before. The undergrowth was very dense and abounded in thorns. Eventually we reached a game-track where progress was barred by a huge boulder, except for a narrow opening on each side. I asked which opening we were to take, at the same time moving towards the one on the left; before I got a reply I was through the gap, and less than fifty yards away, beyond the right opening, were two tremendous lions. They quietly disappeared in the undergrowth, but during the night we were disturbed by their awful roars.

Our next objective was Dodoma on the Central Railway. We caught the Huns some miles outside the place, but before they retreated they had blown up all the points in the lines, as well as the gas-cylinders, and wrecked the workshops. From this district we proceeded through country which had been undisturbed by the war, no troops having passed this way, with the result that the native villages were El Dorados to us. We managed to commandeer sheep, goats, butter, eggs, and milk and generally had a royal time.

Then once again we plunged into a wild and desolate region suffering from dust-storms and the scarcity of water. We were cutting across country by forced marches to reinforce the 10th, who were already in battle, and there was little time for food or anything else. We soon

got in touch, and our A and B Companies were made flanks, C and D acting as reinforcements. The Germans pelted us with nine-pounders and Maxims till far into the night. Dawn saw the 12th moving forward to the attack. They passed through the 10th's lines, only to find that the enemy had vanished. However, news soon came of their whereabouts, and we took up the chase to M'papua, arriving there utterly exhausted after a march of forty miles in thirty-six hours on no food and practically no water. We were given five minutes' rest, then extended for action. "Forward!" sounded, and away we went. Meanwhile Fritz peppered us with shrapnel and nine-pounders. The bush was very dense, and suddenly we found ourselves on the banks of an exceedingly steep donga, or gully, about twenty feet deep. We dropped into it, and there found an Askari recently hanged. However, there was no time to discuss the poor chap's fate, and we quickly climbed up the other side. On again, until we reached another donga, and gaining the opposite bank we were met with a withering fire from Maxims and rifles, with the uncomfortable attention of snipers and a good deal of shrapnel. Still on and on we went in twenty-yard rushes until the sun had set. The enemy fire had now increased in fury, and every man was expecting and ready for the final "Charge!" when, instead, the rally was given. M'papua was ours! Once again Fritz had fled. We raided the place for food, but found very little.

We followed the enemy to Kaditi, which he quickly evacuated when we arrived in force. After a short rest here we moved forward again to cut the Germans off by a dash over three ranges of hills and pathless, thorny, and difficult country. It was a terrific climb, and numbers of our fellows dropped out utterly exhausted. On reaching our objective, where we shot a German signalling officer and captured a helio outfit and flag, we found we were about fifteen hundred feet above the enemy's position, which was situated across the valley below us. The regiment which was to have come along the valley found it impracticable, and on our opening fire the elusive Fritz incontinently fled over the ridge while we took pot-shots from the kopje. We then marched into Muinsagara and found the town was deserted.

A signalling post among the mountains.

It was one long trying race after a stubborn foe, but we kept close on his heels by forced marching. We followed him to his new position at Killossa, but when we appeared in force and were again ready for attack the same thing happened—evacuation. I was on scout duty here, and when it became known that the Germans had again fled I went off foraging for food, and captured a couple of chickens, some beans, lettuces, and potatoes. These I tied to my rifle, and slinging the burden over my shoulder marched proudly back to camp.

En route I met one of our captains, who delighted in pulling one's leg.

"Where is your platoon?" he asked.

"Don't know, sir," I replied.

"Where have you been?" he next inquired.

"Out with the scouts," I answered.

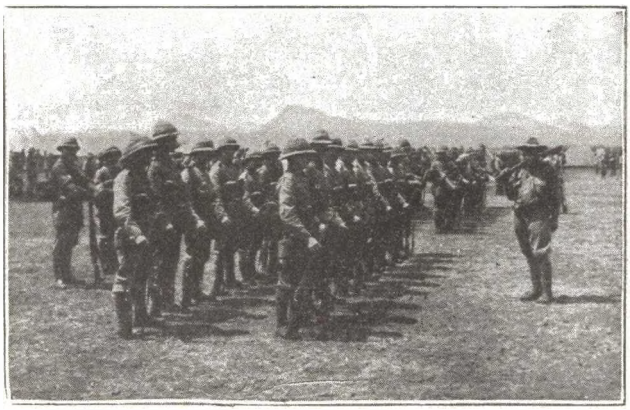
"Apparently to good purpose," he retorted.

"Yes, sir," I said, glancing proudly at my bag. Then his gloomy visage relaxed into a broad grin as he strolled away.

The next thing on the programme was a triumphant entry into the town, but, heavens! what a threadbare crowd we were, half-starved, lame, and dirty—elated though, and game! We got to the bottom of the main street, when the colonel said: "You have two hours to look for food," which translated meant, "Com-

mandeer all the things necessary to you." This order did not require repetition! There was not a bit of khaki in the street two minutes afterwards. There were a number of evacuated private houses, from which I obtained a supply of cigarettes, food, and other necessaries. There were a number of stores—grocery, crockery, clothing, general goods, and even spirits. Fortunately, the men of my half-section did not visit the same places as I did, and, needless to remark, we had varieties of food for several days after this. We managed to retain a couple of bottles of spirits out of the case we had obtained, and we had a jolly chicken dinner, and afterwards got very hilarious over the contents of the bottles.

Ngombe, Uleia, and Kikume were wrested from the enemy in much the same fashion. But it proved exceedingly exhausting work. Climbing up and down hills covered with thorny bush, with pack and rifle, is no joke, but when a box of ammunition is added thereto it becomes a physical task that the strongest men do not envy. On one occasion my half-section and I were detailed off to convey some captured ammunition from one ridge to another. We shared our load, which meant two boxes apiece. We plodded on and on for hours, slipping and stumbling over the difficult country, until our limbs only moved in a mechanical way; but at last we heard our fellows on the ridge opposite to the one we were on. We set off with renewed determination downwards, and then began to climb their ridge, but about half-way up we were absolutely done, and sat down for a few minutes' rest. The next thing we knew was that the night had passed and it was broad daylight. We hurriedly picked ourselves up for the final endeavour. When I reached the top I dropped my load at the sergeant's feet and myself with it, utterly exhausted and far beyond taking water or food.



The late Captain Selous and his company, Fifth Royal Fusiliers, who did splendid work in German East Africa.

Twenty-four hours afterwards we were once more scouting and searching, and eventually reached Kidoti with our platoon reduced to fifteen men, which shows how arduous our task had been.

At Kidoti we remained a fortnight in swampy country, Fritz hammering away at us with lyddite and shrapnel the whole time. One red-letter day rations arrived, and, naturally, a large semi-starved crowd gathered to watch its issue. Boom! went a big gun, and an enemy shell burst about fifty yards from us. No one moved; the food question was much more important! Boom again went the gun, and this time the shell, luckily a dud, fell not thirty yards away. Still nobody moved. The captain came at once and ordered us away to shelter. No sooner had we gone than another shell arrived and exploded on the spot on which we had stood a few moments before. While here one of our fellows was captured by the Germans when scouting, but succeeded in escaping, after a strict cross-examination. He told us the Germans were under the impression that we were Imperial troops, and one officer impudently said that our comrade was lying when he stated that we were South African Volunteers. They also asked him how many of us were conscripts.

On September 20th I, amongst many others, was down again with fever, and to celebrate it rain fell all through the night. We had no blankets or overcoats, but simply shirt and shorts, and our condition was far from enviable. The following day the whole regiment was ordered back to recuperate.

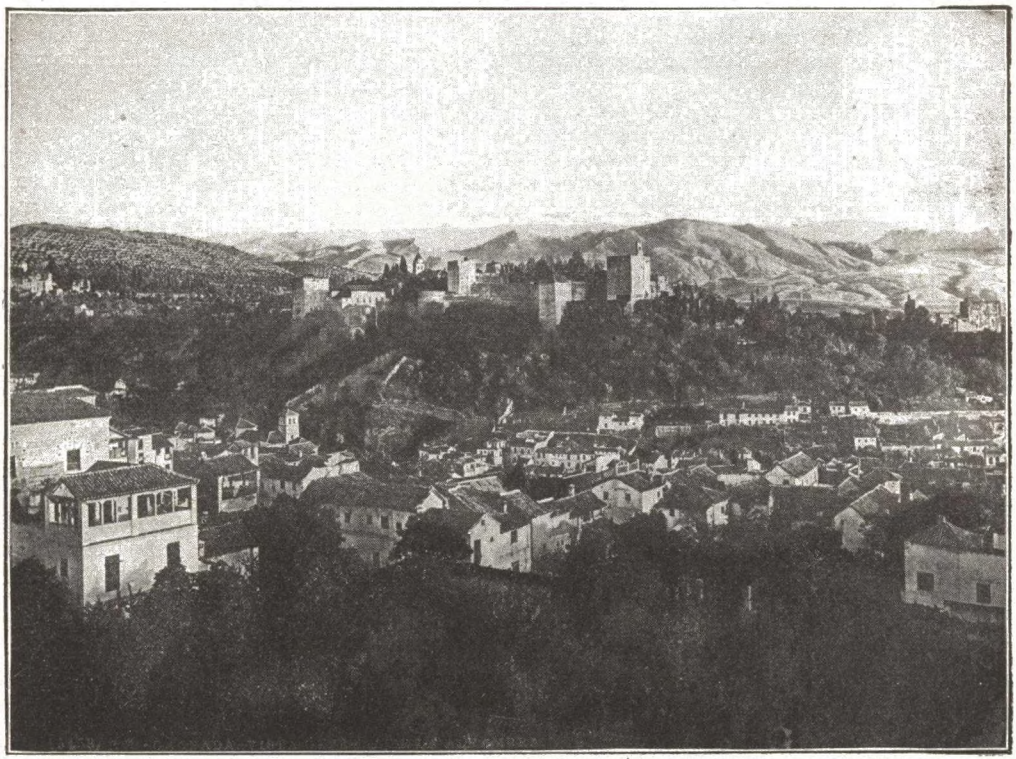
Thus ended my experiences, covering a period of eighteen months, in this daring campaign.

By means of flying columns and superior strategy General Smuts had captured nine-tenths of German East Africa and driven the Germans from all their fortified positions.

THE SHINING TOWN.

By BART KENNEDY.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.



A general view of the beautiful city of Granada, showing the Alhambra and the surrounding snow-capped mountains.
Photo. by Photochrom Co.

A fascinating and picturesque sketch of life and scenes in Granada. Mr. Bart Kennedy, whose delightful stories of tramp-life are well known to our readers, describes the old Spanish town, its sights, its people, and its tourists, from his own point of view.

LIFE in Granada was as the life in a beautiful dream. The sky above was a clear, magical blue. The people went along easily and calmly. No one was ever in a hurry. No one ever seemed to do any work—save the tourists who rushed around seeing the sights!

One could not help feeling a sorrow for these misguided people who were so very much out of the picture in enchanting Granada. They saw the detail, but missed the meaning of the glorious sunlit town. It often occurred to me that the see-er of sights was a person who had blinder eyes than usual. They used to rush and hurry and bustle and scuttle all over the place. Hustling through the Alhambra, hustling through the cathedral, hustling everywhere. Working twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four. The calm and peaceful Spaniards looked upon them but as money-bringers. Often I sorrowed for them. Often I thought of them as I took my ease, Spanish-wise, in a large chair under the elms in the Alhambra.

Of course, the right way to get some real knowledge of Granada was studiously to avoid endeavouring to get it. The proper wrinkle

was to refrain carefully from seeing the sights. If they came your way, well and good. It wasn't your fault. If you adopted this plan, your reward came to you in the end. The soul of the magical town revealed itself to you.

The Spaniards of Andalusia! They were the most charming people I ever met. Calm, gracious, easeful people who never by any accident did to-day what they could put off till to-morrow. *Mañana!* That soothing, delightful word summed up their philosophy of life. They were wise enough to grasp the fact that they only lived once, and they adopted a course of action—or, rather, inaction—that was calculated to allow them to live as long as possible. What they really thought of the tourists I know not. But they were kind to them; for the Andalusian is the finest gentleman in the world. It matters not whether he be beggar or Don.

I was nine weeks in Granada. And I am free to say that these nine weeks were worth any nine years of my somewhat varied life. I simply passed from dream to dream. I carefully avoided effort of all kinds. I just allowed myself to glide through the immense sunlit dream. And the result is that there is in my mind a clear, perfect picture of the town. I see the Calle de los Reyes Catolicos as clearly now as when I was in it. I see the strangely beautiful Alhambra. I see the cathedral. I see the people passing calmly along the streets. I see the beautiful women in the Paseo. And high, high above the town I see the snow-crowned Sierra Nevada. Mountains of wonder! Off up there is the peak—the Picacho de Veleta.

Yes, I absorbed Granada in those nine magical weeks. In a way it became part of me. And it always will be part of me.

