

In this { BURIED ALIVE FOR TEN DAYS.
Number { IN THE CLUTCH OF THE "SWIFT DRIFT."

THE GHOST OF THE "SAVANNAH."
A QUAINT KINGDOM.

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

PRICE
10 CENTS.
\$1.20 a year.



See "CAPTAIN ROYDEN'S ADVENTURE," in this Number.

No. 146. Vol. 25.

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to
Serve"



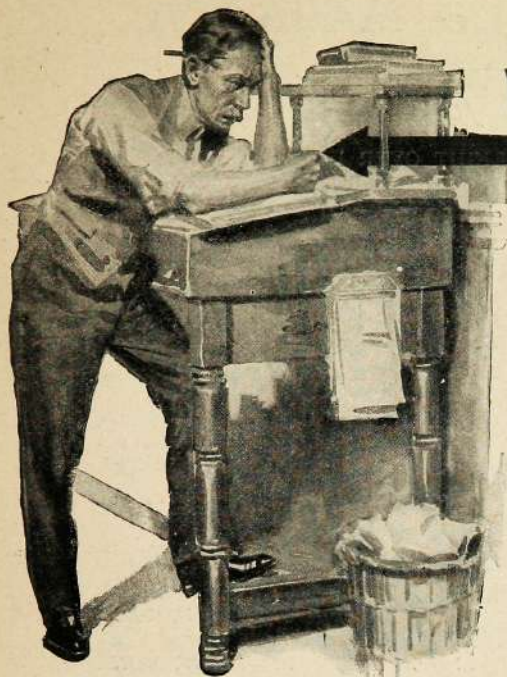
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| ... Systematizer | ... Electrical Engineer |
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| ... Auditor | ... Sanitary Engineer |
| ... Business Manager | ... Steam Engineer |
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NAME

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OCCUPATION

Wide World, 6, '10.

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1910.

"THE OLD BEAR STOOD RIGHT OVER HIM."

Frontispiece.

CAPTAIN ROYDEN'S ADVENTURE	... Alfred E. Bennett.	107
Illustrations by W. R. S. Stott and from Photographs.		
AMONG THE UNKNOWN TRIBES.—II.	... Cecil H. Meares.	111
Illustrations from Photographs.		
BURIED ALIVE FOR TEN DAYS	... Arthur J. Ireland.	117
Illustrations by W. Edward Wigfull and from Photographs.		
A QUAIN T KINGDOM	... Pauline Aganoor.	126
Illustrations from Photographs.		
IN THE CLUTCH OF THE "SWIFT DRIFT"	... Laurence D. Young.	135
Illustrations by S. Spurrier and from Photographs.		
THE LUFFINGCOTT MYSTERY	... Henry M. Belcher.	140
Illustrations by Charles Pears and from a Photograph.		
SHOW-BOATING	... Harry High.	146
Illustrations by J. M. H. Milton Williams and from Photographs.		
SOME MEXICAN CURIOSITIES	... George F. Weeks.	158
Illustrations from Photographs.		
THE GHOST OF THE "SAVANNAH"	... E. J. Murphy.	163
Illustrations by E. S. Hodgson.		
TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE ON AFRICAN BORDERLANDS.—III.	... Lt.-Col. R. G. T. Bright, C.M.G.	169
Illustrations from Photographs.		
SHORT STORIES.		
THE SIEGE OF THE STATION	... H. W. Martin.	177
Illustrations by S. E. Scott and from a Photograph.		
AN UNEXPECTED VISIT	... Miss L. MacDonaid.	181
Illustrations by W. E. Webster and from Photographs.		
THE ENCHANTED ISLANDS.—I.	... Beatrice Grimshaw.	185
Illustrations from Photographs.		
THE MACGREGORS' LEASE	... John Ravenor Bullen.	194
Illustrations by Martin Lewis and from Photographs.		
THE WIDE WORLD: IN OTHER MAGAZINES	...	202
Illustrations from Photographs.		
ODDS AND ENDS.	... From all parts of the World.	203
Illustrations from Photographs.		

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.

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The "Fool"—The Frying Pan and the Flatiron Building

*How a crank with a frying pan and kitchen
stove founded the greatest money-mak-
ing industry in the world*

By ARTHUR S. FORD

DID you ever hear of Joseph Aspdin, of Yorkshire, England? I thought not—yet, but for him and his "Fool Notions" no American City with its Flatiron Buildings or "sky-scrapers"

could exist. But for him and his historic Frying Pan, every American City would be a collection of dwarf buildings surrounded by cracked sidewalks, divided by highways knee deep in mud in winter and a Sahara of dust in summer.

But Aspdin did "one thing"—one great thing. It brought him little fame and less money, but brought untold millions to American investors and untold comfort to millions of people.

For Aspdin invented Portland Cement.

His neighbors called him a "Crazy Fool."

That any man should waste his time trying to "make stone" in a frying pan over a kitchen stove was proof positive, and caused many a jest in the village alehouse.

But Aspdin kept right on.

Soon it was whispered that Aspdin had succeeded in making a bluish-looking powder which when mixed with a little water would congeal into a stone, harder and stronger than any stone ever moulded by God or quarried by man.

He called it "PORTLAND" Cement.

Not because he made it at Portland, England, nor because he had ever heard of Portland, Maine, or Portland, Oregon, but because it resembled and surpassed the finest stone from the famous quarries of Portland, England.

And then the world woke up.

It has been getting wider awake ever since.

Now for a few American figures:

THINK of a new plant earning \$2000 a day clear profit from the first day its wheels turn, repaying its entire cost the first year.

Mr. Ford is Secretary and Treasurer of People's Portland Cement Co., of Sandusky and Spokane, and the inside facts he gives of the marvelous growth and profits of this giant industry show the result of the enormous wave of Concrete construction sweeping the country.

In 1880 America made and used 42,000 barrels of Portland Cement.

In 1890 it jumped to 335,000 barrels, and the rest of the story is shown in the table herewith.

Last year the consumption of Cement in America is estimated at 60,000,000 barrels, approximating in value the entire production of the steel industry of the country.

I need waste no space telling you of the future.

There is no village in America so mean but that Cement sidewalks and curbing are being laid as fast as the material and money can be secured.

No sane man would build a house, however cheap, without Cement sidewalks around it.

No Architect would project a building of importance to-day without figuring on the use of a generous amount of Cement and Concrete.

The Railroads eat up the Cement supply by millions of barrels per year.

Bridge Builders, Street Contractors and Farmers recognize Cement and Concrete as the perfect and permanent building material.

Every American whose intelligent gaze can pierce a year or two of his country's future realizes the meaning of the wave of Concrete construction that is sweeping the country.

And that is why the Portland Cement mills are grinding and burning, day in and day out, 24 hours a day, and the accidental stopping of the machinery for an hour is regarded as a disaster by the fortunate stockholders who are earning profits so large as to be incredible without examination of the facts on the following pages.

1900—Barrels per year	-	-	-	8,484,020
1903	"	"	-	22,342,973
1904	"	"	-	26,505,881
1905	"	"	-	35,246,812
1906	"	"	-	45,610,822
1907	"	"	-	55,072,612
1908	"	"	-	58,000,000

The "Fool"—The Frying Pan and the Flatiron Building

People's Portland Cement Co. own free and clear this magnificent plant on the lake and rail at Sandusky, O. It will deliver Cement at lake ports cheaper than any mill in the country.

WHAT WE HAVE DONE

Over two years ago we saw the immense and profitable future for Cement manufacture and realized the strategic importance of a modern mill of large capacity situated on the shore of the great lakes.

Such a mill with proper railroad connections would be in a position to dominate the Cement market of Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo and Detroit and be on equal terms in Milwaukee, Chicago and Duluth.

The directors and their friends did NOT make a public appeal for funds, but PUT UP THEIR OWN MONEY and started work on the magnificent plant you see above. They bought and paid for their mill site (over 25 acres), they bought and paid for their limestone lands (over three hundred acres), they bought and paid for the steel buildings (containing over 500 tons of steel), and they paid for their erection and the installation of railroad spurs, etc.

Then came the question of coal, of which a Cement mill consumes thousands of tons a year.

Rather than be at the mercy of others they BOUGHT AND PAID FOR THEIR OWN COAL MINE (over five hundred acres), with millions of tons of coal for the cost of mining. All these properties have been deeded to the company and you will see they are WORTH OVER A MILLION DOLLARS.

Then we turned our attention to the West and found a city of 150,000—Spokane, Washington—where Cement is retailing for THREE DOLLARS A BARREL and where there is no Cement mill at present within hundreds of miles. We employed the best chemists and engineers to examine the market and locality and secured the hearty endorsement of leading Spokane capitalists. We decided to duplicate our first plant in the rich and growing territory and bonded every asset for that purpose.

To make these bonds gilt-edge we have made them a first mortgage on every asset the company now has or may acquire, and because the interest rates in the far West are higher than in the East we made them SEVEN PER CENT BONDS.

A Few Facts

Standard Portland Cement Co. earned \$400,000 in a year. Common Stock given as bonus with Bonds paid 9% and sold for \$125 per share.

Iola Portland Cement Co. earns \$100,000 a month. Has paid 32% annual dividends.

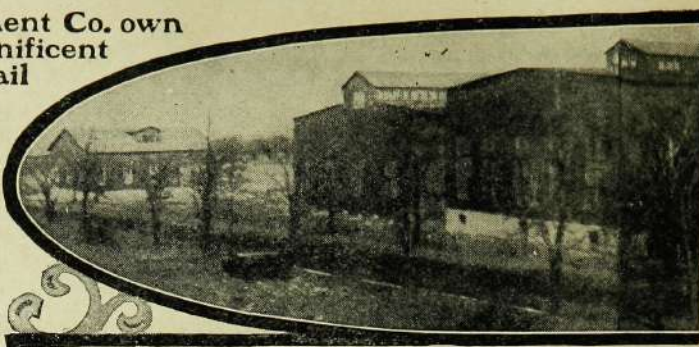
Western States Portland Cement Co. with three-fifths of plant operating earned \$150,000 profits within few months of starting.

Wolverine Portland Cement Co. paid 26% in dividends recently, carrying \$200,000 to Surplus.

A Sandusky Portland Cement Co. declared 6% on preferred, 12% on common.

International showed 8% for first 5 months' operation of plant.

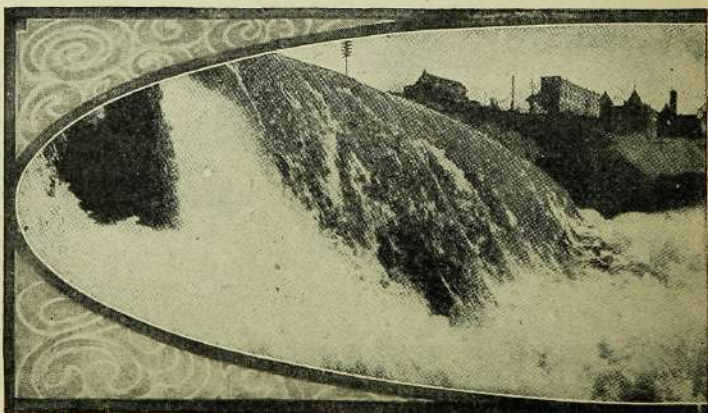
Peninsular Portland Cement Co. declared 14% for year.



Statement of Assets

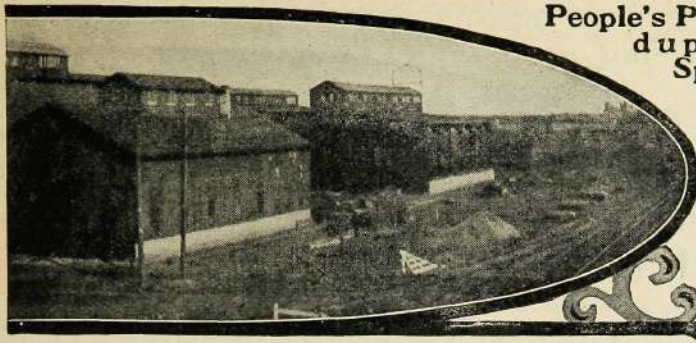
Building and Plant at Sandusky.....	\$ 70,767.00
Buildings and Machinery at Coal Mine.	35,000.00
Mill Site and clay lands at Sandusky...	15,000.00
Lime deposits at Sandusky, 310 acres, averaging 8.9 feet deep at a valuation of 3 cents a barrel	405,000.00
508 acres coal lands and mineral rights:	
Lower vein based on worth of 5c. per ton	265,500.00
Upper vein based on worth of 10c. per ton	474,500.00
Improvements to be completed, new machinery to be installed and working capital at Sandusky plant (represented by bonds in Treasury).....	220,000.00
New Mill No. 2, to be built at Spokane, Wash., including limestone and shale deposits, machinery, quarry equipment, railroad sidings, homes for employees and working capital (represented by bonds in Treasury).....	450,000.00
Land for mill site at Spokane, 20 acres donated to Company under agreement to deliver free title on erection of plant	12,000.00
Total value of property.....	\$1,947,767.00
Cash on hand and unpaid subscriptions as per our books, March 1, 1910..	66,786.00
Total Assets	\$2,014,553.00
Bills outstanding, as per our books, March 1, 1910	874.00
Total net assets.....	\$2,013,679.00

Or over two dollars in assets for every dollar of bonded indebtedness.



Spokane Falls, Source of

The "Fool"—The Frying Pan and the Flatiron Building



People's Portland Cement Co. will duplicate this plant at Spokane, Washington, the giant city of the Northwest, which at present has no Cement mill within hundreds of miles of it.

WHAT WE ASK OF YOU

We ask every reader of these pages who has \$100, \$500, \$1000 or more to join their money to ours in this immensely profitable business.

Your investment will be secured by assets worth twice the entire Bond issue and will draw seven per cent interest.

In addition we will give you, if you act quickly, **FIFTY PER CENT BONUS IN COMMON STOCK** of our company.

That is, if you invest \$100 in Bonds you get \$50 in stock
500 250
1,000 500

and so on.

The history of common stock given with bonds of Cement companies is scarcely credible without reading the figures we can give you. For instance, the common stock of a Utah Cement Co. is worth to-day **TWENTY-FIVE** times its par value, and we will give you a dozen other examples of what Cement stocks are paying. We have taken four pages of this issue to tell our story, because we want to save delay in getting our Spokane mill completed. Every day we save means \$2,000 to the company and that is why we are confident that the common stock bonus we offer you to-day will pay ten per cent dividend the first year our Spokane mill runs.

The directors and their friends have shown their conviction by subscribing to over three hundred thousand dollars of this bond issue and the moment \$100,000 additional is subscribed this fifty per cent bonus will be withdrawn.

Read the endorsement of our proposition on the next page and send in your subscription **AT ONCE**. If you want further information we will gladly furnish it, and a reservation will be made pending your decision; but of course **ALL RESERVATIONS CARRYING FIFTY PER CENT BONUS WILL BE CANCELED** without notice the moment cash subscriptions to the required amount are received.

Mail the Coupon Over Leaf at Once

The Red Triangle
Our Brand



This is the Brand that will appear on every sack of Cement from our mills, both East and West. It stands for the highest possible grade of Portland Cement that can be manufactured.

ESTIMATED PROFITS

Profit on Coal

500 tons of lump coal per day at \$1.30....	\$650.00
200 tons of nut, pea and slack per day at 50c. 100 00	
Total	\$750.00
Cost of mining, etc.....	\$350.00
Net daily profit on coal.....	\$400.00
Net yearly profit on coal, 300 days.....	\$120,000

Profit on Mill No. 1

2,000 barrels of Cement per day, averaging 40 cents only net profit above fixed charges, per day.....	\$800.00
Net profit per annum, 300 days, 600,000 barrels.....	\$240,000

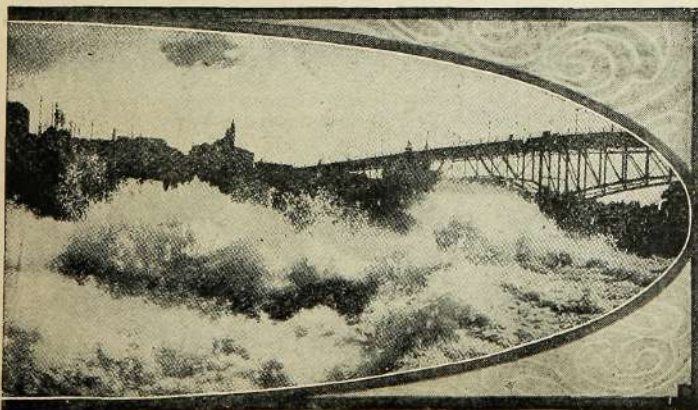
Profit on Mill No. 2

2,000 barrels of Cement per day, averaging \$1.00 per barrel net profit above fixed charges, per day.....	\$2,000
Net profit per annum, 300 days, 600,000 barrels.....	\$600,000
Total net annual profits	\$960,000

Fixed Interest Charges, Sinking Fund, etc.

Seven per cent per annum on bond issue, \$1,000,000.....	\$70,000 00
Sinking fund for redemption of bonds per year	50,000.00
Ten per cent interest on \$2,000,000 common stock.....	200,000.00
	\$320,000.00

Net annual surplus over and above all charges.....	\$640,000.00
--	--------------



Cheap Electrical Power

Why Our Spokane Mill Will Earn Two Thousand Dollars a Day

This document sums up the extraordinary condition of the Cement market in Spokane and vicinity. No other state in the union presents such an opportunity

We, as citizens and business men of the City of Spokane, Washington, realizing:

1st. That Spokane ranks **SECOND** in building growth of all cities in the United States,

2d. That over 500,000 barrels of Portland Cement was used in Spokane and adjacent territory last year,

3d. That there is **NO PORTLAND CEMENT MILL WITHIN HUNDREDS OF MILES OF OUR CITY**, the bulk of our supply being hauled from Kansas, Canada and the Pacific Coast, at a cost for freight ranging from \$1.00 TO \$2.10 PER BARREL,

4th. That the cost per barrel is from \$2.55 TO \$3.00 IN CARLOAD LOTS, a price higher than

in any other point in the United States where an equal demand exists,

5th. That the development of our City is **BEING RETARDED**, therefore, by this exorbitant price, as well as the difficulty of securing prompt delivery,

Are of the opinion that the speedy erection and operation of a Portland Cement mill in our vicinity is of **URGENT IMPORTANCE TO EVERY CITIZEN** and is one of our most needed industries.

Now, therefore, being informed that the **PEOPLE'S PORTLAND CEMENT CO.** will have a 2,000-barrel plant in active operation by August 1, 1910, we, the undersigned, heartily welcome their enterprise and **INVITE FOR IT THE CORDIAL GOOD WILL AND COOPERATION OF EVERY CITIZEN.**

THE TRADERS' NATIONAL BANK OF SPOKANE, WASH.; Aaron Kuhn, Pres.; A. F. McLain, Vice-Pres.
M. OPPENHEIMER, Capitalist, Spokane, Wash.
CHAS. P. LUND, Attorney, Spokane, Wash.
J. H. SPEAR, President Washington Lime and Brick Manufacturing Co., Spokane, Wash.

Officers and Directors of People's Portland Cement Co.

R. J. KELLOGG, President,
Supt. of Construction,
Cape Girardeau Portland Cement Co., Cape Girardeau, Mo.
LOUIS DUENNISCH, Vice-President,
Ex-Vice-Pres., American Banking Co., Sandusky, Ohio.
C. L. WAGNER,
Pres., Wagner Ice & Coal Co., Sandusky, Ohio.

CHARLES P. LUND,
Attorney-at-Law,
Spokane, Wash.
G. A. HOGUE,
Railway Contractor,
Toledo, Ohio.
G. G. BENNETT,
Pres. Tontogany Bank, Sandusky, Ohio.

H. J. COLLIER,
Railroad Contractor,
Cleveland, Ohio.
C. L. ENGELS,
Capitalist,
Sandusky, Ohio.
ARTHUR S. FORD,
Secretary and Treasurer.

Fill in One of These COUPONS IMMEDIATELY

PEOPLE'S PORTLAND CEMENT CO.
1455 Great Northern Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

Subscription Coupon

I am willing to join you in Building your new Mill, in accordance with your offer, and herewith subscribe for

..... Dollars
worth of your 7% 1st Mortgage Gold Bonds. It is understood that I am to receive as Bonus with this subscription 50% in fully paid, non-assessable Common Stock.

Name.....

Street.....

Address.....

This offer is limited to the first \$100,000 subscribed.
Wide World, 6, 10

Information Coupon

Please send me at once further information regarding your proposition, and in the mean time reserve* for me

..... Dollars
worth of 7% 1st Mortgage Gold Bonds with 50% Bonus in fully paid, non-assessable Common Stock.

Name.....

Street.....

Address.....

*This reservation will expire when \$100,000 worth of Bonds have been subscribed—and in any event 30 days from date.
Wide World, 6, 10

What Your Money Should Earn

Allowing for shut-downs of two months each year for repairs and counting 300 working days, the company should earn a sum sufficient to pay all the interest charges on bonds, establish a sinking fund for their redemption, depreciation of plant, etc., and still have enough money to pay over 20 per cent dividends on its common stock.

Figuring on this basis, which has been equaled and exceeded by other plants:

Each \$100 invested at the end of 1st year should show:

Bond Interest, \$ 7.00
Value of Bond, 100.00
Common Stock Int., 10.00
Common Stock Value, 50.00

or \$167.00
for each \$100 invested.

Each \$500 invested:

Bond Interest, \$ 35.00
Value of Bond, 500.00
Common Stock Int., 50.00
Common Stock Value, 250.00

or \$835.00
for each \$500 invested.

Each \$1,000 invested:

Bond Interest, \$ 70.00
Value of Bond, 1,000.00
Common Stock Int., 100.00
Common Stock Value, 500.00

or \$1,670.00
for each \$1,000 invested.

The PROCESSION of all the AGES

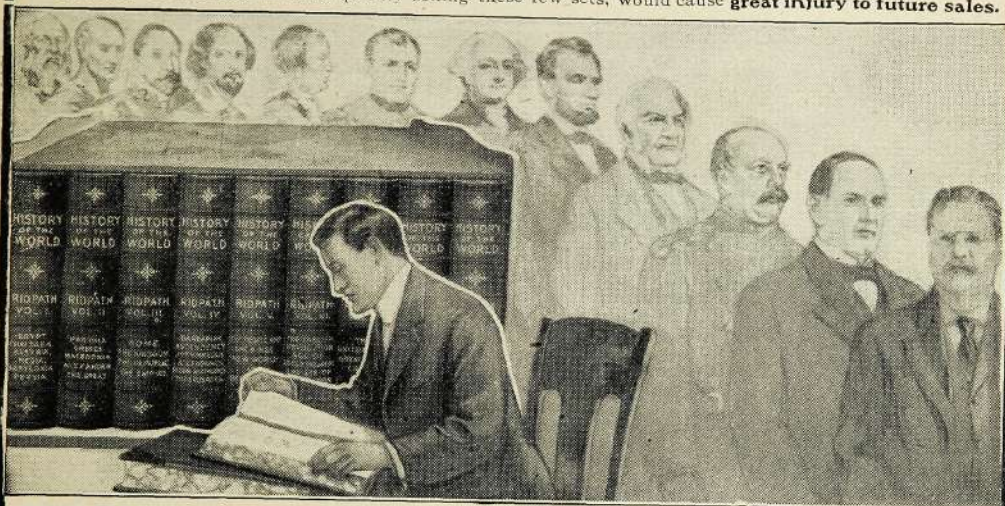
Passes in solemn review before you as you read

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THE PUBLISHER'S FAILURE placed in our hands the entire unsold edition of this monumental work. BRAND NEW, down to date, beautifully bound in Half-Morocco. We offer the remaining sets

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We will name our price only in direct letters to those sending us the Coupon below. Tear off the Coupon, write name and address plainly, and mail to us now before you forget it. Dr. Ridpath is dead, his work is done, but his family derive an income from his history, and to print our price broadcast, for the sake of more quickly selling these few sets, would cause great injury to future sales.



THE HISTORY of all the ages opens before you as you read Ridpath's History. What a procession of great men. First is Socrates, the famous philosopher and the loftiest genius of the ancient world; Caesar establishes his name for all time as the synonym of imperial power; Columbus sails the uncharted seas with a mutinous crew and discovers a new world; Shakespeare, the inspired pagan, writes the poems and plays which have made his name immortal; Napoleon fights the Battle of Waterloo and is banished a thousand miles from shore to the lonely and barren rocks of St. Helena; Washington four square to all the winds, grave, thoughtful and clear-seeing, establishes the greatest republic in all the tide of time. Abraham Lincoln is there, kind, loving and good, the greatest human of all time, the gentlest memory of our world; Gladstone, England's grand old man, makes constitutional government a reality in the empire that encircles the globe; Bismarck, gruff, overbearing, a giant pugilist in the diplomatic ring, consolidates the German Empire; McKinley, the martyred President, typifies the period of peace and good will, which will one day prevail through all the world; while at the head of the procession is our own Theodore Roosevelt, robust, honest, tremendously in earnest, the foremost man of his time. Ridpath gives the life history of every great character and covers every race, every nation, every time, holding you spellbound by his wonderful eloquence. Nothing more interesting, instructive and inspiring has ever been written by man.

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15. The Story of Extinct Civilizations of the West
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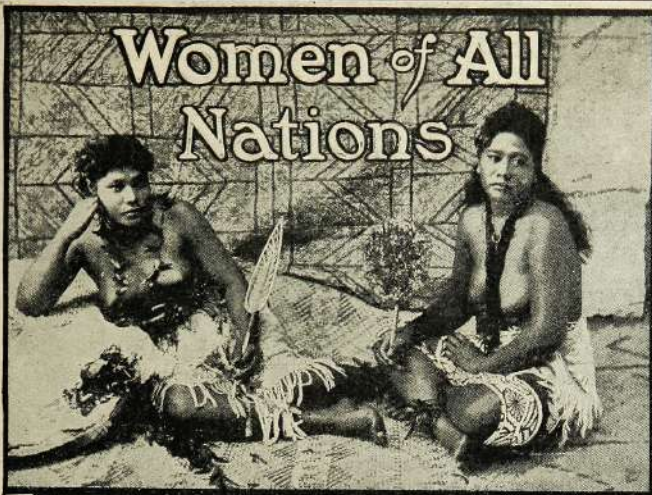
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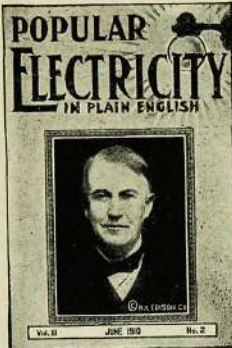
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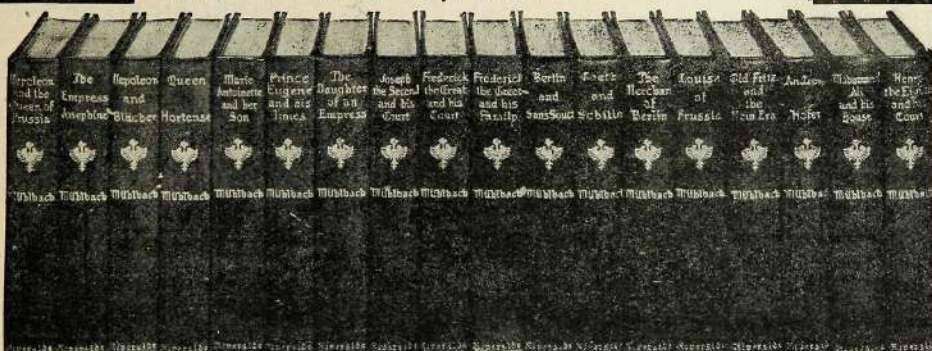
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"THE OLD BEAR STOOD RIGHT OVER HIM."

(SEE PAGE 108)

Captain Royden's Adventure.

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The story of a sea-captain's meeting with an infuriated she-bear and his subsequent battle for life in the Alaskan wilderness—an amazing record of human endurance.



N the morning of August 7th, 1908, Captain William H. Royden, of the schooner *Wabash*, finding his larder almost empty of fresh meat, went ashore in Rodman Bay, Alaska, after deer.

Captain Royden is a well-known character on the Alaskan coast. He comes of a good family, is a member of the Masonic order, a frontiersman, shipmaster, and guide, and is called by his associates "Wabash Bill," after his vessel.

During the summer months deer browse high on the mountains at the timber-line, where melting snows leave moss-beds and young green grass exposed, so game can be had only after a hard climb.

Deer were plentiful, and the captain, sure of bagging his meat, leisurely ascended a steep peak to the timber-line, where, concealing himself in a clump of scrub-bushes, he ate a mid-day lunch and settled himself to wait for his quarry.

About three o'clock in the afternoon a small, fat buck stepped daintily out from a thick fringe of underbrush, sniffed the cool, pure air a moment for a suspicious taint, and then began cropping the short, tender sprouts in a moss-bed some two hundred yards from where the hunter sat.

The captain's rifle spoke once. Before the echoes of the report had died away he stood over the little animal, which had dropped in its tracks.

After dressing the body he washed away the blood in a rivulet fed by melting snows; then, having smoked a pipe, he began the descent to his ship.

Vol. xxv. —14.

The schooner lay some two miles away and to the right, but he chose a course straight for the water, as the shortest cut, through the thick forest.

For an hour he battled with clinging underbrush and thorny devil-clubs, stumbled over hidden logs, and sank in bogs, till at last he reached the larger timber, where the undergrowth is not so dense.

Here the travelling was easier, but he still had some three-quarters of a mile of steep mountain-side to descend. The trees were large and closely set, and their interlacing branches shut out the sunlight. Among the trunks all was gloomy shade, through which swarmed myriads of ravenous mosquitoes.

Tired out and exasperated by the stings of the insects the hunter crossed a small clearing and passed between two massive pines, standing close together on the edge of the forest.

It is one of the iron rules of veteran bear-hunters never to go between two big trees standing very near together, but younger men have a contempt for rules; and thinking to prove the fallacy of an old rule rather than go a dozen steps out of his way, "Wabash Bill" took a chance.

Suddenly, without the slightest warning save a deep-throated, savage snarl, a great brown she-bear sprang upon his back and bore him, face downwards, to the ground, tearing a patch of skin from the back of his head with her teeth as he fell.

Squealing and bawling with rage or joy, a couple of half-grown cubs then joined their mother, clawing and biting at the prostrate man.

The captain could offer no defence. The rifle had been



This photograph, taken three weeks after his admission to the hospital, shows the terrible state of Captain Royden's arm and shoulder after his encounter with the bears.

From a Photo. by E. W. Merrill.

torn from him ; he had no revolver, and his knife was in his pocket. Moreover, there was no chance to use a weapon, for the old bear stood right over him, the saliva from her bloody jaws pouring on his neck. The cubs alternately bit and clawed at his trunk and legs, keeping up a savage growling meanwhile.

The unfortunate man bore the excruciating pain in grim silence, with his elbows held rigidly at his sides to protect the abdomen. Had he fallen on his back, or had the brutes succeeded in turning him over, he would have been ripped up or had his throat gashed open in an instant. Though stunned and half mad with pain, Royden realized that his only salvation lay in keeping still and protecting his throat and abdomen. A bear finds no sport in a dead victim, and many a man has been saved by simulating death.

At last the bears drew off a few feet, and sitting on their haunches watched their prey, licking their blood-flecked chops and snarling ominously.

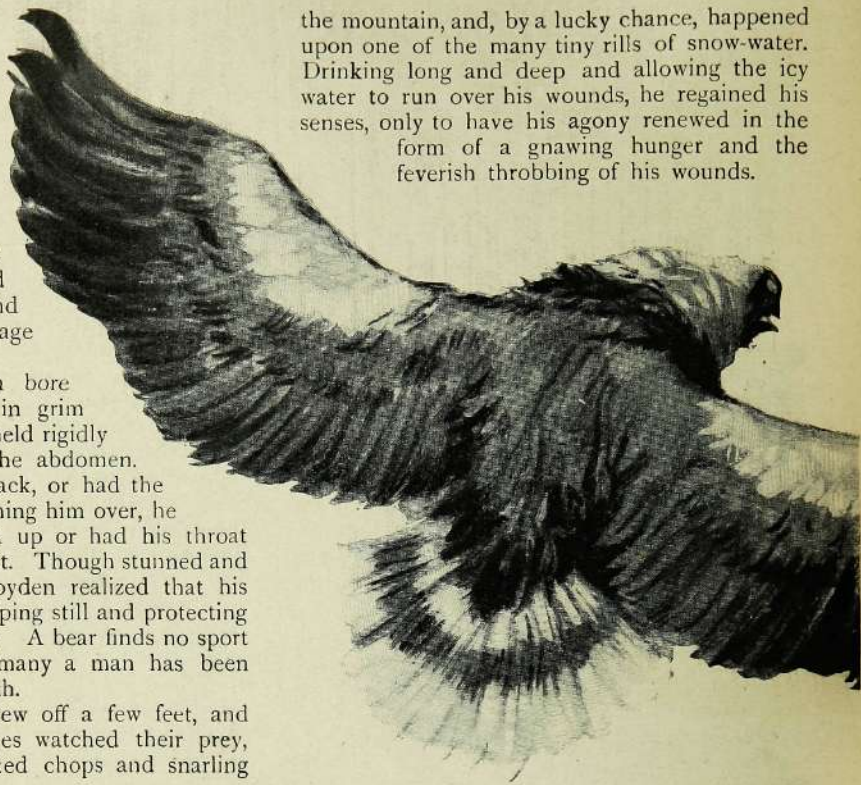
Filled with a fearful hope the intrepid hunter lay motionless, hardly daring to breathe. Suddenly his right arm quivered involuntarily, owing to a gaping wound in the muscles of the shoulder. Instantly the old bear was upon him, with a dreadful roar, and seizing his wrist in her teeth, bit it through. Human nature could stand no more, and the man, weak from loss of blood, fainted. Then the she-bear, giving him a last slap with her massive paw, led her cubs off, still growling, through the forest.

When "Wabash Bill" regained consciousness it was dark, and swarms of mosquitoes buzzed about him, stinging his half-naked body. Every wound was stiff and cold, and his throat burned with an intolerable thirst. Making a painful effort he drew some fern leaves over his face to ward off the insects, and then relapsed again into merciful oblivion.

From this swoon he emerged into a half-stupor, and lay thus for three days, dimly conscious. Like a horrible nightmare the long twilights, cold, wet nights, and drizzling rain-showers passed. A burning fever at last restored his mind, which held but a single thought, searing his very soul like a hot iron—Water!

Insensible now to the pain of his wounds, the thirst-crazed man half crawled, half rolled down

the mountain, and, by a lucky chance, happened upon one of the many tiny rills of snow-water. Drinking long and deep and allowing the icy water to run over his wounds, he regained his senses, only to have his agony renewed in the form of a gnawing hunger and the feverish throbbing of his wounds.



The dauntless man had never given up hope, and now he set out to work his way through half a mile of thick forest to the beach. His right arm was entirely useless, but with his left and his knees he struggled bravely on. He soon found it impossible to follow the stream, and speedily developed a burning thirst again. Sticks, leaves, and dirt worked into the open wounds upon his limbs and body, and the pangs of hunger increased with every hour.

Keeping his tongue moist by licking wet leaves and moss, and finding an occasional salmon-berry to eat, the captain pushed on, alternately dropping into a feverish sleep and fainting with the unbearable agony of his injuries.

On the sixth day his sufferings were intensified by hearing the signal shots of a searching-party quite near and being unable to answer. With his nose broken and closed, his tongue swollen, and breath exhausted, his attempts to cry out sounded not unlike the bawling of a bear. The blue waters of the bay danced alluringly not two hundred yards away, and once he saw his own ship through a rift in the trees.

Coming to a small level plot, where the force of gravity could not assist him, he found him-

self, to his despair, unable to cross. He strained every shred of the remnants of his tremendous vitality, every fibre of his wonderful nerve, in a vain effort to reach the sloping ground again; but his desperate struggle was useless, and he collapsed, panting weakly.

A big snail crawled within reach of his hand; he seized it and ate it ravenously. Then, after a hard struggle, he succeeded in reaching a few salmon-berries.

It is wonderful what one bite of food will do for a man dying of hunger. Hope revived in Royden's breast, and he waited and prayed for another scrap of food to lend him strength to reach the water's edge. And, as if by a miracle, it came, just in the nick of time. Suddenly he heard a wild screaming and fluttering, and

turning, with a painful effort, just as a falling object plumped into the bushes a few feet away, he saw a couple of great ring-tailed eagles fighting fiercely in the sky above him.

A choked cry of joy burst from the breast of the sufferer. He had seen the same thing happen before many times—one eagle rob another of a fish. He knew that food and another chance for life lay at his hand.

The nearness of his goal, the sight of his vessel, and the love of life had been powerful incentives, and had called for every human effort; but there was something more than human in the actions of Captain Royden as he drew himself into the bushes.

The victorious eagle flew in circles above him, uttering harsh cries—loath to relinquish his spoil, and yet fearing to approach the strange creature, which drew nearer and nearer the flashing trout.

How the starving man reached the fish he never knew; but at last he held it in his hand, still wet and quivering, and never ceased eating until he had stripped the last bone of its sweet pink meat.



"The victorious eagle flew in circles above him, uttering harsh cries—loath to relinquish his spoil."

Overcome with his efforts, Royden fell asleep and slept until noon of the seventh day. Upon awakening he found his strength wonderfully renewed, and so continued his weary journey at once. Gamely he struggled on, and at last dragged himself out on the wet rocks of the beach.

His ship lay some two hundred fathoms away. She had been standing up and down the bay for a week in a vain search for her missing commander. A sailor on her deck stood unseeing while the captain feebly waved his arm and strove to call out. Presently the man began working at the anchor-chain—they were preparing to get under way. Good heavens! he was to die alone after all, at the very door of hope.

Then, with a last despairing effort, this man, who had plumbed the very depths of human sufferings, staggered to his feet for the first time since the bear struck him down, and, uttering a wild, animal-like cry, fell face downwards among the cold rocks.

The man on the deck of the schooner saw his captain fall, and all hands hurried into action immediately. Signal-guns were fired to recall the searchers on the beach, and a boat put out at once with stimulants, food, and drink.

They found the hunter delirious, emaciated, and covered with innumerable wounds, which were in a shocking state. Rolling him in a blanket they took him aboard and made all speed for Sitka.

Arriving at Sitka on the evening of August 14th they placed the wounded man in charge of Surgeon H. G. Grieve, at the naval hospital. Here he received the best of

medical attention and tender care, and the surgeon soon reported that there was a chance of his recovery.

The following is a summary of Captain Royden's injuries copied, without alteration, from the surgeon's

report:—

1. Nose broken.
2. Bone exposed on right temporal region.
3. Left ear hanging by shreds at top and bottom.
4. Two severe wounds over occipital bone.
5. Right forearm and shoulder badly bitten.
6. Teeth meeting in right wrist.
7. Large wound left thigh.
8. Two large wounds right thigh.
9. Five severe bites right leg. Right leg swollen and black.