The beggars! They performed the miracle of combining a superhuman persistence with a great and gracious politeness. They were always to the fore. But they worked not their art upon the Spaniard. They confined themselves to making the innocent, hard-working tourist part. Occasionally a tourist would get the delusion that he could shake them off. But the delusion quickly vanished into nothing. For the beggars were supreme artists. What they didn't know about making the tourist part with the peseta could have been written on a postage-stamp with a thick quill-pen.

I stayed at the Hotel Siete Suelos in the Alhambra. We had our meals in the garden. This garden was the most beautiful imaginable. Dining there was as if one were dining in fairy-land. And all the while music was playing. Often I wondered if the whole scene were not a dream.

People were coming and going the whole of

The patio of a gentleman's house in Seville, showing Andalusian girls wearing typical shawls and the mantilla.
Photo. by H. G. Ponting.

The Alhambra at Granada. It was built by the Moors on the shoulder of a mountain overlooking the city.
Photo. by Photochrom Co.

the time. Rarely did they stop for more than two or three days. Their idea was to get through as much sight-seeing as possible in a very short space of time. Then they would rush forth from Granada to sight-pastures new.

These people as a rule brought guides and couriers with them. A guide is, perhaps, in a way, all right. It is conceivable that he may enter the Kingdom of Heaven when his time is ripe. But couriers——? No. I shudder to think as to what will happen to them when they get to the other world. They are indeed beings of a weird and fearsome calibre. They have the healthiest imaginations of all the varieties of humans I have ever met.

They were not Spaniards. They hailed from Gib. The Spaniards called them Rock Scorpions. The way they improved upon the truth, and the way they bullied the people whom they were leading about by the noses, was awful. And the people who got it worst of all were the rich tourists, for—unluckily for themselves—they were able to procure the well-known, high-priced courier. He made his charges toe the line. They couldn't call their souls their own. They had to do what he said and go where he willed. And all the time he was filling them up with information of the strictly inaccurate brand.

A word as to the waiters at the hotel. They were not as the waiters one finds usually in the north of Europe. They were in no way servile, but they did their work well. They had a man-to-man air about them. If you were a millionaire who tried to hustle them, you would find yourself left. In fact, I saw a millionaire who was put through it very badly. I will refrain from mentioning his nationality. He laboured under the delusion that millions absolved one from manners. He was in the habit of coming to the table and shouting at the waiters. But Juan, the waiter with the fierce eyes, trained him to comparative civility in the end.

He stayed at the hotel for something over a week, and he showed a disposition for the enjoyment of my august society. He was a persistent person, and we used to have conversations. But they ran on acrid lines, the talk of a rich person—the person who had captured his own

booty, who was the architect of his own fortunes. One day, as we were exchanging views, he waved his hand towards the Sierra, saying :—

"What a good thing it would be if the resources in them were developed. It would be splendid if this place round here were made prosperous. Think of the towns that would spring up filled with busy people."

"Yes," I agreed, "it would be a very good thing, for then people like you would be able to exploit and sweat them."

Hardly a pleasant or friendly remark, I admit. But the millionaire was a very odd bird. He only grinned and offered me a cigar.

"You'll do," he said, as I was lighting it.

We only had two more conversations after that. But they ran on comparatively friendly lines.

A pushful German with a red beard, for it was the days before the war, arrived at the hotel. He spoke English perfectly, and we got into conversation. He was a more hustly tourist than usual, and he was usually engaged in doing several things at once. Amongst other things, he took my picture at the table as I was sampling a glass of Valdepeñas, the yellow-coloured wine of the country. Before he left we had a row, as I considered his criticism of England a trifle German.

Andalusian gipsies in their picturesque costumes.
Photo. by H. G. Ponting.

Occasionally a delightful person came to the hotel. In the vast majority of cases the visitors had the sight-seeing bee in their bonnets. But one day a young Frenchman turned up. His name was Maurice de Waleffe. He was one of the nicest and most charming fellows I ever met.

He stayed at the hotel for quite a while—some three weeks, I believe. He was not a sightseer. He fell into the spirit of the place. We used to sit together for hours under the elms in the Alhambra. We did not have very much to say to each other, for my French was non-existent, whilst Maurice's English was in the same boat.

Gipsies used to come round. Picturesque people who worked even less, if possible, than did the delightful people of Granada. As beggars they were magnificent. There was one old man who was said to be the King of the Gipsies, and when he asked for alms, he asked in a kingly manner. His bow, when he received a peseta, was a thing of grandeur. It was well worth the price, and his royal smile was benign and splendid.

The gipsies were too wise to pay rent. They lived in caves in the face of the mountain. They had been in the Albiacin —the name of their quarter — for hundreds of years. I visited one of these caves. It was fitted up quite comfortably. A good strong house. And added to that was the fact that rent-day was a day unknown in the calendar of the cave-dweller. I left the cave, filled with respect for these people, who were at once illiterate and more intelligent than literate people.

At night the Alhambra rang with song. Men used to come up from the town and sing, strumming their guitars in accompaniment. Their

Granada as seen from the Generalife, regarded as one of the most beautiful views in the world.
Photo. by H. G. Ponting.

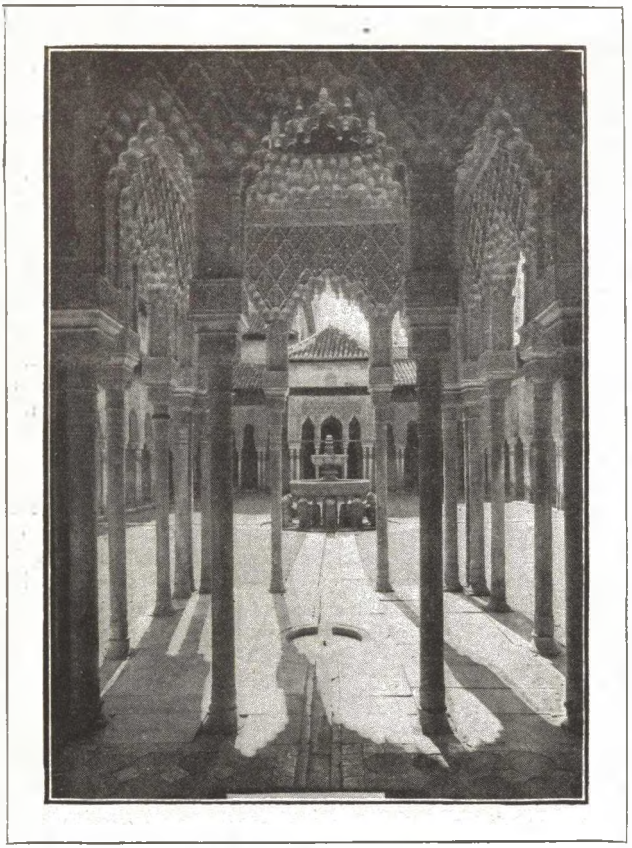
voices were not trained in the conventional musical sense. But they had the virtue of individuality. They were not all formed on the same pattern, as are the voices of the usual professional singers. And I may say that they often got curious and beautiful effects through the skilful use of intervals unknown in the diatonic scale. They sang songs of love and revenge, and of marching and of fighting. Wild songs of the Sierra Nevada. At times they sang till well after midnight, and then they would go down from the Alhambra into the town, still singing.

The Alhambra is on the shoulder of a mountain. It overlooks the town. It was built by the Moors, and I take it that it was built overlooking the town for the usual reason. The ruling Moors lived therein, and they wished to be in a position to give the non-ruling Moors what for when they became too critical. There is a lot of human nature in ruling people just as there is in ruled people. A beautiful place, this Alhambra. But to me its architecture expressed decadence and weakness. There was nothing strong or massive about it. Whether a race expresses truly its character in architecture or not is not for me to say. To be able to give a reliable opinion as to this would necessitate the living of a life that lasted through a couple of thousand years. But certainly the Alhambra did not suggest power and vigour. Beauty, yes, and also fancy, but nothing more.

But on the Cuesta de los Muertos (the Hill of the Dead), which was outside the actual palace of the Alhambra, were three massive square towers. They expressed strength. In them had lived—centuries before—the Mohammedan soldiers of the Guard. These towers impressed me, and I often went to see them in the moonlight, for then there seemed to be in their strength and power some weird effect.

Whilst I was in Granada I fell, in a certain sense, from grace. I mean that I took on something that entailed hard and strenuous work. I took it upon myself to climb Muley Hassan, the highest mountain in Spain. Why I did this I cannot tell. The doing of it was not in the picture, as the saying has it, but there are times when the best of us fall.

It was a four days' job of real unadulterated toil. It wasn't a dangerous mountain. But it was hard leg-work through the whole of the



The Court of the Lions, Alhambra.
Photo. by H. G. Pontine.

time. Of course, there were the views, for it is the business of mountains to provide them. But hard climbing is apt to knock the sense of the æsthetic out of one. It is right enough to see the high mountain from the depths of the valley, or the flatness of the plain. But when you are on the top of the mountain, you are too engrossed with the consideration of your own idiocy to feel entranced with the view.

At least, that was the way I felt when I was breathing the pure, thin air on the top of Muley Hassan. It wasn't an enormously high mountain—eleven thousand seven hundred feet, as a matter of fact—but it was high enough. And I thought of my big chair under the Alhambra with regret. Fernando, my guide, was pointing out the splendour of the view. Or, to be exact, he was telling me of the splendour of the view that would have been revealed were there no mist. The mist-trick is one of the common tricks that a mountain plays you when you have climbed to the top of it. When I got back to the hotel the people there seemed to think I had accomplished a wondrous feat. But the Andalusians are very polite, and it may have been also that they considered a man who would voluntarily take on such a job as at least oddity enough to be accorded notice.

My nine weeks' stay in Granada made me a kind of old resident, so to speak. For, as I have said, it was the custom of the visitors to stay but two or three days. I got to know quite a number of the Spaniards who lived in the neighbourhood. One of them, who owned a *pueblo* (village), invited me to stay the day with him. He lived in a castle in the village—a castle, part of which had been built in the times of the Moors. He was a nice man, and his wife and daughters were charming, but conversation is apt to flag slightly when neither knows the other's language. Not by gestures can one live, I mean converse, alone. The gesture is all right on vital, primal occasions. But as a vehicle for the transmission of continuity of thought it is apt to get overworked quickly.

There was a lady with us, however, who spoke some English. But the thing happened that usually happens with an interpreter on such occasions. Instead of doing her work of interpreting, she got making remarks of her own. When I would ask her to change a sentence of mine into Spanish for the benefit of the Don, she would do so, and then she would branch off into a conversation on her own account.

One of the things that impressed me in Granada was the essential democracy of the attitude of one person to another. For example, the coachman addressed the Don by his Christian name, Emilio. And the Don was a nobleman of an old and distinguished family. Imagine this happening in England! And yet Spain is alleged to be a backward mediæval nation by the people who belong to the hurry-up, kno k-'em-down and drag-'em-out countries.

I remember going one day on a journey to a gold-mine some miles away from Granada. My Spanish friends at the hotel owned it, or

had a share in it, and they thought that it would be a splendid thing if I could get some innocent London capitalist to put money into it when I got back to England. I forget, at the moment, the amount of capital I had to get, but I remember that my share was to be some three hundred thousand pesetas, about ten thousand pounds. I explained to my friends that the innocent English capitalist was a somewhat wily bird, and that putting salt on his tail was not as easy a matter as they seemed to think. But the Andalusians were champion optimists. They averred that a man of my personal magnetism and big intelligence would have no difficulty in persuading the English capitalist to invest, especially when I explained to him, in detail, the splendours of the mine. To be told that one has a large-sized intelligence is one of the subtlest ways of flattering a man—and I fell. Besides, it occurred to me that there might conceivably be something in it.

So off we went, laden with several bottles of champagne and other ingredients for the making of an interesting lunch. I believe there were six of us all told, outside the driver of the conveyance and a man with one eye. I don't like to say anything rude concerning an Andalusian, but really this one-eyed man was a tough-looking person. He wore the air of one who had performed innumerable deeds in the bandit line. He was certainly an old bandit who had retired from business. I was told that he was a dead shot. A Gascon came along with us to act as interpreter and explainer-in-chief.

The mine was an interesting place. It had been worked for many hundreds of years. The Romans even had had a shot at it, and after them the Moors, and now the Spaniards. It occurred to me that my friends seemed to think that gold was a thing that grew. But I did not clothe my thoughts with words. It would have been rude.

The lunch! Ah, that was splendid. After it I began to see the possibility of coming to grips eventually with the ten thousand pounds. I went through one of the tunnels of the mine, and even though I bumped my head a good deal, the optimism, born of the magnificent lunch, was still with me.