In all, no fewer than sixty-four separate wounds were counted, not to mention numerous deep scratches and bruises.

Captain Royden remained in the hospital for thirty-seven days, and when discharged was in fine physical condition. He is said to have declared that he would return and kill the bear that mauled him; but he is now in the States, far from the scene of his terrible experience, and it is doubtful whether he will ever go back there.

Although still a brave, fearless man, plucky "Wabash Bill" will never erase from his countenance that look which is stamped only on the faces of men whose capacity for suffering has been tested to the uttermost.



"The captain feebly waved his arm and strove to call out."

AMONG THE UNKNOWN TRIBES

BY CECIL H. MEARES.

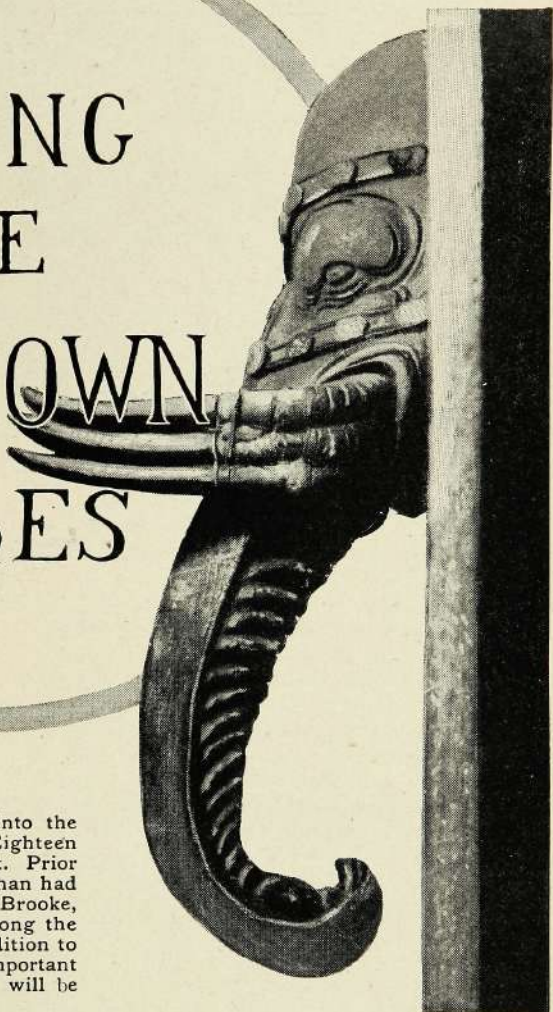
Some incidents of a remarkable journey into the unknown region inhabited by the "Eighteen Tribes," on the borders of China and Tibet. Prior to the expedition here described no white man had ever penetrated the country. Mr. J. W. Brooke, the author's companion, lost his life among the savage Lolos, and this brought the expedition to an untimely end; but in spite of this very important results were secured. The photographs will be found particularly striking.

II.



FEW weeks after my first introduction to these queer craft I had an interesting coracle experience. We had come to a coracle ferry on the same river, which was then running down in full flood, and after much difficulty the whole expedition had been taken across. As I was anxious to reach a large town fourteen miles lower down stream that evening I asked the ferryman if he could take me. He replied in the affirmative, adding that we could do the

distance in an hour. So I stepped on board, and off we shot like a rocket, I feeling about as helpless as an ant in a walnut-shell afloat in a gutter. We careered along gaily through several minor rapids and past lofty cliffs till we heard a loud roar of waters in the distance. Louder and louder it grew, till we came near a point where the river was compressed into a boiling, seething rapid only twenty yards wide. My ferryman friend did



The head and trunk of the remarkable bronze elephant at Omeishan, which has been visited by pilgrims for hundreds of years. [Photograph.]



A band of Uko raiders returning from a foray with their loot.

From a Photograph.

not like the look of this, and so paddled his cockleshell into smooth water in order to review the situation. After a few minutes' silent study he turned to me and said, "All right. We'll try it." He at once paddled into the middle of the river, and in a moment we were caught in the embrace of the rapid. The sensation was extraordinary. The waves leapt ten feet high all round us, shooting us up and down, sporting with us as with a feather, spinning the coracle round like a top, and tipping the crazy little thing until the water began to come over at both sides. As I was sitting in the bottom of the boat I could not see much of the surrounding danger, but I felt a good deal. Meanwhile the boatman was standing up trying to steer with a little bit of a paddle, and my escort, who had accompanied me as ballast, covered his face with his hands and cried bitterly for his mother.

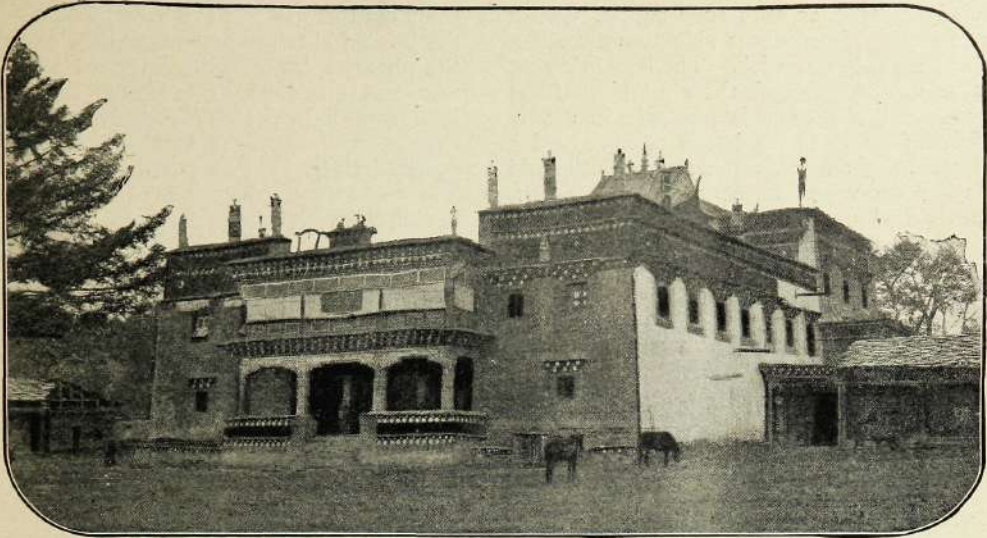
In a few seconds we were through the rapid and speeding on our way. The ferryman kept his promise, and landed us at our destination in an hour; then he started off on his long return journey overland, looking, with his coracle over his head, much like a two-legged tortoise.

After crossing the river we travelled to the head town of the Chosschia tribe, where a white man had once tried to enter, but had been driven out at the point of the sword. Thanks to the letter of introduction from our old friend, Colonel Gow, we met with a splendid reception. Here we agreed to separate, so as to cover a larger area, Brooke and Fergusson hiring yak and pony transport to travel among the unknown tribes in the grass country farther west, while I took the coolies and baggage on through the valley of the Kermer,



The big Tibetan dog that attacked Mr. Brooke.

From a Photograph.



The Monastery at Tailing, built to replace the one destroyed by the Chinese.

From a Photograph.

or Da Jin, as it is called lower down. We arranged to meet later on and continue our journey together.

They travelled for many days through the tribes on the high grass lands and through the country of Uko, a land of nomad raiders and thieves. These robber-bands were continually met by the travellers, but they encountered no opposition from them. The first photograph on the preceding page shows one of these bands

returning after a raid, with many oxen loaded with loot.

In due course the expedition came to Jessigar, a large village where the chief of the tribe lived. This chief was a martyr to rheumatism, and had been unable to walk for some time; all the ministrations and prayers of the priests had been powerless to cure him. Fergusson said that he would see what he could do for him, and spent three days massaging the chief with



A wonderful painting in the Tailing Monastery.

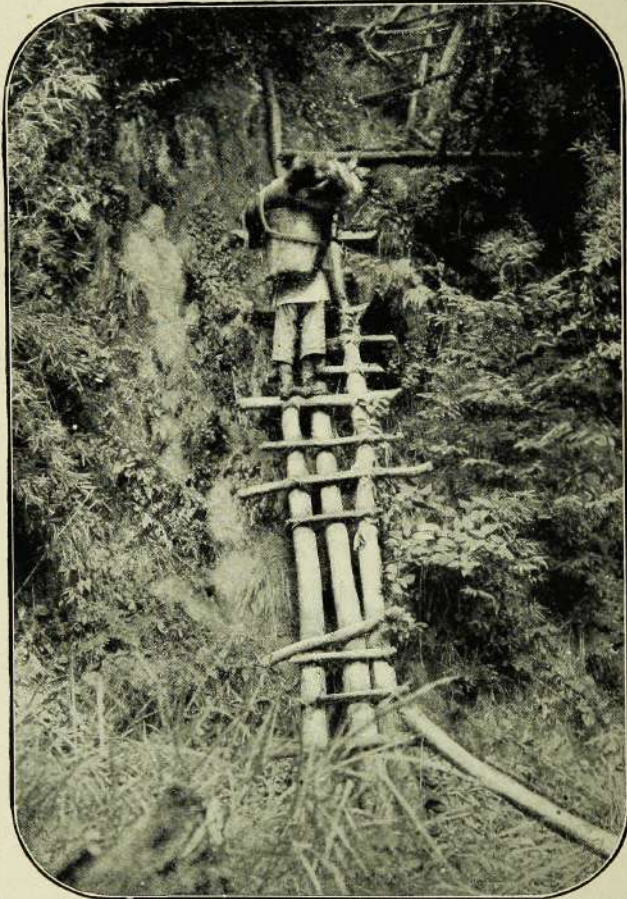
From a Photograph.

alcohol and vaseline, with such success that at the end of the time he was able to walk about without the help of a stick. The lamas thought that it was magic, and the chief himself was very pleased, showing his gratitude in a very practical form by giving letters of introduction and providing an escort to accompany them in the unknown country farther west. My friends, however, had no more mapping materials, and were short of provisions; and as, in any case, they would have been unable to meet me at the time agreed, they reluctantly abandoned the trip.

The chief of Jessigar had a very fine large

snap, but this was too much for the temper of the beast, which promptly made a wild rush at the photographer, dragging over the attendant, who was powerless to hold the dog. The infuriated beast rushed open-mouthed at Brooke, who hastily poked the legs of his camera into the animal's mouth, and so escaped into a doorway which was fortunately open behind him. The servants then managed to secure the dog.

Continuing their journey south, Messrs. Brooke and Fergusson passed the famous Lamaserai of Tailing, where, some years ago, the lamas killed a Chinese official who had



In some parts the ground was so rocky that the guides had to link up portions of the track by means of primitive ladders. [Photograph.]

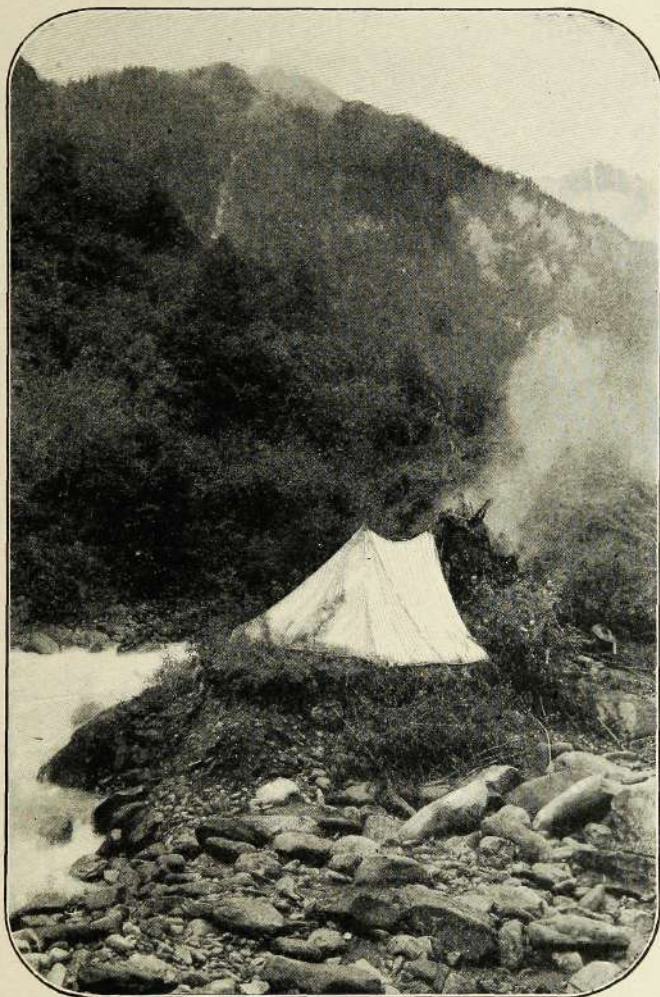
Tibetan dog in his castle which Brooke was very anxious to photograph. A servant unfastened the animal's chain and led the huge brute into the middle of the courtyard, where Brooke got a good photograph of it. After taking this picture he shut up the camera with a

been sent into that part of the country. The Chinese Government therefore dispatched a punitive expedition against them under the famous Chao Ehr, and, after a good deal of hard fighting, the Chinese troops succeeded in looting and burning the lamaserai. The photo-

graph on the top of page 113 shows the new lamaserai which has been built in its place. At the entrance are some wonderful paintings, one of which was photographed.

In the meantime I had been following the

After many days' wandering through most magnificent mountain scenery and over some very difficult tracks, where, as shown on the previous page, the ground was so rocky and so hilly that our native hunters had to link up different parts of



A camp in a river-bed, the only level ground obtainable.
From a Photograph.

valley of the Kermer through a country of surpassing loveliness, abounding in parrots and butterflies of every colour. A magnificent pass was traversed, where once more the carriers were prostrated with mountain sickness.

After many weeks' further travel, Fergusson had to return to Chentu, and Brooke rejoined me at Mungun, a large Chinese outpost. From this point we arranged to return northwards to our former hunting grounds in the Wassau country, where we tried to photograph that rare animal the takin.

our path by means of rough ladders, we reached a valley in which I had previously obtained a specimen of the takin. Here we found it quite a business to locate a level spot to pitch a tent, as the mountains rose sheer on all sides, and at last we were forced to pitch it on a tiny island in the middle of the river-bed. Here we spent many long and weary nights and days in the pouring rain, intently watching a salt spring high up in the mountains where the takin congregate at certain times. We were always on the *qui vive*, taking it in turns either to be



Chinese medicine-diggers, who were exploring the mountains for rare medicinal roots and herbs.
From a Photograph.

with the caravan or to be out hunting on the mountains. We were, however, entirely unsuccessful, and never even got a glimpse of a takin.

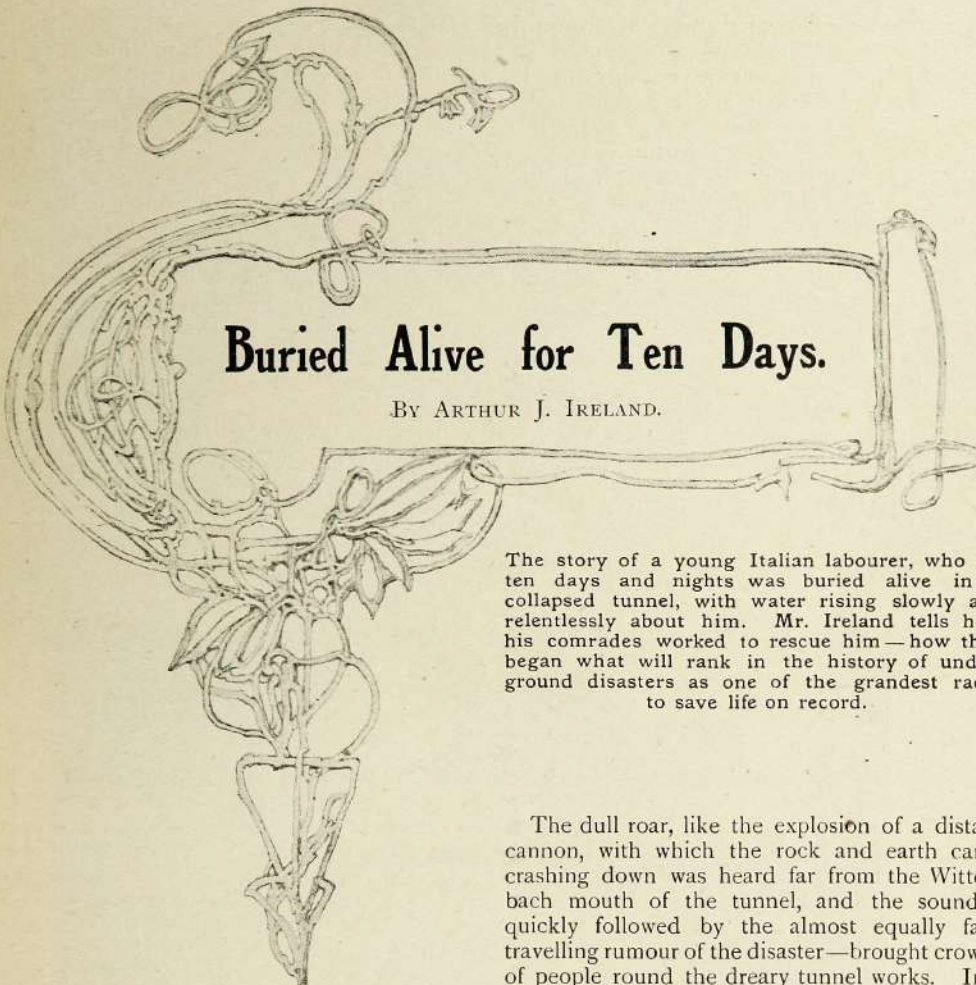
The above photograph was taken in the mountains, where we found a number of Chinese medicine-diggers. These curious people had built a hut high up on the slopes and were wandering all over the range in search of the valuable medicinal roots which grow on the peaks. Somewhat disheartened at the non-success of our takin hunt, we travelled about for a while, and then decided to go back to Chentu once more to prepare for our second trip. Our intention was to travel south to the Lolo country and penetrate into the unknown country south of Ningyuanfu, and thence, striking north-west through an unexplored region, to Batang, on the Tibetan frontier. From there we were to march in a south-westerly direction towards the Bramaputra, and finally into Assam or Burma—an ambitious plan that Mr. Brooke's untimely death prevented us carrying out.

After leaving Chentu, we first visited the great holy mountain of Omeishan, which has for hundreds of years been one of the great sacred pilgrimage places of all Buddhists. We found the mountain to be dotted over with temples, the most interesting of which is one that was

supposed to be built on the spot where Buddha stopped when he came from India riding on a white elephant. This building is certainly not Chinese work, and is much like some of the Indian temples. The sacred edifice is built in the form of a square, which gradually merges into a circular-domed roof, skilfully built of brick-work. In this temple is a gigantic bronze life-size elephant. It would be interesting to discover exactly whence it came and how such a massive statue, weighing many tons, ever reached its present mountain site. The Buddhist pilgrims rub small bronze coins against the elephant, and these coins are then used as medicine. Hundreds of years of this rubbing have completely worn away parts of the carving, and now, as a measure of protection, it has been surrounded by a solid stockade to keep worshippers at a safe distance. We persuaded the attendant to remove one of the pillars and so managed to get a flashlight photograph of the animal's head.

After leaving this temple we climbed to the top of the mountain in pouring rain. This gave place to snow as we neared the summit, and entirely spoilt the magnificent view for which this mountain is famous, so, after spending a night in one of the large temples at the summit, we returned to the bottom.

(To be concluded.)



Buried Alive for Ten Days.

BY ARTHUR J. IRELAND.

The story of a young Italian labourer, who for ten days and nights was buried alive in a collapsed tunnel, with water rising slowly and relentlessly about him. Mr. Ireland tells how his comrades worked to rescue him—how they began what will rank in the history of underground disasters as one of the grandest races to save life on record.

The dull roar, like the explosion of a distant cannon, with which the rock and earth came crashing down was heard far from the Wittenbach mouth of the tunnel, and the sound—quickly followed by the almost equally fast-travelling rumour of the disaster—brought crowds of people round the dreary tunnel works. In a few minutes a vast throng had collected, and for days after the accident the trains brought loads of curious sightseers from near and far.

With admirable promptitude the authorities rose to the occasion, facing the terrible situation by which they were so unexpectedly confronted with the most praiseworthy courage, devotion, and self-sacrifice. The workmen were at once mustered, and when the roll was called ten men failed to answer to their names, but it was afterwards found that two more members of the staff were missing. Then a hasty inspection of the tunnel was made by the engineer-in-chief, and when the extent of the damage was accurately ascertained it was found to be greater than was expected. About six hundred yards from the Wittenbach end of the tunnel, where the propping stopped and where a gang of men had been working when the disaster happened, the entire domed roof of the tunnel had subsided

IT was five o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, June 22nd, 1909, when with a deafening, sickening roar the roof of the Bruggwald Tunnel subsided and entombed a gang of twelve workmen, who were engaged in propping up the weak parts of the roof at the very spot where the accident occurred.

The Bruggwald Tunnel is situated between Constance and Toggenburg, in Switzerland, where a new section of railway is being constructed; and the crumbling nature of the soil, and the sandiness of the rock through which it is cut, had prepared the contractors for difficulties. But, although the utmost precautions were taken, no serious subsidence on a big scale was expected, and the men were evidently working at the dangerous task of propping the roof in too large numbers.

for a distance of more than seventy-five yards. The blasting and excavating of months had evidently loosened a vast quantity of the crumbling rock above; and the accident had probably been precipitated by the heavy rains which fell during the greater part of June.

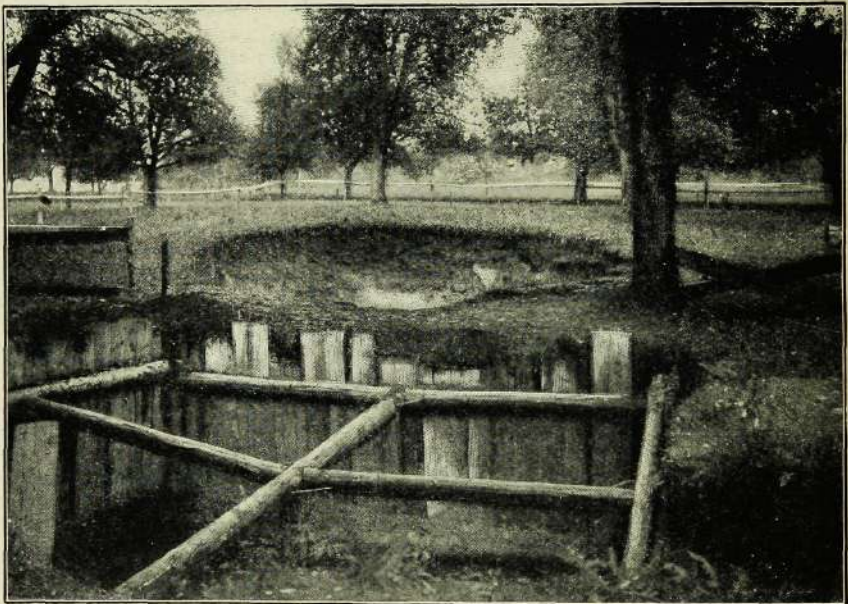
The fallen masses of rock and earth filled the cutting, embedding trolleys, beams, and tools, almost to the level of the top of the perpendicular walls of the tunnel; and so extensive was the subsidence that a great depression was formed in a field immediately above the spot where it took place. Beneath this layer of rubbish, which measured forty feet in thickness, were buried the twelve workmen who had been caught and entombed with such terrible suddenness.

Directly the extent of the damage had been ascertained, volunteers were called for, and the work of rescue was commenced with splendid energy. Headed by the chief engineer, Mr. Bacchi—who was unfortunately killed by falling rocks the day after the great subsidence, while bravely endeavouring to exhumate the buried

and pickaxes was followed by a shower of earth and stones from above; but though more than one of the rescuers had to bandage the gaping wounds that were inflicted by the falling *débris*, not a man left his post until the member of the gang who was to relieve him arrived to take his place.

So they toiled on, all through the night of Tuesday, working in short shifts and with but little respite for food and rest. By ten o'clock on Tuesday night one body and one severely injured man had been recovered, and by Wednesday evening three injured and seven dead men had been found. All this time the work was becoming more dangerous and difficult. Progress was very slow, owing to the numerous trolleys and beams which were mixed with the earth and rocks, and the showers of falling stones became so frequent and so heavy that the rescuers had to run for their lives on more than one occasion.

By Thursday morning, after the men had been working for thirty-six hours without a



From a Photo. by]

A subsidence in the field above the tunnel.

[Anton Krenn, Zurich.

workmen—the other workmen hastened into the tunnel and began a day-and-night race to save the lives of their entombed comrades. To a man these brave fellows came from Northern Italy; and the country that gave them birth may well be proud of them, for finer courage has never been displayed by any group of men. As they toiled, without ceasing, all through the night, every stroke of their shovels

pause, eight bodies and three injured men had been recovered. There was still one man missing; and when the final roll was called, a man named Pedersoli Giovanni was discovered to be the only missing member of the ill-fated gang. All the others, dead or alive—two marvellous to relate, had been but very slightly bruised by the falling masses of earth and stones—had been found; and it was assumed



From a]

A gang of workmen at the entrance to the Bruggwald Tunnel.

[Photograph.

that sooner or later the unfortunate fellow's body would be exhumed, for the idea that he could still be living never for an instant occurred to anybody. Indeed, so confident were his comrades that no human aid could avail Pedersoli Giovanni, that they ceased work on Thursday afternoon, and laid a petition before the contractors, asking for a higher rate of pay proportionate to the risks they would run while the clearing operations were in progress. Many of them had been injured when toiling to rescue their comrades, but of this they took no account; only, now that no lives were at stake and there was nobody to be rescued, they did not see why they should risk their own lives unless paid at a rate which compensated them for the constant dangers to which they were exposed.

The matter was under consideration for a whole day; and then the contractors, who expressed the highest appreciation of the men's pluck, acceded to their request. The men showed their gratitude by starting the clearing work on the morning of Saturday, June 26th, with a right good will.

Little did anybody imagine that, while they had been discussing the question of wages, the man whom they thought of as being among the dead was a prisoner in a living tomb, some

thirteen yards from the spot to which they had come when they ceased work. Had they known this, there is no doubt that they would have braved any and every danger without a thought for themselves. Wages or no wages, they would have reached their comrade in distress or perished in the attempt; for the Italian workman is without a superior as regards courage.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, June 22nd, when the disastrous subsidence took place, Pedersoli Giovanni was working in the neighbourhood of a stack of immense beams, that had been placed in readiness to be used as supports for the crumbling roof. These beams were of great strength, and to their power of resistance, as much as to the happy chance which threw two of them together and formed a roof over him, the young man owes his escape from what seemed like certain death—just as he owes his life to the splendid unselfishness and devotion of his comrades.

Stunned by the shock of the falling rubbish—although he was not struck or in any way injured—Pedersoli Giovanni lay for a time insensible in his ghastly prison. How long he remained unconscious he cannot say, for during those awful days and nights time passed terribly slowly. It was not counted by the hands of the clock—

it was all one hideous blackness, days and nights undistinguishable, long as eternity. Slowly, after the stunning effects of the actual subsidence, of which he retains no clear recollection, began to wear off, the unhappy young man collected his scattered senses and began to take stock of his surroundings by groping with his hands, for he could see absolutely nothing, and the air pressed so heavily upon him that breathing was difficult. Very cautiously he raised an arm and felt for the sides and top of his prison. His fingers touched wood at the sides, but he could not reach the roof. Encouraged by this discovery, he guessed that he was lying in a cavity formed by some of the beams, which must have fallen crosswise and become jammed together at the top, so as to form a slanting roof, which supported the freshly-fallen earth and stones and prevented him from being smothered or crushed to death.

It is a curious fact that the first thoughts which came to him were of his surroundings. At first he did not think about, or realize, the horrors of his position, nor did he think about his feelings or sensations. It was only after he had discovered that he was safely sheltered under a sloping roof of stout beams that he began to take any interest in himself. Then, all of a sudden, he realized that his legs were paining him a great deal, and that he was ravenously hungry and chokingly thirsty. An examination showed that his legs were pinned down by masses of soft earth, and that he could scrape it away with his fingers while he lay on his side. When he had freed his feet, they ached cruelly; but he could then change his position, and this eased him. A little later, greatly daring, he raised himself on to his elbow; then, very cautiously, lest the movement might displace the protecting beams, he sat up and began to review the past and to think about the future.

The outlook, when reason began to reassert itself, was anything but hopeful. Of course, he did not know how far he was from help, or whether any effort to reach him was being made; but as he shouted and shouted and received no answer, he thought the probability was that he had been abandoned to his fate. The sound of his own voice so terrified him that he ceased to cry out. It echoed horribly in the cavity in which he was sitting; the vibration set little pieces of earth rattling down, and the sound of it flew back and seemed to hit him in the face with such violence that he was terrified. Then, when voice and echo finally died away, and the pieces of earth ceased to fall, the silence was more awful than ever; and the absence

of response of any kind depressed him beyond the power of expression.

When the sound of his cries, to which no answer came, had completely unnerved him, Pedersoli Giovanni sat still, gnawed by the cruellest pangs of hunger, and awaited death; but he was still buoyed up by a fading and remote hope that he would be rescued.

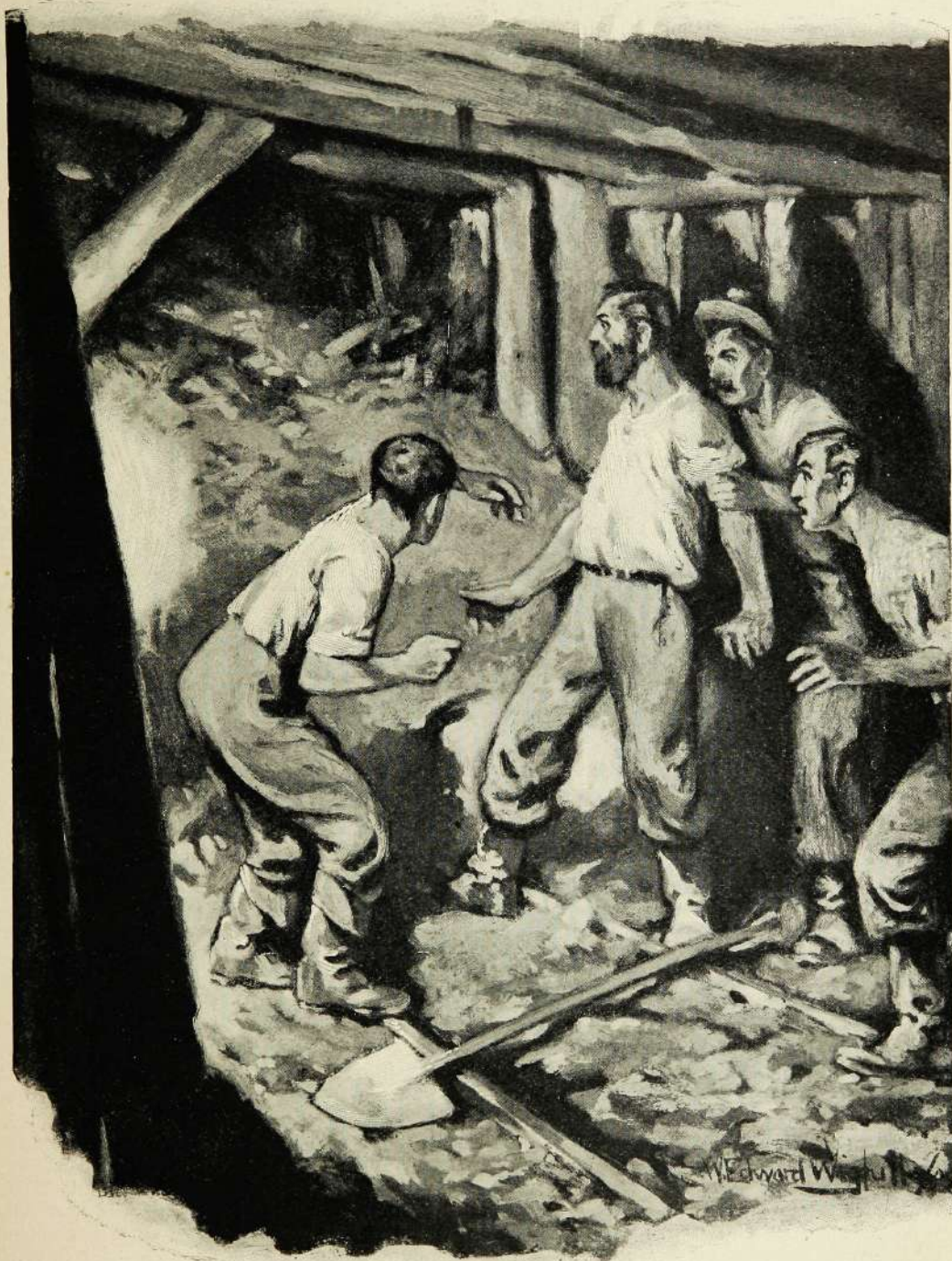
"I never quite abandoned hope," he said, when asked whether the proximity of death oppressed him; "and I cannot say I felt very frightened. I suppose I was too weak. Only, while I was afraid to cry out, the death that was staring me in the face seemed very terrible, because it was so slow. Mercifully, I slept a great deal; and then I felt neither hunger nor fear, though I had some horrible dreams."

While he was seated in his prison a dreadful sound fell upon his ears. It was the slow dripping of water, which was oozing through the freshly-fallen earth above. He felt all over the floor of his cavity, and found that it was damp; then he discovered that the beams were moist, and he knew that the water was percolating slowly through into his cave. Only drop by drop it came—the sound struck upon Pedersoli Giovanni's ears like the ticking of a death-watch—but it was wonderful how quickly it accumulated, and formed first a puddle and then a little pool around him. It had risen to his middle when he was rescued; and the comparison of the ceaseless dripping of the water to the ticking of a death-watch is not inappropriate, for, though it came so slowly, the water would have risen steadily and remorselessly until it covered his head, and in time he would have been drowned.

"It was strange how the sound of this dripping water made me long for something to drink," he said. "At first I had been consumed by the gnawings of hunger, but the noise of the falling water made my thirst predominate. I had not a morsel of food in my pocket, and I felt that I must drink or go mad."

Greatly fearing, and loathing the taste of the muddy water, the young man scooped up handful after handful of the unrefreshing beverage and drank greedily. Unpalatable it no doubt was, but it was his sole sustenance, and undoubtedly he owes his life to this water, which, nevertheless, threatened to drown him. The medical men who have expressed an opinion on the case say that he could not possibly have lived without food for ten days had he not had the water with which to quench his thirst. He drank greedily of it, and after a time he ceased to think it so disagreeable.

While Pedersoli Giovanni was lying in his



"They shouted and listened, and a faint reply came from the depths of the wreckage."

living tomb, confronted by death from starvation, death by being crushed under a fresh subsidence which would dislodge the protecting beams, or death by drowning, his comrades without had been working like heroes. They had recommenced the clearing work on Saturday, June 26th, but it was not until one o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, June 29th (a week after the subsidence had taken place) that some workmen heard feeble cries for help coming from the midst of the freshly-fallen rubbish.

So terribly wrought up had the men become by what had passed during the week—first, by the disaster, and then by the nervous strain they had endured during the exciting days they had spent in searching for their missing comrades—that they did not dare to trust their ears. The wrecked tunnel gave birth to strange fancies; weird and terrifying sounds came from the dark recesses; and the nerves of the men who had been working among the ruins were so terribly strung up that they started and trembled at anything and everything. When they heard the feeble cry, therefore, each clutched his neighbour's arm, their faces looking white and scared in the pale, flickering light of the lanterns. The men who heard that first cry, which they thought was a voice from beyond the grave, say that nothing so terrifying had ever before come within their experience. The surroundings enhanced the uncanniness of the situation—the bare, dripping walls of the tunnel and the floor strewn with heaps of rubbish.

The workers were so frightened that it was some time before they could find their voices to answer. At last, however, they shouted and listened, and a faint reply came from the depths of the wreckage; but even then they could not trust their ears, and others were summoned to call and to listen before they were satisfied that their overwrought senses had not played them a trick. But when all were agreed that the voice came from a human throat the alarm was immediately given.

"There is still a living man in the tunnel!" was the message passed from mouth to mouth with amazing rapidity.

In a shorter time than seemed possible the news had spread far and wide, and every man engaged at the works was soon at the entrance to the tunnel. But it was not until the chief engineer, Mr. Mast, arrived that any definite steps were taken.

"Who is it buried in there?" he shouted.

A faint answer came; but the question had to be repeated several times before an intelligible reply was received—or, at least, before the words of the imprisoned man could be distinguished.

"Pedersoli Giovanni," came the feeble voice at last.

Several other questions were asked and answered; and the anxious men without were delighted to learn that their poor comrade was well and safe, suffering only from hunger.

"Keep up your heart," shouted Mr. Mast, as cheerily as he could. "We're coming to get you out at once. We'll begin work now, and we'll never stop until we get to you. You'll be free to-morrow—or perhaps before. God keep you safe!"

The men set to work with tremendous energy and splendid courage, cheerfully facing the perils from falling stones and earth; but little did they dream of the difficulties, owing to the presence of encumbering obstacles, that would bar their way and make progress through the main tunnel impossible. They only knew that a fellow-creature was alive and in a terrible predicament, and they meant to reach him or to die in the attempt. From the moment the fact that Pedersoli Giovanni was still alive had been established there was no need to urge the men on. With simply magnificent courage they began what will rank in the history of underground rescues as one of the grandest races to save life on record. It was less sensational than some of the rescues after great mining disasters have been, simply because the life of only one man was at stake, but as an undemonstrative display of courage on the part of the rescuers, nothing finer has ever been done. To attempt to describe their performance or to dwell upon their courage would be an insult to the men.

Under the personal supervision of their chief, who hardly quitted his post during those anxious days, the men worked in short-shift gangs, which were relieved every half-hour throughout the day and night. But, despite their great efforts, progress was appallingly slow; for at almost every foot obstacles, such as iron trolleys and great beams, were found embedded in the rubbish. By Tuesday evening, after they had been working ceaselessly for fifteen hours at fever heat, only ten feet had been cleared, and at this point an obstruction was encountered—a large iron truck and a number of very big beams jammed right across the tunnel—beyond which it was impossible to proceed without serious loss of time.

All the time as they worked the rescuers had been singing and shouting words of comfort to their entombed comrade; and Pedersoli Giovanni describes the sensation of desolation which swept over him when their singing and shouting stopped, as they struck the formidable obstacle beyond which they could not penetrate as fast as they deemed to be necessary.

"I felt more hopeless than I had done since the realization of my position had first frozen my blood," he said; "for I knew something had happened, and I thought I should be abandoned to my fate. I don't think I ever quite lost hope—certainly I never lost faith in my comrades; but things happen, you know, against which man cannot fight. The silence, after the cheerful sound of voices, singing and shouting to me, terrified me. Had another subsidence taken place, burying my would-be rescuers? This was the first thing that occurred to me, and it is strange that from that moment onwards I felt more hungry than I had done since I discovered the water around me. It was cold sitting in it—it had risen to above my hips as I sat—but it had the power to quench my thirst, and at the same time to allay my hunger, and I was grateful. As I contemplated the three fates, the three forms of death that threatened me, I used to wish that another subsidence would crush down the beams and end everything—for this ending would have had the advantage of being quicker than either death from starvation or drowning."

As a matter of fact, though they never for a moment seriously thought of abandoning the race to the rescue of their imprisoned comrade, while Pedersoli Giovanni was torn by doubts in his living tomb the men without were holding a solemn conclave to consider ways and means. How could they reach the man in time to save his life? This was the problem they had to solve—and it was the seriousness of it that silenced them for a few moments. It would take a whole day—perhaps two days—to clear away, with pickaxe and shovel, the great obstruction that barred their way; and they knew that this was the only way to do it, for they did not dare to blast a passage.

"Are you all right? Are you going to leave me? I know you will come if you can."

This was the feeble message that came through the wall of loose earth and stones which lay between them and their comrade. It was wonderful how clearly they could hear on both sides of the formidable partition, which was about forty feet in thickness. Pedersoli Giovanni says he was saved from madness during this time of suspense by the cheering words and merry songs of the rescuers, and they admit that they were sustained and spurred to make almost superhuman efforts by the sound of his ceaseless harsh, hacking, chest-ripping cough, which came filtering through the fissures of the newly-formed wall of *débris*, and stung them to redouble their efforts.

"Leave you! Of course, we're not going to leave you," shouted the foreman in charge.

But still they looked helplessly at the solid obstacles before them for a few minutes before they decided to cut a narrow, low-roofed gallery parallel to the main tunnel, by which they hoped to reach their comrade. At the side of the tunnel the earth was soft and progress would be made rapidly. No sooner was the decision arrived at than work was begun with redoubled energy, in order to make up for the time that had been lost. And Pedersoli Giovanni, in his prison, felt his spirits revive and his pangs of hunger decrease as he heard the renewed shouting and singing.

The new boring was cut as small as possible—it was only three feet high and two feet six inches wide—in order to reduce the labour and save time as much as possible. But the dangers of the work were countless—every inch of the roof of the passage had to be propped, to prevent a subsidence, and the men were in momentary peril of their lives; but the dangers were bravely faced. In this part of the soil there were but few stones to be removed; and although the work was done under the most uncomfortable conditions, and although the men were oppressed by the fear that their work might cause a fresh subsidence which would displace the beams under which their comrade was sheltered, progress was very rapid. The men still worked in short-shift parties, night and day; and to such good effect did they employ their energies that, although the boring was so narrow that pickaxe and shovel could hardly be used, so that the majority of the men threw aside their tools and tore the soft earth away with their hands, in less than four days they had reached a point from which Pedersoli Giovanni could see faint rays of light coming from the strong electric lamps by which they were working.

"I can see a light!" he called out.

The men cheered and redoubled their efforts, and a few hours later they were immediately above the cavity in which the unhappy young man had spent ten awful days and nights—days and nights which seemed like one long, black eternity. From that point they sank a vertical shaft to the cavity; and as the last thin partition wall of earth that lay between him and freedom and safety was broken down Pedersoli Giovanni felt a rush of fresh air which almost intoxicated him and made him feel faint. At the same instant he saw a great blinding glare of strong white light in which the bronzed, smiling face of the foremost of the rescuers appeared like the countenance of an angel. In this way the great work of rescue was achieved, and what remains to be related is quickly told.

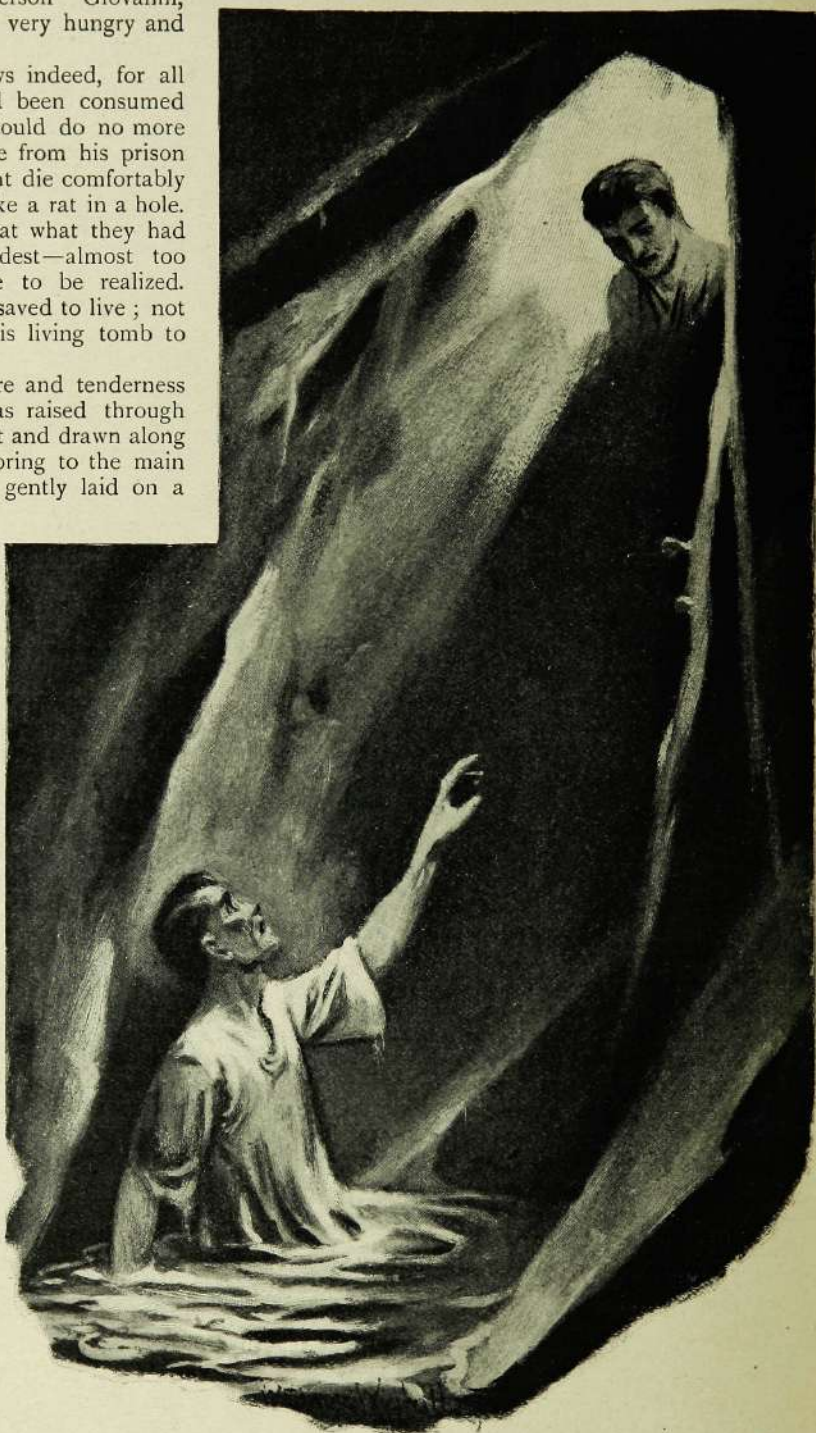
"Are you hurt?" inquired the friendly voice of the man above.

"No," said Pedersoli Giovanni, weakly. "I am only very hungry and very cold."

This was good news indeed, for all along the rescuers had been consumed by the fear that they could do no more than get their comrade from his prison in order that he might die comfortably in a bed, instead of like a rat in a hole. But now it seemed that what they had regarded as their wildest—almost too sanguine—hopes were to be realized. The man was saved—saved to live; not merely pulled from his living tomb to die elsewhere.

With the utmost care and tenderness Pedersoli Giovanni was raised through the short vertical shaft and drawn along the narrow parallel boring to the main tunnel, where he was gently laid on a stretcher; and, covered by a sheet, he was carried by his rescuers to a shed outside, which had been heated and prepared for his reception. There a doctor was in waiting, and a rapid examination established the fact that he had sustained no injuries. This was good news, but at the same time it was stated that his lungs were seriously threatened, if not actually affected, and he was taken to the Cantonal Hospital at St. Gall with all possible speed.

The most extraordinary thing in connection with this wonderful rescue is, that all through those trying first hours after his rescue Pedersoli Giovanni never for an instant lost consciousness; and from the time he reached the hospital and received proper care he began to regain his health



"'Are you hurt?' inquired the friendly voice of the man above."



Giovanni's rescuers carrying him out of the Bruggwald Tunnel after his ten days' entombment.
From a Photo. by Anton Krenn, Zurich.

rapidly. Of course, he was very weak for a long time, and his eyes were so delicate that for days he could not bear the strong light of the sun; but, except for a passing fear that his mind was affected, there was never the slightest doubt that he would completely recover from the effects of his terrible ordeal.

"I have been so happy and so comfortable here," he said. "How good everyone has been to me I cannot tell. I can never repay them—but I will pray for them all as long as I live."

It was at first thought, after the fear of a severe lung attack had been dispelled, that the strain had shattered his nervous system completely. But the care and loving attention he received in the hospital warded off this consequence of his terrible experience as well as the lung attack; and Pedersoli Giovanni, who had been counted among the dead for ten days when lying in his horrible tunnel tomb, is now completely restored. Among the most touching of the kindnesses he received was the offer of a comfortable free home during his convalescence; and all that skill and love can do to make him

forget those hideous days and nights, which seemed like an eternity while they were passing and which now seem like some terrible nightmare, is being done by those around him.

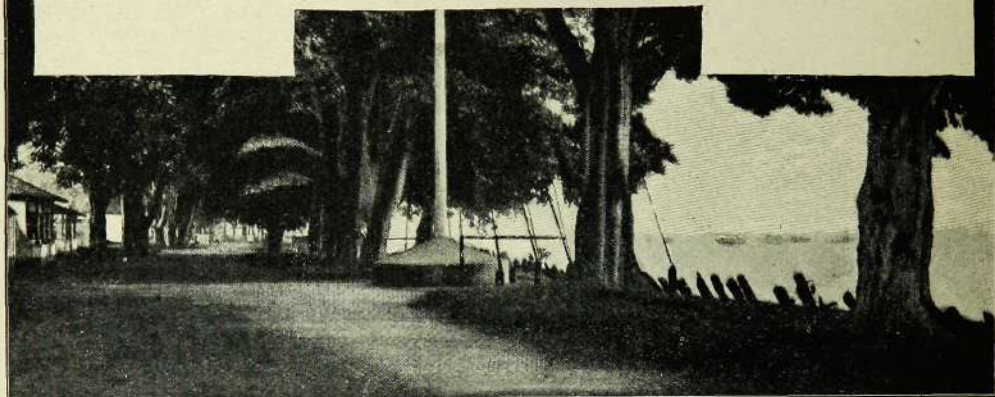
Thus was Pedersoli Giovanni rescued from the living grave in which he had lain for ten days and nights, with but little hope of being saved. The disaster occurred on Tuesday, June 22nd, at five o'clock in the afternoon, and he was actually lifted out of the tunnel on Friday, July 2nd, at ten minutes past two o'clock in the afternoon; so that, to be exact, he spent exactly two hundred and thirty-seven hours in his terrible prison.

Pedersoli Giovanni is a dark-complexioned, dark-haired, dreamy-eyed young man of twenty-one years of age, and possesses an excellent physique. The most wonderful thing about his adventure, perhaps, is that he has sustained no ill from his terrible exposure.

"I thank God for my safety," he says, with solemn simplicity, when summing up his adventures. "And I am deeply grateful to my well-beloved rescuers and to all those who have taken such great care of me."

A QUAINT KINGDOM.

BY PAULINE AGANOR.



From a Photograph.

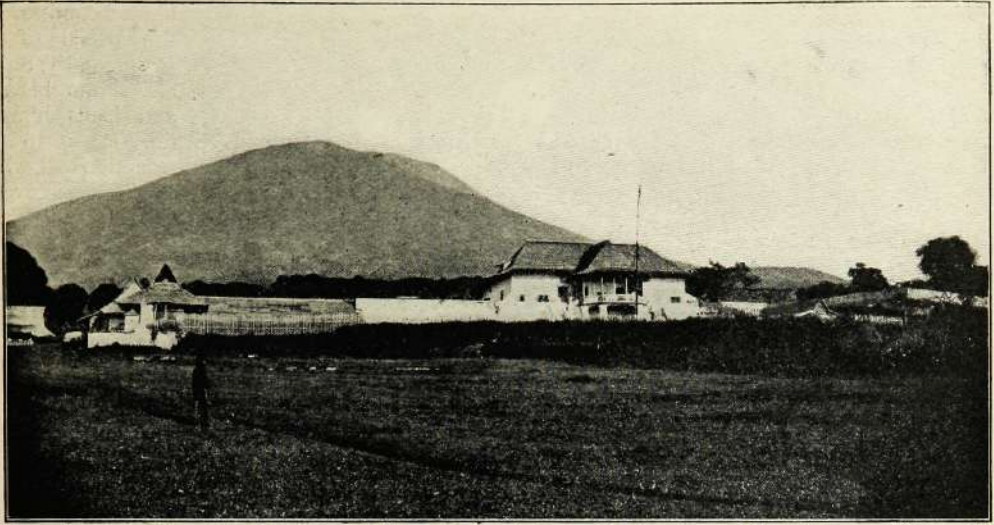
Ternate, the queer little island kingdom described in this article, is situated in the Moluccas, and belongs to the Dutch. It is nominally ruled by a Sultan, who rides in an ancient carriage drawn by men instead of horses, maintains a bodyguard in Napoleonic uniforms, and amuses himself and his visitors with a troupe of dancers in Louis XIV. costumes. The customs of the islanders themselves are as quaint as those of their ruler.

“ HERE on earth is Ternate?” I can almost hear some of my readers voicing the question on turning to this page of the magazine. Well, Ternate is one of several little islands forming a group in the East Indian Archipelago known as the Moluccas, or, more commonly, the “Spice Islands,” because there was a time when spices, such as nutmeg, cloves, and mace, were largely imported from that part of the world. The islands still yield plenty of spices, but nothing like what they did formerly, because when the Dutch took possession of them they made a treaty with the native Sultans to destroy many of the forests, in order that they might keep the entire monopoly of the spice trade in their own hands. Most of us, I think, remember coming across the “Spice Islands” on the map during our schooldays, and Ternate is one of the two residencies of that group over which Queen Wilhelmina exercises her rule and authority with the aid of native Sultans. The island was created some centuries ago by a volcanic eruption, and is still subject to frequent shocks of earthquake.

Those in search of a novel sensation might

do well to take a trip to this distant part of our globe, where earth movements of an exciting nature may be experienced without any great danger of being swallowed up entirely. The last severe earthquake—as the inhabitants count such things—took place at the beginning of last century, when the people might have been wiped out altogether had the trouble not occurred at a most convenient time. It was the night of a Chinese New Year's festival, which the Celestials were busy celebrating with their usual carnival processions through the streets and other kinds of jollifications that drew all the inhabitants from their homes to join in the revelry.

In the midst of the public rejoicings and amid the din of exploding fireworks, such as the natives love, Nature joined in, rocking the earth and bringing down hundreds of houses like so many packs of cards! Fortunately, the inhabitants of volcanic islands in the tropics are wiser than their brethren elsewhere, for they build their houses in the style of flimsy bungalows, and never as substantial skyscrapers, so that when they are unexpectedly overtaken by an earthquake which their houses cannot withstand,



From a]

The palace of the Sultan of Ternate—In the background is the volcano of Gamalama.

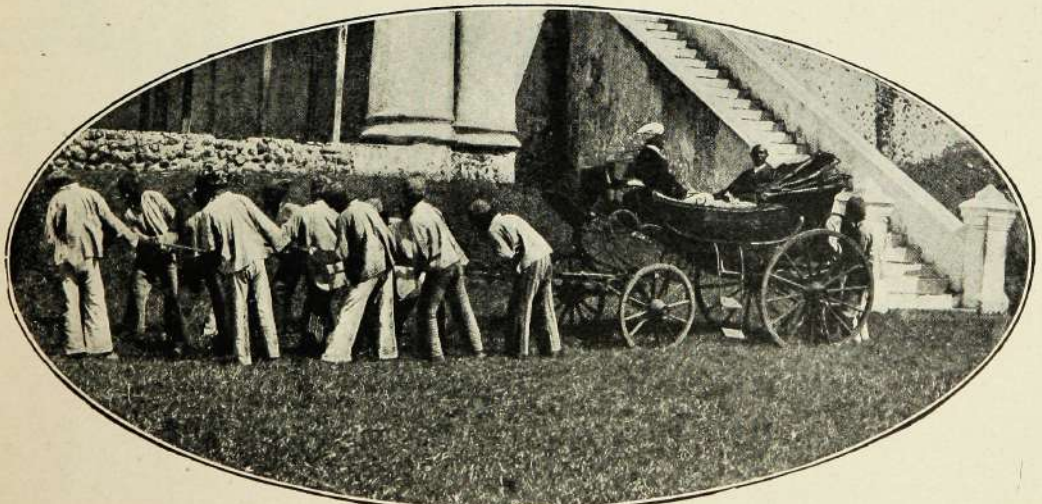
[Photograph.

they can at least be extricated alive from the *débris*.

The first photograph reproduced shows the avenue outside the bungalow of the Dutch Resident, which is indicated by a flag-staff in front of it. The Resident lives in the capital of Ternate, which bears the same name as the island itself, and the bungalow faces a long stretch of sea-coast, fringed with groups of small islands, while from the back one enjoys a magnificent view of distant volcanoes.

The above picture shows the *kraton*, or palace enclosure, of the Sultan of Ternate, with the noble volcano Gamalama, five thousand five hundred feet above sea-level, in the background.

The grounds are small and insignificant, and the palace itself—part of which is seen below—is an old, dilapidated stone building, ornamented with Corinthian pillars, with a flight of ruinous stone stairs leading down to the lawn in front. The Sultan is poor but proud. He has made a contract with the Dutch Government by which he pledges himself to recognize Queen Wilhelmina as his Sovereign, to whom he promises to be faithful, obedient, and submissive, to provide men and weapons in case of need, and to allow Her Majesty's Government to take care of his Crown jewels, "in case they fall into dishonest hands." He further undertakes to provide timber and coolies to erect



From a]

The Sultan in his State carriage, which is dragged by men instead of horses.

[Photograph.



The bungalow here shown is typical of the houses of the white residents of Ternate.
From a Photograph.

public buildings, to fly no other but the Dutch flag over his palace, and so forth. All this he has to do in return for a meagre allowance and permission to exercise his fatherly care over the native population. It is not a bad arrangement—from the Dutch point of view!

There was a time when the Sultan of Ternate had great power and riches, and lived in grand style. But nowadays, when this potentate shows himself to his people, he rides in a State carriage—a gift from the Government, dating from a very remote period of the coach-building art—which is dragged and pushed by natives, whose business it is to take the place of horses. One of the photographs shows this antiquated vehicle, with the Sultan seated in it and one of the Royal princes facing him. In front is his human team, and he is being dragged by his servants to pay a State call on the Resident. The wonder is that the aged equipage does not drop to pieces on the road. It is said that horses are scarce on the island, and that the Sultan resents the idea of placing a native coachman in a more elevated position than himself; therefore, he prefers to drive out at a snail's pace, towed by coolies.

When the Resident returns an official visit he is fetched in the same vehicle, and in the same curious style. Visits are generally paid by the Resident at seven o'clock in the evening, and the carriage is then accompanied by torchbearers, which adds to the fantastic appearance of the cortège and causes great excitement amongst the islanders, who flock out to watch the procession. It takes half an hour to reach the palace from the Resident's house, and at the palace the Sultan awaits his guest at the foot of the steps, surrounded by lackeys holding

lighted candles. On the arrival of the Resident, the Sultan offers him his arm and leads him up the steps to his reception hall, where a few chairs covered with red velvet have been placed beforehand. The Resident takes a seat to the right of the Sultan, and the native secretaries place themselves at either side of their Royal master. As soon as the Resident is seated a servant brings a basin of water for his Excel-

lency to wash his hands if he wishes to do so, but as a rule the Resident waves him off. Tea and cakes are next presented; after which a troupe of Royal women-dancers, to the number of half-a-dozen or so, walk slowly in in stately fashion, one behind the other, accompanied by a clarinet-player in the uniform of the Napoleonic period. He gives the note, which is taken up by gong-players and other native instrumentalists, and the dance begins in a kind of minuet, the shrill voices of the dancers adding to the strangeness of the scene.

It will be noticed from our illustration that the bare-footed dancers are dressed in brocaded silks and sashes, and crowned with wonderful head-dresses of native work; each lady also holds a cheap Japanese fan in her hand.



From a The Sultan's clarinet-player.

I am told that the dresses are supposed to represent costumes of the Louis XIV. period, but am unable to vouch for this.

At the end of the performance the ladies walk out in the same slow and stately manner, and then there is a pause, during which cigars and sweets are presented. At the termination of the interval another set of dancers — this time of the male sex — file in, followed by a large number of musicians playing violins, flutes, and drums. The dance of the men consists of a series of high jumps and acrobatic performances, ending by their forming themselves into a human pyramid. The male dancers wear curious harlequin costumes with three-cornered hats ornamented with bird-of-paradise feathers, the sight of which would turn any European lady green with envy. It is now time for the



From a

A scene in the interior of the island.

(Photograph.)

Resident to return home, and the ancient carriage, with its quaint human horses and torch-bearers, is once more placed at his disposal. There was once a Resident on the island, it is said, who could not tolerate this trying form of drive twice on the same day; so, in order to get out of the difficulty, he pleaded his preference for walking exercise in the cool breeze of the evening, and thus avoided causing offence to his host.



of the Royal women-dancers, who perform for the amusement of their master's guests.
Vol. xxv.—17.

(Photograph.)

Another picture shows the bodyguard of the Sultan, equipped with uniforms and arms of the Napoleonic period and wearing mitre-shaped helmets; a squad of shield and lance bearers is seen to the right of them. If these are typical of the "men and weapons" the Sultan is pledged to furnish to the Dutch Government, it is obvious that Holland will not gain greatly in military strength by the deal!

The lance and shield men, by the way, perform what is called a mirror-dance. They take their places in front of a mirror in a warlike attitude, and, of course, see their own reflections in it. These reflections are supposed to be their enemies, and the dance commences by the dancer taking a forward spring towards the mirror with strange contortions of the body, intended to indicate that he is fighting against, and shielding himself from, the thrusts of the enemy. The young man who manipulates his shield and lance in the most exciting and realistic manner earns the approval of his audience, expressed in loud shouting, while many a

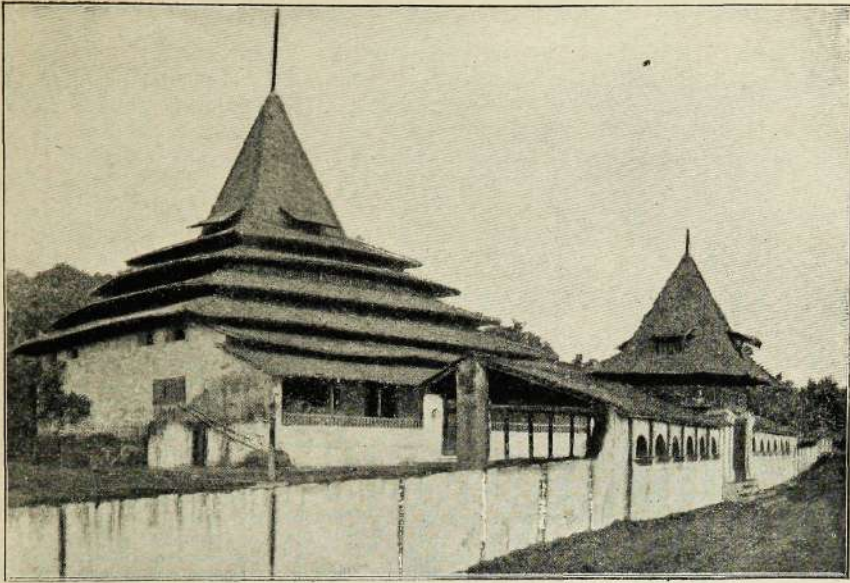
damsel looking on also casts sweet glances in his direction. The Ternatenese young lady of a marriageable age, by the way, is wooed for her admirer by a third person—an elderly woman—who lays before her parents all the advantages to be gained from their daughter's marriage to such and such a young man. But the parents, being generally of a mercenary turn of mind, demand a lump sum down in exchange for their child. If the young man has not saved enough to pay the stipulated price for his bride he must wait till he can do so, or go elsewhere.

The islanders are, as a race, short and broad, with copper-coloured skins and good features. They have a language of their own, rather difficult to learn and understand, but most of the people learn the Malay tongue in order to carry on their trade with Java and the other islands with greater ease. The majority of



From a]

The State orchestra.



From a

The Temple at Ternate.

[Photograph.]

them are Mohammedans, but there are many Christians among them.

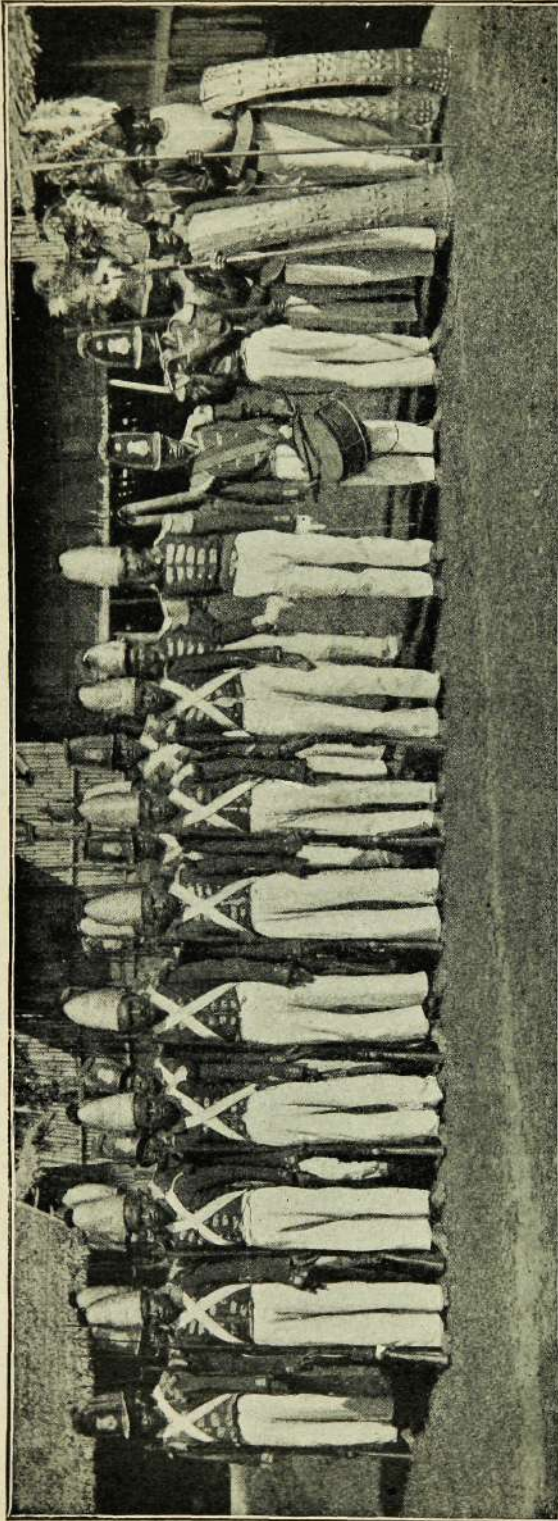
The climate of Ternate is naturally tropical, but not unhealthy or disagreeable, and the island is rich in agricultural products, such as sago, maize, coffee, cocoa, spices, indigo, tobacco, and so forth, but rice is not easily cultivated,

and is regarded as a luxury, the staple foods of the islanders being sago, maize, vegetables, and fish. Tropical fruits, such as mangoes, durians, and doekoes, which grow abundantly on the lower parts of the mountains, provide sufficient food for the natives and also allow them to earn a livelihood, for during the season the



A group of male dancers.

[Photograph.]



(Photograph.)

The Sultan's bodyguard—They are equipped with uniforms and arms of the Napoleonic period.

[From a]

ripe, juicy fruits are gathered for exportation to neighbouring islands less blessed by Nature. The fruits are packed in sacks or baskets and placed in bullock carts—as shown in the picture on the following page—and thus conveyed to the markets or to the harbour.

As sportsmen the Ternatenese are as good as their brethren in Java and elsewhere. Armed with a rifle they will bring down scores of birds with magnificent plumage, amongst them the birds of paradise, for which they obtain from fifteen shillings to a sovereign per bird. Another favourite form of sport is the catching of fish and a kind of tortoise, called "tripang." This is done on dark nights, when the "tripangs" come to the surface of the water to breathe. On showing themselves they are caught with a native-made harpoon. The natives are great experts in removing the valuable shell from the back of the tortoise by the cruel process of holding the poor creatures over a fire. Very often they are still alive after their natural covering has been removed, and in this case they are thrown back into the sea, where they are allowed to grow another shell—a long and slow process. Small sharks are caught in a very original way. About a dozen dry coconut-shells are strung together and thrown into the sea. They make a dull noise on touching the water, and so cause the sharks to come up and see what is going on, when they are caught with harpoons by the expert fishermen.

Good and evil spirits play as great a rôle in Ternate as in other semi-civilized lands. One way of getting rid of an evil spirit which has been troubling the inhabitants of a hut is for the head of the family to build a toy boat, which he decorates with flags and fills with offerings of food. He then takes the boat to the sea-shore, shoves it into the water, and sits down to watch it drifting out to sea. When he is quite sure that the wind has blown it out far enough he gets up and returns home in a happier frame of mind, having got rid at last of the evil demon, which is supposed to have taken passage in the "spirit boat."

An eclipse of the moon gives rise to another superstition, the moon, according to native ideas, having been swallowed up by a dragon. In order to get rid of the dragon the population bring out gongs and other noisy musical instru-

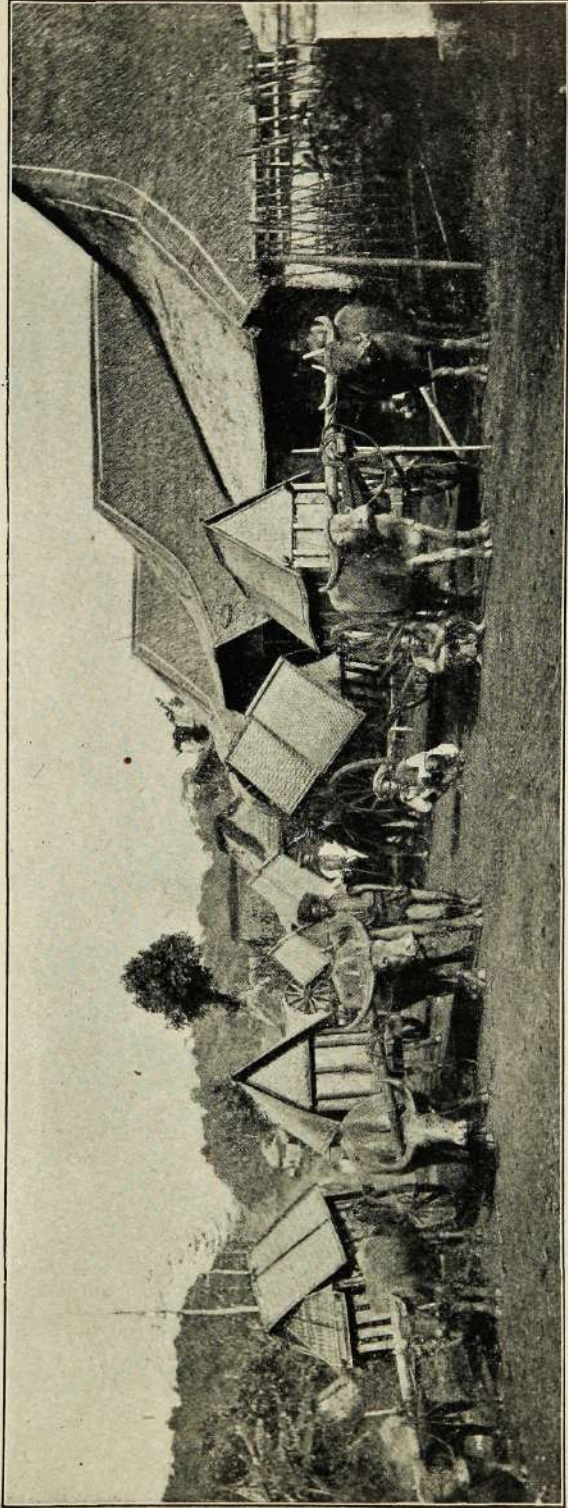
ments, and beat these vigorously, to the accompaniment of shrieks and yells, until the moon reappears. Some take the opportunity of gathering a certain species of leaves for the purpose of using them medicinally afterwards.

The souls of the dead are honoured as protectors of the living, and they are supposed to dwell in the woods, where their relatives often place offerings of food for them. They are also consulted during serious illnesses, when living women, representing spirits, act as oracles, and give their advice for a trifle.

Although most of the Ternatenese are Mohammedans by religion they are not above taking strong drinks; and the picture on the top of the following page shows a group of sago-wine sellers. The wine is obtained by inserting long, hollow bamboos in the bark of the sago palm. By the next morning a good quantity of the liquid has been obtained, and by the same afternoon the sweet stuff has sufficiently fermented to be sold as an intoxicant which finds great favour with the natives.

During the Ramadan fast, which lasts for a month, the Sultan of Ternate never transacts business, but is often seen going to the temple. On the twenty-seventh day of the fast a great festival is held; the houses are illuminated and innumerable guns are discharged. On that day the Resident sends to His Majesty a present of sugar, coffee, rose-water, candles, print materials—mostly manufactured in Manchester—rice, and tea. On the first day of the following month a return gift is sent by the Sultan to the Resident in the form of home-made sweets, fowls, and fruit.

The illustration at the bottom of the last page shows a weird native *tandoe*, or sedan-chair, in which the Royal wives and princesses are carried to the temple or go for an airing. This sedan-chair is a very curious specimen of native work, and the ornamental articles on either side of it are meant to hold lamps, which are carried on poles by the servants. The Sultan of Ternate and the princes usually wear European garments and a white turban, white being only worn by Royalty, whereas the commoners always wear a turban made of black material. One more quaint custom of the islanders must be



Loading up the quaint native carts with fruit for exportation.

[Photograph.]

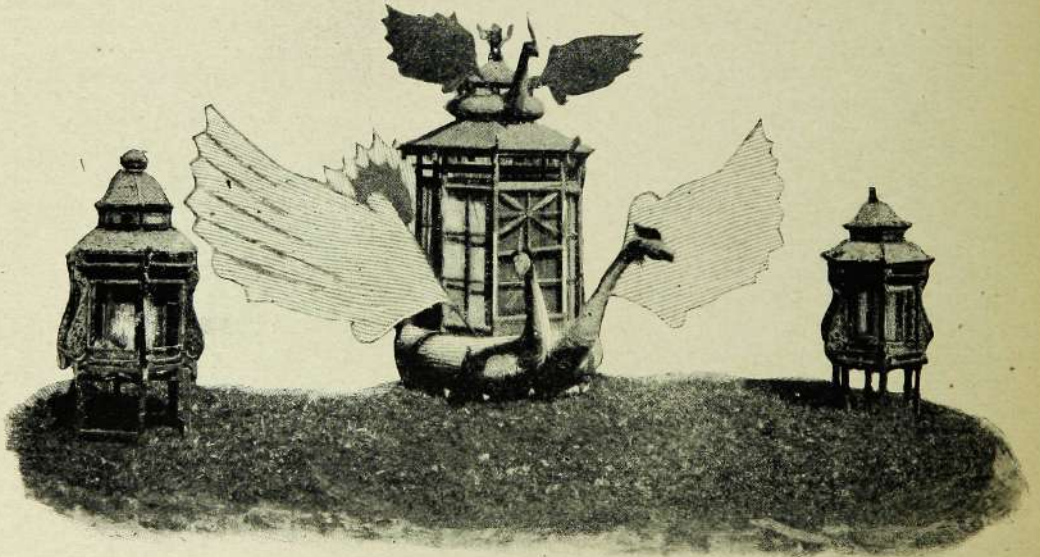


A group of sago-wine sellers—The wine is carried in long bamboos with the joints knocked out.

From a Photograph.

mentioned in conclusion, and that is the pastime of the *dodengo*, or fencing with bamboos until blood is drawn. Needless to say, it is only the strongest and pluckiest youths who care to take part in it. The competitors parry the thrusts of the bamboo lances of their rivals with great skill, and those who are successful in avoiding serious wounds are highly honoured. Many a young man has

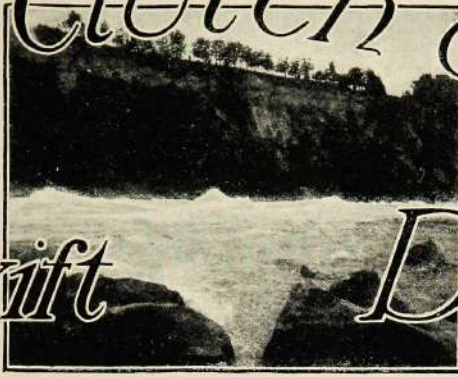
fought in the *dodengo* in order to win favour with the maiden of his choice, for, in spite of the alarming aspect which some of the wounded victims present afterwards, these fencing bouts nevertheless attract young and old, and cases are on record of plucky young fighters who, through their prowess, have been enabled to win their brides without the payment of the usual lump sum down.



An extraordinary "tandoe," or sedan-chair, in which the Sultan's wives are carried—The lamps on either side are carried on poles by the escort.

(Photograph.)

In the Clutch of the "Swift Drift"



By LAURENCE D. YOUNG.

So far as is known no one has ever swum the Whirlpool Rapids of Niagara, where the famous Captain Webb lost his life. This little story was told to Mr. Young by a man who claims to have accomplished the feat. Whether one believes him or not, the narrative is a very striking one, and, as Mr. Young says, it rings true.



AFTER an ordinary tourist's day of sight-seeing at Niagara Falls I was returning hotelward in company with a friend of mine, who was a native of that place, when my attention was arrested by an old man who was selling pictures of the Falls. He was tall and straight as an arrow, though he must have been at least eighty years old—for his hair, although thick, showed pure white, with a peculiar vivid shininess, against the reddish-brown of his skin.