After I got out of the tunnel, the one-eyed, retired bandit set an old Gladiator machine to work. And after a while a little gold was washed out for my edification. The one-eyed man showed it to me on the rounded end of a table-knife. It was a great moment—that moment when I looked upon the gold as it glittered on the end of the knife. We all drank a bumper to Spanish gold.

Years have passed since that time, and I am still minus my ten thousand pounds commission, but that lunch is as a bright, shining star in the firmament of my memory.

The people of Granada were artists in the living of life. Being amongst them made me feel that a country may not be what is called prosperous, and that it may at the same time be a most delightful place in which to live.

The countries that are called prosperous are, invariably, too pushful. Prosperity, in the national sense, simply means the doing of a large volume of business. I have been in the busy, prosperous country and I have been in the country where things went easily, where nothing mattered, and the people of the latter country always had the better time. But I am not going to go into the contradictions of the human economic system. Sufficient is it to say that national prosperity seems to be somewhat of a double-edged sword.

As I sat in my chair under the elms, I used often to wonder what Granada was like when the Moors had it. It was said to have been much bigger, and of more import. But it certainly could not have been more beautiful. It was an old place, and it had upon it the charm and softness and glamour of age. It was a place upon which had fallen the strange, calm, mysterious spirit of the East. The mountains that surrounded it were now as they were in the time of Boabdil. The stretch of time, since his passing, since his giving up of the keys of Granada to Ferdinand and Isabella, was but as a day.

It seemed to me that the spirit of the Moor still watched over the beautiful town. It was a town of the East, and its people were a people of the East. Was it to be that the world would in time learn the lesson of the true wisdom of life from the East?

Beautiful old town set as a jewel in the midst of great mountains! It comes to me now in all its strangeness and charm and wonder. Again I hear the sound of the waters coming down from the Sierra Nevada. Again I see the gipsies in the Albiacin. Again I hear the wild songs and the strumming of the guitars. Again I see the three square towers on the Cuesta de los Muertos—the towers where lived the Mohammedan soldiers of the Guard. It all comes back to me. It rises up before me, a great, vivid, luminous picture.

THE "WHITE" CHIEF OF PENRHYN ISLAND.

As related by SYDNEY RAWLINGS, and set down by A. H. BROWNE.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GILLETT, R.I.

A stirring story from the South Sea Islands. The Author was shipwrecked on the Penrhyn Island whilst on a voyage from San Francisco to Australia. His companions managed to get away in their boats, but he was seized by the natives, and to his astonishment the chief adopted him as his son, and on his death he became ruler of the island and its people. "The story is quite true," writes Mr. Browne, "and can be verified in all its details by the present British Resident of Penrhyn, for this island has since passed under the Union Jack, as well as by many people in Raratonga and New Zealand."

SYDNEY RAWLINGS and I had been schoolmates at Auckland, in New Zealand. After close companionship at college it was with feelings of mutual regret that we parted. Being of an adventurous disposition I preferred an open-air life to office work, and in 1872 proceeded to Tahiti to join my brother, Mr. J. E. Browne, late of Perth, Western Australia, and lately deceased, who was connected with cotton-growing in that beautiful island. Three years later I found my way to Raratonga, of the Cook Group, where I still reside. Here, to my great surprise, I again met my old school chum, Sydney Rawlings. It appears that he had also developed a desire for island life, and had obtained a position as secretary to a Mr. Hamlin, a trader at Raratonga. I will now take up the story of Sydney Rawlings as he related it to me many years later.

It was at Raratonga, in 1872, that I assisted in the coronation of Queen Makea-ariki. The King of Raratonga, Makea-Abeta, died in that year, and the next in succession happened to be a buxom young lady named Takau, who was married to the King of Atin and resided with her husband on that island, a distance of ninety miles north-east of Raratonga. On the death of King Abeta a cutter owned by my principal (Hamlin) was chartered to proceed to Atin for the purpose of bringing over the new queen-elect. As owner's representative I proceeded in the cutter on this voyage. A week afterwards we returned to Raratonga with the new queen, her husband, and a retinue of upwards of one hundred Atinan warriors. Queen Makea-Takau ruled at Raratonga upwards of forty years, and it was during her reign that not only Raratonga but all the islands of the Cook Group became first a protectorate under the British flag, and subsequently a dependency of New Zealand.

It was shortly after this event that a large barque-cutter, the *Alecto*, called at Raratonga, bound from Newcastle, New South Wales, to San Francisco, under the command of Captain Emerson. He and I became great friends, and he opened up to me the golden prospects of a new life in America, at the same time urging me strongly not to waste my life in the islands. His plausible arguments took effect, and the consequence was that I wished my old friend Hamlin good-bye and started for new fields in the good ship *Alecto*, bound for golden California.

After a tedious voyage of forty-five days we landed at Honolulu, in the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands, in order to obtain fresh vegetables and water. I was much interested in the Hawaiians, as their ways, customs, and language had, I discovered, a close affinity to those of the Cook Islanders, although they were three thousand miles apart. A week later we entered the Golden Gate. After the arcadian life of the sunny isles of the Pacific I now found myself plunged into so-called civilization. My friend, Captain Emerson, being so busy with his ship and cargo, was of little assistance to me, and I was thrown on my own resources. I hunted the

city for temporary employment day after day without success, but always returned at night to the *Alecto,* disillusioned and only too pleased to get a cup of tea and a biscuit. An odd job or two of portering on the city front only kept me from actual want, and I sighed disconsolately for the tropics of New Zealand.

After a month of this dismal life I discovered a large ship loading timber for an Australian port. With the assistance of Captain Emerson I obtained a berth on the boat as second steward. Little did I then think that this voyage would come to a disastrous end and prove the turning-point in my career for life. It appeared that the *Venus*—for that was the name of the vessel—had been chartered to convey a duplicate cargo of timber to Australia, the original ship and cargo having been unfortunately wrecked at Penrhyn Island, in the South Pacific, some months previously. This island being right on the track of vessels voyaging from San Francisco to Australia, our ship sailed practically the same route as her predecessor. After a pleasant voyage of some thirty days we came in sight of Penrhyn, and sailed along about four miles off the coral barrier reef with a fresh breeze on the quarter. Our captain and officers were on the poop with their binoculars endeavouring to locate the remains of the previous wreck. Suddenly, without warning, there was a fearful crash, and our ship came to a standstill, with masts and cordage over the lee side. We had been wrecked on a submerged coral patch of reef protruding some four miles out from the main reef. Subsequently I frequently visited this coral patch on fishing expeditions. It is about half a mile in circumference, totally submerged, having about nine feet of water over it at low tide.

The *Venus* was a total wreck, hard and fast on the reef, similar to her predecessor, but some miles from the former wreck, which was on the main barrier reef. We discovered that the bottom of the ship was completely smashed in; but the sea being comparatively smooth, she stood upright, and no seas were breaking on either vessel or reef The ship's boats were ultimately got over the side, and loaded with provisions, to take us all on shore; but before we had an opportunity of getting into the boats we perceived a fleet of canoes coming off from the island, full of dusky natives, gesticulating wildly with spears and other warlike implements. We were not, however, seriously alarmed, as we knew that the crew of the previous ship had been hospitably treated by the natives. On near approach a parley was held with the principal chief, who was in the largest canoe, through an indifferent interpreter, who had served on whaleships. We had no option but to place ourselves in the hands of the natives and trust to luck. We were conducted through a narrow passage in the reef and landed on an islet about three miles in circumference on the fringe of the barrier reef.

We subsequently discovered that this islet was one of many situated at intervals round the circular main reef, the centre being an immense lagoon of from two to ten fathoms in depth, but completely sheltered from the billows of the ocean. These islets form a little group some thirty miles in circumference. Every islet is thickly studded with coco-nut trees. With the exception of some dwarf scrub, coco-nuts are the only vegetation that grows on the islands, the soil being merely sand and pebbles. On landing we noticed immense stacks of Californian timber, the recovered cargo of the previous wreck. There were no European inhabitants; while the islanders, who were similar to those found on the Cook Islands and spoke an almost identical language, wore very little clothing. I was pleased to discover that I could converse with them, having picked up the island "lingo" while at Raratonga.

The chief, whose name was Mahuta, appeared friendly to us at first, and allowed us comparative freedom with his people. We discovered later, however, that this was merely a blind to put us off our guard.

Our captain decided to fit out our boats, three in number, and attempt a voyage to Samoa, in the Friendly Group, about eight hundred miles to the westward. Whilst these preparations were going on Mahuta appeared to be getting uneasy and reticent. He watched our preparations keenly, and we could see he was not at all pleased with the way things were going, though he tried not to show it. Outwardly he appeared friendly, but now and again, after he had partaken too generously of the native "toddy," an intoxicating stimulant extracted from the head of the coco nut tree, he was most authoritative and inclined to be abusive.

It so happened that one moonlight night, on approaching some large coral boulders, whilst taking a solitary walk on the beach, I thought I heard voices on the other side. I at once went down on my hands and knees and carefully crawled closer, and peering through a perforation of the rock I saw, to my surprise, a party of natives conversing rapidly one with another. I recognized Mahuta amongst them. Quietly I crept closer, and I managed to overhear the gist of the conference. To my consternation I discovered that an attack was to be made upon

"I managed, however, to fire one shot in the air and gave a great shout. I was then thrown down, and became unconscious from a blow on the head."

us the following night, and we were to be all murdered in our huts, the programme being that when the next vessel called at the island it was to be given out that our ship had been lost with all hands. Hastily I made my way as silently as possible to my comrades, informing them of all that I had overheard. As our boats were now practically ready for sea, our captain decided to get away the following evening before the threatened attack. We all worked feverishly the next day getting stores and water together for provisioning the boats. To put Mahuta off the scent we told him that, though we had loaded up the boats for departure, our intentions were to rest for a few days before setting sail. To this plan the chief willingly agreed, and appeared more friendly towards us.

The natives all through the Pacific retire, as a rule, to rest soon after dark, and we decided to leave at ten p.m At the hour appointed we got quietly into the boats, and were about to sail when the captain called me.

"Oh, Rawlings," he said, "I have forgotten my revolver and cartridges. They are in the hut. Run back and get them. It will not take you a minute."

I grudgingly returned to the hut and, having obtained the revolver and cartridges, was emerging from the door when I felt myself seized round the waist by strong, sinewy arms. I managed, however, to fire one shot in the air and gave a great shout. I was then thrown down, and became unconscious from a blow on the head.

It was broad daylight when I recovered my senses. Cautiously opening my eyes and glancing round I found myself in a large room. Mats and a pillow were around me, and my wounded head had been bound up. On closer scrutiny I recognized that I was in the best room of Mahuta's house, built with timber from the wrecked ships. Food was at my side and delicious fresh young coco-nut water, which was very refreshing. I found that with the exception of a protuberance on the back of my head, which had evidently been carefully washed and bandaged, I was comparatively unhurt.

Shortly after coming to my senses I detected that the mat which acted as a door was very quietly removed and a young dusky maiden approached, and, with a winning smile, inquired, "Are you better, Roreui?" (my own name, Rawlings, corrupted into the native tongue). My first inquiry, of course, was what had become of my comrades. I was informed that they had all got away, being favoured by a fresh and favourable wind at the moment of attack. These boats arrived safely at Samoa and reported me as killed by the Penrhyn Island natives.

After further attention from the maiden she left me, and, much to my surprise, Mahuta himself appeared, and with a smiling face inquired if I had quite recovered from the effects of the previous evening. After several more friendly remarks he made the startling proposal that he was prepared to adopt me as his son and heir. I was told that I was a handsome white boy; that he had long wished for children of his own, but had none, though he had many wives. Now the gods had given him an opportunity of securing a son with a white skin, who was highly eligible. He would be proud of the distinction, and would give me power in the land, and I should hereafter be acknowledges by all his subjects as a Chief!

It need hardly be said that I was filled with consternation at this rapid turn of affairs. Here was I, twenty-one, certainly lusty and strong, alone on this isolated island, friendless but for these dark-skinned natives. Was I to forsake my freedom, my nationality, and all that was dear to me to become a mere white savage? I asked Mahuta for time to consider the proposal. He gave me until the next morning, and left me with a scowling visage, evidently much disappointed that I had not agreed to his wishes. What was I to do? I had to choose between a possible lingering death and a remote hope of escape. Morpheus refused to visit me that night, and I lay meditating on the position, but towards morning my mind was made up. I would feign to accept the proposal of Mahuta, and at the same time leave no stone unturned in my endeavours to escape.