An old man who was neither bent nor feeble was a sufficient novelty to prompt me to buy a picture. As we passed on, my companion remarked, "That's old Durgot. A remarkable figure, isn't he?"

As a matter of fact the old fellow, with his clear, piercing eyes, and head that no painter could see without wanting to make a Neptune out of it, had interested me mightily.

"What is he? An Indian?" I asked.

"Oh, no," replied my friend. "He thinks that when he was a boy he swam the Lower Rapids,

and he has dwelt so much on the idea that it has turned his brain. He's not exactly crazy, but just a little queer." And we spoke no more on the subject.

The next morning, after breakfast, I went alone to the old man's corner. He remembered me, and upon my showing interest in him and his affairs he appeared pleased. After some little talk I suggested that we should go for a drive. His eyes brightened, and he consented, provided that I would take him down by the water. I bought some cigars, negotiated with

the vulture-like driver of an open vehicle, and we started. I asked the old man where he wished to go. "To the Whirlpool," he said. I told the driver this, and we were taken over to the Canadian side and down along the high bank of the gorge for three or four miles to a point where the driver told us to alight. Then, leaving vehicle and driver behind, I followed, while old Durgot led the way down a narrow, winding path.

The descent proved to be perilous, and I



Old Durgot, who claims to have swum the Whirlpool Rapids of Niagara. *[From a Photograph.]*

marvelled at the agility the old man displayed in sliding from one tree to another, as was frequently necessary on the steep slope. Reaching the bottom we sat down on the narrow beach, our feet almost in the tremendous whirlpool, which eddied and flowed resistlessly past us.

I produced my cigars, but Durgot, disdaining them, smoked a black pipe, villainous to look upon. While half a pipe was smoked the old man watched the water silently. Then he said, quietly:—

"I swam through there once."

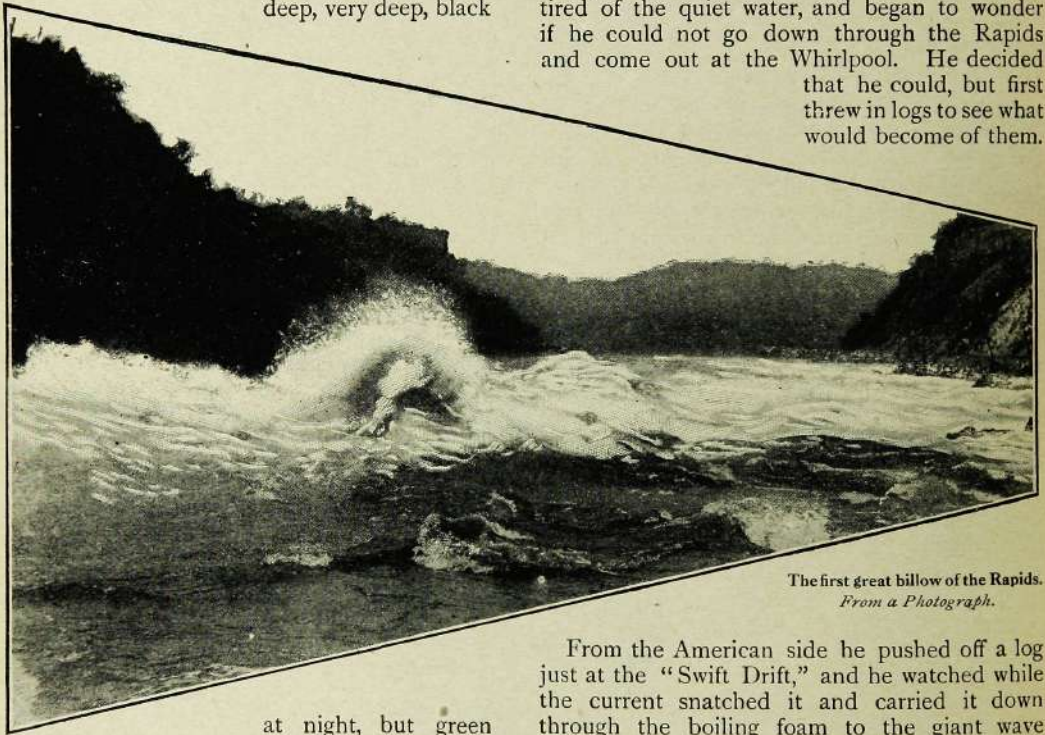
"Yes? Tell me about it," I asked him.

He paused for a moment, and then began to speak, in an odd, impersonal way, while his eyes lit up. I have endeavoured to quote him exactly.

I will tell you of a river and of a Man. The river was broad and deep, very deep, black

After the river takes its leap over the Falls it rests and waits, and then for two miles its slow, steady flow is calm and peaceful until along the banks, on both sides, and just opposite each other, come the first ripples of broken water, in two straight, even lines. These two streaks of white go out towards the centre, meeting in the middle a quarter of a mile below, and there the river again awakens. These two lines are the "Swift Drift," and, as all men know, whatever comes into the clutch of the "Swift Drift" never gets out.

The Man understood all there was to know about the river, and he would swim backwards and forwards across where it was quiet, timing himself so closely that often he would reach the bank but a few feet above where the "Swift Drift" started. It was a fine game, and everybody thought he was very daring. Then he grew tired of the quiet water, and began to wonder if he could not go down through the Rapids and come out at the Whirlpool. He decided that he could, but first threw in logs to see what would become of them.



The first great billow of the Rapids.
From a Photograph.

at night, but green and blue in the sun, dancing merrily along, and beckoning, always beckoning, to the Man to come and play with it. It was just the same river that you see here, but in those days we did not know that no one could swim through there and live.

Then there was the Man. Twenty-eight years old he was at this time, just six feet tall, and very strong. He could run and jump and ride a horse, but best of all he could swim. Oh, how he could swim!

From the American side he pushed off a log just at the "Swift Drift," and he watched while the current snatched it and carried it down through the boiling foam to the giant wave which is the first great billow of the Rapids. Here the log was thrown high into the air, and the Man knew that he could never stand that buffet and live. Then he started another log out into the river from the Canadian side. This log took the giant wave smoothly, and went on down through the Rapids as far as he could see without being sucked under.

This showed him that he too must start from that side, and keep close to the Canadian shore until he was over the giant wave. Next he

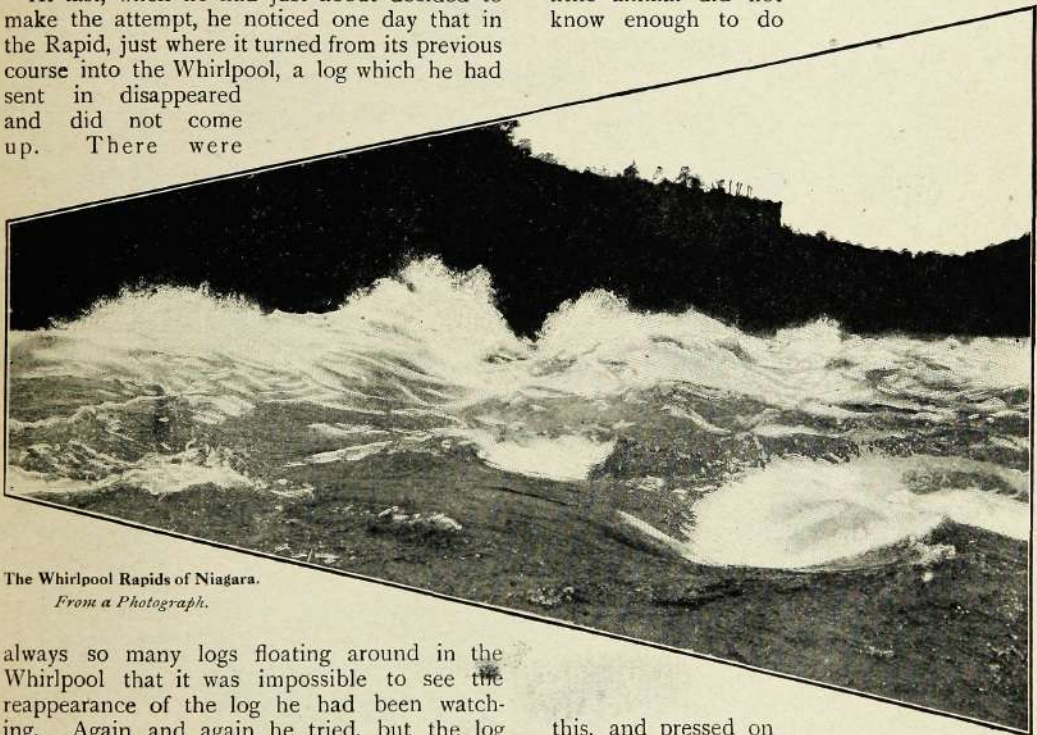
walked down that shore to the point where he had lost sight of the log. Here he threw in another log, and watched it while it swirled away down the Rapids. Just above the part known as the "Devil's Hole" this log struck a hidden ledge, and it also was thrown out of the water. The Man experimented with several different logs to find out how he could get through this place, and finally, when he hurled a small billet of wood about a hundred and fifty feet out into the torrent, he saw that it cleared the crest without striking anything. He learned from this that after passing the giant wave, he must swim hard for the American shore to get over the next ledge. In this way he spent all that summer down on the bank of the Rapids, watching the water, and each day discovering something new about it.

At last, when he had just about decided to make the attempt, he noticed one day that in the Rapid, just where it turned from its previous course into the Whirlpool, a log which he had sent in disappeared and did not come up. There were

scheme, for he was not a fool, and he knew what he could do and what he could not do. So he contented himself with swimming in the quieter water above the Rapids.

One night in early September the Man was down on the edge of the river just above the "Swift Drift," in a cove where a big eddy made the water smooth and quite safe. He was alone save for a puppy which he was going to teach to swim.

He took off his clothes and carried the little dog out into the water. However, it did not take much teaching, for no sooner did he drop it in, than it commenced to paddle quickly away. He watched it for a moment, laughing because it was able to swim much faster than he had expected. Then he called and whistled to it to turn around and come back, but the foolish little animal did not know enough to do



The Whirlpool Rapids of Niagara.

From a Photograph.

always so many logs floating around in the Whirlpool that it was impossible to see the reappearance of the log he had been watching. Again and again he tried, but the log always disappeared, and he could not tell when it came to the surface again. He knew, however, that it must be at least a matter of several minutes, and he saw plainly enough that this fact would make any attempt to swim the Rapids hopeless, for this was not a mere matter of passing safely over some hidden rock. It was the sucking undercurrent of the Whirlpool's revolving water pulling against the Rapid, which would drag anything down, and it was the same all the way across. So the Man gave up his

this, and pressed on straight out across the river. It was at the mouth of the cove and in the current before the Man understood that it was not going to turn back, and then he sprang into the water and with great, sweeping, overhand strokes rapidly overhauled the hurrying little thing out in front.

So excited was he in his chase that he did not notice how far out he was swimming. It was not till he had caught the puppy and gripped the scruff of its neck with his mouth to keep its



"He clutched at a half-submerged rock, but he was torn away from it and hurled into the centre again."

head out of the water that he saw how far he was from shore. He was closer to the Rapids than he had ever been before, but he wasted no time in being frightened, and commenced to swim back faster even than he came out. Not till he was less than a hundred feet from the shore did he realize that he was within the "Swift Drift"; and then, swim as he would, he found that he was getting no nearer to the bank, for the force of the current was all towards the middle of the river and against him.

He knew then that he was not going to get out, but was going down through the Rapids. So he took the puppy from his mouth, and holding it in his hand high over his head, he threw it up the river and towards the shore. It landed in the water close to the bank, and had a good chance to get out if it knew enough.

The next instant the Man was swimming back with all his might toward the

Canadian side, because he remembered how his logs had behaved, and he knew that only on that side could he hope to get over the giant wave. Soon he was in the broken water, and after that he could neither see, feel, nor hear for several seconds, because the turmoil was so great. Then his body gave a great jerk, and he knew that he was over the giant wave. After that he had presence of mind enough to try to swim back for the other side, so as to clear the next ledge; but swimming was almost out of the question, because the foaming mixture of water and air afforded no purchase for his arms and legs. The roar was deafening, and he was twisted hither and thither like a bobbing cork. Then the water gave another great heave, and he knew that he was safely over the second ledge. Next, before he understood what had happened, an eddy caught him, and he was pulled in close to the shore—so close that once he clutched at a half-submerged rock, and thought that he might be able to crawl out, but he was torn away from it and hurled into the centre again. Twice more he was pulled tantalizingly close to the bank, and twice more he was snatched back into the middle of the Rapids. By this time he knew he must be close to the mouth of the Whirlpool, and he filled his lungs as full of air as he could, for he knew what was coming.

Then he was dragged down under the water. He did not struggle or exert himself, but allowed his body to remain lax and limp, because he would have to hold his breath for a long time. During what seemed an eternity, he was pulled deeper and deeper, and at last the call of his lungs for fresh air became insupportable. He closed his two hands tight across his nose and mouth and waited while all consciousness left him, but even as he fainted he felt that he must not open his mouth and release the air in his lungs, or he would never come to the surface.

When he regained his senses he began instinctively to battle against the current, but found he was lying high and dry on the beach of the Whirlpool, where the endless flowing and ebbing of the water often leaves the cattle and logs which

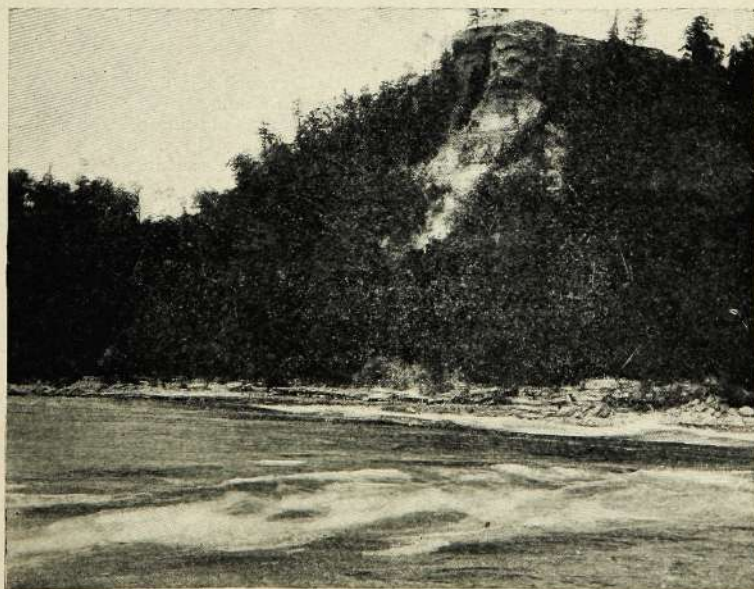
come into it. Every bone and muscle in his body was wrenched and aching; his legs and arms were bruised and battered, and his head was pounding and bumping dizzily from a cut on his right temple.

He lay where he was all that night before he had strength to climb the bank. Then, at an adjacent house, he asked for food and clothes. They wanted to know where he had come from, and when he told them "through the Rapids," they thought he was crazy, but gave him all he required. He returned and told his friends what had happened, but no one believed him, nor do they believe him now.

That same day he went down to the river in the hope of finding the puppy. He walked along until he came to the cove from where he had started the previous evening, and there, where it had made itself a bed on his pile of clothes, was the little dog, alive and well. He took it home with him, and they were great friends until its death, but neither he nor the dog ever went into the water again.

As old Durgot finished, the Whirlpool repeated its eternal surging, and the rising water lapped close at our feet.

"It is always beckoning to me like that," said the old man. "But I have had enough. Come." And, disdaining my offer of assistance, he led the way up the ascent, and when I reached the top he was already in his seat in the carriage. The nodding driver clucked his horses forward, and the old man turned and gazed back out across the Whirlpool.



From a

The "Swift Drift."

[Photograph.]

THE *Luffingcott Mystery*



by
Henry M. Belcher.

The deserted rectory at Luffingcott as it appears at the present day.

From a Photo. by James Woolridge, Launceston.

The story of a rectory in a peaceful little Devonshire village which was suddenly deserted at dead of night—left tenantless, with all its furniture and fittings, and never again occupied. Vandals looted and sacked it, and the erstwhile charming old house has acquired an uncanny reputation. The author decided to spend the night there alone and see what was to be seen, and his narrative of his experiences makes exciting reading.



HAVE been greatly struck by the fact that since my return to England I have come across more startling romances than I found during my wanderings abroad. I notice that the majority of WIDE WORLD stories come from afar, but I am hopeful that once in a way a tale from "next door," as it were, may appeal to a large proportion of readers. Let me lead you in imagination, therefore, to Launceston, on the London and South-Western Railway, where it crosses the Cornish border. Alighting here, you take the north road to Bude and, having crossed the Ottery at Yeolmbridge, go right ahead till you reach the finger-post marked "Boyton." At that village anyone will direct

you to the little village of Luffingcott, which lies on the eastern side of the Tamar, about two miles due south of Tetcott. If you draw a straight line from Boyton to Tetcott you will go right through the glebe of Luffingcott Rectory, which stands alone down in the valley of the Tamar, about half a mile from the village.

A more beautiful or lonely place than this rectory it would be hard to find; but what is the meaning of these eyeless sockets of windows, the open roof, the decaying walls, the air of desolation and menace which the place impresses on the visitor even in bright sunshine? No one will go near it after dark; no one will sleep in it alone. Visitors come from all over Devon to see it. Parties of young bucks have stayed in it

all night, fortified by numbers, victuals, and a sense of their own daring.

Only a few years ago this house was a warm, comfortable home, filled with light, love, and laughter. It possessed a beautiful garden and orchard, terraces of close turf, a tennis lawn, poultry, pigs, a horse or two, and cows.

Evidences of all these things, and much else of comfort and refinement, show themselves even now, amid the general desolation, to the eye of the careful observer. There are many deserted houses in England, but few, I think, so deserted as this—deserted with every stick of furniture left standing in it, deserted at a moment's notice at dead of night, in the full knowledge of all that the desertion would entail. So utterly was it abandoned that not even the law moved hand or foot to prevent the sack which followed on the desertion. But why? the reader will ask. To any man brought face to face with the problem it would occur to him that he must have awakened, not in England, but in the cockpit of Europe after a ruthless invading army had passed through.

The answer is not easy to arrive at. The mid-western Devon farmer is all right until you begin asking questions. As long as you are content to be looked upon as a mild sort of wandering lunatic, with a taste for milk and water-colour sketching, he is as kind and amiable as his means will allow; but once you display the least curiosity about anything whatever, from pigs to politics, he will shut up like an oyster, and tell you rather less than the Sphinx might reasonably be expected to do. Hence my great difficulty in obtaining any reliable information about the first, middle, or last causes of the desolation to be seen at Luffingcott Rectory.

After much patient inquiry, however, I arrived at the conclusion that the first cause was the hooligan, the middle cause was the gentleman who left the place suddenly one night some three or four years back, while the last cause was fear—blind, unreasoning, deadly fear. The middle cause of the trouble may be briefly stated. For excellent reasons, best known to himself, the late rector left his home, and has never, so far as can be seen, returned to it. That much is, I believe, undeniable. The story of that flitting, if one may use the term, is a very simple one in the telling.

The reverend gentleman arrived late one night at a neighbouring cottage, about half a mile from the rectory, in a state of great agitation, and signified his unalterable determination not to enter the place again except under compulsion. He forthwith took up his quarters in the village with a private family, and there he remained until he resigned his office at

Luffingcott. The church was then administered by the Rector of Boyton, who devotedly travelled many miles, in the worst of weather, in order that Divine service might be held at the little village, thus left parsonless, and with that grim rectory a standing eyesore in the lovely valley.

I do not for an instant presume to judge of that part of the case, neither will I weary the reader with the old wives' tales about how folks came miles to hear the late rector preach simply because he had "seed a ghos'." For the unshakable belief amongst the people thereabouts, of course, is that he *did* see such a thing, and that it was the ghost of a former incumbent, who died some twenty or thirty years ago—a man who did a great deal to make the place beautiful, and who evidently loved the house where he spent his last years. They say the old man used to walk by the riverside with a book, and was much given to solitary wandering. The gossips further state that the late rector did, on more than one occasion, at first, after his flight, make asseveration that such was the case; but, as I said before, I had the greatest difficulty in pinning anyone down to a plain statement of fact.

The only plain and straightforward piece of evidence, however, is that the reverend gentleman did incontinently rush from the rectory in the night across the fields to a house where he was unexpected, and that he never again lived at the rectory. That is, I believe, admitted fact.

The house, as already stated, was left standing open and furnished, without a soul to look after it. At first the rustics were too scared to go near it. Then they banded together and went in the daytime. Presently someone took an ornament and carried it away; then someone else took a chair. Finally a perfect frenzy of loot seems to have possessed the neighbourhood. The rectory is a large house—much larger than it appears in the photo, because you cannot see the back of it or the wings. It was full of good furniture, and the raiders went through it from attic to basement and gutted it, while considerably later—owing, perhaps, to a fear of legal consequences—a man arrived from nowhere (some say Plymouth, and profess to know the name of this party), and in the most open manner loaded up a big van with what was left of the larger pieces of furniture and carted it away. He came, loaded, and went, and has never been seen there since by all accounts.

One thing proved a difficulty: the grand piano in the drawing-room. From the wreck I judge that it must have been a splendid instrument, and it was too much for the ghost-hunters. They could not play it; they could not remove it. There remained only one thing to do—destroy it. A solidly-built grand, with its massive

legs, takes time and ingenuity and strength to pull to pieces. It must have taken hours to scatter the fragments of that piano, but it was done. I have seen what was left on the floor—a few jangling chords in the iron frame. The rest was literally hacked to pieces. Next it was the turn of the marble mantelpieces. Nothing but crowbars and sledge-hammers could have splintered up solid marble in such fashion. The boys, doubtless, attended to the windows; vandals of a larger growth to the paper and plaster of the walls and the woodwork and moulding.

And so the rectory was left as one sees it to-day—the wreck of a once charming house. Now that all has been done that can be done to destroy and deface, some good person, having authority, has intimated to the public, by means of a signboard on the front window, that “Trespassers will be Prosecuted.”

It was not so, however, in the beginning of 1908, and, moreover, there is nothing extraordinary in the fact that people took away the furniture, nor that they afterwards knocked the place about. The foregoing is not, perhaps, very interesting except in so far as it emphasizes the fact that Luffingcott Rectory in 1908 was a place of desolation and uncanny repute. When I inspected the house in broad daylight I was struck with some of the inscriptions, particularly with one which intimated that certain men of Launceston had, on such and such a night, bivouacked at the rectory. There was, however, an absence of proof that any single solitary had ever cared to stay there and keep vigil. Why should I not be the first man to do so? It would be an experience, at any rate.

In June, my people having all left the district for the seaside, I, being alone in my cottage, packed up a haversack and rode over at dusk. Not wishing to be shot by any nervous gentlemen who might be prowling about, I said nothing of my going, and entered the place, not by the village on the east, but through the woods on the west side. I crossed the disused canal and the river, and arrived at the house in the gloaming. Pitching my rolled overcoat and haversack through the front window, I took the machine round to the stables, where I planted it safe and dry.

It was not yet dark, but quite gloomy enough to give the place a fine orthodox appearance of ghostly respectability which would have satisfied anyone in search of sensation. I lit a cigarette and walked in.

Entering the hall, I found a chair standing in front of the old open fireplace, and as this imparted a somewhat homely look to the corner

of the great chimney, I took this point as my head-quarters and soon had a cheery fire blazing. Then, while the billy was boiling for my tea, I walked round and through the house. I had mapped out a plan of campaign, and was not going to be humbugged either by myself or anyone else. I had made up my mind that I would stand no nonsense from within or without. Thus I had with deliberation omitted to bring any sort of weapon, and as China tea is the only tea that does not affect the nerves, China tea was now preparing on the hearth.

Spite of my mental attitude, two slight incidents combined to recall the unwelcome fact that I was just a plain man, capable of feeling fear. One was that in the drawing-room I walked into the remains of the piano, which gave a miserable wail under my feet and made me jump. The second was that, on returning to the fire, my shadow, cast on the wall, threw the outline of no up-to-date person, but a weird silhouette which might have passed for a Stuart Puritan, Barnaby Rudge's father, or the late Don Guido Fawkes, according to the taste and imagination of the beholder. This was owing to the fact that I wore a long-skirted overcoat, a broad-brimmed felt hat, of which I had inadvertently pushed up the crown, and a large wrapper round my neck, for the night was chilly enough in spite of the time of year. This shadow of mine gave me a start on account of its suggestion of old-fashioned weirdness—and the point is not without importance, as you will presently see.

By this time it was quite dark inside the house, although the twilight of a June night was sufficient outside to send a faint glimmer through the paneless windows of the hall. True to the first principles of the investigator, I composed my mind to think calmly of the matter, weigh the evidence, and generally to try to arrive at the truth.

Part of the ritual was to read a book having no sort of ghostly interest. May the author forgive me! It was about a girl, two men, a motor-car, money difficulties, a stern parent, and other startlingly original matter of the same sort. I regret to say I was supremely bored. I think I nodded. I had been up since 6 a.m., and it was now midnight—the witching hour. The inertia of sleep came thick upon me, and I slept.

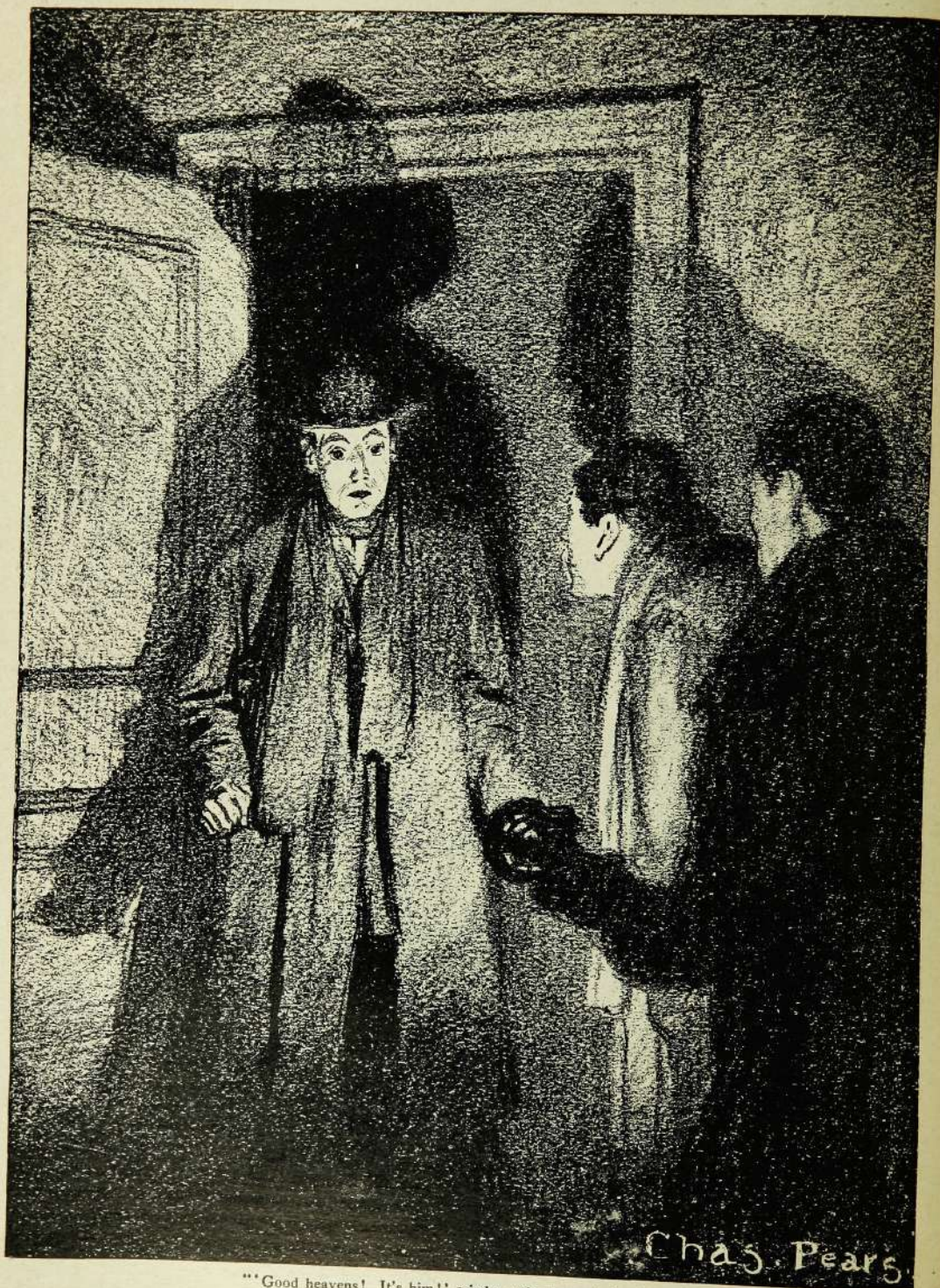
My duty to the reader precludes my giving a dissertation on the exact difference between nervousness and fear, or between fear and cowardice. All I know is that when I woke up—conscious that some unusual sound had roused me—I was disappointed and disgusted to find that I was not facing the situation with



"My shadow, cast on the wall, threw the outline of no up-to-date person, but a weird silhouette."

either the coolness of a gentleman or the hardihood of a trooper. Something or somebody was afoot in the house. It was that which had awakened me, I knew, although not a sound reached me after I woke. Yet I was scared.

It may have been the cold and darkness and the dead silence, coupled with the sudden shock of waking, but the fact remained—I was scared. Horrid and degrading thought! Scared of the dark, scared of a dead man—*me!*



"'Good heavens! It's him!' cried a voice beyond the light."

What had looked so interesting in my own snug sitting-room at home, so courageous in Launceston, so scientific and superior when talking to a psychologist, appeared a nasty, nerve-trying, ugly business here in the dark woods, a mile away from help, alone in this ruin of desolation and menace.

I sat thinking in this strain for some moments, listening and glaring into the darkness meanwhile, waiting for what might befall. Suddenly my attention was arrested by a whispering which came from out of the dark passage leading to the western wing, where was a room having its window overlooking the garden, and containing, as I thought, nothing but dust and torn paper. A voice, low and indistinct, seemed to be saying the same thing over and over again, with pauses as if for reflection. As I sat, my whole thought was fixed on this passage and the trickle of sound emerging from it. It was with complete unexpectedness, therefore, that the door close to my elbow opened, and a figure, remarkably like my own and scarcely visible, walked swiftly across the room in front of me and disappeared down the black hole of the passage, while a cold breath of air fanned my face. As far as I could make out it was the figure of a man in a long coat, with some sort of flat-brimmed hat. The noise of his tread was a soft pad, pad—like slippered feet in thick dust. After what seemed a long wait, during which I remained motionless, spellbound with horror, there was the creak and slight jar of a door shutting.

An owl began to hoot away in the woods, and it is to that lonely night-prowler that I owe the climax of this story. The sound—warm-blooded, alive, and fearless—roused what courage I had left. I rose to my feet, and, casting discretion to the winds, rushed headlong down the pitch-dark entry, resolved to see the matter out. I felt for the handle of the door, and, turning it suddenly, swept the door wide open; then, bending forward, entered the room. No sooner had I done so than the bright white glare of a big acetylene lamp was turned full

upon me. I must have presented an alarming spectacle—my face ashy white, teeth bared and fingers extended claw-fashion, my body bent as in the act to spring.

"Good heavens! *It's him!*" cried a voice beyond the light, and at the words I rose to my full height and made a step forward. This simple movement was followed by such a yell of abject terror as I have never heard the like of before. The lamp and its holder hurtled through the open window; while a second and a third dark body hurled themselves in rapid succession through the same exit into the garden below. I sped across the room and shouted, "Come back! Come back!" It was all I could think of, but apparently they did not hear me. I heard the crash of undergrowth, the drumming of feet on the turf, the sound of a body falling heavily to the ground—the rustle and rush of panic flight—until the sounds died fitfully away into the dark woods beyond the river, and all was still.

I struck a match. The first grey glint of dawn came stealing over the eastern hills. Dartmoor loomed black against the coming day. On the floor of the room lay one india-rubber-soled shoe, two empty beer-bottles, two candles, a paper containing some cheese, and a blue roll enclosing some dry sticks of macaroni. There was nothing else.

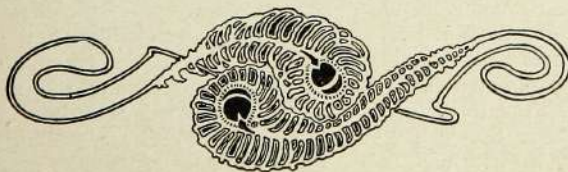
The sun rose bright, flooding the place with pink and yellow light. My spirits rose, and after making some breakfast I went to have a last look at the room where I had lately been almost distraught with emotion.

On the yellow wall was the following inscription in pencil:—

We, the undersigned, stayed here all night on the 6th of June, 1908, and saw nothing to be feared of.

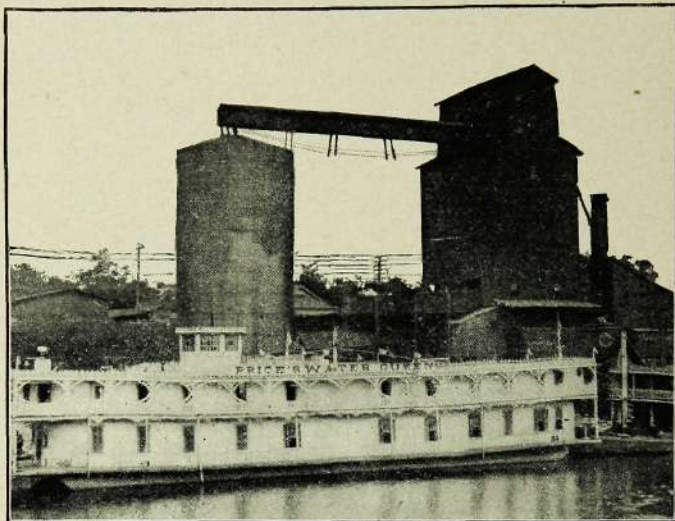
(Signed) O. HUGLEY,
WILLIAM H. BREWER,
AMOS

The last signature was incomplete. I think I know why, and I should very much like to hear the dauntless trio relate the story of their experiences at Luffingcott Rectory.



SHOW-BOATING.

By HARRY HIGH.



From a

A noted "show-boat"—Price's "Water Queen."

[Photograph.]

It is safe to say that many thousands of our readers, even in the United States, have never heard of a "show-boat." Show-boats are floating theatres which, propelled by a steamer, travel up and down the great rivers of the Middle West, covering a distance of five or six thousand miles every season, and giving dramatic and other performances at the towns and villages along the banks. This article, written by an expert, gives a most interesting account of a very curious branch of the entertainment business.

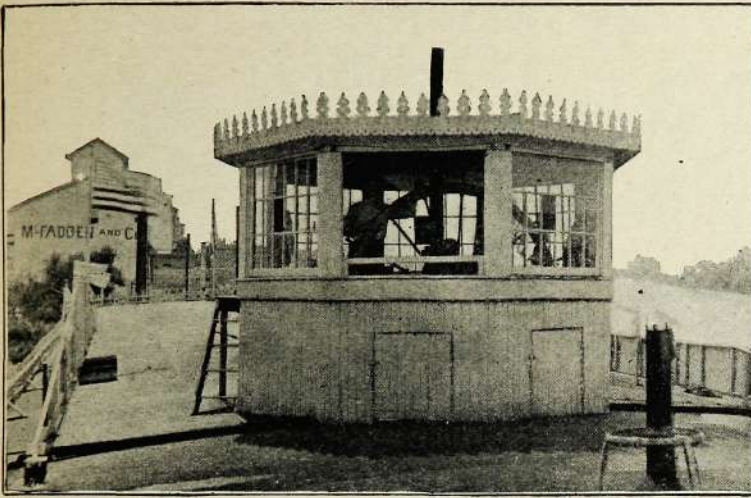


N writing about the branch of the show business which is carried on by means of floating opera-houses built upon boats, moved nightly from one point to another, I am dealing with an industry that many people have never heard of, while even those who have seen the boats know little about the life of those on board.

Having had several years of personal experience as a member of the acting company on one or another of these "floating theatres," as they are styled, the writer has gained an inside knowledge of the business which enables him to speak without fear of contradiction. It would be difficult to describe all the things of interest that might be told about the "show-boat" industry without writing a series of articles, so I will merely endeavour to touch briefly upon sundry topics that will enable the reader to gain a general idea of how the business is conducted

and the conditions under which the various employes perform their individual duties.

The dimensions of floating theatres vary but slightly. The presence of locks upon most of the rivers they traverse makes it necessary to keep within certain bounds in order that the boat may not be too large to be locked through during seasons when the water is shallow. The average length is about a hundred and seventy feet, while the width is perhaps thirty-five or forty. An ordinary steam tow-boat, connected to the rear of the theatre, pushes it along, all the power being on the steamboat, while the steering is done from a pilot-house on the front boat controlling the rudder of the tow-boat, thus allowing the steersman a better view of the way ahead. Signalling from the pilot to the engineer is done by means of a shrill whistle on the steamboat, worked by pulling a cord in the pilot-house. The usual tow-boat bell-signals are inadequate at so great a distance as that



From a

The pilot-house on the deck of the show-boat.

[Photograph.]

between the steering-room on the auditorium and the engine-room, and it is absolutely necessary for the steersman to know that his signals have reached the man at the lever.

An idea of the interior of the show-boat, or auditorium, is easily obtained by comparing it with the average theatre in a small city, the seating capacity of which is not over twelve hundred. Two boxes, one above the other, occupy the front of the house on either side of the stage, while a gallery runs along both sides

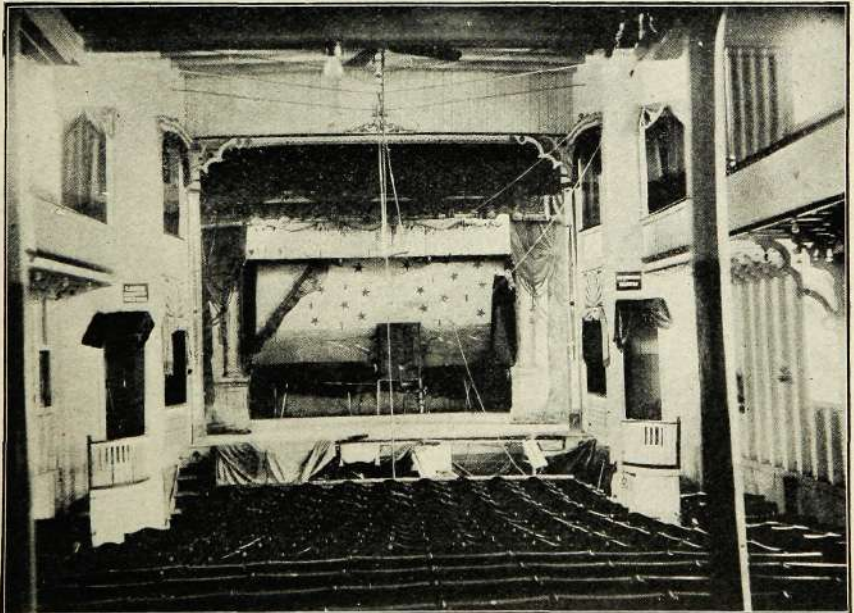
and for a considerable distance over the rear portion. An inclined floor makes possible a splendid view of the stage from any seat in the house, and electric fans maintain a circulation of air. A suitable pit for the accommodation of an orchestra of eight is provided. The stage is usually about twenty feet in breadth, and is proportionately deep. The scenery is for the most part stationary, although much of it is

extreme care they are nursed through many summers. The millionaire's parlour, for instance, may contain a three-legged table or a couch that has long ago lost all appearance of any interest in life.

On the steamboat are the sleeping-quarters, the dining-room, cook-house, and last, but by no means the least significant, the steam calliope, or organ, the unearthly screeches of which awaken the countryside for miles around when the show-boat arrives at a "stand." High-

reversible, and so built that almost any common scene can be easily set. Curtains picturing "street," "garden," "kitchen," and "woods" scenes are usually carried, with, of course, the necessary furniture.

Behind the stage are the dressing-rooms, few in number and tiny in size. Over the dressing-rooms is a space which is usually well filled with "props" (articles such as chairs, books, etc., used in the production of a play). Some of these props become dilapidated to an alarming extent, but with



From a

The auditorium of a floating theatre.

[Photograph.]



"The millionaire's parlour."

pressure instruments are used, and the "music" from one of them has been heard at a distance of nine miles.

While the men who attend to the workings of the fleet are not in any way connected with the stage performances, their labours are, nevertheless, important. The majority of the early show-boat proprietors secured papers which entitled them to act in the capacity of captains over their own outfits, thus saving the salary of that official. Some of them have also obtained, through frequent trips along the show-boat territory, a pilot's licence. The navigation laws, however, make it compulsory that a boat must carry a man licensed to attend to the wheel and another one to look after the captaincy. The engineer (there are often two), must see that the machinery is kept in proper condition, and it is seldom that that gentleman is not found busy improving the service of some part of the boilers, cylinders, or shafting. Another useful individual is the boat's carpenter. He may have several days of rest; then things will all go wrong from the bow to the fan-tail. Several deck-hands are also necessary to keep the steamboat coaled, to "tie-up" when a landing is made, and to clean, scrub, and polish generally. In the cook-house will be found a man and a boy, the latter usually being a homeless waif who follows the line of least resistance in gaining his living. The "chambermaid" is often selected from among the deck hands; and the ladies of the company, as a rule, prefer attending to their own limited space to allowing the horny-handed

"chambermaid" to invade the private boudoir.

It is necessary to change the pilots frequently, as the steersman is limited to a certain stretch of water over which he has become sufficiently familiar to be able to pass an examination by the Government inspectors and examiners. For instance, a man may be well acquainted with the channel of the Ohio River between Cincinnati and Pittsburg, and may be considered perfectly

competent to take a "tow" over that territory, but he may never have made the trip from Cincinnati to Evansville or St. Louis, and of course it would be folly to allow him to steer a boat worth thousands of dollars, besides risking the lives of from forty to sixty persons, amid unknown dangers. A pilot is licensed only over water with which he is well acquainted, and as the course of the average show-boat may take it over some five thousand miles in a single summer, a dozen or more pilots will be employed during the time.

In dealing with the "acting company" it is necessary to include the band and orchestra, for often the bass drummer may be the "character

man," some other instrumentalist may be the "juvenile man," and the artist who presides at the steam piano may captivate the hearts of the female section of the audience by his interpretation of some leading part. The musicians are chosen for their personal appearance as well as for their professional ability, and everyone "doubles," either in the orchestra, on the stage, or in attending to the wants of the audience. Usually, in the case of a "dramatic show," the



The "chambermaid."



From a

The dining-room.

[Photograph.]

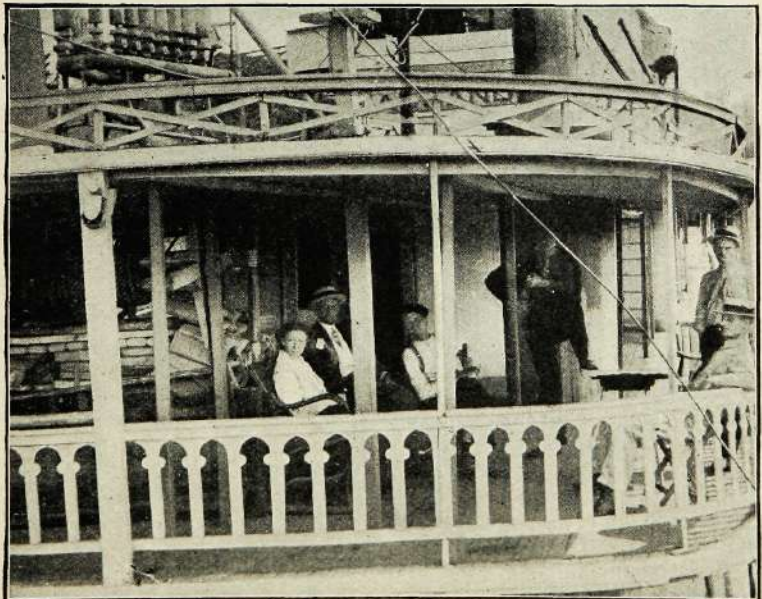
stage company numbers about fifteen or twenty. If the entertainment consists of musical comedy the number may be increased. In former years the rules of a boat were rather lax, but during recent years discipline has improved, and it is difficult for the undesirable man to keep his job, one "drunk" being sufficient cause for discharge. The ability of the performers is usually on a par with that of the average small company touring towns of from four to twenty thousand people, although some high-class talent has been seen by the patrons of river shows.

The free and easy life is the chief charm of show-boating. Certainly it is not the salaries paid by the managers that make the work attractive. Packing up every evening is never thought of on a show-boat. In fact, that act is neglected until the end of the season, which is usually about eight or nine months in duration. The fact that the performers are always at their hotel, that baggage is never transferred, that things left hanging in the dressing-rooms are never disturbed, that changes in the "bill" are few and far between once it is running smoothly, and the absence of the bumping, rattling, and crashing that attend railway travelling, together with the many privileges the performer is usually granted

by the management—all these things make the show-boater indolent and perfectly satisfied with life. He is a firm believer in the saying that "sufficient unto the day is the worry thereof," and he refuses to concern himself with the affairs of the future until about three weeks before the end of the season. Then he realizes what a lazy holiday time the past summer has been. He says it has been monotonous, that a man is a fool to waste his time in that way, and that never again will he be guilty of being a member of a show-boat company. In the spring the manager gets a letter from him asking for his old job and an increase of salary. If he gets the latter, he considers that the manager realizes his worth. If he doesn't get it, he decides to go back all the same, just once more, for he has saved more

money during the summer previous than he has done on any other engagement at twice the wages. So many small towns are visited at which no money can be spent that the salary, however small, is nearly all profit.

The style of performances on floating theatres varies according to the ideas of the managers. One manager, E. E. Eisenbarth, has made a large fortune from his floating theatre and has always carried a dramatic show. Another, W. H. Markle, favours vaudeville, and usually pleases his audiences. Another, E. A. Price, successfully mixes the drama with the vaudeville, having saved a fortune. Musical comedy has



From a

The boiler-deck and steam organ.

[Photograph.]

been introduced along the river with some success, but as a rule the class of people who attend the show-boat performances prefer melodrama of the ultra-sensational sort. The popular and well-known plays that have been used by small stock companies for many years find more favour than any of the higher-class productions. "The Moonshiner's Daughter," "Grit, the Messenger Boy," "Fate," "Hickory Farm," and such bills keep the house well filled and the treasury well supplied.

The managers of floating theatres usually order their people to report about the middle of March at some point on the Ohio River not far from Cincinnati. As soon as the company is filled parts are assigned to the various performers, and, as it is generally pretty cold at that time, the big stoves in the cabin of the steam-boat are always surrounded by Thespians engaged in mastering lines. Within a week or two the first performance is given at some small

surprising, though, how many human beings can be brought out of the bowels of the earth by using the "calliope" and sending the band out to play a few quick-steps.

After leaving the waters of the Big Kanawha and re-entering the Ohio the bow of the show-boat is pointed towards Pittsburg. When that city is passed the floating theatre is in the Monongahela River, which, like the Big Kanawha, flows northward. If possible, the people along this river are less civilized than those along the Kanawha, for by far the greater part of the men employed in the huge steel and iron foundries that stretch from Pittsburg to Morgantown, West Virginia, are foreigners of the low-browed type. Three weeks is sufficient time in which to get back out of the "Mon" River, when the Ohio offers a straight course for its entire length. Playing along it requires about seven weeks, and the best cities of the cruise are found during that time. Huntington,

West Virginia; Charleroi, Pennsylvania; Wheeling, West Virginia; Ironton, Marietta, and East Liverpool, Ohio; Evansville, Indiana; Paducah, Louisville, and Henderson, Kentucky—these are the more important cities at which the boats stop.

Once out of the Ohio the boat enters the broad Mississippi River and heads northward to the mouth of the Illinois. The country along the Illinois is mostly farming land, and only a few good-sized cities are found, Havana, Beardstown, Pekin, and Peoria being the best places. After turning back from the head-waters of the Illinois the bow of the show-boat is pointed

towards New Orleans, at which point it was for years the custom of the managers to close the season. Of recent years several of the boats have gone only as far south as Barfield; Arkansas, turning back from that point and working out the Ohio River until the cold weather compels them to cease work.

There is a pronounced similarity in all audiences. Yet each community has its own little peculiarities and characteristics, and the appearance and intelligence of the audiences vary according to the principal occupation of the different sections of the country. Along the

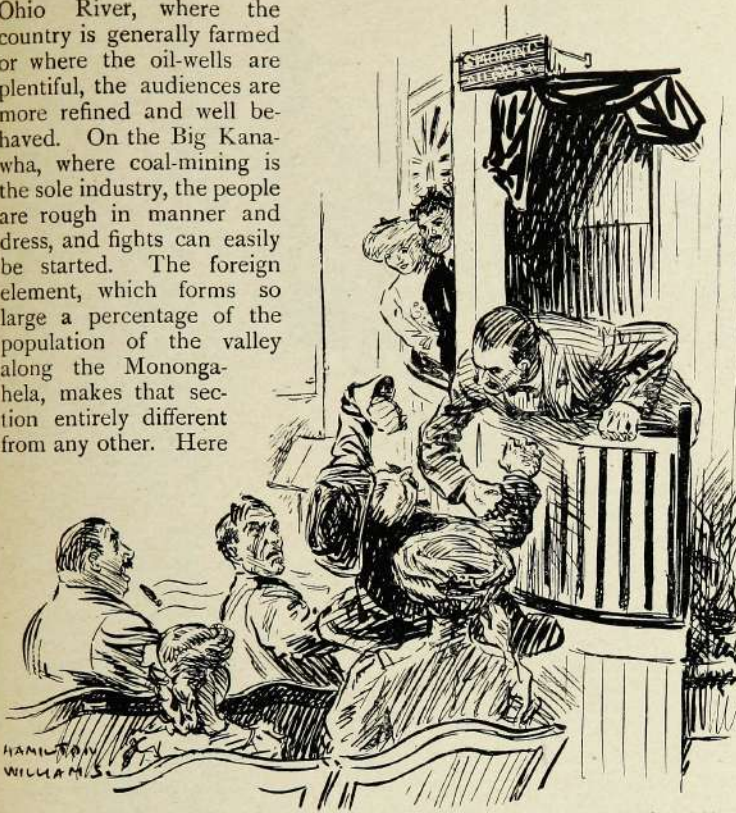


"The big stoves in the cabin are always surrounded by Thespians engaged in mastering lines."

town against which the manager has an old grudge. After it is over the performers pat themselves on the back and say, "It wasn't so bad." A week later the manager stops making pointed remarks, the life commences to tell, and the whole outfit gets lazy.

The course of the boat takes it up stream until the mouth of the Big Kanawha River is reached at Point Pleasant, West Virginia. Here the performers catch their last view of civilization for about three weeks, as almost all the stopping-places are rough mining towns of from two hundred to a thousand inhabitants. It is

Ohio River, where the country is generally farmed or where the oil-wells are plentiful, the audiences are more refined and well behaved. On the Big Kanawha, where coal-mining is the sole industry, the people are rough in manner and dress, and fights can easily be started. The foreign element, which forms so large a percentage of the population of the valley along the Monongahela, makes that section entirely different from any other. Here



"Many fights occur among the audiences."

many fights occur among the audiences, and arguments are usually carried on with the assistance of knives. Money is usually plentiful along the "Mon" River, and the managers make their greatest profits there, as the cities are remarkably near each other, a week being often consumed in making twenty or thirty miles. In justice to the Poles, Huns, Greeks, Italians, and Russians, it must be said that they seldom give the boat crew any particular trouble, their fights taking place on the banks after they have left the theatre. Another feature of this section which strikes the traveller when he sees the women and children, attracted from their dirty little homes by the appearance of the boat's brass band, is the fact that, almost without exception, the girl over fourteen years of age is already married and a mother.

After the boat leaves Cairo, Illinois, on its way towards the Gulf, an audience of an entirely different class is found. Passing through Kentucky and Tennessee, the negro begins to become quite conspicuous. In those States he is principally engaged in the cultivation of tobacco. From Memphis south, however, the

soil is used by cotton-growers, and cotton is the only crop seen, with the exception of an occasional sugar-cane patch. The great transportation steamers on the lower Mississippi River furnish a most interesting and unusual spectacle to the Northerner who is making his first trip towards New Orleans. Few people in the North can be made to believe that these steamers are often so loaded down with bales of cotton that from the river bank nothing can be seen of the boat except her smoke-stacks. The main decks are built considerably wider than the hull of the boat, so that it is possible for the five-hundred-pound bales, as they come from the cotton press, to be piled high along the outside of the boiler-deck and the cabin even as high as the pilot-house.

In the neighbourhood of New Orleans, or within a hundred miles north of it,

the negroes use a strange mixture of the Spanish and French languages, which is, with them, universal. The writer well remembers the first time he appeared before an audience, composed principally of these French negroes. He was undertaking to do a "character old man" part, and the constant hum of conversation all over the auditorium annoyed him exceedingly. The leading man was likewise affected, and we protested strongly because the men in charge of the front of the house permitted such incessant talking. It transpired that the various groups of negroes each had in their midst an interpreter, who translated the words as spoken by the performers into their own "patois." Those who could not understand the words followed the pantomime and learned the meanings through their more accomplished brothers.

As may easily be imagined, a season spent along the various rivers of the Mississippi and Ohio Valleys will develop a great many incidents of greater or less interest, and often the occurrences, which at the time of their happening appear very serious, eventually prove amusing enough.

The Big Kanawha and Monongahela rivers run through little valleys between high hills, which, with the increasing distance from the river, grow into the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. These great bluffs are several hundred feet in height, and to climb them means much exertion and fatigue. There is also a sufficient amount of danger from falling to add zest to the climbing, and the monotony of the lazy life on the show-boat finally drives the musicians and others on to the banks to secure a semblance of proper exercise. The idea of scrambling to the summit of the small mountains to get the views they offer starts the sport; and once started, it appeals to the party.

Thickly strewn along the somewhat treacherous path are boulders of varying sizes and shapes. The writer recalls an incident which might have



"It went bounding and crashing its way down the steep incline."

resulted seriously had not Fate been kind. One of the members of our party, in resting his weight on a boulder of a few hundred pounds weight, managed to dislodge it, and it went bounding and crashing its way down the steep incline until it was lost to the sight of the party. As it disappeared in the distance the awful velocity and momentum it acquired was shown by the path of broken trees it left. Thoughtlessly the members of the party began to amuse themselves

by starting miniature avalanches and watching the results. Day after day we ascended the hills to roll stones. The exercise and the child-like sport did us much good physically, and often two parties were out at the same time. On the occasion I have in mind, three of the company had amused themselves in the manner stated and were returning to the show-boat when



"They were stopped by a rather uncouth and fantastic-looking creature."

they were stopped by a rather uncouth and fantastic-looking creature, who inquired if they had been rolling stones down the mountain side. Upon receiving a reply in the affirmative, he informed them that he had a cabin in the valley into which they had directed their avalanches. One great rock had rolled through his fence, and another had narrowly missed taking his cabin with it. Angrily he announced that he meant to have them all arrested.

This put a serious aspect on the case, and the four men employed the next hour in reaching a settlement. After it was made the two acrobats and the musician returned to the boat minus all their pocket-money. The incident was religiously kept secret by the trio for some time.

On another occasion a small party had climbed the steep sides of a big hill in search of sassafras roots from which the *chef* prepared very appetizing tea. One of the acrobats started to run down the hill. When he attempted to stop he lost his footing, and for the next hundred feet he executed more eccentric leaps, twists, and contortions than ever before in the course of his acrobatic career. Fortunately he was but little injured by his ungraceful descent, and when he had finally removed enough dirt and grime for us to see his face, he laughed as heartily and as hysterically as did the rest of us when we found him not seriously hurt.

Some of the "towns" at which the show-boats stop consist merely of a warehouse, situated near the landing used by the cotton transports, a general store which handles a very assorted stock of goods for the accommodation of the negroes and the few resident whites, and a score or so of dilapidated shacks in which the people live. We must not, however, forget to mention the dogs, for the number of curs is only exceeded by the number of piccaninnies.

As may be supposed, accidents are of more or less common occurrence, and they are sometimes serious. During the season of 1908, for

instance, three show-boats were wrecked and one life was lost. The first unfortunate was the steamer *Columbia*, which towed the E. E. Eisenbarth floating theatre, and which sank at Lock No. 18, on the Ohio River, between Marietta, Ohio, and Parkersburg, West Virginia, within an hour after the first run of the season had been undertaken. Price's *Water Queen* sank in September at Meriodosia, Illinois, on the Illinois River, and the "Emerson Floating Palace" lost its steam-boat as a total wreck at

Oceola, Arkansas, on the Mississippi River, late in the same month, one life being lost in the accident. The writer has experienced two such mishaps, and will describe the incidents of the Eisenbarth misfortune on March 28th, 1908.

There are no more superstitious people in the world than those who follow the water in order to gain a livelihood, this remark referring more particularly, of course, to the working crews of the crafts. On the evening preceding the last run of the *Columbia* the engineer and the fireman, who had been engaged for the season, stood talking on the main deck. Presently their attention was drawn to the efforts of a rat which was trying to reach the bank over some driftwood that had accumulated during the winter and lay across

the bow of the steamer. The conversation at once turned to the old saying that "rats invariably leave a boat before it makes its last trip," and so firmly was the old engineer impressed with the incident that he refused to fill his engagement. The upshot would seem to strengthen the belief that the departure of the rat was prophetic. Steam was raised at four o'clock next morning, and, as all the tiller-lines, whistle-cords, etc., had been tested the day before, the ropes were at once hauled in and the trip commenced. The river was very high, owing to the spring rains, and the current was very rapid. None of the acting company had been awakened by the departure, and all were still in bed when, at a quarter past five, the



"He executed more eccentric leaps, twists, and contortions than ever before in the course of his acrobatic career."

sleepers were startled by a loud and continuous crackling and the careening of the boat to a considerable angle. The "old-timers," who had had previous experience on show-boats, knew at once that something serious was amiss, and rushed from their state-rooms without waiting to dress. The first-seasoners supposed that the crash was only an incident of show-boat life, and remained in bed until they were aroused by the excited remarks that came to them through the thin partitions. The writer ran out on the boiler-deck just in time to see the bow of the steamer disappear under the water, and promptly turned to seek higher territory. The sinking was too rapid to allow passage up the narrow companion-way on the front of the boat, and, as self-preservation is the first law of Nature, he scrambled with considerable alacrity up the side of the boat to the hurricane-deck. There he found several others. Still later arrivals were assisted



"He scrambled with considerable alacrity up the side of the boat to the hurricane-deck."

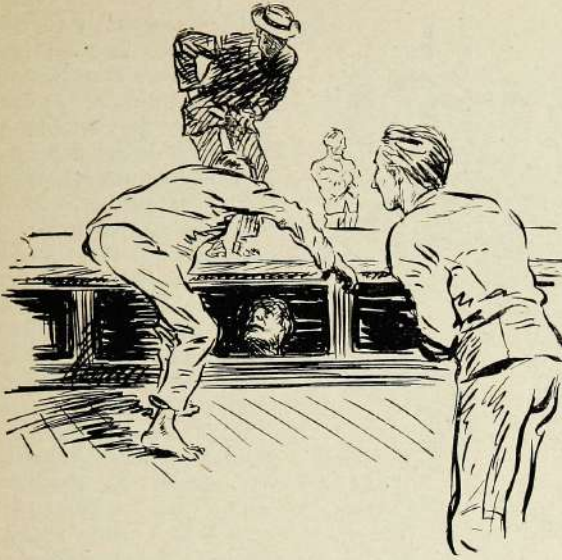
the racing waters had reached within a few inches of the roof of the wrecked steamer, however, the battered hull grounded on the point of an island that was at that time covered by twenty feet of water, and the sinking ceased.

The entire disaster occupied scarcely three minutes of time, and when those on the top of the wreck looked about they found that several of their late companions were missing. Efforts to discover the other unfortunates were at once made, and at a transom in the roof of the cabin appeared the white face of a young man. The glass was broken and a helping hand extended to him, but owing to the extreme narrowness of the aperture thus made, it was difficult to drag him through, as he silently refused to extend more than one hand. Finally, it was seen that he carried the form of a fourteen-year-old girl on the other arm, and assistance arrived in time to rescue both.

The girl's mother was also rescued through the same opening. Fortunately, those who had been caught inside their state-rooms were skilful swimmers, and by diving through the doors into the icy water were able to reach



"Heedless of the cold March wind, they waited for the foundations to be washed from under their feet."



"At a transom in the roof of the cabin appeared the white face of a young man."

life-boats that had been rolled from the hurricane-deck by the first lurch of the steamer. One of the incidents of the shipwreck which afterwards appeared quite amusing was the effort of the *chef*, who weighed about sixteen stone, to climb into a boat. In spite of his great size the man was an expert swimmer, and rapidly made his way to one of the half-submerged life-boats, in which two other members of the crew had already found refuge. In his excitement the *chef* sacrificed caution and made a wild scramble to get into the little boat, which promptly sank. The three men then swam for another, into which they succeeded in climbing safely. The cause of the wreck was the absence of a signal light over a lock wall which at the time was covered by water, although not of sufficient depth to float a boat having any considerable draught.

Collisions are of infrequent occurrence, yet they sometimes happen. On one occasion a show-boat fleet and a tow-boat with eight or ten barges of coal were between two bridges at Pittsburg, when a strong wind struck both fleets broadside. Owing to their height show-boats are extremely hard to handle in a high wind, and in this particular instance, while the steamer *Vulcan*, with her tow, was swinging round in a good position to head into the locks half a mile below, the show-boat was blown against the end of the

leading coal-barge with great force, tearing off a large section of the guard of the show-boat and ripping the end off the barge. Severe language passed between the pilots in charge of the two fleets at the time, and Government inspectors investigated the case, their decision being that the accident was unavoidable, and that each company must bear its own loss.

Frequently slight damage is sustained by floating theatres while passing through bridges when strong winds are blowing off shore. Another accident which is quite common, but which has so far never resulted seriously, is the breaking of the tiller-lines, or rope-cables, which connect the steering-wheel with the rudders. Whistle-cords sometimes break, also, and in such an emergency the large whistle is used until the repairs are made. Wind-storms often cause the crew and performers of a show-boat some anxious moments, although (to the writer's knowledge) no show-boat has ever been badly injured during the progress of a storm. At Columbus, Kentucky, on one occasion seven lines were broken like cotton strings by a wind which came up very suddenly.

A peculiar accident was sustained by a boat's steamer at Wickliffe, Kentucky. At this point there is a very large eddy or whirlpool, which invariably causes much trouble in landing. One of the rudders of the steamer *Enos Taylor* suddenly became loosened, dropped to the bottom of the river, and was never found. On account of the deceiving whirlpool and the crippled condition of the steamer, it was next to impossible to effect the landing.



"He made a wild scramble to get into the little boat."

Only one show-boat has ever been destroyed by fire, that one being French's *Sensation No. 1*, which was burned about ten years ago. One of the most imposing sights to be seen, however, is a burning boat. One night, after a performance had been given at Mount Vernon, Indiana, the members of the company were aroused by the loud and fierce crackling of flames, and subsequent investigation showed that the steamer, *Anna L.*, which had been moored a few yards down stream from the floating theatre, had taken fire from some cause or other and was doomed. With a rapidity that cannot be realized by anyone who has not seen a river steamboat burn, the flames enveloped every inch of the boat above the water-line. The frantic cries of the man who had been left to guard the boat through the night awakened the denizens of the river front; but fortunately, however, he gained the bank before the lines which held the fated boat burned through. Released from its moorings the steamer, a brilliant spectacle indeed, moved majestically down stream with the current. We watched it for an hour and, as the great blaze lessened, the hull disappeared round a bend in the river, some two or three miles away, and there sank. The next day we lay at Uniontown, Kentucky. About the middle of the forenoon a solitary charred board floated down and lodged against the bow of the auditorium.



"Severe language."

water can be played upon the blaze just as soon as a connection can be made and the pumps started. Patent fire-extinguishers are also hung about in conspicuous places, ready for instant use. A great stack of life-preservers is to be found on the boiler-deck, and one is placed in each of the state-rooms, while life-rafts made of wood are to be seen along the lower guard. The life-boats are kept on the upper deck known as the hurricane-deck, and are usually fitted with an airtight compartment at each end, making it impossible for the boat to sink entirely under water. In case of necessity the doors to the state-rooms may be



"A brilliant spectacle."

lifted off the hinges and used as floats, although, as in the case of the sinking of the Eisenbarth steamer, there may not be enough time to even secure a life-preserver before one feels the water eddying round one's ankles.

A man is carried for the sole duty of watching over the boat through the night hours, and he is often a useful member of the crew. In almost every town there will be found a criminal element which hesitates at nothing so long as it provides them with excitement and means damage to someone. Malice also sometimes provides a motive for injury to a strange boat. During a performance on Price's *Water Queen* at Browning, a little village on the Illinois River, in 1905, a few rough and boisterous fellows caused much annoyance during the progress of the show by their disorderly conduct, and, as a result, they were severely reprimanded by the ushers. That night a dense fog enveloped the river valley, and a gentle wind carried the fleet right across the river before the watchman discovered that the lines had been cut and the boat was adrift. To cut a steamboat's lines is a penitentiary offence in most, if not all, States.

Not many of the performers on show-boats care to admit the amount of their weekly pay, for it is seldom large. Of course, there is no set scale of wages, and there have been a few high-salaried people who have put in all, or a part, of a season with a floating theatre. According to the advance agents of the show-boat managers, their productions cost them a small fortune each week; but, as stated before, it is not by any means the salary which makes such a position popular. The enjoyment comes from the complete relaxation from the nervous strain which the profession suffers during the summer months on land tours, due to excessive heat, constant packing and unpacking, hurried journeys in uncomfortable railways, and, most

dreaded of all, the necessity of "dressing up" for the benefit of the public each day. On a floating theatre each performer grows to feel that he or she is at home, and may, with perfect freedom, affect the *deshabille* of a private house. Another feature that goes far towards making up what is lacking in the pay envelope is the fact that most managers allow their people the privilege of using the boats and so on for private purposes. Captain Gaches, manager of the "Emerson Floating Palace," is probably the most generous of the number, and carries a gasoline launch, which may occasionally be used for enjoyable little trips away from the show-boat on picnic or fishing excursions. To the same man and to Captain Markle belong the credit for furnishing their companies with the best and most wholesome food. A poor cook can make things mighty monotonous during a season of eight or nine months, and long experience in every possible variety of hotels makes the average performer an expert in expressing his disapprobation if something is wrong in the culinary department.

The show-boats have become an established feature along the rivers of the Middle West; there is not a river of any consequence but what has seen some of these craft. The Wabash, the Green, the Tennessee, the Cumberland, and the Red rivers have all been visited by the smaller ones, and year by year the class of people who watch the performances becomes more desirable. Low-class productions would not be tolerated, even if the management should attempt to put on such a show. It is only another instance of the "survival of the fittest." Fortunes have been made in the show-boat industry, and are still to be made, and there can be no doubt that, from the performer's point of view, it is one of the most pleasant forms of the entertaining business that have ever been devised.

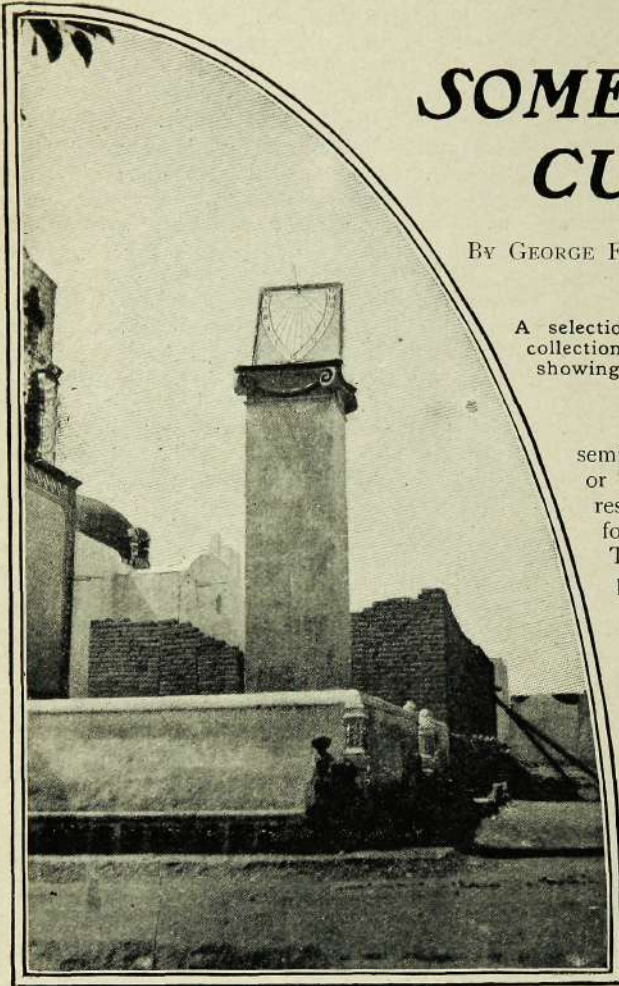


"Something wrong in the culinary department."

SOME MEXICAN CURIOSITIES.

BY GEORGE F. WEEKS, OF CUATRO CIENEGAS,
COAHUILA, MEXICO.

A selection of interesting photographs from the collection of a traveller wandering through Mexico, showing some of the quaint manners and customs of the natives.



The public sundial at Cuencame, which is practically the only means the townspeople have of ascertaining the time.

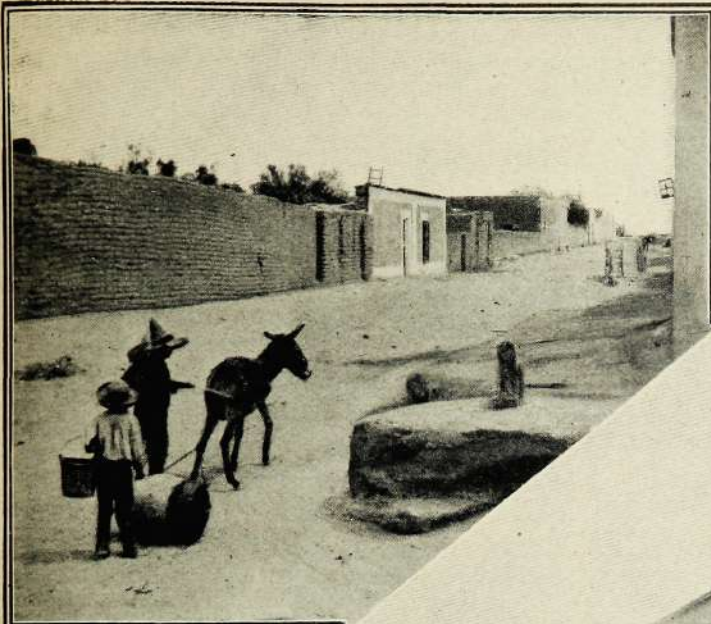
From a Photograph.



NDER the energetic sway of President Porfirio Diaz the Republic of Mexico has made wonderful progress. Backward and decaying towns have been galvanized into new life, ports and harbours constructed, the railroad system extended, and many other improvements effected. The national temperament, however—the spirit of *manana*, or “to-morrow will do”—remains the same, and probably always will do so. Side by side with some modern development will be found, quite unchanged, typical examples of the primitive,

semi-civilized conditions that prevail, more or less, all over the country outside the restricted areas where the influence of foreign enterprise and foreign capital is felt. The Mexican *peon* is an ultra-conservative person; he loathes change of any kind, while his hatred for bustle and work is, positively intense. He believes in doing such things as must be done in his own way and in his own time, with the result that the observant traveller sees some quaint and curious sights during a sojourn in the Republic. The photographs accompanying this article depict some phases of life and manners in districts off the beaten track.

The remarkable sundial seen in the accompanying photograph stands in the churchyard at Cuencame, State of Durango, Mexico, a town far from the railroad and with no foreign inhabitants. The dial is twenty-five feet in height, the portion upon which the figures and lines for denoting time are engraved being a solid stone slab five feet in height. The opposite side of this slab is also marked and has a pointer for indicating time, so that throughout the year, no matter what the position of the sun, the correct hour, quarter, or half is indicated. This is practically the only method the natives of Cuencame have for ascertaining the time, as such things as watches and clocks are almost non-existent in the town. The entire monument was the gift of a young lawyer, Don F. Vasquez del Mercado, to the town. He himself worked out the necessary calculations to make the dial exact, and also wielded the stone-cutter's tools in the



The "fire-brigade" of Matamoras—The donkey is pulling a barrel full of water and a labourer with a pail follows behind!

From a Photograph.

production of the face, not wishing to trust anyone else for fear of mistake, as Mexican mechanics are not exactly noted for the accuracy of their work.

The Mexicans, needless to say, are extremely religious,



The "fire-brigade" at work—The water was emptied into the pail, hoisted to the top of a house, and poured on the fire.

From a Photograph.



Female penitents going from one shrine to another on their knees. *[Photograph.]*

the remote villages it is no infrequent sight to see half-a-dozen parties of penitents travelling in this manner over the sharp stones and gravel from one shrine to the other, apparently oblivious to the burning rays of the sun and the discomforts of their progress. Sometimes an attendant spreads a *serape* or blanket before them to protect their knees, but this is considered to detract from the merit of the penance, and most of the women—it is always the females who undertake the task—go through with it scorning any such protection.

It might be thought that such an exciting thing as a fire would startle the natives out of their habitual indolence, but such is not the case. The two amusing photographs reproduced above depict a fire scene in the town of Matamoras, Coahuila. The alarm was given by the discharge of numerous pistols and guns; and the writer hastened to the

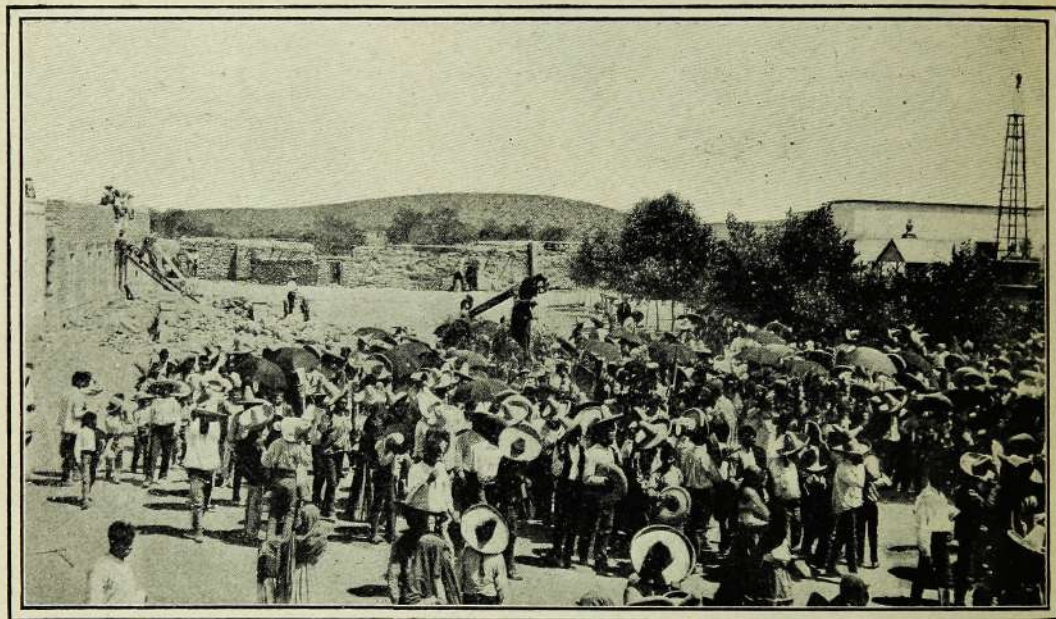
and their faith enters into their daily lives to a remarkable extent. During "Holy Week" the native women who are anxious to do penance for their sins go on their knees from one shrine to another, devoting hours to the painful task. At this time temporary shrines are set up, and in

scene—thinking, at first, that a battle was raging. After a long interval—during which the people watched the fire with interest, chattering among themselves meanwhile—there appeared, placidly trundling along the road, the Matamorosan equivalent of a fire-engine—a barrel rolling along the ground, drawn by a reluctant *burro*. A swivel-pin in each end of the keg permitted it to roll freely, and ropes attached it to the animal. Behind walked the “fire-brigade”—a solitary *peon*, bearing a bucket. Arrived at the scene of the conflagration, the water in the barrel was poured into buckets and hauled to the roof of an adjacent house, whence it was flung on to the flames. Everybody was greatly excited; the calmest thing of all was the fire, which burnt

and at night the ground around the church is covered with their sleeping forms. No hardship seems too much for them in their enthusiasm.

The picture reproduced below shows the Cross being carried around the plaza, but this is only one phase of the performance. The capture of Christ by the Roman soldiers is also depicted, His trial before Pilate, the parting of His garments by lot, and other incidents. One of the photographs shows the *peons*' conception of the Roman soldiers. The third man from the left carries a basket, in which are the crown of thorns, the scourge, and diminutive representations of the clothes that were distributed by lot among the soldiers.

Another photograph represents the original



The remarkable Passion Play at Pedricena—The photograph shows the Cross being carried round the plaza.

steadily on till there was nothing left to consume. Then, as the spectacle was over, the people dispersed. Everyone was satisfied—except, perhaps, the unfortunate owner of the house that had been destroyed.