I need hardly say that Mahuta was delighted at my decision, and at once gave formal notice to all his subjects of my adoption. The usual native rites were concluded with much feasting and festivity, and I at once took up my position as Crown Prince of this dusky kingdom. From this time all went well. I was treated in a princely way, and made many friends, both male and female. I joined in their fishing expeditions and festivities, and thus gained much knowledge and experience in native ways and customs. The ship in which I had been wrecked had broken in half, and the whole of the timber had been washed ashore. With this and that recovered from the former wreck there were upwards of two million feet of first-class Oregon timber on the islet. I persuaded the natives to have it carefully stacked and covered with coco-nut palm leaves as protection from the sun. All fittings from the wreck, such as chronometers, brass work, sails, and rigging, were collected together and put under my charge. I had carefully thought out the value of all this wreckage, which I knew would amount to a considerable

sum if ever an opportunity occurred to dispose of it. On one of our fishing excursions I made the discovery that the large lagoon was teeming with the valuable pearl oyster "nacre." The natives being expert divers, I persuaded them to collect the shells in large quantities. I knew that this was of the "golden edge" variety, and worth something like two hundred pounds per ton; while occasionally valuable pearls were discovered.

I had been holding the position of Crown Prince of Penrhyn for over twelve months, when an accident happened which proved much to my advantage. One morning a castaway boat was seen approaching the reef. I sent a canoe off to rescue the derelict, when it was discovered that there was one occupant alive, the rest having perished from starvation and thirst. It appears that this boat had been driven to sea in a gale of wind from one of the Society Islands. The living occupant of the boat proved to be one John Mangles, of Tahiti. We managed to revive him, and he at last quite recovered from the disaster. The new arrival proved to be a man of very bad temper, and I took a dislike to him from the first. He was very quarrelsome and had periodical outbursts of passion. However, Mahuta seemed to like the man, and took him under his protection.

It was some months later that a tragic incident happened which resulted in Mangles' death, and also in that of my foster-father. One morning the two men were together on the beach, drinking the native "toddy." During the carouse a shoal of porpoises were sighted close in to the lagoon. Mahuta and Mangles at once launched a canoe and went in pursuit of the fish. After securing two they returned for a larger boat, and started off again, taking with them a large calabash of the native drink. The news that porpoises were in sight spread rapidly through the village and a fleet of canoes joined in the pursuit.

Securing a seat in one of the larger canoes, I joined in the fray. On near approach to Mahuta's boat we were somewhat surprised to find the two men quarrelling. We distinctly saw Mahuta strike Mangles heavily on the head with his ironwood paddle. Mangles then closed with his antagonist and both were thrown into the sea, closely enlocked. They disappeared at once in deep water and did not again rise. Two days later the bodies were recovered, still closely embraced.

The natives called a mass meeting, at which I was unanimously elected head chief, and thus became king of Penrhyn Island. I had grown to like the simple-minded islanders and felt it was my duty to do all in my power for them. I inaugurated schools and used my best abilities to enlighten them. The young people proved apt scholars, and my short *régime* turned out a great success. My thoughts all the time, however, were how to get away.

About a year after the death of Mahuta the opportunity came. It was a beautiful fine day with a fresh trade wind blowing when a schooner was sighted heading towards the land. With much delight I got a crew together and rowed off to the vessel. She proved to be the native-owned schooner *Taito*, of four hundred tons, of Rurutua, in the Austral Group. The master was a native of Rurutua, named Teanau, who had been taught the elementary rules of navigation by the French at Tahiti.

The *Taito* was short of water and provisions. We convoyed the schooner through the passage into the placid lagoon. Captain Teanau informed me that he was bound for Raratonga, and had been driven out of his course through stress of weather. These strangers, being all natives, were treated right royally by the Penrhyn Islanders, and remained with us over four weeks.

There was much consternation amongst my friends when I informed them that I had determined to take a passage in the *Taito* for Raratonga. The objection, however, was removed when I gave them a solemn promise that I would return in a few months with a large vessel laden with commodities necessary for the welfare of the island.

As the *Taito* had comparatively no cargo on board I loaded her with upwards of forty tons of mother-of-pearl shell. I also took with me a collection of valuable pearls that I had collected on various occasions. I also induced an intelligent youth, named Abeta Kainuku, to accompany me, who afterwards did very well for himself in trading at the island of Aitutaki, in the Cook Group.

After a pleasant voyage of ten days we arrived safely at Raratonga, where I was met cordially by many old friends, amongst whom was the lady, Queen Makea, whom I had brought from Atin in Hamlin's cutter some years previously.

As the schooner was on a roving cruise I easily persuaded Captain Teanau to convey the cargo to Auckland, in New Zealand. Here I disposed of the shells to Messrs. Owen and Graham, realizing upwards of six thousand pounds for them. My pearls I sold to various buyers for another thousand pounds. I then set to work to charter a suitable vessel to bring away the timber on the island, and at last found one at Sydney, the clipper barque *Vaite*, of four hundred

"The natives called a mass meeting, at which I was unanimously elected head chief, and thus became king of Penrhyn Island."

tons, under the command of Captain Thomas Harris. We loaded up the barque with island necessaries of every description, not forgetting large quantities of provisions, such as biscuits, flour, sugar, rice, etc. At Penrhyn European products were unknown ; coco-nut and fish were the only diet obtainable. My cargo cost upwards of four thousand pounds, and the chartering of the vessel another two thousand pounds. However, I well knew where ample and larger assets were available. After a voyage of thirty days we arrived at Penrhyn, and were at once surrounded with boats and canoes, and the islanders' shouts of welcome to their old friend and chief "Roreui" touched my heart. We sailed into the calm lagoon and came to anchor in five fathoms of water. On shore great festivities awaited us. Of the whole of the cargo I made a free present to the islanders.

After discharging the cargo I started the islanders diving for pearl-shell, whilst the *Vaite* was busy taking in a cargo of Oregon timber. In four weeks we secured fifty tons of shell—all that the vessel could hold with the timber that had already been loaded.

This work I found had been too heavy for me, and, my health becoming impaired, I determined to take in a partner, and secured one Philip Woonton, an old friend, with whom I had become acquainted in past years sailing in the schooner *Blanche*, once the yacht of Sir James Ferguson when Governor of New Zealand. The *Blanche* was subsequently wrecked at Penrhyn and her bones were but lately plainly visible on the reef at the passage of Omoka, on the west side of the island. Philip Woonton afterwards took up the whole of my business and did well with the balance of the timber and trading for pearl-shell at Penrhyn and the adjacent islands.

My story is now well-nigh told. The controlling power at Penrhyn was taken over by the influential chiefs who formed the government until annexation by the British Government, and are now incorporated with the Cook Islands, a dependency of New Zealand.

It was with much regret that I parted with my good friends the Penrhyn islanders. I retired to my old home at Raratonga, where I hope to end my days.

ONLY A HALF-BREED.

How a White Man's Squaw Prevented War.

By R. B. TOWNSHEND.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE SOPER.

A stirring tale of Red Indian life in the old days of the Woolly West. Our Author writes: "The incidents related happened in South-West Colorado in 1869, when the writer, who had just taken his degree at Cambridge, went out to what was then a very young Territory, but is to-day a great State. The eastern half of it was then full of buffalo and Plains Indians; the western half was held by the Utes, who were very unwillingly making way for the whites, how unwillingly this story shows."

"ROUSE up!" said Matthews, ex-war correspondent and self-taught artist, of Colorado Territory, U.S.A., shaking me by the shoulder. "There's a woman wants you here in the other room."

I sat up and tried to rub the sleep out of my eyes. I was an English undergraduate who had joined this queer specimen of the Wild West in the hope of finding adventures during my vacation. So far we had not had many, but I kept on hoping they were going to begin.

"Rouse up!" he repeated. "She's got a baby going to croak."

There wasn't much adventure in a sick baby, and I was very sleepy. After a forty-mile drive through the sand and sage-brush of the San Luis Park I had slept like a log, never even asking whose house we were in or who the owner might be.

"Come on," insisted Matthews. "You say you've been to Cambridge College. Let's see if your college learning can do anything for a sick kid."

Too sleepy even to protest, I staggered after him, and by the light of a tallow dip saw two swarthy, black-haired women bending over a little cot in which lay a white-faced baby.

"It's Goodyear's kid, the man that owns the ranch," said Matthews; "that woman there holding the candle's a half-breed Ute Indian whom he calls his wife. Oh, you needn't look scared; she don't know any English, and if she did she wouldn't care. She ain't nothing but a half-breed Ute, and the half of her that isn't Ute is Mexican peon; the Mexican cross don't put much sentiment into 'em, and you can just bet she's got no more feelings than a stone image."

The Western man's creed that the Indian had no feelings arose from the fact that it was a point of honour with the Redskins not to show any. Indians tortured their captives most horribly; but the captive was held to score off his torturers if only he could smile all through. The Indian, therefore, was brought up to let his face show no sign of what he felt inside; in short, to look like a stone image.

Matthews and I were rather keen on Indians, after a fashion, for we were busy hunting over South-West Colorado in hope of finding a big gathering of the Ute Indians assembled to meet General McCook, a great hero of the lately-ended Civil War and now Governor of Colorado Territory.

Consequently it was grown-up Indians, warriors in paint and feathers, that I wanted, not a poor half-breed woman and her baby. I stood

there blinking sulkily enough, but for all my drowsiness I saw Matthews was clean out of it when he argued that a half-breed had no feelings; I saw the mother's soul looking out with agonized entreaty through the woman's dark eyes, praying that the white stranger might work a miracle and save her baby. But, alas! I also saw the ashen hue of death on his tiny face.

"She couldn't send for a doctor, I suppose?" said I, helplessly.

"Doctor!" cried Matthews, irritably. "The nearest doctor's a good sixty miles off, and he wouldn't ride sixty rods for a half-breed's baby."

She might not know English, but her woman's quickness read in Matthews' tones that we had no help for her. She said something to the other woman in which I caught a word of Spanish that I seemed to recognize; the word was *padre*.

"She wants its father," I cried to Matthews. "She wants us to find Goodyear for her."

"Shucks!" he retorted. "She knows he's miles away, taking Governor McCook across the Cochetopa Pass. You bet she means another sort of *padre*. She's sort of a Catholic, like all them Mexicans, and what she wants is a priest to baptize it, so that it can go straight to heaven. But there ain't a priest this side of Conejos." Then, with a snort of scorn: "Say, can't you do the trick? Didn't they teach you that much at college?"

"No," I said, "I'm no priest." I thought a moment, and then added: "But this much I have heard, that the Roman Catholics do hold that any Christian man, or woman either, has the right to baptize in an emergency. In fact, she can do it herself"

"Reckon she thinks a man, specially a white man, would be a darn sight more efficacious," said Matthews, lightly.

The point seemed to me serious enough and queer enough. I remembered the happy family parties at home, and the decorated font at which my little brothers and sisters had been christened, and, boy as I was, a lump came in my throat as I asked the woman to bring a vessel of clean water; and there by the flaring light of the tallow dip in that rude frontier room with its mud-plastered walls I signed the little waxen brow with the cross, and the poor mother fell on her knees and kissed my hand. No more feeling than a stone image, indeed! What rot Matthews did talk! In that kiss the strong passion of love for her child and the warm gratitude she felt towards me gave him the lie direct, as did the clasp of her trembling hands on mine and her swimming eyes.

And she only a dark-skinned half-breed, between Indian and Mexican! At any rate, her mixed blood didn't prevent her from being beautiful, and the good old Bible phrase "dark but comely" came into my mind as fitting her exactly.

Goodyear, the rough frontiersman, was indeed a lucky man, and he might well be proud of his choice.

I had hardly ended the simple ceremony when a horse's steps sounded outside, and a man sprang into the room. It was Goodyear himself. He glanced hastily at his dying child.

"I'd got to come back," he said. "I've seen the General over the top of the Pass, and then I hit out straight for home."

The woman murmured something to him in Spanish, and he looked over at me.

"Thank 'ee, pard," he said. "You've done her a heap of good, I reckon"; and as he turned again to the mother and child Matthews and I slipped out.

A few minutes after Goodyear joined us.

"That's over," he said, briefly, "and I've got to give you the Governor's message, Mr. Matthews. He wants you to hurry up and join him. We've managed to get his sawmill outfit over the Pass and on down to Los Pinos, but the Governor's waiting for Smith, the interpreter. He can't hold his grand pow-wow with them Utes without Smith, and he's powerfully uneasy; the Utes are getting uglier every day. If you roll out right away now, before sun-up, you may catch him by noon; you'll be safest with him, not that he's what I'd call safe, not by no manner of means."

Goodyear had the frontiersman's deep distrust of "blanket" or wild Indians—a distrust too often well grounded.

"Oh, shucks!" cried Matthews. "These Southern Utes ain't going to make trouble. It's nothing but chin-music with them. Ouray'll keep 'em quiet."

"Who is Ouray?" asked I.

"The big peace-chief of the whole Ute nation. He's an Indian with brains, and he's been to Washington and seen Uncle Sam's soldiers and rifles and cannons. He knows. When the Southern Utes kicked against the treaty he made three years back ceding to us the whole of the Mountain Valley, he told Chief Ignacio and the rest of 'em straight out, 'My beloved brethren, it's no use your kicking; the white man has a gun for every tree.' Oh, his head's level. He'll hold 'em down right enough, whatever old thing the Governor wants out of 'em."

"Maybe so," said Goodyear, doubtfully. "I dunno. But Governor McCook's got a good

"You may kill me and my ten men, but there are ten thousand more behind us, and ten times ten thousand behind them. Ouray has seen them. Ask him."

nerve. Here he is goin' in with his triflin' ten-soldier-man escort when he ought to have a whole regiment of U.S. cavalry with him. He's got this new treaty of his out of Ouray for surrendering the whole Atlantic Slope, that's all of Colorado this side of the Great Divide, and he's to start a new agency for the Southern Utes over at Los Pinos. Now, them wild Utes from far out on the Uncompagre, 'way over on the Pacific Slope, ain't never seen a white man, without it's some unlucky prospector they've scalped; if they kick now, they and Mr. Shawano have jest exactly got the Governor in the hollow of their hand."

"Who is Shawano?" I asked.

"Their head war-chief. Ouray's jest their head peace-chief; he may do the talkee-talkee business with the Government, but Shawano's their real big man. He's a man-killer. He's killed more men than any other Ute, and they jest worship him, and he's got eight hundred warriors there."

With Goodyear's help we hitched up the wagon, and, whipping up the mules, splashed through the first ford of the Saguache Creek. There was no difficulty in following the trail up to and across Cochetopa Pass. The wagons on ahead with the sawmill outfit had left their mark plain enough, and we followed their tracks right to the Governor's camp. We found him fairly snorting with rage. Smith, the interpreter, had not turned up, and the Governor was in a fix. He was bound to have a reliable interpreter so that no mistakes could be made. In Colorado in 1869 only two white men spoke Ute. Smith was one; the other was Major Oakes, three hundred miles away on the Platte. Smith's absence was no fault of ours, however, and the General made us welcome, he and his tiny retinue of boys in blue.

And then suddenly there came a white horse ridden at speed through the timber from the west, and his rider was an officer in army blue, who sprang to the ground and saluted.

"General, there's trouble. The Uncompagres have sworn by all their gods they won't give way. They've defied Ouray and laughed in his face. Ouray hasn't enough backing. There was only one chief in the lot that had nerve enough to back him, and I've just passed him sitting alone by himself on the trail. Kaniatche his name is. He's got no horse with him. They've set him afoot! He, a big Ute chief, and afoot! I couldn't talk to him, but he made signs to me that the others had run him out. At least, that's what I guessed."

"And I guess," said the General, "that what I need is to have a talk with this Mr. Kaniatche

right away. So, Captain Alexander, if, as you say, he's afoot, you'd better take one of the escort and a spare horse and fetch him on here as quick as you can."

An hour later a dignified Red Man was seated by the camp-fire with his blanket folded majestically round him. Indian-like, his face indeed was controlled so as to show no emotion, but his expression was set and solemn. Evidently he had something serious to tell. Oh, if he could only have put it into English for us! He did try to explain in the sign-language, but not one of us could make out much more from that than Captain Alexander had been able to do.

"Great Scot!" groaned Governor McCook, "that interpreter Smith has fairly put me in a cleft stick. Say, Mr. Matthews, don't you know any squaw-man in these parts who would do instead?"

A man married to a squaw becomes an interpreter of sorts, for he is bound to find out what his spouse has to tell him, one way or another.

"There's Goodyear's wife, General," said Matthews. "She's half Ute, at any rate, and I know she understands a lot of their lingo. She's your only chance I can think of round here."

"She's a woman," said the General, "and the Utes are warriors and despise women. And she's got a sick kid; that was Goodyear's excuse for leaving me here last night."

"Kid's dead," said Matthews.

"That so?" said the General. "Well, I hate to fetch in a woman, but I don't see anything else for it, the way things are. Wonder if she'd leave the grave? Well, anyway, we must try. Mr. Matthews, would you do me the favour to take my buggy and drive down there as hard as you can, and don't come back without the woman and Goodyear. Say they've got to come."

Matthews hesitated. "Goodyear's mighty independent, General. Will he come when I bid him? And will he be willing to bring his wife into danger just because you say so? But," he continued, after a pause, "here's a man I'll bet she'll come for," turning towards me. "This gentleman baptized her baby last night, and she acted mighty loving towards him."

I flushed red as the Governor glanced at me with a new interest. "I should imagine, sir," he said, "that it is quite likely you may have some influence over her by your kindness. Will you oblige me by seeing what you can do?" And so inside of three minutes I was in the Governor's buggy making the best time I could on the back trail.

When I reached the cabin the door was shut. Could they have gone off somewhere? No. Goodyear himself opened the door, and I told him my errand. His face darkened.

"I'll come," he said. "I do know just a word or two of Ute. But it's no place for a woman. There'll be trouble over at Los Pinos yet, I'm thinking."

He turned to the woman, who was just behind him in the doorway, and quickly explained things in Spanish. Her eyes flashed as with a bound she sprang past him, and while she seized my free hand in both hers she fired a rapid flood of Spanish back at him over her shoulder. Resistance was vain: those glorious eyes turned alternately from him to me, and I saw in them a strength of character that it would take much to shake. A smile of triumph was on her lips as at last, slowly and reluctantly, the frontiersman yielded.

"She says she'd put her hand in the fire," he told me, "if it would pay for what you done last night, and she swears she's going." In a short half-hour she was seated beside me in the buggy, bound for the General's camp, with Goodyear showing the way on his best horse a hundred yards ahead.

The sun set just as we topped the Pass, and Goodyear now rode closer to the buggy to exchange a few words with his wife.

"Jest telling her as it's all right so far," he explained to me, "and that we shall soon see the Governor's camp-fire."

I envied the look of confidence and affection she cast at him, as she listened to the English words she could not understand. Yes, Goodyear was a lucky man.

Darkness had not long fallen when we reached the camp, and Mrs. Goodyear, as we all called her, proved to know Ute enough to interpret what Kaniatche had to tell. The General was so impatient to hear it that he hardly gave her time to take supper.

It made a picturesque scene there in the firelight: the dignified Red Man explaining his wrongs and the eager, absorbed face of the beautiful woman as she leant forward, her shawl drawn over her head, listening to every word. She told it all in Spanish to Goodyear, and then he in his turn translated it to us.

Kaniatche's tale was simple: he alone among the Southern Utes trusted in the wisdom of Ouray and was willing to do as the white man wished. For this his brothers had turned on him and driven him forth an outcast. Therefore he had sought the camp of the great Governor.

The General listened, grimly attentive. "You come right along with me," he said, when the chief had finished, "to Los Pinos. I'll see that you're not molested. The arm of the Great

Father at Washington is long enough to protect you." And the marvel of it was that Kaniatche believed him and consented.

With a courtly bow the General turned to the woman who was only a half-breed Ute. "Madam," he said, "you are the one person that has saved the situation, and I thank you in the name of the United States. You will not, I am sure, refuse to go on with us to the end, and see the thing through. Thank you once more." Again his doffed hat swept the ground as with another courtly bow he assumed her consent.

Her eyes were wet; something was still tugging at her heartstrings, something that pulled her back to her dead baby's grave. Yet she nodded assent.

Then the General gave orders. "We start at daylight," he said. "One of you boys'll have to give Kaniatche his horse and ride in the cook's wagon instead."

And so next day we reached Los Pinos. The new agency was in a lovely natural park on the Gunnison, and the first frosts had painted yellow and scarlet the quakenasp and dwarf oak that grew thick along the gulches. Every hilltop was crowned with the tall red columns of the pines, while the rich bunch-grass clothed all the slopes. The cone-shaped tepees of the Utes stood in clusters, each band grouped, as its sub-chief chose, near wood and water. Naked Indian boys were driving wiry ponies back and forth through the grass, while other boys were coming up from the creek with strings of splendid trout, and the gaily-dressed bucks rode in from the hills with dripping red lumps of fresh-killed venison and elk-meat hanging to their saddles. There were enough of them. The sawmill men swore they had counted five hundred tepees, and every frontiersman knows each tepee counts for at least two warriors.

The new agency was being built in the very middle of the park, and here the sawmill had been started, and the wagons set to hauling in logs to be sawn into timber to build with. This was the true sign of the white man's foot. Already mutilated tree-stumps stood where noble pines had been, yellow sawdust floated down the clear stream—the sawdust that kills the trout—and raw yellow skeleton buildings of unseasoned boards were being hammered together by clattering carpenters. No wonder the wild Uncompagres felt the desecration and shouted for war. Yet even over the wild Indians who had never before seen a white man the General's word had power. He summoned the reluctant chiefs to council, and they came. The debate was long and fierce, for the mountain warriors were stubborn. I looked at the ring of savage faces, and it seemed certain that they would never yield. What were the feelings of the woman who sat there interpreting their threats to the General and giving back his diplomatic answers to the savages in their own tongue? To have a woman so much as come into council with warriors was gall to the proud Utes. Did her heart quake? Well she knew how the Utes held us all in the hollow of their hand; and she knew, too, what her fate would be if they captured her. The Utes spare no horror to their captives. Her husband might keep his last bullet for himself. Would he keep the last but one for her? Yes, perhaps it was well that her baby was safe in its little grave!

But if these were her thoughts, the Indian blood in her enabled her to keep them well concealed. She did her work with splendid nerve. To and fro the tide of argument flowed. When the Uncompagres grew too insolent, and threatened us openly, the General answered:—

"You may kill me and my ten men, but there are ten thousand more behind us, and ten times ten thousand behind them. Ouray has seen them. Ask him."

The General's confidence in Ouray, publicly testified, carried weight; the Uncompagres listened, and at last they gave way. They would accept the treaty, and they would receive Kaniatche back; the pipe of peace was passed round, and we all breathed freely again. But the sawmill men, with the Western man's curious way of taking the gloomiest view of the future (and yet going on with the job), swore that, for all their talk of peace, our lives were not worth an hour's purchase.

When the council broke up and the Indians returned to their tepees we sought our tents, and presently a message came from the Ute chiefs that, as all was settled and peace was now secure, Shawano himself would give us a grand display of his warriors in full array. It was noon, and I noticed that the Indian visitors who had hung about our camp all disappeared. We had just eaten our midday meal, when the cry was raised, "Here they come!" and, running out, Matthews and I beheld, half a mile off, a long, long line of Indian warriors riding towards us at a gallop. Out they dashed fully eight hundred strong from the timber, where they had evidently been gathering, into the open park, their gleaming guns in their hands, their faces black with war-paint, their naked bronze bodies shining in the bright sun, the feathers in their long hair dancing behind them in the breeze. Shawano himself in all his glory led them, his gorgeous war-bonnet of eagle-plumes

"Up, up they came, and then at the last second their line split apart

streaming out four feet behind him. To right, to left, he circled in swinging curves, the endless line of warriors following him; then as if by magic he sent separate bands flying this way and that, forwards and backwards, weaving a maze of figures like a dance. And every man of the eight hundred as he raced along seemed to be a part of his pony, whose swift-twinkling hoofs bore him hither and thither as though man and horse were one.

"I never saw cavalry do evolutions better," said the General, eyeing them intently, his big, burly form a yard or two in advance of the rest of us, with Goodyear and his wife close up behind. Her lips looked drawn with the tense strain of that anxious morning, but her eyes were soft; she was remembering her baby.

"How in the world does Shawano manage it, General?" asked Captain Alexander. "He doesn't shout, and he doesn't use a bugle. Yet they all know exactly what he means."

"You've got me there," answered the General. "It's A number one; but the way he does it beats me."

Nearer to us in the plain scoured the flying waves of horsemen, and closer they wheeled and closer still, till we could count the stripes of paint on their faces and bodies and see each panting pony's wide red nostrils "like pits full of blood to the brim." We had been speaking in undertones before, perhaps half awed by the spectacle. Now we all fell suddenly silent.

What did the Indians mean? I cannot say what was in other men's minds; I only know

in the middle and each half dashed by us to left and to right."

my own ; and the thought that flashed up was " Treachery ! " For the next instant there was a terrific yell, and the whole line of Indians came straight for us at the charge, firing their guns. Yell followed yell, and the air was filled with crackling rifle-shots and whizzing bullets. I saw Goodyear's wife throw herself in front of him. Was it the woman's sacrifice to shield her man from the leaden hail, or to remind him to give her the merciful bullet ?

" This is the end," I thought ; but the big General in front stood like a rock.

Up, up they came, and then at the last second their line split apart in the middle and each half dashed by us to left and to right, the foam-flakes from their snorting ponies floating to the ground at our feet ; and then away in a cloud they dashed off into the pines to reload their empty guns We stood unharmed.