The Passion Play, as given at Oberammergau, has its counterpart in a similar performance at the village of Pedricena, in the State of Durango, Mexico. Every year the *peons* of this vicinity devote Holy Week to a representation of the Passion. Every portion of the sad history is given with as close an attention to details as possible with such a class of people, and their intense devotion and enthusiasm is, indeed, affecting to witness. They come from fifty miles and more in every direction to participate,

shaft-house and head-quarters of the rich Santa Maria mine, at Velardena, in the State of Durango. The opening of the shaft is just beneath the upright timbers in the foreground. This mine was discovered by the *conquistadores* three hundred years ago, but for many years, during the troublous times in Mexico, it remained unworked. In the early part of last century an Englishman undertook to reopen it, and was busily engaged with a goodly force of men when a band of Indians swooped down on them and murdered the whole party, including the Englishman and his family, throwing their bodies down this shaft and setting fire to the buildings. Three natives escaped, having hidden themselves in some tunnels on

the hillside above. Many years afterwards Americans opened the mine, and when the shaft was cleaned out great quantities of the

There are now a number of other shafts to the mine.

In certain remote portions of Mexico very



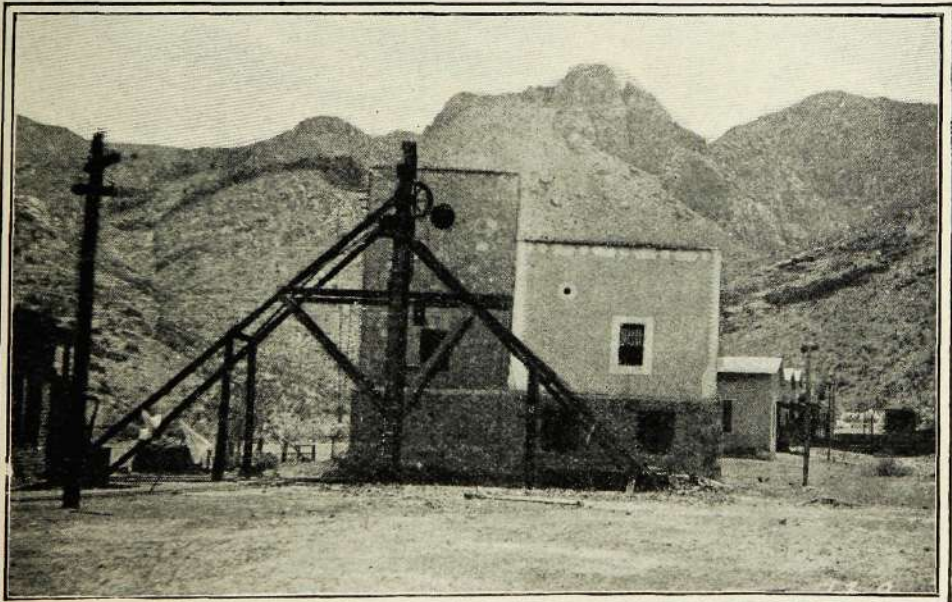
From a

Some of the "Roman soldiers" in the Pedricena Passion Play.

[Photograph.]

bones of the Indians' victims were found and received reverent burial. It is almost impossible to persuade any of the native miners to use this shaft, as they declare that it is haunted by the spirits of the murdered men.

curious and interesting survivals of the old Aztec ceremonies are to be met with, intermingled more or less with latter-day religious observances. The picture given on the next page shows a remarkable presentation of this kind,



A haunted mine — A former owner and his labourers were murdered and hung down the shaft, and the Indians believe the mine is haunted by the spirits of the slain.

[Photograph.]

known as the "Matachina dances." These dances take place during Holy Week, and are participated in by men and boys, while in this particular instance a little girl played a prominent part. The performers are arrayed in fantastic costumes, and dance for hours at a time—sometimes at night, but more frequently in the

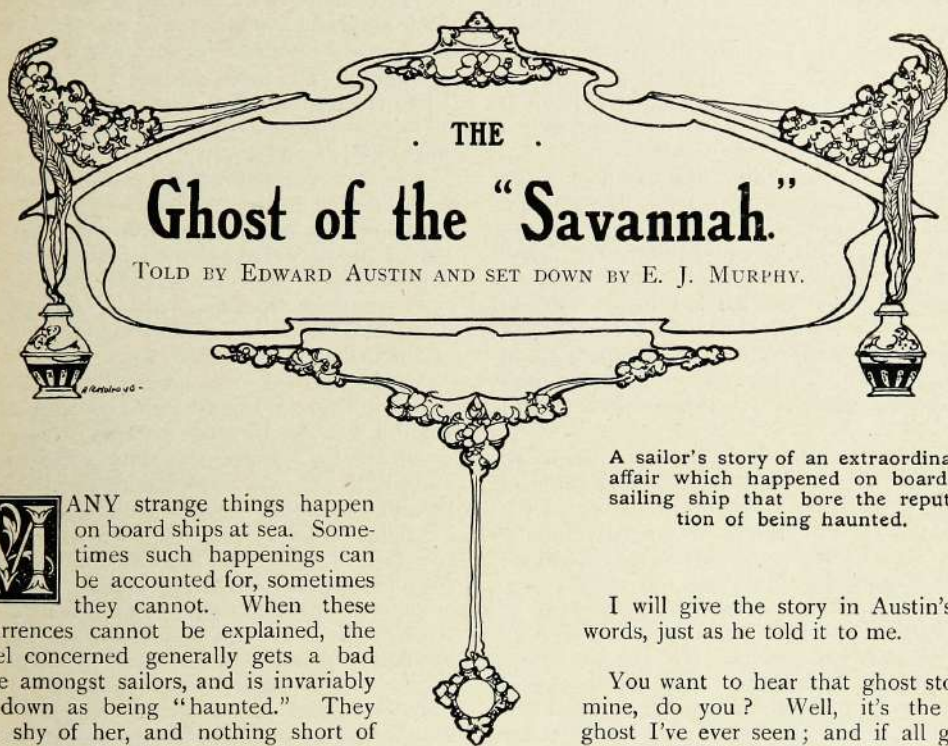
dancers wore masks made of wood and of the most horrid design. One represented the devil, wore heavy chains, and was closely guarded. Just at sundown a large cross, profusely decorated with ribbons, paper flowers, etc., was brought out, and the dancers escorted it to the summit of the highest hill commanding the



The extraordinary "Matachina Dances," a survival of some ancient Aztec ceremony.
From a Photograph.

broiling hot sun—going through all sorts of figures and strange motions. The little girl referred to danced continuously for three hours one hot afternoon, and then fell senseless to the ground and had to be carried away. The next day, however, she was on hand as bright and fresh as possible. On the last day of the performance, Easter Sunday—the dances had been going on for a week—some of the

town, the devil being dragged in the foreground, apparently greatly against his will. The cross was finally planted on the rocky summit, amid the discharge of many boxes of dynamite cartridges, while the evil one was driven off in disgrace down the opposite side of the hill. The town was then supposed to be safe from all devilish machinations for a year, when the whole strange performance would be repeated.



THE Ghost of the "Savannah."

TOLD BY EDWARD AUSTIN AND SET DOWN BY E. J. MURPHY.

A sailor's story of an extraordinary affair which happened on board a sailing ship that bore the reputation of being haunted.

I will give the story in Austin's own words, just as he told it to me.

You want to hear that ghost story of mine, do you? Well, it's the only ghost I've ever seen; and if all ghosts scare a fellow as much as that one scared me, I don't want to meet any more.

It was in Philadelphia where I joined the old packet about May, 1884, and you can bet your last dollar that I wouldn't have signed on in her if I could have got anything else. But being short of money, and the boss of the boarding-house talking very pointedly about the big bill I owed him, I thought I had better get to sea again and chance the ghosts.

The boarding-house where I was staying supplied most of the *Savannah's* crew. In those days the boarding-house boss received an advance-note from each man for two months' pay, which he drew after the men had shipped. In exchange for these notes he filled the sailors up with cheap whisky the night before they sailed, and was supposed to replenish their chests with clothes and the necessary articles for a twelve months' voyage. All they really got, however, besides a skinful of whisky wouldn't clothe a new-born babe.



ANY strange things happen on board ships at sea. Sometimes such happenings can be accounted for, sometimes they cannot. When these occurrences cannot be explained, the vessel concerned generally gets a bad name amongst sailors, and is invariably put down as being "haunted." They fight shy of her, and nothing short of starvation will make them ship in her.

The *Savannah* was a vessel of the above description, and had a very uncanny reputation as regards ghosts and spectres. Formerly a man-of-war under the American flag, she was one of the ships the Northerners fought the Southerners with, at the time of the Civil War. She was sunk in an action somewhere off the coast of the Southern States, and was sold to a German firm of shipowners, who raised her and turned her into a merchantman.

I happen to know one of the crew who served in her shortly after she was commissioned as a merchantman, and just about the time her ghostly reputation was at its height. This man, Edward Austin by name—now a quartermaster on the R.M.S. *Canada*—saw one of her ghosts the night after he joined her. This particular apparition set the whole of the crew in a disorderly panic and nearly caused a mutiny, to say nothing of the danger to the ship through the men leaving their posts of duty.

The night before we were to sail the boss invited us all down to the bar—almost every sailors' boarding-house has a bar attached to the premises. He told us to order what we liked, but he took good care we didn't order much. He had a special brand of whiskey for those who were going away—a man who could stand three glasses of it and still remain sober would be a wonder. If it did not have the required effect the boss would have your glass "doped" by one of his satellites when you were not looking. If that failed, you got a tap on the head with a sand-bag.

Well, it didn't take him long to knock us off our legs. The majority of us hadn't seen whisky, let alone tasted it, for a fortnight, so we imbibed as freely as we could to brace ourselves up and get ready for the ghosts of the *Savannah*.

I think I was about the last to succumb to the poison, and I had just a faint recollection of his men carrying me out and dumping me in a cart along with the rest. From that time until we were alongside of the *Savannah* my mind was a blank.

The ship was lying down below Philadelphia, at a place called Point Breeze, loading cases of paraffin. We were taken down to her in the tug that was to tow us out, and we arrived alongside of her in the early hours of the morning; in fact, day was just breaking.

We were all bundled together in the stern of the tug like a lot of pigs. It was the tug's whistle that awakened me, blowing to attract the attention of those on board the *Savannah*. I extricated myself from among the arms and legs of my future shipmates, and crawled clear of them to my feet.

There were two of the boarding-house boss's men with us to look after us and see that nobody got away, and I knew they wouldn't hesitate to use their revolvers if we gave them any trouble.

I looked up at the old packet and commenced to take stock of her. She was one of the funniest old hookers that ever carried masts. Anybody with half an eye could see that she had been a double-decker at one time or other. The top deck had been taken off amidships, the forward part being left on for a fore-castle head, and the after part for a poop. She was one of the regular "old-timers," and built of wood from truck to keelson.

We were hustled on board of her, and mustered aft to be counted and viewed by the mate. Then we were sent forward to the fore-castle-head to take the tug-boat's tow-line on board. When this was fast the old ship was cast off from the wharf and we commenced our voyage, the tug heading us down the river.

The mate didn't give us any rest once he got

us properly started to work, but kept us hard at it. He had an idea we knew about the ship's reputation for ghosts, so he thought he had better not give us any time to think about them until we were clear of the river, in case some of us took it into our heads to try to swim ashore.

The captain, chief and second mates, and the cook were all Germans. The captain and chief mate were exceedingly nice men, and treated us excellently. The food, too, was a lot better than I had received in other ships, and taking things all together I decided I was in a very comfortable ship, ghosts or no ghosts.

The crew—myself and the company who had come down in the tug-boat—were the most cosmopolitan crowd you ever clapped eyes on. I think we represented pretty well every nation under the sun. There was only one other English-speaking sailor amongst us besides myself. His name was Dublin, and we immediately chummed up.

We had signed agreements that the ship was to be worked in English—that is to say, that English was the language that was to be used on board for working the ship. The captain and his officers could speak fairly good English, as also could the cook, so Dublin and I were all right so far as they were concerned. But the rest of them! The different dialects of pidgin-English spoken in that ship were enough to chase the ghosts out of her for ever. Apart from their linguistic drawbacks, however, the men were all more or less good sailors, and appeared to me to be a rather peaceful crowd.

It was dark when we towed past Cape Henlopen Lighthouse, at the mouth of the river. Here we cast the tug adrift, set sail, and commenced our voyage in real earnest.

When all the sails were set taut and trim, watches were picked and set. The watch below turned into their bunks and slept soundly, being too tired to think of such things as ghosts. The members of the watch on deck who were not doing look-out or wheel duty curled themselves up in the cosiest corners they could find and also went to sleep.

Dublin and I were in the starboard watch—the one that went below to sleep—so we were off duty until twelve o'clock. At midnight we were roused out, and the port watch took their turn below.

When the look-out and wheel were relieved, and everything about the decks was quiet, Dublin and I commenced to scout round for a comfortable place to have a smoke and a little chat together. We foraged around until we came to the carpenter's workshop, which was amidships and within easy hearing of the poop, where the second mate was pacing up and down.

We decided that this was just the place for us, for if the second officer issued any orders we could easily hear him. So we sat down on a bench covered with chips and shavings.

"Now for a comfortable smoke," says I.

"Hold on," said Dublin; "we had better close that door first. If the second mate sees the flare of a match here he'll know somebody is having a smoke, and he'll come and hoist us out of it."

"All right, then, close it," I said, settling myself comfortably on the bench. "I don't suppose we shall be required to trim any sails to-night; the wind seems pretty steady."

The wind was from the north-west, and was blowing just strong enough for the ship to carry the royals comfortably. It was one of those cloudy nights with a bright full moon shining occasionally in between the rifts. When it did shine out it was only for a matter of a couple of seconds; then it would cloud over again for an indefinite period.

"I'll only shut the door while we light our pipes," said Dublin; "then I'll open it again." So saying, he proceeded to close it.

The door, like the ship, was old-fashioned. It was one of those affairs that slide back in the casing of the bulkhead, and the paint of many years made it hard to move.

Dublin, however, managed to close it after a lot of trouble; then he settled himself on the bench alongside of me.

"Got any matches?" he asked, as he fumbled for his pipe and stuck it in his mouth.

I was about to hand him the box when a bright, unnatural light flashed up in the farther corner of the shop. It only appeared for about half a second, and then vanished.

"What was that?" asked Dublin, with a slight tremor in his voice. "Did you see that flash?"

"Yes, I did see it," I answered.

"What did you make of it?" continued my companion. "I could have sworn I saw the figure of a woman. I'm going to get out of this; it's too uncanny for my liking."

I was of the same opinion as Dublin, and I can tell you I felt far from being comfortable. I had also fancied I saw the figure of a woman, but I thought it was just an optical illusion until Dublin spoke.

Neither of us liked to show that we were really frightened, yet at the same time we were in that nervous state when one likes to yell out at the top of one's voice, just to relieve the strain.

"I don't think it was anything much," I said, in a very shaky voice.

"Nor I, either," said Dublin, in a tone a little

above a whisper. "All the same, I think it would be a lot cooler on deck; it is rather hot here."

He had hardly finished speaking when the light flashed up again so vividly as to dazzle our eyes for a matter of a couple of seconds. My heart seemed to jump up in my throat and a cold shiver ran down the spine of my back. I gazed spellbound in the direction of the light.

Dublin just gasped and gripped me by the arm with a force that under ordinary circumstances would have made me yell out with pain.

We both stared silently at the light, which was of a bluish, ghastly colour. As we looked, the form of a woman seemed to take shape within it. She was ghastly white, and seemed to be floating towards us with her arms crossed upon her breast. Her eyes appeared to be sightless; her face, arms, clothes, and everything about her seemed to be of the same unnatural whiteness as the light that enveloped her.

The vision lasted, perhaps, a couple of seconds, yet it seemed like an hour to me. When it finally vanished the spell that held us transfixed to the bench seemed to vanish with it, and with yells that could be heard a couple of miles off we both sprang for the door.

I don't know what happened after that. I have a vague idea that the pair of us fought and yelled like demons in our efforts to get out, but the blessed door wouldn't budge an inch. I also have an idea that we finally fell on the deck. Whilst we were there struggling the door slid back—apparently of its own accord.

Dublin was first on his feet, and he sprang out as if there were a pair of springs on his heels—to collide very heavily with somebody or something as he went. I followed him a fraction of a second later. He fell in a heap on the deck, and I on the top of him. But we didn't stop to find out what we had collided with; we were up and off along the deck as though ten thousand demons were after us. We ran aft, as it happened, and brought up alongside the wheel-box, panting and blowing like a pair of porpoises.

"What is the mattaire?" asked the man at the wheel, who, by the way, was an Italian. "What were all dose shoutings I heard a few minutes ago? Is anybody killed?"

"Ghosts!" I gasped.

Directly I mentioned the word the Italian crossed himself and commenced muttering his prayers.

"Where's the second mate?" asked Dublin, in a nervous whisper.

"He went to see what all the yells were about," replied the steersman. "Didn't you see him?"

so badly shaken that ghosts seemed to be lurking all round us. The Italian also seemed to be terror-stricken; he looked the picture of blue funk, and his hands trembled upon the wheel.

Just then the moon sailed out from behind the clouds and cast its rays over the ship. The pale light cast grotesque, ghostly-looking shadows everywhere; and the three of us grew more scared than ever.

"Come on, Dublin, let's get off to the fore-castle," I said.

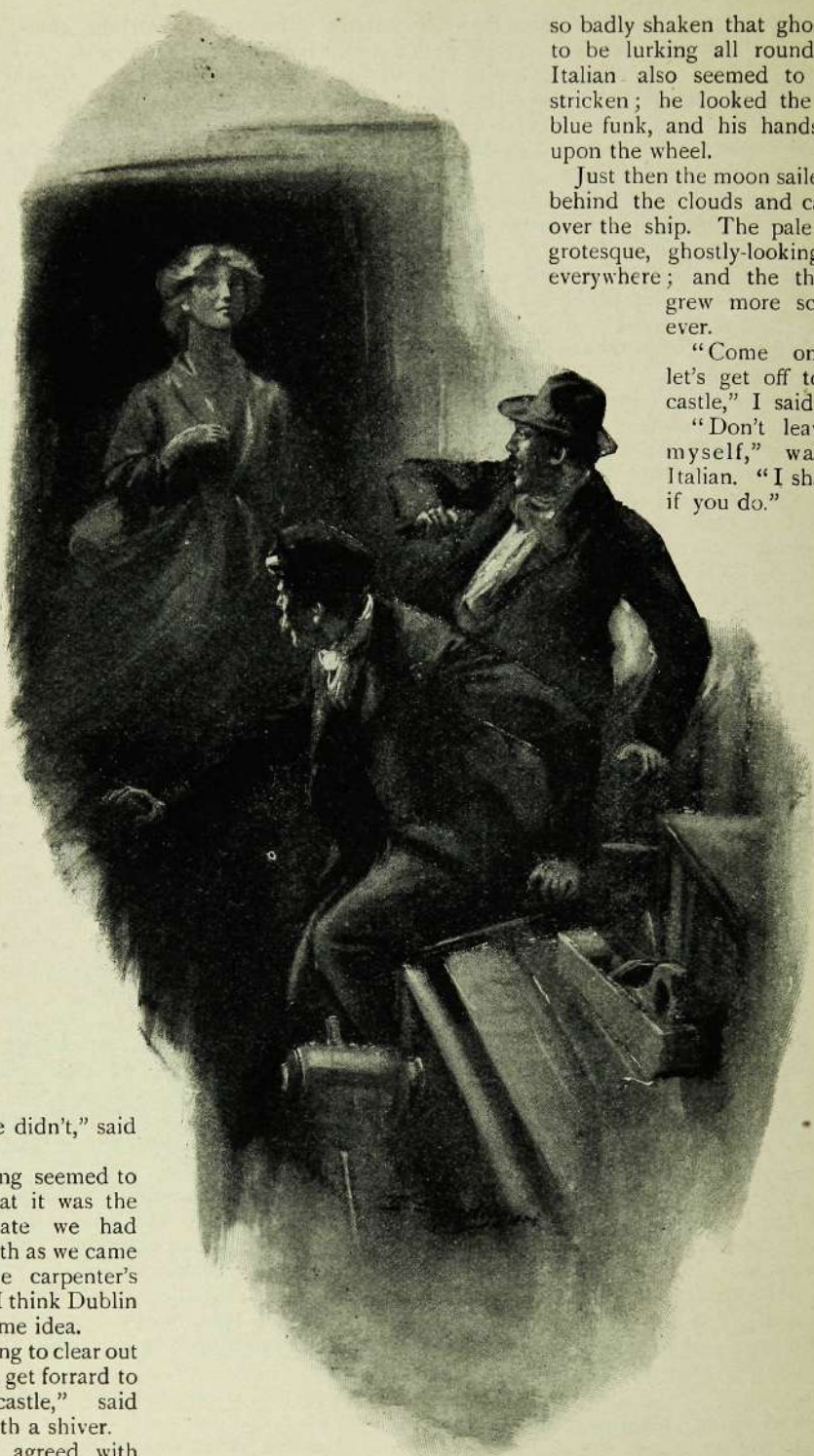
"Don't leave me by myself," wailed the Italian. "I shall go mad if you do."

"No, we didn't," said Dublin.

Something seemed to tell me that it was the second mate we had collided with as we came out of the carpenter's shop, and I think Dublin had the same idea.

"I'm going to clear out of this and get forrard to the fore-castle," said Dublin, with a shiver.

I quite agreed with him, for our nerves were



"The vision lasted, perhaps, a couple of seconds, yet it seemed like an hour to me."

"You stop there and steer the ship," was the unsympathetic answer he got from Dublin. "We are going to find the second mate, after we have had a consultation with the crowd; then we'll wake the skipper up and demand to be taken back to port. I'm not going to sail in a haunted ship." And off the pair of us went forward.

The door of the carpenter's shop was on the starboard side, so we carefully made our way forward to the fore-castle on the port side. When we arrived there we found the whole of the crew awake and out of their bunks, talking in whispers like a lot of monkeys, and in several different languages at that.

We were seized upon as soon as we entered, and, in excited voices, several of them asked us if we had seen the ghost and heard its yells.

We replied, of course, that we had. From what we could gather from their incoherent ramblings, one of the watch on deck had heard our yells and came aft to see what was the matter. When he got to the carpenter's shop and looked in the ghost appeared. The man immediately made himself scarce, came forward, and woke up the whole of the crew in the fore-castle. We told them our own experience, and our ghost tallied exactly in appearance with what the other man had seen.

"Well," said Dublin, addressing the crowd, "we will go aft and wake the skipper up, and demand that he shall head the ship back to Cape Henlopen. We're not going to make a voyage in this ship and be frightened out of our skins every time we go out on deck. Besides, it's my opinion that the appearance of that ghost is an ill omen, and if we continue on the voyage she'll sink with the whole lot of us."

This little speech of Dublin's was received with murmurs and gesticulations of approval. Dublin was about to proceed with some more of his logic, when the Italian whom we had left at the wheel interrupted him by dashing headlong into the fore-castle, his eyes bulging out of his head and his hair standing on end.

When he found his tongue he informed us that he had got frightened and left the wheel. On his way forward he had found the second mate lying dead outside the carpenter's shop and also saw the ghost—which latter sight caused his hurried entrance into the fore-castle.

"Come on, boys," cried Dublin, when the tale was told; "let's go aft in a body to the skipper. We've had enough of this ship."

We were about to move out of the fore-castle, when the ship commenced to stagger and lurch dangerously. The sails began to flap about, and the masts creaked and groaned ominously. The whole ship seemed to be bewitched.

We halted and looked at one another, frightened and dazed; then we huddled back into the fore-castle like a lot of sheep. All of us felt certain our end had come; and it certainly would have done had not the skipper been a thorough seaman and quick at perception.

The unusual movements of the ship and the loud flapping of the sails woke him up. Scenting that something was wrong, he sprang out of his bunk and ran up on deck, to find no second mate on the poop, no man at the wheel, and the ship coming up into the wind and almost "aback."

Taking in the situation at a glance, he rushed to the wheel and, putting the helm hard over, just saved the ship from being dismasted, which would have meant grave danger to all on board.

We in the fore-castle, in our sheep-like panic, had overlooked the fact that there was nobody steering the vessel, and we had put her unusual movements and the creakings and flappings down to the ghosts.

However, we went aft when the ship steadied herself, and were very much surprised to find the skipper steering the ship.

He asked us, in a very quiet manner, what was the matter; and Dublin, stepping forward, told him everything.

"Nonsense!" cried the skipper; "there are no ghosts in this ship. Take this wheel, one of you, and another of you go and wake the mate up. We'll go along and investigate the matter, and find out what is the matter with the second mate."

We all trooped along to the carpenter's shop, the captain at the head of us, Dublin and I following him, and the crowd behind.

We found the second mate lying flat on his back, with the back of his head split open where he had fallen backwards on a ringbolt in the deck. But he wasn't dead; in fact, he was very much alive—and he let us know it when we brought him round.

"Now, where's this ghost?" said the skipper, after we had attended to the second mate's injuries and some of the men had carried him to his room. "I don't see it anywhere."

With that he got ready to strike a match and enter the shop. He didn't get in, however, nor did he strike the match—the ghost prevented that by suddenly appearing in front of him in all her uncanny splendour. Only for an instant did she show herself; then she vanished, leaving the shop in darkness again.

"Gott in Himmel!" he yelled. "What's that?"

"It's—it's the ghost!" stammered Dublin, who was immediately behind him.

"I'll ghost it!" cried the skipper, recovering



"He dashed headlong into the forecastle, his eyes bulging out of his head and his hair standing on end."

himself. He ran to the pin-rail and, picking out an iron belaying-pin, rushed into the carpenter's shop with murder in his eye.

The mate came along at that moment in his pyjamas and bare feet, still very sleepy, and inquired what all the trouble was about.

When we told him he grinned, chuckling to himself in his fat, German way.

Meanwhile the skipper was thumping every hole and corner of the carpenter's shop with his belaying-pin.

"Look out you don't damage that figurehead, captain," said the mate, shoving his head inside the door; "the carpenter only finished repairing it yesterday."

Just then one of the men came along with a lamp, and the mate, taking it from him, walked into the shop with it. Then, smiling amiably, he showed us our ghost—the ship's figurehead, which was standing upright in the corner of the shop! It had been damaged in port and had

been taken off to be repaired. We being new hands, of course, knew nothing about it.

The ghostly light was caused by the moon shining through a small skylight, directly over the figurehead. The moon being obscured by heavy clouds, and only visible between the rifts for a few seconds at a time, made the ghost appear and disappear whenever it shone out or was obscured.

We all grinned very sheepishly when the mate laid bare the mystery of our ghost, and some of the crowd were beginning to shuffle shamefacedly forward when the captain spoke.

"Come aft, men," he said, "and we'll splice the main brace" (which means grog). "It'll brace up your nerves a bit. And just remember that there are no ghosts in this ship, and if you get seeing any more there's going to be trouble."

I may mention that we never did see any more ghosts after that, and a more comfortable and happy ship I never want to be in.

Travel and Adventure on African Borderlands.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL R. G. T. BRIGHT, C.M.G.,

OF THE RIFLE BRIGADE.



A party of Bavira women on their way to market—Notice the curious lip "ornament" worn by the tallest.
From a Photograph.

In these articles Colonel Bright, who has already contributed to "The Wide World" on several occasions, relates some of the incidents which befell his party on a recent journey lasting seventeen months, when he went out to the Anglo-Congolese frontier at the head of the British Boundary Commission.

III.



DURING one of our stays at Fort Portal we were the spectators of a curious semi-barbaric ceremony—the coronation of Daudi Kasagama, King of Toro. The present ruler's father was apparently fond of such functions, for he used to be crowned once a month, but latterly the custom had fallen into abeyance.

The three next illustrations are from photographs taken during the ceremony. The king's palace stands on a ridge at Kavarole, a short

distance from Fort Portal, and is surrounded by a high fence of reeds. At the entrance to this enclosure a canopy was erected and mats spread on the ground, while a space in front was kept clear by the king's soldiers. Round this squatted thousands of the king's subjects. The actual coronation took place in the palace, after which Kasagama marched to the entrance of the enclosure to show himself to his assembled people. The procession was an imposing spectacle, the chief being preceded by attendants

who laid down strips of matting for him to walk upon. As he appeared under the canopy and presented himself to the natives there was a mighty uproar of beating drums and yelling humanity. Kasagama was a weird figure, dressed in a long, flowing cloak of crimson silk, ornamented with gold lacings and tassels. On his head was placed a crown shaped like a beehive and skilfully ornamented with red and white beads, the top being covered with red feathers, giving the appearance of small flames of fire. The king is usually clean-shaven, but on this occasion he wore whiskers and beard. The beard, fashioned out of colobus monkey-skins, hung to the chief's waist; and, although it was white, I was told that it was meant to imitate the mane of a lion. Altogether the newly-crowned king presented an imposing and picturesque figure amidst his African subjects.

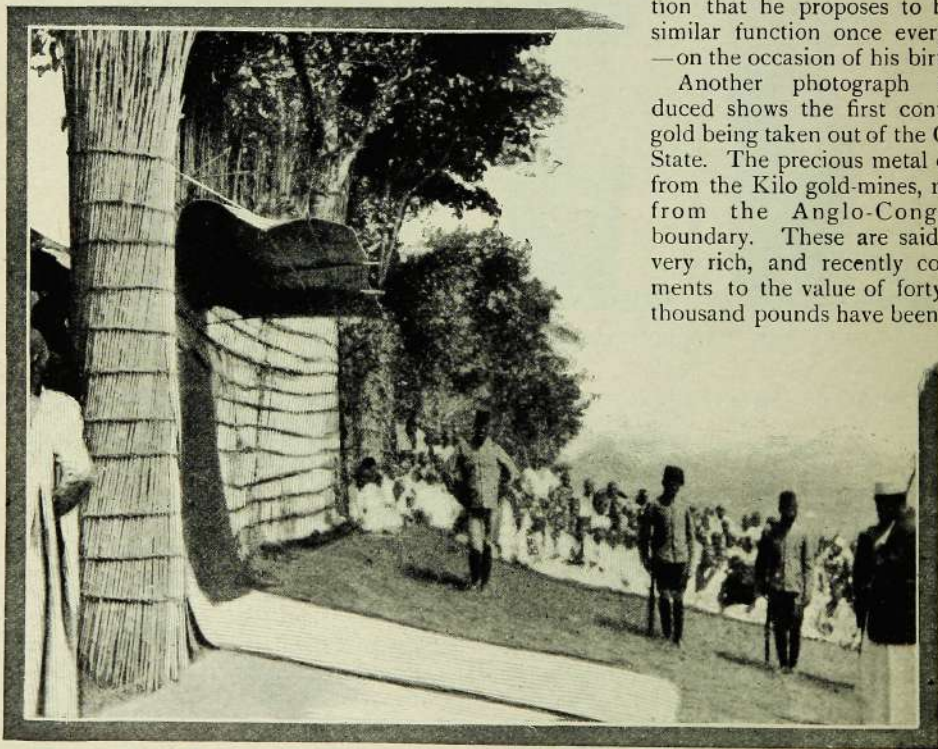
On the completion of the coronation ceremony we were invited to a tent, pitched at the bottom of the hill on which the palace stands, in order to witness a war dance in honour of the occasion. There were gathered hundreds of native spearmen, who rushed towards the tents yelling and brandishing their spears, shaking them between

their fingers with such violence that in some cases the shafts snapped. The excitement of the dancers was amazing. Some of the spearmen were literally foaming at the mouth, and it was rather surprising that in their frenzy they did not hurl their spears into the tents.

While the dance was in progress oxen were slaughtered and the carcasses brought up and laid out in rows on the ground, after which attendants carved the joints and handed great lumps to the dancers. I specially noticed one old man, seated just in front of us, who worried his little bit of raw beef much in the same way as a wild animal. It was carefully explained to us that the raw meat was only given to the dancers to show us how their labours used to be rewarded in the old days, but that now they had learnt the custom of civilized nations the meat would be cooked before being eaten. At the conclusion of a memorable day we bade farewell to the king, thanking him for the very interesting time he had given us. Kasagama is a very intelligent and progressive native, and I am much indebted to him for the assistance which he invariably afforded the expedition by providing porters, guides, and food whenever they were required. The king was so pleased

with the success of his coronation that he proposes to have a similar function once every year—on the occasion of his birthday.

Another photograph reproduced shows the first convoy of gold being taken out of the Congo State. The precious metal comes from the Kilo gold-mines, not far from the Anglo-Congolese boundary. These are said to be very rich, and recently consignments to the value of forty-eight thousand pounds have been taken



The coronation of the King of Toro—Waiting at the entrance of the palace for the newly-crowned monarch.
From a Photograph.



Daudi Kasagama, the King of Toro, in his coronation robes—He is shown wearing his ceremonial crown, with false whiskers and beard of monkey skins. [Photograph.]

through Uganda to the coast *en route* for Europe. As is shown in the picture, each porter carries on his head one box containing ore to the value of four hundred pounds. To prevent a man escaping into the bush with his precious "load"

the boxes are all chained together, and as a further precaution the convoy is carefully guarded by an armed escort. So far as I am aware, this is the only discovery of gold in that part of Africa.



From a

A war-dance in honour of the coronation.

[Photograph.]

Other photographs herewith were taken in the British territory to the west of Lake Albert, in a region which until quite recently was but little known, and had not often been visited by white men. The inhabitants—the Balegga and Bavira tribes—are peaceful and friendly people. One day I met a number of Bavira women while the caravan was on the march, and, unlike most natives who are usually suspicious and really frightened of being photographed, they stood quietly, and smilingly enjoyed having their pictures taken for the first time in their lives. These ladies were on their way to market, and carried large baskets full of corn-cobs on their heads. Bavira women often wear a very disfiguring “ornament” in the shape of a round disc of wood, some two inches in diameter, with a design painted on it. This is inserted in a hole cut in the upper lip, in the manner seen in the heading. When the lady opens her mouth the disc flops up and down in a grotesque manner, and must be a source of much inconvenience, both in speaking and eating.

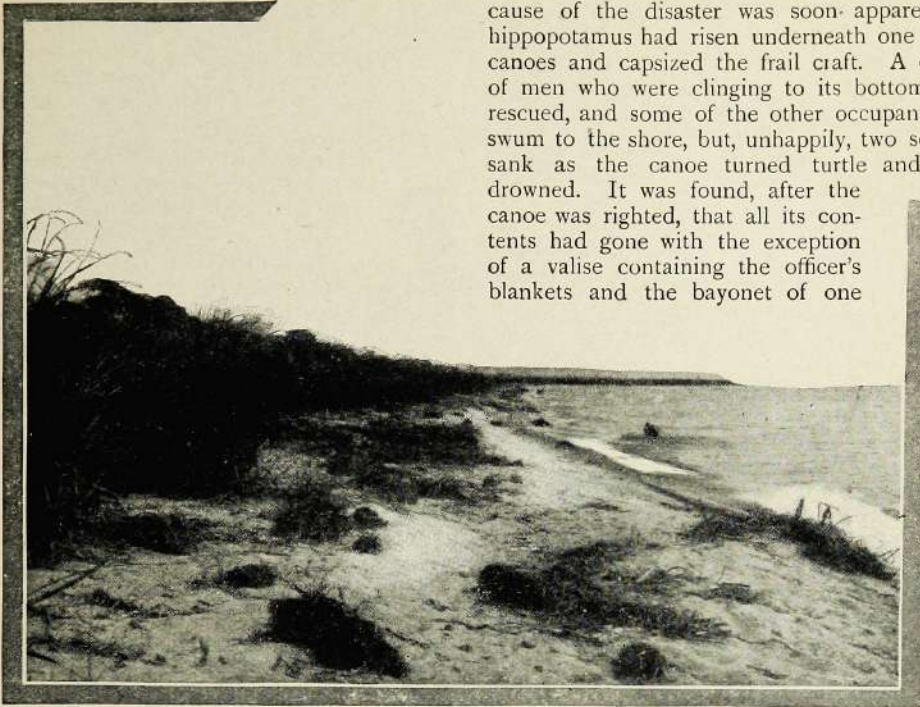
On the same morning that we met these natives we passed a couple of female elephants accompanied by their calves, and it was interesting to watch the mothers playing with the small ones, stroking and fondling them with their trunks, quite oblivious of our presence. Perhaps they knew that the hunting of female elephants is rightly prohibited in British territory.

Farther northwards along Lake Albert the swamps cease and the waters of the lake lap on a sandy shore. The weather was misty, rendering the opposite shores invisible, and but for the intense heat one could almost imagine oneself walking along the seashore in England. The illusion was dispelled, however, when we saw hippopotami and crocodiles basking in the water. The former of these animals is a positive danger to navigation in the lakes and rivers of Central Africa. One of our officers who, while travelling in the mountains, had slipped and injured one of his legs decided that, as the country was very rough and difficult to ride through, he would



From a

A convoy of gold leaving the Congo State on its way to Europe.

*From a*

On the shores of Lake Albert.

[Photograph.]

avail himself of the lake and cruise down it in canoes. The journey was not without incidents. Every night the paddles had to be carefully guarded to prevent the canoes being taken away during the darkness, and every morning it was found that nearly all the men forming the crews had deserted and fresh ones had to be found. One morning the officer in question was paddling along in his canoe, at the head of his flotilla, when he suddenly heard screams, and on looking round saw that one of the canoes had been upset and its occupants were struggling in the water. With considerable difficulty he made his men (whose only desire was to reach terra firma) paddle back to the scene of the accident. The

of the drowned men, which were jammed underneath the narrow thwarts used by the paddlers.

We now entered the mountainous Lendu country bordering the western shore of Lake Albert. We had no sooner crossed into this region than one of our mail men was murdered. He was only a very short distance behind the rear-guard and not far from our camp when he was set upon by natives and killed. He was stripped of the letters he was carrying and of his clothing. It was not until several days afterwards that I heard of this outrage, and nothing could then be done to avenge the murder.

A group of Lendu is shown in the next illustration. They are a treacherous people, and it was with them we had the most difficulty. On the day on which the photograph was taken a long palaver had been held. All the chiefs who could be collected were solemnly warned that the killing of the Government's men would not be tolerated, but that if they remained quiet and well-behaved they had nothing to fear, while, on the contrary, if our men were molested they would be severely punished. Towards the end of the meeting the sub-chiefs, or headmen, of the villages were led by the hand by an elderly chief and introduced to us. In spite of the warning, they gave us considerable further trouble.