The babel had stopped and there was a great silence. " Just a little game to try our nerves," said the General's firm voice to Captain Alexander, " I knew they were only fooling with us when I heard their bullets go high. But I want to compliment that Mr. Shawano on his skill as a cavalry leader. Won't you call him up for me, Mrs. Goodyear ? " His eyes were still following the Indians, whom they had never left.

But Mrs. Goodyear did not hear him ; her wonderful nerve had given way at last, and she lay in a dead faint in her husband's arms.

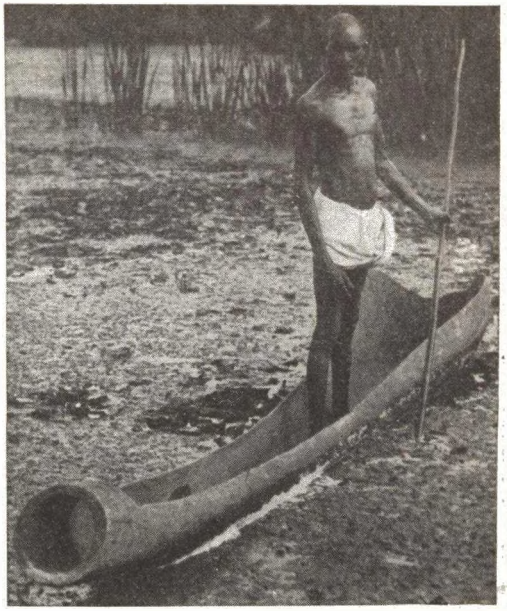
" She may be only a Ute half-breed," muttered Matthews, " but she's a white woman under her skin ! "

ODDS AND ENDS.

Playing the Flute with the Nostrils—Quaint Method of Fishing, etc.

THE Selangor Sekais, natives of the Malay Peninsula, are very fond of music, and favour especially a kind of reed flute, from which they can entice some very weird but often pretty and plaintive music. Unlike Occidentals, however, they play the flute with the nostril, as will be seen from the photograph reproduced below. It will be noticed also that the position of the hands is transposed—that is to say, placed in the reversed position to that of the flute-player of the West. What astonishes one most, however, is the volume of sound obtained by means of air blown through the nostrils. These men are frequently encountered playing the flute in this strange fashion at Perak, as well as in the country districts.

As is perhaps well known, the Bengali is a great fish eater, and, as a consequence, he has devised many extraordinary methods for catching his prey. Parts of Bengal being low-lying is flooded during the monsoons, and the water thus accumulated abounds in fish. These the Bengali proceeds to ensnare. One of the commonest and most favourite, because it is automatic and well suited to the lazy temperament of the people, is the basket or cage trapping method. Barricades of grass and matting are thrown across various points of a selected channel, and



The crude "dug-out" of the Bengali fisherman.

along these are placed several basket traps. As the fish come along they are caught. Those that leap over or otherwise escape the "blockade" get "netted" lower down. It is to visit these points, in order to collect his catch, that the fisherman uses the curious-looking craft seen in our photograph. It is a "dug-out" made from a single palm tree and is said to cost about fifteen shillings. As is to be expected, the surface of the water is covered with drift and other matter.

A soldier-reader in Egypt has sent us a snapshot of an Egyptian wedding carriage. As will be seen from the photograph here reproduced, it is highly decorated, gaudily painted, and covered with flowers. On the eve of a wedding the carriage that is to be used for the occasion is taken to the coach-builder, thoroughly overhauled, and redecorated and painted. Then on the morning of the wedding it is wreathed in the choicest of flowers. By means of thin wire cords the vehicle is garlanded in every way until it has almost the appearance of a moving rose-bower.

Natives of the Malay Peninsula playing the flute with the nostrils.

An Egyptian wedding carriage—It is covered with flowers.

How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests had given him in rapid order.

* * * * * *

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"*You can do this just as easily as I do.* Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years is president of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:

> "Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have *enjoyed* the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure *pleasure* all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instruction and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong. The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big search-light on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased earning power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publisher of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON.

Independent Corporation
Division of Business Education.
Dept. L, 119 West 40th St., New York
Publishers of The Independent, "The Most Satisfactory War Journal in America."

Please send me the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either remail the course to you within five days after its receipt or send you $5.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Wide World 7-18.

Man and His Needs.

What are YOU worth today? Not in money or property, but YOU, just YOU! This is the question suggested by the following, which we quote entire from "Business Success," published at Area, Ill.:

For the following Inventory of Your Positive Success Qualities, as it is called, we are indebted to Harry Newman Tolles, a widely known and unusually successful lecturer on business topics, who originated it.

Try this Human Balance Sheet on yourself. Mr. Tolles says in explanation: "You are somewhere between 1% and 99% on each quality in this list. Man is judged by his weaknesses. All errors are traceable to some deficient quality. It is well to see ourselves as others see us. You make yourself today what you will be tomorrow. Estimate yourself today. The second month you will approach a more nearly correct estimate. The fourth month you will be better able to look yourself squarely in the face. Your future self is in your own making."

Here is Mr. Tolles's Balance Sheet:

	Now	2mo	4mo	6mo
Activity				
Ambition				
Calmness				
Carefulness				
Civility				
Competency				
Concentration				
Constructiveness				
Content				
Courage				
Courtesy				
Decision				
Desire to serve				
Dispatch				
Earnestness				
Economy				
Faith				
Fidelity				
Generosity				
Good Judgment				
Gracefulness				
Gratitude				
Health				
Honesty				
Industry				
Initiative				
Just Commendation				
Knowledge				
Love				
Loyalty				
Memory				
Neatness				
Obedience				
Observation				
Total				

	Now	2mo	4mo	6mo
Open-mindedness				
Optimism				
Originality				
Order				
Peace				
Perception				
Persistence in Obedience to Higher Motive				
Poise				
Politeness				
Punctuality				
Purity				
Quick Mental Grasp				
Refinement				
Reasonableness				
Regularity				
Reverence				
Self-control				
Self-reliance				
Sense of Humor				
Sincerity				
Stability				
Straightforwardness				
Strength				
Tact				
Temperance				
Thoroness				
Thrift				
True Humility				
Trustfulness				
Truthfulness				
Total				

Estimate yourself on the basis of 100%. Average, NOW... 2nd Mon... 4th Mon... 6th Mon...

See what you make of it and be fair to yourself! An honest conscience is the very foundation of wisdom and good judgment, and wherein you are consciously lacking—seek!—and you shall find.

WATCHES

21 JEWEL Watches, 16 Size, that will pass Railroad Inspection

$2.50 A Month

CREDIT TERMS AS LOW AS——→

Watch Prices "Down to Bed Rock"

Our prices on high-grade, standard Watches are always the lowest, while values are top-notch. **Send for Watch and Diamond Catalog** and get posted about Watches before you purchase. Our Catalog illustrates and describes all the new models—Elgin, Waltham, Illinois, Hampden, and others—15, 17, 19, 21, 23 Jewels, adjusted to temperature, isochronism and positions. You do not have to take *any one special make* when you buy of us, for we have **all the best** for you to select from, and you **judge for yourself** after you see and examine the watch. Our watches are guaranteed by the factory and further guaranteed by us. We make any necessary repairs, barring accident, free of charge, for a period of three years from date of purchase.

Diamonds On Credit

Diamonds Win Hearts

SEND FOR CATALOG and see the splendid Diamond Rings we are selling on credit terms as low as $2.50 a month; Diamond La Vallieres as low as $1 a month; Diamond Ear Screws, Studs, Scarf Pins, at $2 a month; all mountings solid gold or platinum. Wrist watches at $1.50 a month. **Anything you select** will be sent prepaid by us. **You examine the article right in your own hands.** If satisfactory, pay one-fifth of the purchase price and keep it, balance divided into eight equal amounts, payable monthly. If not what you wish, return at our expense. You are under no obligation. **Send for Catalog today.**

LOFTIS BROS. & CO., The National Credit Jewelers
Dept. B861, 100 to 108 N. State Street, Chicago, Illinois
(Established 1858) Stores in: Chicago : Pittsburgh : St. Louis : Omaha

Delivered TO YOU FREE

Your choice of **44 styles**, colors and sizes in the famous line of **"RANGER"** bicycles, shown in full color in the big new Free Catalog. We pay all the freight charges from Chicago to your town.

30 Days Free Trial allowed on the bicycle you select, actual riding test in your own town for a full month. Do not buy until you get our *great new trial offer* and low Factory-Direct-To-Rider terms and prices.

TIRES LAMPS, HORNS, pedals, single wheels and repair parts for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. No one else can offer you such values and such terms.

SEND NO MONEY but write today for the big new Catalog. **It's free.**

Rider Agents Wanted

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. D-114 Chicago

WANTED-YOUR IDEA

Patent your Invention—I'll help market it. Send for 4 Free Guide Books with list of Patent Buyers, hundreds of Ideas Wanted, etc. Advice Free. **Richard B. Owen, Patent Lawyer, 67 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C., or 2278-L Woolworth Bldg., New York.**

THIS VALUABLE BOOK FREE

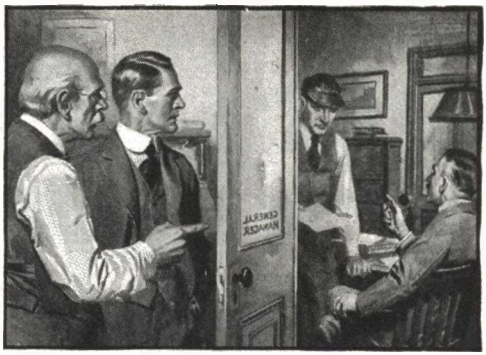
MOTOR CAR LAWS

YOUR IGNORANCE of the Law of the Road does not excuse you. PLAY SAFE! This book covers motor regulations of all States and traffic laws. Send 25c. for next 3 big colored numbers of The American Automobile Digest—**invaluable to every owner, driver, garageman,** repairman, dealer—and receive copy of "Motor Car Laws" FREE. AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE DIGEST, 1127 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Convert Your Bicycle into a Motor-Cycle

Motor fits any wheel, BEST, MOST RELIABLE. Best hill climber. More STEFFEYS in use than all others. Stamp for circulars.

STEFFEY MFG. CO. 5025 Brown St., Dept. W. Phila., Pa.



"Look At Him Today!"

"Six years ago he started in here just as you are doing. Now he's General Manager and makes more in a day than he used to make in a week. The first week he was here he began to train for the job ahead by studying in spare time with the International Correspondence Schools. Inside of six months he got his first promotion. You've got the same chance he had, young man. Follow his example. Take up some I. C. S. course right away. What *you* are six years from now is entirely up to you."

This is the story of thousands of successful men. They did their work well, and in spare time, with I. C. S. help, trained themselves for advancement. That's the thing for *you* to do. Whatever your chosen work may be, there is an I. C. S. Course that will prepare you right at home for a better position with bigger pay.

More than 100,000 men are getting ready for promotion right now in the I. C. S. way. Let us tell you what we are doing for them and what we can do for you. The way to find out is easy. Just mark and mail this coupon.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 3743, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

☐ ELECTRICAL ENGINEER	☐ SALESMANSHIP
☐ Electric Lighting and Railways	☐ ADVERTISING
☐ Electric Wiring	☐ Window Trimmer
☐ Telegraph Engineer	☐ Show Card Writer
☐ Telephone Work	☐ Sign Painter
☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER	☐ Railroad Trainman
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ ILLUSTRATING
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Cartooning
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ Stenographer and Typist
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Cert. Public Accountant
☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER	☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ Metallurgist or Prospector	☐ Railway Accountant
☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER	☐ Commercial Law
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ GOOD ENGLISH
☐ Ship Draftsman	☐ Teacher
☐ ARCHITECT	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Mathematics
☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ CIVIL SERVICE
☐ Concrete Builder	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Structural Engineer	☐ AUTOMOBILE OPERATING
☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING	☐ Auto Repairing
☐ Sheet Metal Worker	☐ Navigation ☐ Spanish
☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.	☐ AGRICULTURE ☐ French
☐ CHEMIST	☐ Poultry Raising ☐ Italian

Name_____

Present Occupation_____

Street and No._____

City_____ State_____

27 YEARS THE ENEMY OF PAIN

AK

HEADACHE TABLETS

AK FAC-SIMILE AK FAC-SIMILE

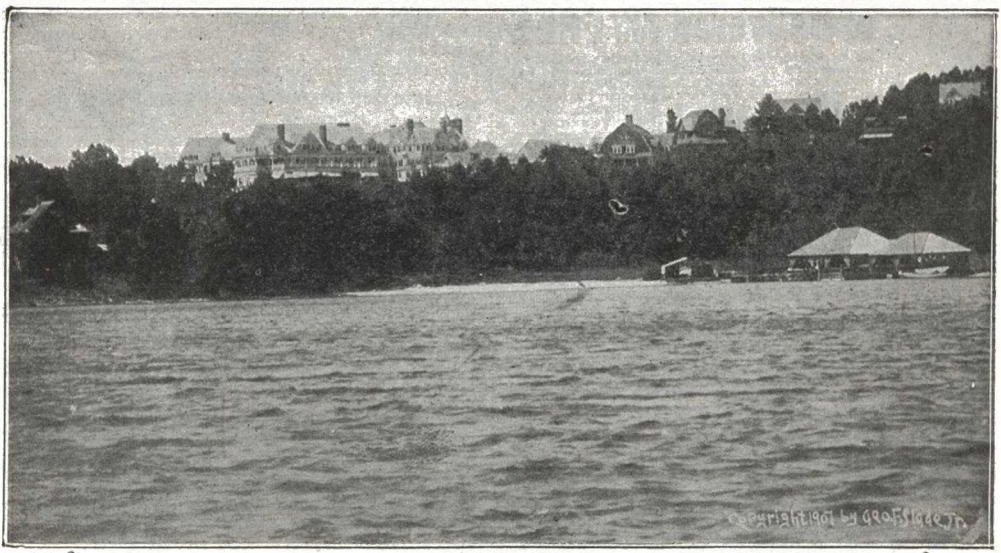
FOR HEADACHES, NEURALGIAS, LAGRIPPE, COLDS,
WOMEN'S ACHES AND ILLS

10 CENTS

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR "A-K" TABLETS

THE ANTIKAMNIA CHEMICAL COMPANY, ST. LOUIS

25 CENTS



GRANLIDEN HOTEL Lake Sunapee, N. H.

AT THE GATEWAY OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS—in the pines, spruces and balsams. Altitude 1200 feet. No hay fever. Good golf course; fishing for salmon and bass excellent; tennis, bathing, boating, canoeing, dancing, fine motoring, etc. The Ideal Tour Hotel at Lake Sunapee. Accommodates 300. Furnished cottages to rent. Write for circular. W. W. BROWN.

Winter season: HOTELS INDIAN RIVER and ROCKLEDGE, Rockledge, Florida.

Kindly mention this magazine when writing to advertisers.

STARTLING OFFER

Right NOW as other manufacturers are advancing prices on watches we are slashing OUR PRICES to absolute rock-bottom. WE ARE FORCING WATCH PRICES DOWN. We can do this simply by sacrificing all profits and through the special co-operation of Wide World.
This OFFER is made for DISTRIBUTION PURPOSES. Take advantage of this GREAT OFFER before it is withdrawn.

The ILLINOIS Famous $ Santa Fe Special 21 JEWEL RAILROAD WATCH 2.50 A MONTH

—the one standard railroad watch "That's Guaranteed for Life," thin model, all sizes, adjusted to positions, adjusted to isochronism, adjusted to temperature, adjusted to the second.

Write for FREE Watch Book Today

shows newest watch case designs in 4 colors. READ the so-called SECRETS of watch making. READ how you can save from ONE-THIRD to ONE-HALF of your money—Buy "Direct," cut out the wholesale jeweler's profit.

SEE WATCH FIRST

Beautiful combination name and emblem cases SENT WITHOUT ONE PENNY DOWN. EASY PAYMENTS to suit you. Write to-day. Your name on a postal brings the FREE watch book.

SANTE FE WATCH CO.,
Dept. 615, Topeka, Kan.

NEW CASE DESIGNS OUT EVERY DAY

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

HOTEL CHELSEA

West Twenty-third St., at Seventh Ave.,

NEW YORK CITY

EUROPEAN PLAN

500 ROOMS 400 BATHS

Room, with adjoining bath, $1.00 and, $1.50.

Suites, parlor, bedroom and bath, $3.00 and upward.

Club Breakfast, 30 cents up.
Special Luncheon, 50 cents up.
Table d'Hote Dinner, $1.00 up.
Cafe attached.

To Reach Hotel Chelsea.

From Pennsylvania Station, 7th Avenue car south to 23d Street;
Grand Central, 4th Avenue car south to 23d Street;
Lackawanna, Erie, Reading, Baltimore and Ohio, Jersey Central and Lehigh Valley R. R. Stations, take 23d Street crosstown car east to Hotel Chelsea.
Principal Steamship Piers, Foot West 23d Street, take 23d Street crosstown car.

WRITE FOR COLORED MAP OF NEW YORK.

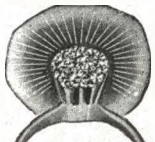
DIAMONDS WATCHES

TEN PAYMENT PLAN

7½% Yearly Increase Guaranteed

SPECIAL TERMS—TEN MONTHS credit on any article selected from the SWEET Catalog. **No money in advance.** Shipment made for your examination. First payment to be made only after you have convinced yourself that SWEET values cannot be equalled. If not what you wish return at our expense.

Any Diamond bought of us may be returned for exchange at an increased value of 7½% more than you paid. We stand alone in this offer.



SPECIAL VALUE

SWEET'S CLUSTER; 7 Fine Diamonds, Set in Platinum. Looks like $225.00 Solitaire

Price $48.50

No Red Tape—No Delay

Every transaction CONFIDENTIAL. You don't do justice to yourself and your dollars unless you inspect our unusual values in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Phonographs, etc.

Send TODAY for SWEET De Luxe Catalog. Write NOW to Dept. 26M.

L. W. SWEET & CO. INC
2-4 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.

We'll Send You a Lachnite —Just Send Your Name!

Don't send a penny. Just send us your name and address. We'll send a sparkling Lachnite Gem mounted in a solid gold ring, prepaid, right to your home. When it comes you merely deposit $3.75 with the postman. Wear the ring ten full days. *If you or any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back.* Your deposit will be returned immediately. If you keep the ring you pay only $2.00 a month until $16.75 has been paid. Send your name now.

Write Today Tell us which of these solid gold rings you wish (ladies' or men's.) Give us the size of your finger.

Harold Lachman Co., 12 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 8142 CHICAGO

Wonderful Camera Bargains

High grade Cameras shipped for one full week's examination and approval. You use the Camera and test it out for one full week and pay only if you choose to keep it. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Wholesale Prices

We ship direct from factory to consumer, eliminating all middlemen's profits. The Camera must serve as its own salesman. Our prices are so low and our terms of payment so easy that no one may be deprived of the pleasure of owning a splendid camera.

Write for Free Catalog

We will mail our latest catalog sheets free to all who ask for them. Write at once. A postal card will do. These catalog sheets show the latest sizes and low prices on the most beautiful line of cameras ever offered. Dept. W.

H. E. Sever & Co., 140 So. Dearborn St., Chicago

Your Bunion Can Be Cured
Instant Relief
Prove It At My Expense

Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 72,000 others in the last six months. I claim that "Fairy-Foot" is the only successful cure for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send it to you FREE, entirely at my expense. I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you feel with them all—you have not tried my cure and I have such absolute confidence in it that **I am going to send you this treatment absolutely FREE.** It is a wonderful yet simple home treatment which relieves you almost instantly of all pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. I know it will do all this and I want you to send for "Fairy-Foot" FREE, at my expense, because I know you will then tell all your friends about it just as those 72,500 others are doing now. Write now as this announcement may not appear in this paper again. Just send your name and address and "Fairy-Foot" will be sent you promptly in plain sealed envelope.

FOOT REMEDY CO.
3559 West 26th Street
CHICAGO

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Anti-septic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and **my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing.** A. O. LEONARD
Suite 349 705th Ave., N. Y. City

PILES
DON'T BE CUT
Until You Try This Wonderful Treatment.

The internal method of treatment is the correct one, and is sanctioned by the best informed physicians and surgeons. Ointments, salves and other local applications give only temporary relief

If You have piles in any form write for a **FREE** sample of ***Page's Pile Tablets*** and you will bless the day that you read this. **Write today.**
E. R. PAGE, 346A Main St., Marshall, Michigan

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

SIR JOHN BLAND-SUTTON, F.R.C.S., famous English physician, said in the "London Lancet": "Aguamiel" (the fresh sap of the Mexican century plant) "has been used as a remedy for inflammatory conditions of the urinary organs by Mexican physicians for centuries. Today American physicians send patients with Bright's disease to take an Aguamiel cure in Mexico."

AGMEL is aguamiel in concentrated form, with no alcohol or other ingredient used as a preservative and with all its medicinal values retained.

Literature upon request. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

AGMEL CO. OF AMERICA, INC.
14 Cliff Street New York

Deafness

Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as

Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Roaring or Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears"—require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable to wear at all times.

Write *today* for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and plenty of testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
686 Inter-Southern Building LOUISVILLE, KY.

OH, YOU SKINNY!

Why stay **thin** as a rail? You *don't* have to! And you *don't* have to go through life with a chest that the tailor *gives* you; with arms of childish strength; with legs you can hardly stand on. And what about that *stomach* that flinches every time you try a square meal? Are you a *pill-feeder?*

Do you expect Health and Strength in tabloid form—through pills, potions and other exploited piffle?

You can't do it; it can't be done.

The only way to be well is to build up your body—all of it—through nature's methods—not by pampering the stomach. It is not fate that is making you a failure; it's that poor emaciated body of yours; your half sickness shows plain in your face and the world loves healthy people. So be HEALTHY—STRONG—VITAL. That's LIVING. Don't think too long; send three 2c stamps to cover mailing expenses of my book, **"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy"** written by the strongest physical culture instructor in the world.

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist
575 PARK BLDG. NEWARK, N. J.

Practical Astrology for Everybody

By LLEWELLYN GEORGE

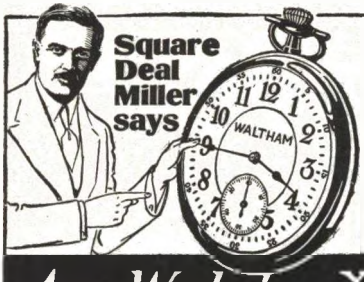
A birthday character reader showing all about health, business, location, partnership, etc. A bright, interesting and up-to-now treatment of modern Astrology from a practical point of view, dealing with our places in the zodiac and how to profit by it. Chapter teaching when to plant and harvest according to the Moon's zodiacal location. An excellent book for parents, teachers, physicians and business people.

In addition to the general readings and information, the new **third edition** of "Practical Astrology for Everybody," which we are now offering, contains a set of instructions for making a horoscope for birth and also for the progressed year of life (present year). The instructions are most simple and complete and modern in design, so that anyone may investigates the truths of Astrology by making their own chart and studying it.

The object of this work is twofold, namely: To give useful information of a generally interesting character concerning Astrology, and also to produce a reliable but low priced textbook. Price 50 cents.

American postage stamps in good order are acceptable, 1-cent denomination preferred.

THE LLEWELLYN PUBLISHING CO.
P. O. Box 638, Portland, Oregon



WALTHAM
ELGIN
HOWARD
ROCKFORD
ILLINOIS
HAMILTON

Any Watch YOU WANT on CREDIT

One Customer Writes: "I have had my watch just a year today and our watch inspector says its the best time keeper on the road. Please find enclosed my last monthly payment of $1.00." We have thousands of such letters on file from satisfied customers, who have bought from us on

30 Days Trial Express Paid No Money Down

You take no chances with me. I am "Square Deal" Miller and I trust the people. That is why I am doing the greatest credit Watch, Diamond and Jewelry business in the world.

Watches Guaranteed for 25 Years

I Smash the Terms

NO REFERENCES DEMANDED

My terms will surely suit you. You get unlimited credit.

A Charge Account the same kind of credit you get from your grocer No matter where you live or what your income might be, you can now own the finest of watches, a beautiful diamond or any rare jewelry and never miss the money.

Catalog FREE Send me your name and address so I can mail you Free and postpaid the most beautiful catalog of its kind ever printed. I want you to have this book. It's a gem. Write TODAY.

SQUARE DEAL MILLER, Pres.
MILLER-HOEFER CO. 1068 Miller Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Don't Grope for Words

We are all trying to SELL something—it may be brains, or automobiles, or soap—but words are the universal medium of exchange. LEARN TO USE THEM CORRECTLY—PROFITABLY. Get a command of English! Spend a few minutes daily with Grenville Kleiser's Mail Course, in Practical English and Mental Efficiency. It will surely teach you how to

Use Good English—*and Win*

Enlarge your Stock of Words—Use the Right Word in the Right Place—Write Compelling Business Correspondence, Stories, Advertisements, Speeches—Become an Engaging Conversationalist—Enter Good Society, etc.

Ask for free particulars *to-day*. We send them by mail. No agent will call.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 98, NEW YORK, N. Y.