*[Photograph.]*

They killed several of our men and caught two unlucky letter-runners, whom they cruelly maltreated. One of them reached camp minus his letters, which had been stolen, and almost minus his tongue, which had been nearly cut out by his captors simply because he was carrying letters for us. One of our convoys was treacherously attacked while crossing a small stream in this country. The party was accompanied by some unarmed guides, who pretended to be friendly. While the escort was resting and drinking at the stream, the soldiers composing it were suddenly set upon by the guides, who attempted to seize their rifles. Their treachery then became evident, as it was seen that there were hundreds of native spearmen concealed in the grass, only waiting until the soldiers' rifles had been secured before they rushed the convoy. Happily their plan failed, and they were driven off with some loss.

The soldiers of the King's African Rifles, who acted as the escort, always behaved very well. Their duty, more especially in the mountainous countries lying to the south-east of Lake George



Lendu chiefs being introduced to the members of the Commission.
From a Photograph.

and on the west of Lake Albert, while acting as escorts to the porters and cutting tracks through thick elephant grass in countries where the natives were lying in wait for small parties, was arduous and often dangerous. The escort had also to provide guards and sentries for the various camps and stores where reserve supplies were kept; and right well they did their task from beginning to end. The expedition now retraced its steps along Lake Albert and returned to Fort Portal. Some months later a small party went along the eastern side of the lake, and it was during that trip the two photographs on the next page were taken, one of a typical village just south of the sleeping sickness area. The district of Bugungu, lying near the Victoria Nile and formerly thickly inhabited, is now being depopulated by that fatal scourge. The Uganda Protectorate Government is making every endeavour to combat the disease, and its efforts are being crowned with success,

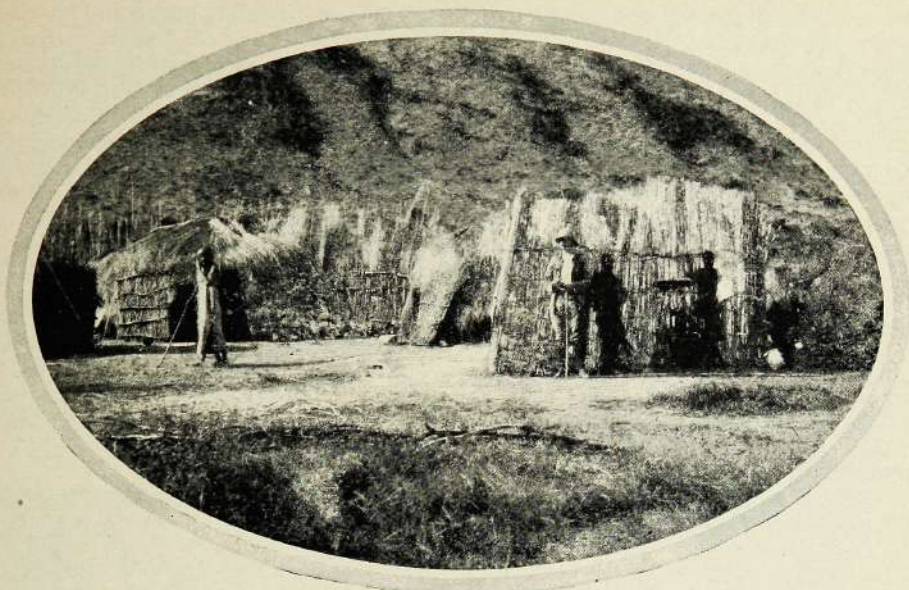
but drastic methods are required. The Government is making arrangements to remove all the surviving inhabitants of Bugungu, numbering



From a

The expedition cutting a track through the jungle towards the boundary.

[Photograph.]



From a

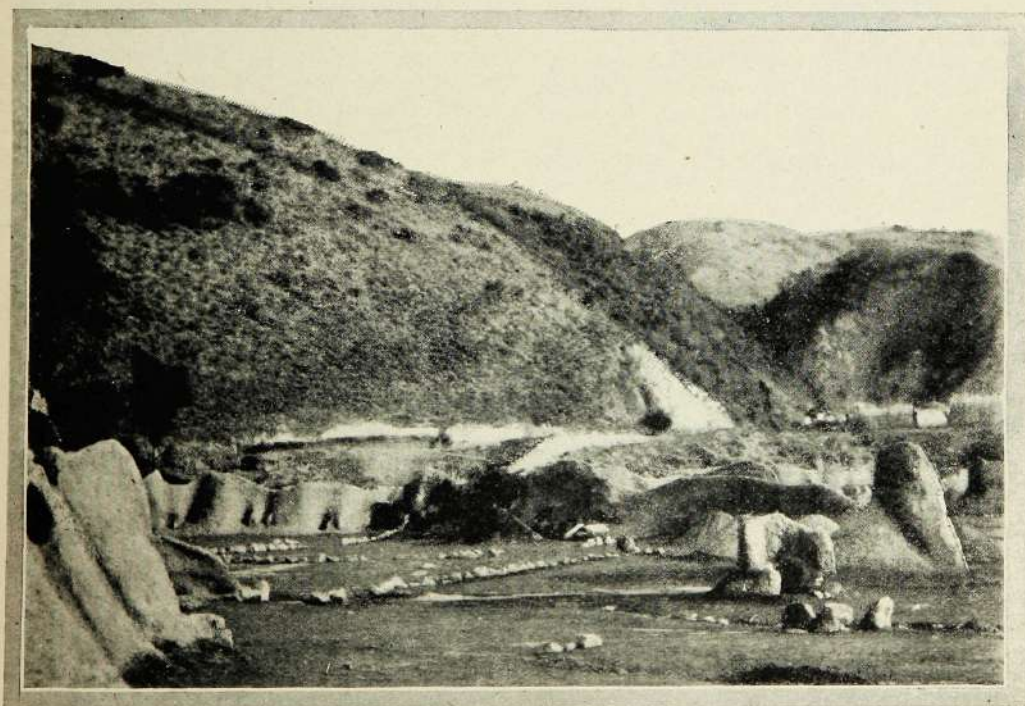
A typical village to the south of the "sleeping sickness" region.

[Photograph.]

some four thousand men, women, and children, from the infected zone and to place them in an area free from sleeping sickness.

We next camped at Kibero, the largest and

most important village on Lake Albert and the centre of the salt trade in this portion of Africa. From there canoes laden with this commodity ply to all parts of the lake. To cross the lake



From a

The salt workings at Kibero.

[Photograph.]

in an open canoe is a venturesome proceeding, for it is wider than the English Channel between Dover and Calais and is often very rough, so the voyage across in open canoes is not without some risk.

It was an extremely hot and close day on which we reached Kibero, but in the evening, as the sun was sinking and it became cooler, I paid a visit to the salt workings. The place resembles the excavations of ancient ruins. The salt springs bubble from the rocky cliffs, and the water is so hot that it hurts to even dip a finger in it. The air smelt strongly of sulphur, and steam arose continually from the springs. The water is led off by small channels and irrigates the earth, which is then scraped up and filtered through large earthen jars. This process is continued till the water is very strongly impregnated, when the salt is obtained by allowing the water to evaporate in the sun. The salt is quite white, but tastes very bitter.

I left Fort Portal in July on my return journey to England. We followed the fairly good road (about twelve feet wide) leading to Entebbe, and completed the journey of about a hundred and eighty miles in twelve marches. *En route* we met large gangs of workmen constructing a track for motors, which have now been introduced into Uganda and are proving very successful. The chiefs supervise the construction of these roads and admirably perform their share of the work.

The last illustration is of the practical termination of the expedition, and depicts the porters reaching the Victoria Nyanza, near Entebbe, the capital of Uganda. Here several large Baganda canoes were ready; they were quickly

save native or game tracks, and at times not even those. It was hard work for the Swahili porters, carrying their loads up and down steep hill-sides. Most of these carriers had been engaged at Mombasa, and throughout they worked well and were always cheerful and willing. They are a careless and happy people, who during their journeys look forward with the greatest expectancy to enjoying a real good time on reaching their homes at the coast. Only a small proportion of their wages is paid to them during their engagement, and thus on their home-coming they are literally full of money, which they spend in a few days in reckless extravagance. That is their idea of extreme happiness. After they have spent all their money they live on their friends till they feel inclined for another journey.



From a]

The end of the expedition—Porters reaching the Victoria Nyanza at Entebbe, in Uganda.

[Photograph.

loaded, and in a few hours the porters and stores had been paddled across the bay.

It was a little over seventeen months since we had left Entebbe, and during these months we had travelled many hundreds of miles.

The country we had traversed was mountainous, and there were no roads in many parts

After spending a few days at Entebbe I crossed the lake by steamer to Port Florence, and thence travelled down to the coast by the Uganda Railway. The porters and servants were paid off at Mombasa, and thus ended the expedition—my fifth boundary mission on the Dark Continent.

SHORT STORIES.

A trader's battle with hostile savages and a young schoolmistress's adventure with robbers.

THE SIEGE OF THE STATION.

BY H. W. MARTIN.



IN 1906 I was elephant hunting on the southern bank of the Ruvuma—a river dividing German East Africa from the Portuguese territory. One day, while following a wounded elephant, I noticed a German *askari*, or native soldier, on the north bank waving a paper and beckoning me to cross. As I knew the natives in the vicinity were expected to rise in rebellion before long, I was rather surprised to see the man, but crossed the river and asked him what he wanted. He handed me a typewritten document in German, but as I could not read that language I asked him in his own dialect if he knew the contents of it. He replied that it was a warning to any Europeans who happened to be in the neighbourhood of the Ruvuma, requesting them to go up to the Weidhaven fort at Amelia Bay, on the north-eastern shore of Lake Nyassa. The reason given was that the Germans had decided to burn all the villages on their side of the river after ten days had elapsed if the natives did not pay their hut-tax in the meantime, and reprisals were feared.

This intelligence greatly disconcerted me, for I had a store of nearly two tons of good ivory in my camp, which was situated about two days' journey south of the river. There was apparently nothing to do, if I wished to secure my ivory and camp equipment, but to go straight back and take it across to German territory. I at once commenced the journey, but to my surprise, on reaching the site of my camp, found that my ivory and tent had disappeared, while the grass huts which had been occupied by my carriers had been burnt to the ground!

My grief at discovering that all the fruits of



Mr. H. W. Martin, the Author of "The Siege of the Station."
From a Photograph.

three years' hard work at hunting and trading in tropical Africa were gone was intense, and it was some moments before I fully realized the extent of my loss. Feeling utterly dejected I sat down with my head resting on my hands. I had remained in this position for some moments when I felt a slight touch on my shoulder, and, looking up, saw Manuel, my native cook, standing beside me. He was very frightened, and told me that when I arrived he had been hiding in the bush, but would not show himself, fearing that I might shoot him, as he and his wife had been left in charge of the camp. He then described what had taken place during my absence.

Early in the morning, two days previously, he went out of his hut, and saw a large *impi*, or native regiment, some three or four hundred strong, making directly for the camp. Owing to the fact that every man was fully armed, he suspected that something was amiss, and calling to his wife—who was still sleeping in the hut—to hide herself, he ran to my tent, got my old

four-bore and about twenty cartridges, and then concealed himself in the bush. His wife, however, was not quite so quick, and was seen by the approaching *impi* and taken prisoner. The natives then went to my tent, took everything they could lay their hands on, and finally the tent itself. They were in too much of a hurry to strike the tent properly, so they cut the ropes, bundled it up, and took the whole lot—ivory, goods, tent, and Manuel's wife—to the headquarters of their chief, Mataka. All this my boy could see from his hiding-place.

Now Mataka was the most powerful native chief in Portuguese Nyassaland, and I knew it would be quite useless to follow the *impi* with the idea of regaining my belongings. Even if I succeeded in reaching Mataka's stronghold, there was little chance of securing my goods, but a far greater one of encountering the assegais of the natives. I thought the matter over, and decided that if we wished to escape with our lives the best thing we could do was to make tracks for a trading-station about eighty miles away, on the northern bank of the Ruvuma, kept by an old Greek trader named Kapsopolis.

We arrived at the station about thirty-six hours after leaving the ruins of my own camp, only to be told by Kapsopolis's native cook that his master had left a week previously for Amelia Bay. There were, however, some provisions and a change of clothing at the station, and I accordingly helped myself.

The cook also gave me the cheerful information that the natives in the vicinity were already up in arms and that it would not be safe to attempt to get to Amelia Bay, as we should have to pass through the country held by the rebels before we could reach our destination. After telling me this he cleared out, being evidently terror-stricken. As there was no other settlement we could make for, I decided that it would be best to remain where we were. Fortunately, the place was surrounded by an extremely strong stockade, made of wooden poles about sixteen feet high. I therefore told Manuel to collect all the provisions, bedding, and clothing, and put them in the strongest hut. When he had done this we went on a tour of inspection round the stockade, patching up one or two places that looked rather insecure. There were about two hundred pounds of flour, three hundred pounds of maize, fifty pounds of sugar, and ten pounds of tea and coffee in the huts, and as, in addition, there was a small stream flowing through the station, we had no fear of running short of provisions in the event of a prolonged siege.

We had not long to wait for an attack, for the rebels arrived in large numbers early the follow-

ing morning and quickly surrounded the station. The first intimation I had of their presence were the reports of several blunderbusses, and presently a piece of telegraph-wire whizzing through the grass roof. Few people have heard of telegraph-wire being utilized as ammunition, but when the natives ran short of ordinary supplies they were in the habit of pulling down some of the trans-Continental telegraph-wires, and, after cutting them up in small sections, using the pieces as slugs. The firing continued for about an hour, but as we could see no natives we did not retaliate, being too short of ammunition to waste a single round. I only had a hundred and twenty cartridges for my '303 rifle, and the boy twenty for the four-bore.

Complete silence reigned for two hours after the natives ceased shooting; but about 10 p.m. one of their number came out of cover, presumably to find out if we were killed. He crept to within twenty yards of the hut we were occupying, and then, being evidently satisfied that we were both dead, stood up. I promptly raised my rifle and fired, and he dropped instantly. On seeing this the other rebels attempted to rush the place, firing their blunderbusses as they came, but the stockade was very strongly constructed, and resisted all their efforts to break through. Meanwhile the boy and I fired at every warrior who showed his head above the stockade, and hit several of them.

The rebels next endeavoured, by digging with pointed sticks, to prise up the poles of the stockade, but as these were buried five feet deep in the hard, sun-baked ground, they soon found they would require something stronger than pointed sticks, and gave up the task. Finally they retired, shouting defiance at us from safe retreats in the bush.

They did not molest us again until about two o'clock, when they changed their tactics. This time they tried to set fire to the thatch of our huts by shooting burning arrows. Lumps of dry grass, dipped in boiling beeswax, had been previously fastened on the arrows and lighted. It would have gone very hard with us had many of these arrows kept alight until they reached the thatch; but, luckily, the majority of the burning tufts went out. There were, however, two which set the roof alight, but they did very little damage, and we were soon able to put out the flames. The discharge of these arrows continued for nearly two hours, but, finding that no damage was being done, the natives at length desisted.

We were compelled to keep a close watch during the night, in case the enemy tried to surprise us under cover of darkness; but nothing happened, and at sunrise Manuel prepared me



"The other rebels attempted to rush the place."

some coffee, which I was greatly in need of. As there was still no sign of an attack, I told Manuel he could sleep until midday, after which he agreed to keep watch until sunset while I obtained some very necessary rest.

The rebels remained quiet during the remainder of that day and the ensuing night, but about eight o'clock the following morning we noticed them working very hard a little way up-stream. I allowed them to go on for about a couple of hours without molestation, but at length, guessing they were up to some mischief, I thought it was time to make an attempt to stop them. I brought my rifle into requisition again, and had the satisfaction of seeing one of their number fall. We subsequently found that they were trying to dam up the stream and divert the water, which they would have succeeded in doing had I not interfered in time. Without water we should soon have been compelled to capitulate.

After this we had a rest for two days, but the bodies of the natives who had been killed just outside the stockade began to decompose, and I realized that if they were not promptly buried or taken a good distance away there would be trouble. We accordingly went out and dragged away as many bodies as we could to a safe distance. It was very hard work, and our task took us a considerable time. There were twenty-one bodies in all; we succeeded in dragging away nineteen of these by daylight, but, thinking it was unsafe to continue any longer, owing to the approaching darkness, we decided to take the other two inside the stockade and there bury them. We managed to get one inside safely, and

had just reached shelter with the remaining body when suddenly a report rang out, and Manuel staggered forward inside the stockade, where he fainted right away. He had been shot in the back of the neck. I finished dragging the dead body inside myself.

My troubles were now considerably increased. I had two dead bodies that it was necessary to bury, and Manuel to attend to, in addition to watching the movements of the enemy. As the poor boy remained unconscious for a long time, I poured some water down his throat, and in the course of a few minutes had the satisfaction of seeing him open his eyes. He seemed to be in great pain, and did not speak for quite an hour after recovering his senses. When at last he did open his lips he said he thought the missile was rubbing against the vertebra. I knew very little about surgery, but I probed for the bullet with the blade of my penknife—the only instrument which I possessed—and found it buried over half an inch in the boy's neck. After about an hour's manipulation I was successful in extracting the shot. It proved to be a beaten iron bullet of native manufacture, about three-eighths of an inch in diameter and about three-quarters of an inch long.

After this I had one of the toughest times that could befall any man. Manuel's neck swelled to an enormous size, and for forty-eight

hours he was delirious, calling continually for his lost wife. What with nursing him, doing all the cooking, and keeping an eye on the enemy, I secured very little rest. Fortunately for me, the Germans were harassing the natives to the north-west, near Weidhaven, and the rebels were having quite enough to do for a time dodging the soldiers without bothering about me.

This state of affairs lasted a fortnight, and one can easily imagine my predicament during this period. Manuel did not seem to get any better, and the lack of proper rest was beginning to tell on me severely.

Many of the Germans were by this time suffering from malarial and blackwater fever, and they therefore ceased operations for a while, and this gave the rebels another opportunity of turning their attention to me. Once more they surrounded the station in large numbers, and the various attempts to capture the stockade were again gone through. All sorts of missiles were aimed at my hut, including the lighted arrows again, but, although the latter caused one or two conflagrations, I had little difficulty in putting them out. This sort of thing continued for several days, but they did not effect an entrance to the station, although towards the end I began to feel I could not hold out much

longer. I had become thoroughly worn out, and if a determined effort had been made by the rebels at this juncture to force a way in, I doubt very much whether I could have repulsed them. But the Germans were again on the move, and a day or two passed without my either hearing or seeing anything of the natives.

I have only a very hazy recollection of what followed. Malarial fever took hold of me, and the next thing I remember is awakening from what seemed to be a very long sleep to find a German officer bending over me. The officer, who was also a doctor, was attached to a native battalion officered by Europeans, and he told me afterwards that when his men arrived at the stockade they heard someone moaning in the main hut. This proved to be Manuel, who was very ill indeed, and so weak from pain that he could not move. I was lying close beside him, in a semi-unconscious state.

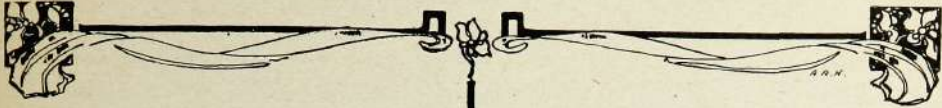
Soon after this the rebels were completely routed, and submitted to German rule, coming in freely with their cattle to pay taxes. I was too ill to be removed for quite a fortnight after the advent of the troops who rescued me, but when able to travel I was taken by hammock to Weidhaven, where I received the best of treatment from the Germans.



"Manuel staggered inside the stockade, where he fainted right away."

AN UNEXPECTED VISIT.

BY MISS L. MACDONALD.



In the spring of 1905 I was engaged to teach school in a country district about five miles from the little town of N—, in the province of Saskatchewan,

Canada. I had secured the position through one of the agencies at Winnipeg, and, being a stranger in the West, knew nothing about the place I was going to or the people I should have to live with. I found the latter all foreigners—a mixture of Germans, Poles, Swedes, and Galicians, and scarcely any of them could converse in English. Their houses were all built on the same plan—divided into two apartments, one used as kitchen and dining-room, the other as the common sleeping-room. In my boarding-house the same order of things was preserved, I being generously given

a bed to myself in the same room as the family, which consisted of father, mother, two grown-up sons, and a daughter.

There was not even a curtain dividing the beds, nor a screen to hide one from curious eyes. However, seeing I could not remedy the evil, nor better myself in any of the other houses, I had to content myself where I was for the time being.

When I was introduced to the school-house I noticed that two rooms had been built at the back of it for the accommodation of a former teacher, who was married and had his wife with him. I immediately decided to take possession of them myself, and in a very short while I had them furnished comfortably enough, and had privacy that I could not enjoy before.

I thought I should have no difficulty in getting one of the little school girls to remain with me at night, but when I approached them on the subject, they all expressed the greatest fear, and not even the promise of liberal pay would induce them to come and stay with me,

and I was finally obliged to "bach" alone, with not even a dog for company.

I must confess I felt a little nervous at first, as

I was alone in the middle of the prairie, my nearest neighbour being two miles away; and the school grounds being surrounded by trees added to the loneliness of the place.

I had been there about four months when the secretary, a German, notified me that he had received a cheque for salary due to me since the beginning of the term, amounting to two hundred and fifty dollars, and that if I would come into the town I could have it cashed at the bank. I accordingly went in on the following Saturday and drew the money.

As I was coming out of the bank I chanced to meet a gentleman

with whom I was acquainted, and he stopped to speak to me. After conversing for a few moments he laughingly remarked:—

"I believe you are well worth robbing to-day."

"Why, how did you discover that?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, "I happened to be down in the pool-room at the hotel a little while ago, when Mr. G—, your secretary, was telling the fellows what a brave little 'schoolern' (teacher) they had out at his school, living all alone and not afraid of anything or anyone. He added that you had been in town to-day for your money, and named the amount. I must say I thought it very imprudent of him to speak of the matter publicly in a place like that, especially as there were several strangers present at the time. You had better provide yourself with a six-shooter if you intend taking your wad out with you to your shack to-night. The people about here look on anything over one hundred dollars as quite a fortune."

I left the town about four o'clock, and while



Miss L. MacDonald, who cleverly outwitted a couple of desperadoes who attempted to rob her at night in a lonely school-house. *(From a Photograph.)*



walking out could not help feeling disturbed and vexed at the stupidity of the secretary in making my affairs a topic of conversation in a public pool-room.

I reached home about six o'clock, just as it was beginning to rain, and the night promised to be a dark and dreary one. I felt too tired and worried to get supper for myself, and sat down to read some letters which I had received that day. About nine o'clock I heard the sound of

wheels passing the school-house, and, as the road was seldom if ever used, was naturally surprised.

Turning down the light, I went to the window and saw that a covered buggy had stopped a few rods down the road. Presently, to my horror, I saw a man get out and creep through the wire fence surrounding the school grounds and approach the window where I was standing. I drew back hastily, but from where I stood I could see him standing with his head

"I remained motionless, afraid even to breathe, fearing he might detect my presence."

bent close to the glass as though listening for sounds from within. I remained motionless, afraid even to breathe, fearing he might detect my presence, and fully expecting him to raise the window; but, evidently not seeing any light or hearing any sound, he must have thought I had not yet returned from the town, so he went back through the fence and sprang into the buggy, which was then driven farther down the road.

It did not take me long to decide that the man had come for no honest purpose, or he would not have crept so stealthily to the window. What was I to do? I felt certain that the man—or men, rather, for there were two of them in the buggy—would come back later on and effect an entrance.

It was impossible for me to go to the nearest farmhouse, as it lay in the same direction as the buggy had gone, and I might possibly run right into trouble. At last my eyes lit on the trap-door or ventilator in the ceiling of the room where I stood. It was only a small aperture, but I thought I could manage to squeeze through it; and as the door fastened down tightly, anyone not knowing it was there would never detect it.

I lost no time in placing my table under the trap-door, and, standing a chair on the top of it, climbed up and raised the door-flap. I then proceeded to collect all my money and belongings, even the coverings of my bed, and stowed them away up in the attic. I even took the key out of the door, so no one would have any suspicion I was in the house.

After I had arranged everything up in the attic I squeezed through the opening myself, and drew the chair up after me, leaving only the table which, however, I managed to move away from under the trap-door by pushing it with the chair-legs. I then fastened the trap into its place, and, wrapping myself up in my blankets, lay down very carefully—I was not sure whether

the upper floor was made to bear any weight or not—and waited events.

In spite of my fears and cramped position I dozed off several times. At last I was sure I heard the sound of wheels again, and listened intently. Yes; that was the buggy returning! It stopped, and I could hear nothing for a few minutes; then there came a loud knock at the door. I could hear talking, and knew there must be more than one person outside. After a while a voice called out, "Is there anyone in there?" and then I heard more low talking.

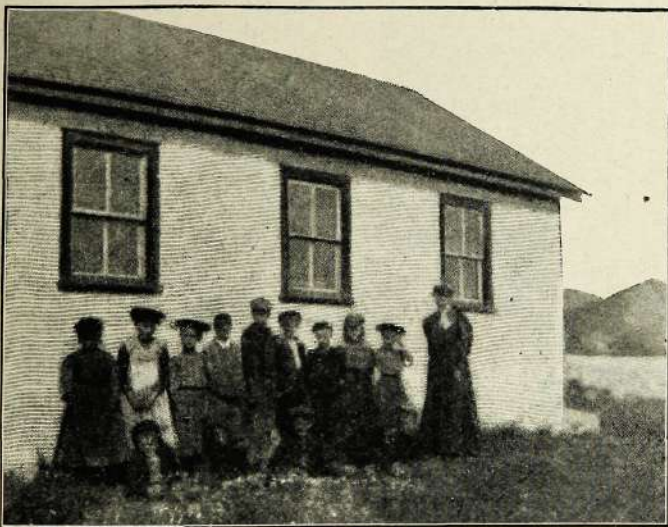
After trying the windows, which were fastened inside, my nocturnal visitors set to work to file off the lock, and at last I heard the door open, and knew they were inside. They came through the kitchen into my bedroom, which was directly under me. I tried to look through the crack of the little door, but it fitted too tightly, and so I had to content myself with just listening to them. I knew they were examining every inch of the house—looking, no doubt, for me or the money they had come after. At last they gave vent to their disappointment and rage at not finding either.

"No one here!" said one of them, angrily. "I bet she never left the town."

"I saw her walking away from the town about four o'clock," replied the other one. "But no one has been sleeping here lately; the bed has got nothing on it. I believe that old gas-bag was only yarning this afternoon; no woman would stay out here all alone. I

shouldn't care to do it myself, I know that. Anyhow, it's plain we have had all our trouble for nothing. I think we owe that old Dutch fool a hiding, and if ever I get a chance at him I'll make things hum round him. Let's have a look for something to eat, if we can't find anything else."

I had a quantity of canned goods in my cupboard, besides bread, cake, and fruit in boxes; these they routed out and were soon at work demolishing everything they could find.



From a

The school-house where this adventure happened. [Photograph.]

here at nights at all," replied the other one. "We might find out from one of those farmers along the road and make sure."

They spent some time fixing the lock on the door again, but at last I heard the trap drive off, though I did not dare to move from my position all night, for fear they might come back to make a further search.

Needless to say, I was very glad when daylight came. I had some little difficulty in getting down from the attic; but I accomplished it at last,

and set to work to pack my trunks, having made up my mind I would not spend another day, much less a night, in that place. About ten o'clock I walked into the town and notified the police.

They were all astonished at my tale, and rather inclined to be incredulous. I sought out the friend who had warned me the day before, and he told me he had been uneasy all night, thinking what might happen to me all alone out on the prairie.

He went down to the hotel after speaking to me and told the story to a number of men collected there. Of course, such incidents are fairly common in some parts of the West, robberies being quite frequent; but the idea of a girl outwitting robbers was something new. All the men expressed their indignation at the cowardice of anyone going to attack a lonely woman, and expressed their intention of helping to arrest the guilty parties.

There were two strangers among the listeners, who had come to the hotel a few days before, and had been engaged to work at a new bank then in process of being erected. The proprietor was surprised to find their room vacant at supper-time, and no one saw a sign of them afterwards. Of course, suspicion rested on them at once, and as a freight train had passed through the town that afternoon it was supposed they had boarded it and got nicely away. However, I had the satisfaction of knowing they had heard how I had outwitted them.

I did not go back to my school again; my friend brought in my trunks, and I terminated my engagement, glad to return to a more civilized part of the world.

After what seemed to me an interminable time they began moving round again, and I knew they must be getting ready to leave.

"We had better fix things as we found them," said one of the men, "so if she comes back to-morrow her suspicions will not be aroused. We will make it our business to inquire whether she is in town to-morrow or not; we may yet get a chance at her little wad."

"I don't believe she stays



"I climbed up and raised the door-flap."

THE . . ENCHANTED ISLANDS.

BY BEATRICE GRIMSHAW.

So popular did Miss Grimshaw's account of her travels "In Unknown Papua" prove, that we have commissioned her to write for us an account of her further cruise, in the Government steam-yacht "Merrie England," among the innumerable islands that dot the Papuan Seas—the Trobriands, D'Entrecasteaux, and the Louisiades. Miss Grimshaw describes this unique journey in her own captivating style, telling of fairy-like islands where no white man has ever trod, of painted and befeathered cannibals who are really nice fellows, of fortunes to be made by the settler, and many other strange and curious things.

I.

THE dawn is welling up in the east like an awakening volcano—low, lurid, and orange—under masses of copper-black cloud. You might swear, only to look at it, that our course lies near to the Equator. And you would swear rightly, for we are in latitude nine south.

When the dawn comes, it is nearly time to think about getting up; for they hose the decks at six. But one may lie just a little while longer on the mattress spread on deck, with the wind of the ship's passage in one's hair, to watch the Southern Cross and its diamond pointers turn pale above the curving bulwark, and enjoy the cool that comes with the breaking day. Even here, under the sky, it has been hot all night. On the bridge deck above, white, silent figures lie scattered like corpses upon a battle-field; farther aft, seamen, firemen, and woolly-headed natives, cast down in easy and uneasy attitudes

Vol. xxv.—24.



From a

An island belle.

[Photograph.]

all over the deck planking, add to the haunting delusion of some sudden massacre or disaster. The sharp yacht bow ripples as we run steadily through the oil-smooth water, but the ship herself is soundless as a sepulchre.

As the sunrise steadily broadens, and the stars go out, a dark blue mass of land begins to show up on the port beam against the yellow of the morning sky. Wave after wave it rises, like a tempestuous sea, flinging its mountain billows to an incredible height among the clouds. Far out as we are, there is no mistaking the character of that range. Only the Alps, the Himalayas, the Andes could match it. It is the main range of the huge island continent of New Guinea,

and we are running along the eastward coasts in the Government steam yacht *Merrie England*, on our way to the Trobriands, D'Entrecasteaux, and the Louisiades, the enchanted islands of my narrative.

As late as 1875 the whole south-eastern coast of New Guinea was unknown. No one had seen where the immense island ended, or sailed along its north-east shores. The maps were filled in with tentatively dotted lines. To-day the coast has been marked out and charted—every bay and river is known. There is a tiny town—Samarai—on an island close to the mainland, and plantations have been cleared and laid out in several places. Yet still, as the *Merrie England* slips silently along the endless coast, day after day, night after night, you may look inland to those wonderful blue ranges, and ask "What lies behind?" knowing that no one can answer—for no one has been to see. In spite of its two towns, its settled Government, its Lieutenant-Governor, its armed native police controlled by District Magistrates, its score or two of miscellaneous Government officials, its mines and plantations, its regular mail steamers, and indefatigable Government yacht always running up and down the coast and rivers, British New Guinea (now known as Papua) remains in great measure unexplored.

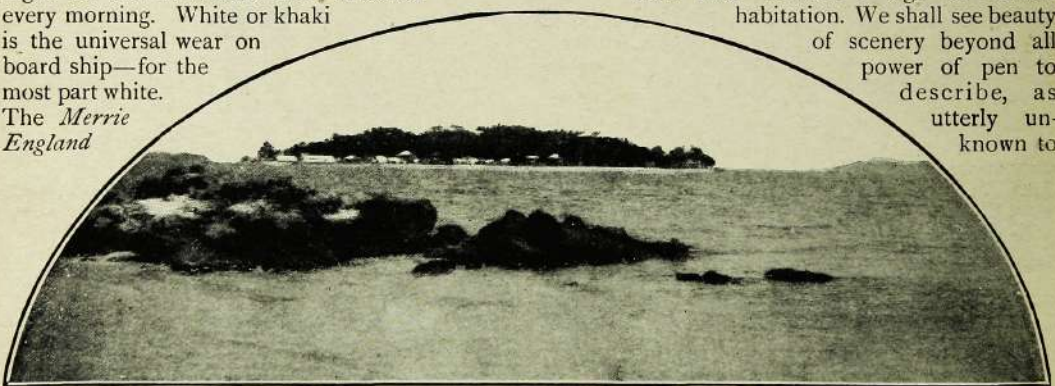
The sun is up now and so am I, away to my cabin to exchange the informal costume of the night for the inevitable clean dress of every morning. White or khaki is the universal wear on board ship—for the most part white. The *Merrie England*

wherever brass can be put, bulwarks of dark ornamental woods, a white-and-green dining-saloon, with a punkah swinging over the well-covered table—and a rack of twelve brown rifles, standing stiffly against the enamelled bulkhead. For we are at the ends of the earth, after all!

An oasis of civilization comes, in the shape of Samarai, twenty-eight hours out from Port Moresby, the capital. These two are the only towns in the length and breadth of Papua. Neither is more than a handful of tin-roofed bungalows and offices, one swept together in the curve of a mangrove-bordered bay, the other set daintily and precisely among neat walks bordered with ornamental shrubs, on a tiny islet that almost exactly fits it, leaving only a rod or two of coral pathway, shaded with palm, to make up the balance.

Samarai done with, the bowsprit is turned eastward yet again, and now we are fairly off into the wilds. Along the many hundred miles of coast and island that we shall traverse during the next few weeks, not half-a-dozen white men will be met, save in the one island of Woodlark, a few hours from Samarai, where there are gold-mines, and a population of a few dozen miners, working out all that is left of a once valuable field. We shall pass by island after island on which no white man's foot has ever trod; some of them we shall visit ourselves, and some we

shall find without a sign of human habitation. We shall see beauty of scenery beyond all power of pen to describe, as utterly unknown to



From a]

Samarai, perched on its little islet, one of the only two towns in Papua.

[Photograph.

herself is white—a beautiful vessel of nearly two hundred tons, clearly yacht-built to the most casual eye, with star-pointing, tapered masts, a graceful bow, and a small smoking funnel that scarcely mars her beauty. She is fitted with a luxury that comes upon one almost with a shock in such a far-away corner of the Southern Seas. Pier-glasses, dainty silk curtains and soft carpets, a bedroom and a study for the Governor; sparkling brass fittings

the travelling world as the other side of the moon. We shall converse familiarly with painted and feathered cannibals, who are really the best fellows in the world and quite pleasant to meet. We shall see strange beasts, birds, and insects, many of which are unknown to science; hunt alligators up the river estuaries, buy wild parrots for a stick of tobacco, and send our valets catching turtle for our breakfasts by moonlight. A voyage, in fine, not at all like



From a]

The native rubber of Papua.

[Photograph.

anything you can do with a Cook's ticket and a conductor.

I have been asleep in my cabin—one passes many stray hours after this idle fashion in these dreamy tropic seas—and am awakened, some twenty hours after leaving Samarai, by the stopping of the screw and the roar of the anchors plunging home into the deep. We are at Woodlark, or Murua.

Murua, as marked on the map of New Guinea, is a mere speck among other specks scattered over the ocean south and east of the great mainland. In reality, it is an island over thirty miles long, rather flat in surface, very heavily wooded, and distinguished by the heaviest rainfall in Papua.

Until the gold rush of 1895 the place was seldom visited, and scarcely known beyond the coasts. With the discovery of alluvial gold, however, numbers of miners flocked up from New Zealand and Australia, many ill-provided with money, although food and labour were both costly. Living as they did, in insufficient tents, with poor-food and no precautions as to health, the death-rate from malaria among these unlucky pioneers was very high, and Murua became notorious as a place where gold was won at the cost of human lives. Now, fifteen years later, the fields are partly worked out and the rush has gone elsewhere; conditions of living are better, and the health of Murua Island is good on the whole.

Truth to say, Murua is not inviting at first sight. Still, it is fascinating—intensely fascinating—in a ghostly, ghastly, *Doré*-and-*Edgar-Allan-Poe* sort of way, hard to reproduce in print. Landing at the boat jetty, after a row of more than a mile from the steamer across the shallow lagoon, one passes at once from hot, white sunlight into shadow that is strangely sobering and appalling—suggestive almost of the last, darkest shadow of all. The trees of Murua are tall as cathedral spires, and massed at the summits into one unbroken gloomy roof. Through the dark of the vaulted space below long white trunks rise like attenuated pillars, incredibly tall and thin, and a raffle of old-ivory-coloured limbs and branches, fallen from above, shines out like scattered bones on some long-forgotten battle-field. In the poisonous black-water swamps among the roots alligators

luxuriate in the mud and slime; long black snakes glide in and out, hideous millipedes crawl in myriads. Here no other life flourishes; no breeze stirs, the stark white branches glint unmoved among the shades; the water gleams like a witch's mirror of black glass. Yes; an evil place, but a beautiful, nevertheless.

Landing close to the little bark boat-house, where the Resident Magistrate's boat is kept, we walk up to the settlement, some ten minutes away. Still the shadow goes with us, vivid green this time, hot as though a hidden volcano were spouting emerald-coloured fire down upon the densely-spreading palms and pandanus and paw-paw trees that overhang the track. And through the shadow and the heat and the

brooding moisture of the air comes wave after wave of intoxicating scent, almost too sweet, too heavy—the breath of those great clusters of creamy flowers that droop from the broad green fronds of the paw-paw tree, of the starlike frangipanni blossoms, of dimly-seen white lilies looking out from the safe refuge of the tangled undergrowth. There is thunder in the air; there always is in Murua unless the rain is falling, as it falls almost every day, in crashing, purple sheets, turning the tracks to water-courses, blotting out all sight of the harbour, and darkening the sky at midday till one can scarcely read a printed page in the broad light of an open veranda. We are lucky if we get up to the magistrate's house without a drenching, near though it is. And when we are seated on the veranda, provided with the always acceptable "lime drink," we realize that the heat and heaviness of the air have drenched us in a bath of moisture, even in that short ten minutes.

A council meeting was held at the Resident Magistrate's house during the morning, so by and by I wandered off to Kulumadau gold-mines, and left the business of the country to work itself out in peace.

Papua, it may be explained, is governed by a Lieutenant-Governor, assisted by an Executive Council composed of six officers of the Territory, and a Legislative Council, which consists of the Governor, the Executive Council, and three non-official members. The meetings are usually held in Port Moresby, the seat of government, but quite as often in various odd corners of the possession where the Government officers may happen to be travelling.