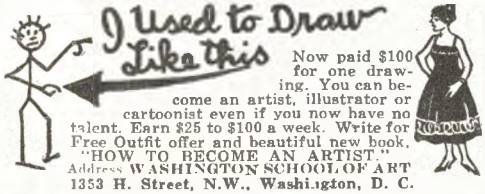
7 DAYS In your own home, during the evenings of just one week you can learn the famous

Lightning **PARAGON SHORTHAND**

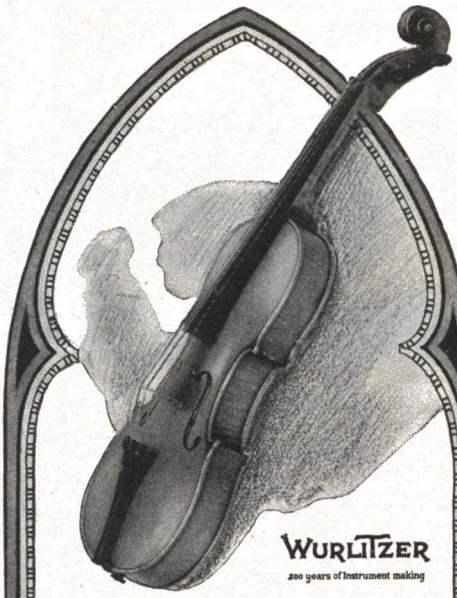
Then Practice Brings the Speed

Used in Government service; also in Court Reporting. Adopted by cities for High Schools. Wonderfully easy to read. Speed capacity practically unlimited. Positive proof before you enroll. Send for it TODAY.

PARAGON INSTITUTE, 529 Coliseum Pl., New Orleans, La.



Now paid $100 for one drawing. You can become an artist, illustrator or cartoonist even if you now have no talent. Earn $25 to $100 a week. Write for Free Outfit offer and beautiful new book, "HOW TO BECOME AN ARTIST."
Address WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
1353 H. Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.



Play It While You Pay

ANY of the instruments shown in our new catalog will be sent to you *on trial*. After you have played on it, and compared it with other instruments, you may either return it to us or pay the rock-bottom price at the rate of only a few cents a day. Getting the instrument on trial does not obligate you to buy.

Two hundred years ago the Wurlitzer family first became makers of violins. Since then, the study of violins has been the heritage of each generation. Today, the House of Wurlitzer offers you a selection of violins which is without an equal anywhere in America. Our new catalog will be sent upon request.

In our new catalog you will find the finest products of the modern makers and rare old treasures centuries old. All are yours to choose from. A certificate comes with each violin that guarantees its value for all time.

Send the Coupon

Put your name and address in the coupon now (or on a letter or post card) and get our new catalog. You will be put under no obligations. Write for it today.

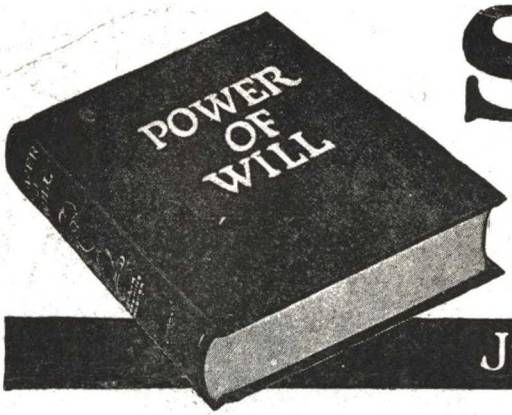
The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
Dept. 142
East Fourth St.
Cincinnati, O.
So. Wabash Avenue
Chicago

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
Dept. 142
E. 4th St. Cincinnati
S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Gentlemen:—Please send me your 176-page catalog absolutely free. Also tell me about your special offer direct from the manufacturer, and how I can get a high grade violin on trial, and pay for it in small monthly amounts.

Name.....

Address.....



Sent Free

Just Mail Coupon

A Maker of Millions —and Millionaires

Don't miss this rare offer—the greatest opportunity that ever has come to you. Take no chances. Do not risk delay. This unparalleled offer may not appear again. Fill out the coupon and mail it NOW. We will send you at once, absolutely free for examination, the most remarkable book of recent years—the most sensational success in the whole history of books. In this small space we cannot begin to explain what this amazing book will do for you—how it will turn your feet into the straight and sure road to success and riches. In the panel at the left are just a few of the thousands of words of praise written to us by persons who have read the book.

No matter who you are or where you are—no matter if you have made some progress or none at all toward financial independence—you need this book. And while this offer lasts it costs you nothing—not one penny—to see it and read it and to learn for yourself its priceless secrets. "Power of Will" is not like any other book you ever saw or read—entirely new and different—the first practical, thorough, systematic course in will training ever produced.

Personal Experiences

Among 225,000 users of "Power of Will" are such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Assistant Postmaster General Britt, Lieut. Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Express Co., E. St. Elmo Lewis, former Vice-Pres. Art Metal Construction Co.; Gov. Perris of Michigan, and many others of equal prominence.

Here are just a few extracts from the thousands of voluntary letters from owners telling what the book has meant to them.

800% Increase in One Year

"I recommended 'Power of Will' to a young man and his salary has increased 800% within a year."—*W. H. Taylor, the noted Efficiency Expert*

$1,500 to $50,000 Yearly

"Three years ago I was making $1500 a year and working day and night. Today I make $1000 a week and have time for other things as well. To the lessons in the book 'Power of Will' do I owe this sudden rise."—(*Name on request.*)

Worth $2,000 to $30,000

"From what I have already seen I believe I can get $3000 to $30,000 worth of good out of it."—*C. D Van Vechten, Gen. Agent North Western Life Insurance Co., Cedar Rapids, Ia.*

$897 Profit First Week

"'Power of Will' is a compilation of mighty forces. My first week's benefit in dollars is $900—cost $3; profit $897."—(Figure what his yearly profit would be.)—*G. W. Hersland, 910 Tribune Bldg., Chicago, Ill.*

Another 50% Increase

"More than a year ago I purchased 'Power of Will' and I firmly believe that it—and it alone—has enabled me to increase my salary more than 50% in that time."—*L. C. Hudgens, Principal Mayhew Consolidated Schools, Boswell, Okla.*

Other men get rich, and they do not kill themselves in the struggle either. You can make money, you can win success just as easily as they when you know how—when you have read the simple secret of their method.

Extraordinary Offer

You may never have such a chance again. Act now! It has long been known that the will can be trained into a wonderful force for achieving But only a few men have learned for themselves, unaided, how to train their will power and cultivate it. Now comes Haddock, who has perfected a simple, systematic course of training by which YOU can develop an indomitable, irresistible Will based on a most profound and scientific analysis of human character.

"Power of Will" has pulled thousands out of the slough of despondency and set them on the road to success and prosperity It will do the same for you. Young and old men alike testify to the almost magical changes in their lives after reading this great book, written by a scholar whose name ranks with such leaders of thought as James, Bergson and Royce.

SEND NO MONEY

If you miss this great opportunity you will surely regret it. We will simply be flooded with requests as soon as this advertisement appears. But if you act quickly and mail the coupon today you can be sure of receiving a copy of this amazing book for free examination. "Power of Will" contains 400 pages, half leather, gold top leaves and includes more material than many correspondence courses selling at $25.00. Fill out the attached coupon. Send no money. Keep the book for five days. Then mail it back if you are not satisfied that it is worth its weight in gold to you. Or, if you want to own it, simply send us $3.00, our Low Introductory Price, and it is yours. Send NOW, before you forget.

PELTON PUBLISHING CO.
19 L Wilcox Block, MERIDEN, CONN.

Pelton Pub. Co.
19 L Wilcox Blk.
Meriden, Conn.

Gentlemen—Please send me a copy of "Power of Will" on approval. I agree to remit $3.00 or remail the book in five days

Name.....

Address.....

Swear Off Tobacco

Tobacco Habit Banished In 48 to 72 Hours

Immediate Results

Trying to quit the tobacco habit unaided is a losing fight against heavy odds, and means a serious shock to your nervous system. So don't try it! Make the tobacco habit quit you. It will quit you if you will just take **Tobacco Redeemer** according to directions.

It doesn't make a particle of difference whether you've been a user of tobacco for a single month or 50 years, or how much you use, or in what form you use it. Whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff—**Tobacco Redeemer** will positively remove all craving for tobacco in any form in from 48 to 72 hours. Your tobacco craving will begin to decrease after the very first dose—there's no long waiting for results.

Tobacco Redeemer contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind and is the most marvelously quick, absolutely scientific and thoroughly reliable remedy for the tobacco habit.

Not a Substitute

Tobacco Redeemer is in no sense a substitute for tobacco, but is a radical, efficient treatment. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It quiets the nerves, and will make you feel better in every way. If you really want to quit the tobacco habit—get rid of it so completely that when you see others using it, it will not awaken the slightest desire in you—you should at once begin a course of **Tobacco Redeemer** treatment for the habit.

Results Absolutely Guaranteed

A single trial will convince the most skeptical. Our legal, binding, money-back guarantee goes with each full treatment. If **Tobacco Redeemer** fails to banish the tobacco habit when taken according to the plain and easy directions, your money will be cheerfully refunded upon demand.

Let Us Send You Convincing Proof

If you're a slave of the tobacco habit and want to find a sure, quick way of quitting "for keeps" you owe it to yourself and to your family to mail the coupon below or send your name and address on a postal and receive our **free** booklet on the deadly effect of tobacco on the human system, and positive proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will quickly free you from the habit.

Newell Pharmacal Company
Dept. 343, St. Louis, Mo.

Free Book Coupon

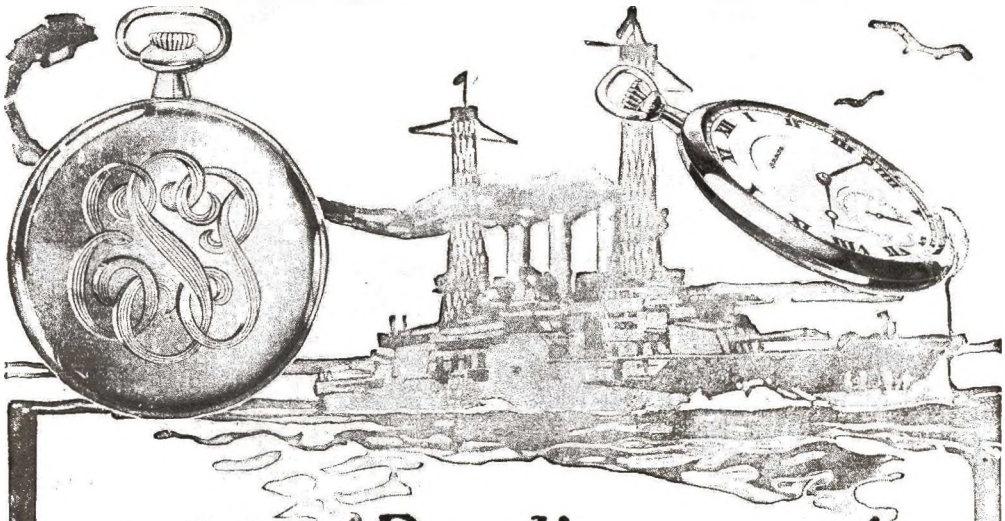
NEWELL PHARMACAL CO.,
Dept. 343. St. Louis, Mo.

Please send, without obligating me in any way, your free booklet regarding the tobacco habit and proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will positively free me from the tobacco habit.

Name.....

Street and No.....

Town..... State.....



6,003 Burlingtons in the U. S. Navy—

6,003 Burlingtons have been sold to the men aboard the U. S. battleships. Practically every vessel in the U. S. Navy has many Burlington watches aboard. Some have over 100 Burlingtons. The victory of the Burlington among the men in the U. S. Navy is testimony to Burlington superiority.

A watch has to be made of sturdy stuff in order to "make good" on a man-of-war. The constant vibration, the extreme heat in the boiler rooms, the cold salt air and the change of climate from the Arctic to the Tropical are the most severe tests on a watch. If a watch will stand up and give active service aboard a man-of-war, it will stand up anywhere.

21-Jewel Burlington $2.50 A Month

And yet you may get a 21-jewel Burlington for only $2.50 a month. Truly it is the master watch. 21 ruby and sapphire jewels, adjusted to the second, temperature, isochronism and positions. Fitted at the factory in a gold strata case, warranted for 25 years. All the newest cases are yours to choose from. You pay only the *rock-bottom-direct-price*—positively the exact price that the wholesale dealer would have to pay.

See It First!

You don't pay a cent to anybody until you see the watch. We ship the watch to you *on approval*. You are the sole judge. No obligation to buy merely because you get the watch on approval.

Burlington Watch Co., Dept. B142
19th Street & Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me (without obligations and prepaid) your free book on watches with full explanation of your cash or $2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Write for Booklet!

Put your name and address in the coupon or on a letter or post card now and get your Burlington Watch book free and prepaid. You will know a lot more about watch buying when you read it. Too, you will see handsome illustrations in full color of all the newest cases from which you have to choose. The booklet is free. Merely send your name and address on the coupon.

Burlington Watch Company,
19th St. & Marshall Blvd., Dept B142 Chicago, Ill.