The country is divided into seven districts, each administered by a Resident Magistrate (with an assistant in most cases), and guarded by a small force of armed native constabulary. The work done by these white men is one of the wonders of the Southern Hemisphere. Mere boys in many cases, they undertake the enormous responsibilities of their districts with a light heart, and carry them through with a pluck and an adaptability that only a Britisher could show. They are law-givers, doctors, military commanders, explorers, builders, road engineers, and half a hundred other things to districts thousands of square miles in extent. They patrol through absolutely unknown country, with half-a-dozen police and a few bags of rice for all preparation; they see things never seen before by white men's eyes, and scarcely credible even to people who know the territory; they go out at the head of a force you could pack into a British omnibus to find and punish fighting tribes in the far interior. And they *do* find and punish them, all by something which might

seem a miracle if it were not repeated twenty times a year. Some of these officials had been keeping Government books in comfortable offices in Sydney or Melbourne before they came to Papua, some of them had been helping to manage sheep or cattle stations, and one here or there had seen a little service in South Africa. One and all, however, they drop into their work with astonishing ease, and do the impossible and incredible as a matter of routine, most days of their lives. But, if one comes to that, so does everyone else, for Papua is, above all things, the country of the impossible.

It is well known that New Guinea is the home of cannibalism, and that the natives have murderous tendencies of a pronounced kind. Yet it may honestly be said that the life of the ordinary settler or traveller in Papua is rather safer than in Sydney or Melbourne. You could not, in Sydney or Melbourne, sleep on your veranda, in a house that has no doors to speak of and windows that are never shut. You could not, if you are a woman, wander alone at night in solitary places, secure from all annoyance. You could not spend a day in the sole society of leg-ironed convicts, and find them good company, decidedly polite and obliging. Yet you may do all these things in Papua the impossible.

When I started to walk to the gold-mines, a mile or two away, I went along a solitary bush-track removed from all sight or sound of life, through dense tropical forest inhabited by snakes, tarantulas, scorpions, and centipedes; across marshes where alligators are known to lurk, hidden in the mud and slime; I passed natives on the track who had murdered and eaten women and children of their own tribe, and had in all probability joined in the plot to kill and drive out the whites, which was organized in Murua some eight years ago; and yet there was not the smallest risk from any one of these apparently dangerous animals or human beings. The snakes and other creeping things rush out of sight at one's approach. The alligators never venture out to attack an able-bodied human being walking on dry land or on a bridge—they may snap up dogs and stray babies on land and will take anyone in the water, but they know the odds too well to take useless chances. As for the natives, we "passed the time of day" in pidgin-English, and they begged for tobacco and asked me where I was going. I gave the usual pidgin-English answer, "I go walk-about," and we went on our several ways. The natives are not scrupulous people. They have no moral objection to murder—which, indeed, they consider rather a creditable and plucky action—but they do not

waste their energies nowadays on attacking white people, who have the greatly-feared and respected Government at their back. "Government he wild!" is the Papuan way of expressing displeasure on the part of the powers that be, and they understand very fully the consequences of putting the Government into that undesirable state. A large number of Papuans have done a turn in prison for native murder or sorcery (which is usually connected more or less with murder), and in days gone past many were hanged for killing white men. But nowadays, in all the districts where settlement is in progress, there is no risk at all from native attack—the Papuans have learnt their lesson too well. The kindness and justice with which they have been treated of recent years have had much

exception. Whatever I had expected (I think it was something compounded of Bret Harte, Tom Tiddler's Ground, and Aladdin's Cave), it was not what I saw—a large, ugly mill, with a noise-filled engine-house, a few dirty, wet shafts reminiscent of coal workings, a mountain of grey refuse called tailings, and a dozen or so workmen, in grey shirts and khaki trousers, doing nothing in particular about the engine-house and on the little tram-line.

The mine, it seemed, was not working just then, and there was rather less than usual to see. I could go down the shaft if I liked; it was three hundred feet deep and very wet, and I should see a good deal of rock or clay at the bottom—nothing more. The gold was not visible at any time; it was in the rock, and had



From a]

An island beach.

[Photograph.

to do with this. No land in use by natives is ever taken up by the Government, and the waste lands are honestly surveyed, bought, and paid for, wherever the natives wish to sell them. If they do not wish to sell they are not forced to do so. Further, the newer laws of the Territory protect and favour the plantation labourers, and remove any source of trouble that might arise from unkind or unjust treatment. It would be untrue to say that a white man's life is safe in all parts of this great country, but in any place where the average settler or traveller is likely to go, risk is a thing of the past.

But to return to Kulumadau and the gold-mine. Everyone who has ever seen a gold-mine confesses to disappointment, and I was no

to be got out with chemicals. I could see the stamps with which the rock was broken up, and I could examine the mountain of dirt outside, and I could come into the manager's office and see him take out of his safe a lump of grey slag the size of a penny bun and try to believe that that was gold—or the very next thing to it, needing only one more process. And I could have some tea, and tell the latest news from Port Moresby, and hear that the Kulumadau field, also the Busai field farther on, and a third of less importance, had only taken out five thousand pounds' worth among them in the last year. The gold on Murua had been alluvial at first—that was, it lay on or near the surface, and could be got by washing out. There had been some interesting finds in those days. Murua, as I knew, was almost composed of upheaved coral rock, with the holes and caves still in the coral, hidden under a thick growth of bush. Well, a good

deal of the gold was obtained right in the coral, run into it in lumps and chunks. That was easy to get at and worth getting, but it was all worked out now, and most of the gold in the rock and soil was worked out also. There might be new finds, but prospecting was costly because of the necessity of clearing off the heavy bush, and no one had much money on Murua now. Was I going on to Busai?

No, I was not. I did not think gold-mines interesting. I would go back to the landing-place and take a boat up the river and try to flush an alligator—if that was the correct expression.

The rest of the afternoon I spent, therefore, gliding stealthily up a wide, winding, green-tea-coloured river, with no banks at all, only walls, a hundred feet high, of dense, green, shining foliage, stooping over and sweeping into the water. Creepers of every kind knotted and linked the branches of the trees together—ferny creepers, feathery creepers, green-snaky creepers, green-berried creepers, pale-green-and-white-flowered creepers.

We went as silently as possible, trying to flush our shy game, though what the "boys" and I meant to do with it when found it would be hard to say, since we had no gun with us. The coxswain said he would try to kill it with a knife, as he came from the country where men walked into marshes and caught alligators by the tail, and he was not afraid of them. But he was not called upon to prove his boast, for never a brown snout showed or a webbed paw stirred above the water or among the mangroves. So we turned back to the ship.

Late that afternoon, when the lagoon was aglow with the wonderful copper hues of a Papuan sunset, someone pointed out to me a long dark streak moving swiftly across the water two or three hundred yards away, and in the streak just the slightest speck of black. It was an alligator at last!

"Now you see why you can't go swimming in the lagoon," I was told. "They are worse than sharks. They don't show themselves and give you a chance; they just come underneath you and pull you down—and that's all you, or anyone else, know about it. They don't eat you at once; only hold you under water till you are drowned, or half-pulled to pieces, and then store you somewhere under a bank or in a hole till you are 'high' enough to be savoury—just as you would do with a pheasant, you know. He's a knowing beggar, the alligator; the shark isn't in it with him for brains and savvy."

The next day we left Murua and steamed pleasantly along over a sea of glass towards the next island we intended to visit—Navani.

Papua is the land of the absurd as well as the land of the impossible. Perhaps that is why the most annoyingly prosaic comparisons kept drifting into my mind, in the midst of scenery that was an epic poem.

That day, as we ran under mountain peaks shaped like tossing breakers, and coloured like the misty purple bloom on a grape or the green in a wave when the sun shines through—as we passed islet after islet, and cape after cape, all set in the flawless crystal of a perfect summer sea, the only comparison that haunted my mind was, "How like stage scenery!"

It really was. Even the yacht herself, with her dainty brasses and fancy woods and plate-glass windowed cabins and the long chairs and little tables on deck and cheerful white clothing of the passengers, was almost painfully like the stage yacht, as she appears just after the curtain is lifted, and you are permitted to gaze on "Scene Three: The Governor's yacht, on the day of the Revolution; off the coast of X——" What with that impossibly glass-like sea and the palms on the shores, and the very bow of the *Merrie England* herself pointing up into a sky that seemed made of bright blue paint, one only wanted the orchestra to make it complete.

Papua, indeed, is almost all stage scenery of the most vivid kind, with the colour liberally splashed on and a picturesque chorus always at hand. To anyone who has travelled much in this intensely-coloured, sharply-cut type of scenery everything else must always remain tame and flat by comparison.

It is worth while to study the chart, while going round the long outer end, or tail, of New Guinea. This tangle of islands, large and small, off East and West Capes and beyond, does not look much, glanced at casually and taken with the scale of the great continent itself. But let us make a few comparisons, and then we shall understand a little better what the possession of Papua really means.

These little islands, scattered in an unconsidered handful off the coast—what are they like? Ferguson Island, for instance, along which we are now running, under high-shouldered blue and green mountains, cut into deep, rich valleys, and laced by long silver threads of waterfalls dropping down many hundreds of feet to the sea—what size is it, relatively speaking?

It is a good deal more than twice the size of the Isle of Man—and there is not a white person on it. Ferguson Island is not a good place to stay at; the natives, though small, are mischievous, and a good deal too handy with their spears. But there will come a day when it will be valuable to the country. In the meantime,

Papua can afford to neglect and put aside an island of this size—yes, and such an island as Normandy, too, not far away, which is nearly seven times the size of Malta; and Goodenough, which is two or three times as big as the Isle of Wight. They are very wonderful and interesting places, but, for the present, best left to the patrolling visits of the Resident Magistrate from Samarai, until time and that infallible power the Government shall tame them down. Are there not a dozen or two of islands nearly as big here and hereabouts which are being exploited already by the busy planters, and are quite ready for any man to settle down on with his wife and family provided he does not mind loneliness and a heavy annual rainfall? We can well afford, in Papua, not to be stingy or covetous over our land.

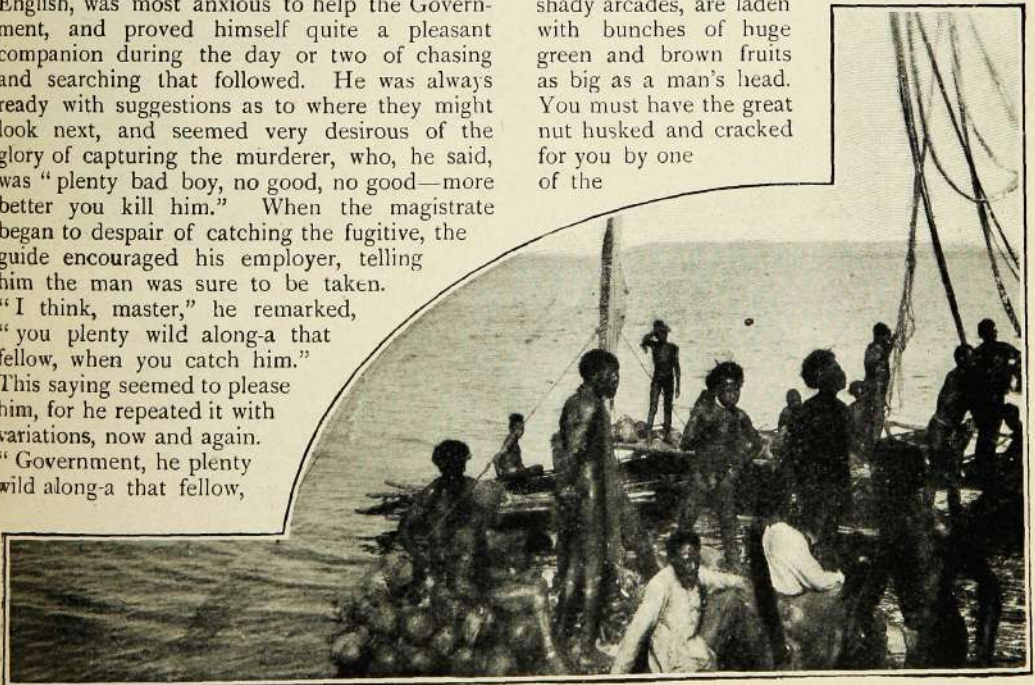
Before we are out of sight of Ferguson, let me just tell an anecdote to show the sense of humour possessed by the simple savage of these parts.

A year or two ago the Resident Magistrate of the division went out with his police to find and arrest a native who was "wanted" for slaying some of his fellow-villagers. The magistrate wanted a guide for the trackless mountain wastes over which his hunt would lead him, and he thought himself fortunate in obtaining the services of an intelligent native who came to offer himself for the job. The man spoke English, was most anxious to help the Government, and proved himself quite a pleasant companion during the day or two of chasing and searching that followed. He was always ready with suggestions as to where they might look next, and seemed very desirous of the glory of capturing the murderer, who, he said, was "plenty bad boy, no good, no good—more better you kill him." When the magistrate began to despair of catching the fugitive, the guide encouraged his employer, telling him the man was sure to be taken. "I think, master," he remarked, "you plenty wild along-a that fellow, when you catch him." This saying seemed to please him, for he repeated it with variations, now and again. "Government, he plenty wild along-a that fellow,

by'mby." A day or two later the full inwardness of the guide's remark became quite apparent. He disappeared, and the magistrate went back without his prisoner—for the offender turned out to be no less a person than that very guide who had been indulging his peculiar sense of humour by leading the magistrate on a will-o'-the-wisp chase after himself!

By and by we are cruising about the D'Entrecasteaux group, passing island after island, rich and green and palmy, spired with tall hills, and girdled with white coral beaches. Most of them are inhabited by natives—peaceful, harmless folk, many of them Christianized. Some of the islands are uninhabited and unwanted, so far as can be guessed. A few have been made use of. Navani, where the *Merrie England* cast anchor one brilliant morning, was in use once as a Government station, and is now privately leased; the owner, however, does not live there, but leaves the place in charge of a native caretaker.

The island is small; one can walk all round it in half an hour. It is planted partly with cocoa-nuts, part being uncleared bush. Lime-trees, laden with golden fruit, cast largesse upon the unheeding earth; towering forest-trees scatter nuts, more than anyone cares to pick up, upon the little white coral pathways. The cocoa-nuts, planted in shady arcades, are laden with bunches of huge green and brown fruits as big as a man's head. You must have the great nut husked and cracked for you by one of the



Curious visitors to the Government steamer.

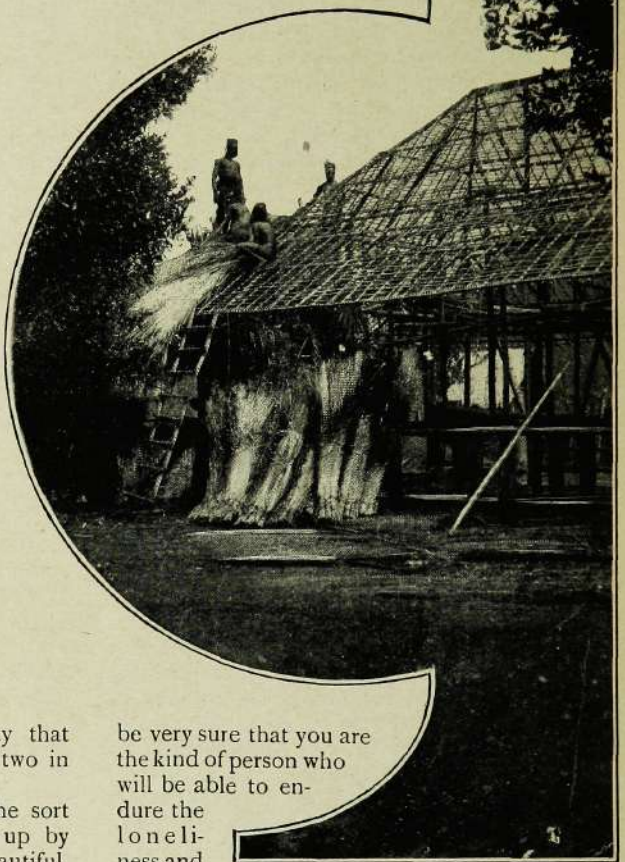
[Photograph.]

boys before you can drink—it does not grow just as one finds it on the counter of the London greengrocer—but when the rough ivory globe is cleared of its tough enveloping husk, cracked at the top with a skilful blow that makes a cool and refreshing sound, what a drink for the gods it is! The green cocoa-nut is one of the few luxuries of the tropics that will not carry; it is therefore unknown outside the palm-growing countries.

All these small islands of the D'Entrecasteaux, Louisiades, and, farther on, the Trobriand groups are beautiful beyond possibility of description. No one who has not seen something of the wonders of colour in these Southern seas could be made to understand the rainbow brilliancy of water, sky, and land about the coral islands. The beauty of the under-water coral gardens themselves is a wonder beyond telling, and every island is surrounded with acre on acre of this loveliness, flowing away under the keel of the boat in quivering rainbows of violet, rose, chrysophrase, green, and gold—fans, garlands, sponges, toadstools, sprays, and flowers, all of the many-coloured coral, with fish of blue and emerald, striped and spotted yellow and scarlet, gliding like birds in and out of the glowing lights and velvet shadows. Much of this splendour, one must allow, is a mere trick of water reflection. The coral flowers are not so beautiful when you remove them from their native element, and truth compels me to say that they smell appallingly after an hour or two in the sun.

Navani is an excellent example of the sort of island that can be profitably taken up by white settlers. It is rich in soil, beautiful, healthy, safe, and not as hot as the mainland. It embodies in itself the dream that so many men have had of an island paradise far away in the South Seas, where the omnibus and the office are as visions of some hideous former existence, and the trail of the "At-Home" and the card-case poisons the path of life no more. There is nothing whatever to prevent the realization of this dream by anyone who chooses to make inquiries from the Government Secretary at Port Moresby as to the islands available for ninety-nine years' lease (land is not sold outright, but at present it is leased rent free), and to set up his bark-and-thatch house among the D'Entrecasteaux and Louisiades. Money is wanted, as it is wanted everywhere. You cannot start a plantation without capital; you cannot even live without cash to put up your

house,
buy a
cutter, feed
and pay native ser-
vants, clothe and keep
yourself. And you must



be very sure that you are
the kind of person who
will be able to en-
dure the
loneli-
ness and
isolation
of island
life be-

fore you try it; and, furthermore, it is well to consider whether a settlement on the mainland, within touch of calling steamers, would not be wiser and better. But there is a type of man who hungers for islands, and nothing but islands. For his benefit I will tell of a settled island not very many miles from Navani, and the life thereon.

The Conflict group is a coral atoll about fifteen miles long—an atoll being a coral reef of a circular, or partly circular, shape, enclosing an inner lagoon. Sometimes it is all above water, and takes the form of an island shaped like a huge green wreath or garland. Sometimes, as in the case of the Conflicts, it is mostly under

Building a planter's house.
From a Photograph.

water, and only emerges now and then in the shape of separate small islands. There are twenty-eight such islands in the little Conflict group, some only a few yards across, some as much as five hundred acres. Twenty-seven of them have been taken up by a small Australian syndicate, and one member of the syndicate lives, with his wife and child, on the largest island, and looks after the management of the cocoa-nut plantation.

Five hundred acres have been planted—some as long ago as seven years, others but recently. Those planted seven years ago are now in bearing, and will increase in productive power for about five years more. At present, about fifty tons of copra (dried cocoa-nut) a year is produced. This sells at twelve pounds a ton, making the present receipts about six hundred a year, which sum will probably treble within the next few years. The expenses of labour run to about a hundred and fifty yearly. To this must be added the cost of living. It is easy to see that this gives a very satisfactory return for the money originally invested, if one reckons the cost of clearing and planting at four pounds an acre. And one must add that this group of islands is not among the best places for the cocoa-nut, much higher returns being obtained in other islands, or on the mainland.

Copra-planting is, of course, not a gold-mine, but there are not many safe ways in the world of making five thousand pounds capital produce an income of six hundred pounds after seven years, with the added certainty that the income will more than double itself in a few years to come. The cocoa-nut, in Papua, seems to be singularly free from the various plagues that destroy the trees in Ceylon and other countries. It is also safe from the devastating hurricanes

that have ruined so many planters farther south. Practically no skill is needed in running a copra plantation. The nuts are planted in holes dug in the soil, and then left alone, beyond weeding, for six or seven years. When the trees begin to bear the nuts are picked up as they fall, split open, husked, and dried in the sun by the natives. There is no fine work of any kind, and nothing complicated. At least eighty years is the life of the tree.

As we walk over the largest of the planted islands, seeing gleams of blue sea every now and then down the long arcades of plummy palms, the manager tells us of all the wonderful and curious things that his little island home furnishes beside cocoa-nuts. The paw-paw, a sort of tree-melon, grows wild all over Papua, and there is plenty of it here. Limes and oranges grow for the asking. Pineapples spring up wherever one throws down the head of the last that one has eaten. There is a little island altogether given up to vegetables, and various

unnamed fruits and nuts grow in the uncleared bush. There are dye-woods there, too, and drugs, and many other gifts of liberal Nature. Fish are, of course, very plentiful in the shallow lagoons, and they have more turtle than they can use. Much of this is the valuable hawksbill turtle, from which tortoise-shell is obtained. A good two hundred a year is thus added on to the profits of the little estate by the sale of shell. There are fine sponges in plenty as well, but at present there is some difficulty in finding a market for them. On the whole, it is a possession well worth having.

We go away from the Conflict Group early in the morning, and all that day and the next luxuriate on the turtle that our boys have been out to catch for us in the lagoon at night.



A cocoa-nut plantation in the Conflict Islands.
From a Photograph.

(To be concluded.)

THE MAC GREGORS'

LEASE.

BY JOHN RAVENOR BULLEN,
OF PETROLEA, ONTARIO.



From a

A long line of oil-derricks.

[Photograph.

This amusing story forms a striking illustration of the difficulties and uncertainties attending the leasing of lands in a territory known to be oil-bearing. Prospecting for oil, as the author shows, is largely a matter of luck. Fifty feet from a hole abandoned as worthless the driller may strike a "hundred-barrel gusher" that will make his fortune. "The story is absolutely true," says Mr. Bullen, "but I have disguised the names of the parties concerned."



IN 1904 the oil-fields of Petrolea, Ontario, were the scene of the greatest excitement. There had been a big strike on Lot 4, Concession 18, and many operators were of the opinion that a new territory had been discovered. The big "gusher" had been struck at a depth of four hundred and sixty feet, a fact which had caused no little surprise among oil men, as the vein in the old territory was seldom found at less than four hundred and seventy-five.

In a week's time the new well had made for its lucky owners a profit of no less than fourteen hundred dollars. No wonder, then, that men's heads were turned or that excitement ran fever-high. Farms were leased all over the country, and drilling began in earnest. Never a week passed but news was circulated of another strike. Leases that you could formerly have obtained at an eighth royalty now fetched the hitherto-unheard-of fourth, and in less than six months fifty drilling rigs were pounding away day and night. In plain words, oil was booming with a vengeance. It was precisely at this critical moment that my friend Rumble appeared in X—.

I should say here that Rumble, though of no very great renown, had at least achieved a fair measure of success. He was considered by many to be "well up" in high finance, and to my own knowledge he had promoted several companies and pulled through quite a number of creditable schemes.

As you may well imagine, then, it was with no small interest that I greeted him on his arrival.

"What in the name of all that's wonderful are you doing down in X—?" I gasped.

"Thought you'd be a bit surprised," he said, smiling.

"Surprised!" I ejaculated. "Astounded, you mean. I thought you were pursuing the evasive dollar in Baltimore—or was it Washington?"

"Perhaps it was New York," he answered. "But, to tell you the truth, I saw by the papers that things were decidedly on the move up in this direction, and, as you ought to know by this time, Jack, wherever there is action, always in the midst of it is your friend Albutt Rumble. But let's get to work," he continued, with his characteristic energy, notwithstanding the fact that he had only arrived twenty minutes or so. "Has opportunity come your way?"

"If it has I've seen no traces of it," I

answered. "It's true that I might have got a lease or two at the very beginning, but I had my own ideas of the new well. It seemed most probable to me that the drillers had just happened to stumble upon a pocket in the rock, and——"

"Mighty big pocket," interrupted Rumble.

"Yes, it was, as subsequent events have proved," I admitted. "But at the same time you must admit that the development of the new field has been rapid beyond description, and, as it turned out, most of the ground had been leased before the test well was sunk, by agents of F——. So, you see, there wasn't so very much opportunity, after all."

"Delay—fatal delay," grunted Rumble; "but cheer up, we shall see what we shall see, my boy. We shall see what Albutt Rumble can do."

"True," I replied; "we *shall* see what Albutt Rumble can do."

On the following day my friend went to see one of the chief operators of the place, to inquire concerning the prospects of the new field. He returned at dinner-time, and to my question, "What luck?" he replied, "There is just a chance

that we may do something, but it's one chance in a thousand. It seems that there is one farm still unleased."

"What lot?" I asked.

"Lot 9, Concession 18," he said, with a chuckle.

"My good man!" I gasped. "Why, that must be close to the Pont farm, where they've got a well pumping twenty barrels a day!"

"Next door," said Rumble, laconically.

"And right in the heart of the territory," I went on, excitedly.

"And right bang in the heart of the territory," he finished, calmly.

For a few moments we sat and looked at each other; then, as the mad excitement gripped us, we began to speak in jerky sentences.

"Rumble, old man, we'll have a shot at that lease."

"Jack, my boy, we'll get that lease."

"Rumble, old man, there's a fortune in that lease."



From a

A big "gusher."

[Photograph.

"Jack, my boy, if we get that lease, we'll go for an extended trip round the world."

I mopped my face. "Let's get out in the air and calm down."

"Here, we're getting childish," said Rumble, presently. "Come for a walk."

"Right," said I.

And go for a walk we did.

Next morning at 5 a.m. Rumble hauled me out of bed.

"Wake up, you lazy ruffian!" he cried.

"We've a seven-mile drive ahead of us."

"I know," said I, sleepily. "But why go at this unearthly hour?"

"You blockhead!" roared Rumble. "Don't you realize that every man jack in the place is after that lease? We've got a race against time as it is."

I saw the sense of these remarks.

"N—— told me," he went on, "that to his certain knowledge fifty men were after it, not including himself. He also expressed his willingness to come in with us on the deal, and offered to lend his horse and sleigh to save the expense of hiring them. Though, as he himself said, there's precious little chance of talking the Macgregors round." (The Macgregors were the owners of the lease.)

We both went round to N——'s to receive final instructions.

"Offer the Macgregors almost anything in reason," N—— told us. "Try a seventh royalty to begin with, and tell them you're willing to put down a couple of wells and that I would have the rig moved on to the farm by next Tuesday. And, by the way, gentlemen, I suppose you are all agreed that I shall take over the management of things if you can obtain the lease? My son would be willing to take a fourth share; this would make a nice little syndicate of four and would also lessen expenses."

"I have no objections myself," said Rumble; "and I think I can say the same for Mr. Bullen. But we must lose no time. What is the best way to get to Macgregors'?"

"Take the main road for seven miles to the west till you come to the town line; cross the line and proceed till you come to the fifteenth farm on the right. That is Macgregors'. The horse and sleigh are waiting for you at my stable. Take my advice and put on a heavy overcoat."

In ten minutes Rumble and I had started on our momentous journey.

"What's the time now?" shouted Rumble, as the wind whistled past us.

"Nine-twenty; we ought to get there by fifteen at the latest," I answered.

"Yes, I should think so," Rumble remarked.

"There's one thing to old N——'s credit, he does keep good horses."

The road led through a flat, uninteresting country for the first five miles; but very shortly, indications of the new oil territory came into view. Here and there on the fields the tall, boarded-in derricks showed plain and ugly against the sky.

"Not much oil in this place," said Rumble, pointing to a farm on the left. "You can tell by the soap-stone beds and the absence of derricks that they've only struck a few dry holes."

"Yes," I assented, "but it's all streaks and veins around here. You might get a dozen 'dusters' and then strike a hundred-barrel-a-day gusher with the thirteenth."

"By Jove!" observed my friend, presently. "Just look ahead; there's competition in dead earnest, if you like!"

Right in front of us, facing each other on either side of the road, were two drilling rigs, one of them pounding away with a dull, incessant thudding, the walking-beam of the second moving up and down slowly and silently.

"They must have brought in a big well, here on the right, at some time or other, and these beggars on the left have lost no time in fetching the rig up to try and tap them," said Rumble.

We passed other farms showing signs of considerable development, and my friend remarked how prosperous the new jerker lines, tanks, and derricks looked, compared with those of the old territory.

At the fifteenth farm beyond the town line we drew up, entered the gate, and drove up to the house.

"Is this Macgregors' farm?" I shouted to a man who came slowly towards us from the barn buildings.

"Yes, gentlemen," he replied, slowly. "Windy weather, ain't it? Near two feet of snow since yestiddy. Would you be wantin' to lease the farm?"

"Well," replied Rumble, cautiously, "we happened to be driving past your place, so we thought we might as well drop in and see if you wanted to lease."

"No, sir, it ain't for lease. There's bin dozens after it, but Bob an' me's decided to sell or nothin'. You two gentlemen run in by the stove an' get warmed up, while I puts the horse in the barn."

Rumble and I moved toward the house.

"He's a shrewd beggar," said I, in an undertone.

"You bet," returned my friend. "Keep your wits alive, and don't go and put your foot in it."

We opened the door and walked in.

"Fine day, gentlemen," said a thin, wiry individual, clad in a black shirt, dirty blue jeans, and leather top-boots, who was seated before the stove. "Did you see my brother Jim?"

"Yes; he's putting the horse in the barn," I replied.

Macgregor looked exceedingly grave and solemn. "Come about the lease?" he asked.

"We thought we'd see what your terms were," said Rumble.

"It's no good, gentlemen. The place ain't to lease; we wants to sell out."

Rumble extracted a tobacco-pipe and pouch from a capacious pocket.

"Care for a pipeful?" He tossed the pouch to Macgregor.

"What might your terms be, gentlemen?" pursued the farmer.

"We'd give you a seventh royalty and put down a couple of wells," said Rumble.

Macgregor's face slowly took on a pitying expression.

"And a twenty-barrel well right across the

fence?" he inquired. "You're wastin' yer time, gentlemen, talkin' like this."

Rumble cleared his throat and puffed vigorously at his pipe.

"Let us consider this thing," he said, taking a pencil and a piece of paper from his pocket.

"How big is the farm?"

"Fifty acres, and rich soil at that."

"What kind of buildings?"

"You won't see better between here and S——."

"Now wait a bit," said Rumble. "Putting the value of land at fifty dollars an acre, so as to allow for buildings and implements, you get a total of two thousand five hundred dollars. Add in one thousand dollars for oil rights; that comes to three thousand five hundred dollars. I tell you what, Macgregor; we'll make it an even four thousand dollars and take the farm."

"I can see you givin' a thousand dollars for oil rights!" shouted Macgregor, derisively. "I'll tell you, gentlemen, the plain gospel truth. Just as soon as you put a well down on my



"Ten thousand dollars buys my farm, gentlemen, an' nothin' less."

place you'd strike a gusher that 'ud pump you a thousand dollars a week, and no doubt about it. Ten thousand dollars buys my farm, gentlemen, an' nothin' less."

I looked at Rumble.

"We'll give you a sixth royalty and put a couple of wells down right away," I said.

"McTosh offered me a quarter only yestiddy, and promised to drill five wells with his own rig. I tell you there's a one-hundred-barrel well right on this here fifty acres. Just look what they're gettin' on the Pont place, across the fence! Twenty barrels a day, or I'm a liar, and just frothin' out of a two-inch pipe. Put on your coats, gentlemen, and I'll take you over to it. Seein's believin'."

We went outside, and together with Macgregor Number One, who had joined us, walked awkwardly over the frozen furrows of ploughed land, in the direction of the little temporary pumping rig that had been hastily erected close to the big well on the Pont farm.

"She pumped a clean ten barrels the first twelve hours they pitched her on," explained Macgregor. "McTosh, the driller, was against 'em puttin' a shot down—thought it 'ud plug the vein up, I guess. But they put in thirty quarts of glycerine and blew her up to twenty a day, and that's what she's pumped ever since. No, sir, nothin' less than ten thousand dollars gets this place. Chance has come our way, an' we're goin' to take a hold of it—you bet your bottom dollar on that. Twenty-eight years ago Jim an' me started to cut the trees down and blow the stumps out on this here place, which was all bush then, an' all we've got put by in the bank to-day is three hundred dollars, and I can show it you in the account-book. Chance has come our way, as I said, after thirty years, and it wouldn't be fair to our old mother, to say nothin' for ourselves, if we went and let the farm when we can sell it for a big price."

We listened to this in silence. Crossing a deep ditch and climbing a high fence, we came immediately upon the Pont well. It was being "jerked" at about twenty to the minute, and had a foot stroke. Macgregor led the way to the tank. Lifting the lid, he disclosed to view a big two-inch lead line that was pouring forth a soft, frothy, liquid stream of crude oil, which fell into the tank without the vestige of a sound. Putting his hand underneath, Macgregor filled it with the fluid and stirred it around with the first finger of the other hand.

"Nearly pure oil," he said. "There's scarce a drop of water coming with it. She's pumping forty dollars a day for 'em, and doing it week in and week out; and she's only fifty feet from my fence, gentlemen. Put a hole down, dead

opposite, on my side of the fence, and you'll tap 'em. The oil travels from the west and has to come through my place to get to them."

He turned towards the tank again, as though the discussion was at an end.

Rumble gave me a terrific nudge in the side. "By Jove! Jack, it's the solemn truth; there's oil on Macgregors'," he whispered, hoarsely.

"Make them a good offer while you have the chance, then," I suggested.

Presently we began to walk back to the house. Macgregor pointed to a drilling rig about sixty yards away.

"They're expecting to bring in another well next week," he said. "If they get another crackerjack, the price of my place goes up accordin'!"

Rumble caught my eye. "I'll make you a good offer, Macgregor," he said. "I'll put down five wells in three months, give a sixth royalty, and grant you a bonus of one hundred dollars for every ten-barrel well we strike; with an additional hundred dollars for every extra ten barrels."

"I'll talk it over with my brother," said Macgregor, thoughtfully. "Will you be coming down this way again soon?"

"Well—we might be able to get down here to-morrow," answered Rumble, trying to appear indifferent. "Anyhow, you think it over till we see you again."

We drove back to X—highly excited and gave N—glowing accounts of our progress. He, however, appeared to take a very different view of things, and advised us not to be too confident beforehand, as he knew these old farmers only too well, having had dealings with them for nearly forty years. In his opinion they were as changeable as weather-cocks; he believed no one could fathom their true thoughts.

N—thought that Rumble's offer was not too extravagant, and he was also of the opinion that it might not be at all a bad plan to buy the place outright—say, for seven thousand dollars. Finally he told us that we could never be sure of getting the lease signed until we actually had the Macgregors in a lawyer's office in the town. He advised us, if we found them willing to sell, to drive them straight back with us in the sleigh and settle the deal right away.

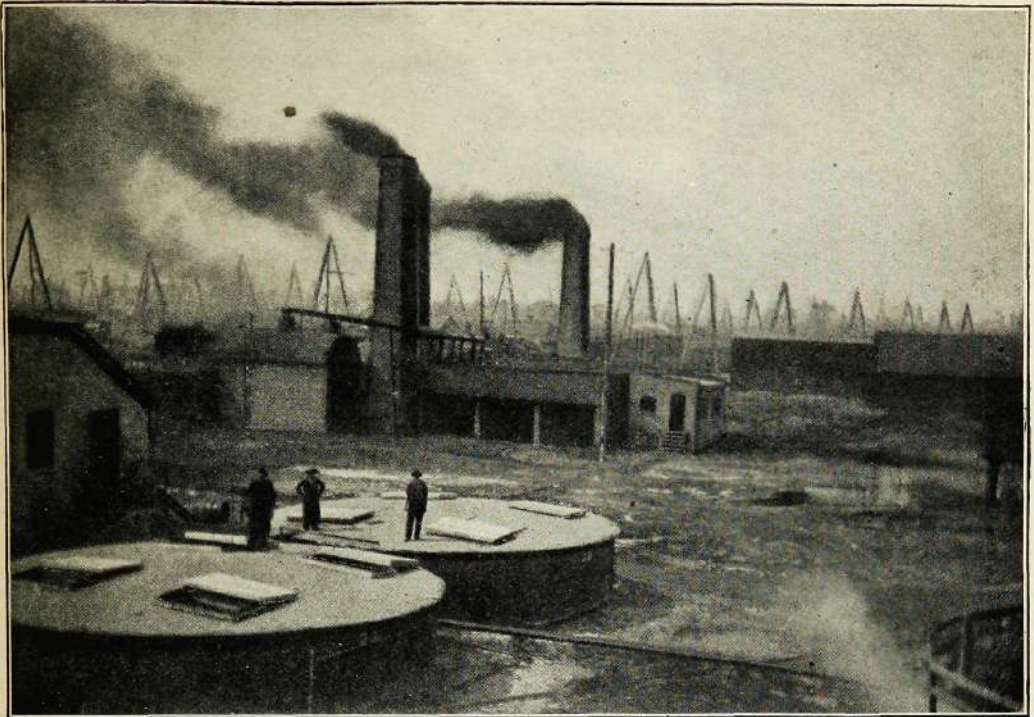
The next morning saw us down at the farm again. The Macgregors seemed surprised to see us.

"Thought you gentlemen wouldn't be drivin' past this way so soon!" said the elder.

We kept silent.

"Terms is up," he continued, smiling.

"What!" cried Rumble. "They haven't struck another on the Pont, have they?"



From a]

A typical scene on the Petrolea oil-fields.

[Photograph.

"Not yet," responded Macgregor. "She's due on Thursday. Read this." He took a letter from the window-sill by the stove and handed it to Rumble, who read it aloud:—

MESSRS. MACGREGOR,—I understand that your farm, Lot 9, Con. 18, is not yet leased. I am willing to put down, as a test, five wells within three months. Should these wells produce oil in paying quantities, I would then drill a further seven wells, and at the end of the year would either buy the farm for ten thousand dollars or give up the lease, giving you the option to buy the pumps, paraphernalia, etc., before pulling them up. I would give you a seventh royalty, the total amount of which (in the event of my buying the farm) would come off the purchase price. Kindly let me know by return.—Yours truly, H. R.—.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked my companion.

"Jim an' me was thinkin' it the best offer we've had as yet."

"Best offer!" echoed Rumble. "The craftiest, if you like. Why, man alive, don't you see what would happen if you leased? They would put down their five wells as they say, and if they got good paying ones, why, they'd just pocket the money, giving you a seventh part. If they got bad ones, they would just clear off the place, leaving you nothin' but a few dry holes. On the other hand, supposing the farm turned out trumps and they got a thundering good production, then, at the end

of the year, they would just give you ten thousand dollars for it, when very likely it would have produced three times as much as that amount during the year, to say nothing of the royalty, which comes off the purchase price."

Macgregor scratched his head. "It's strange," he muttered. "I hadn't thought of that."

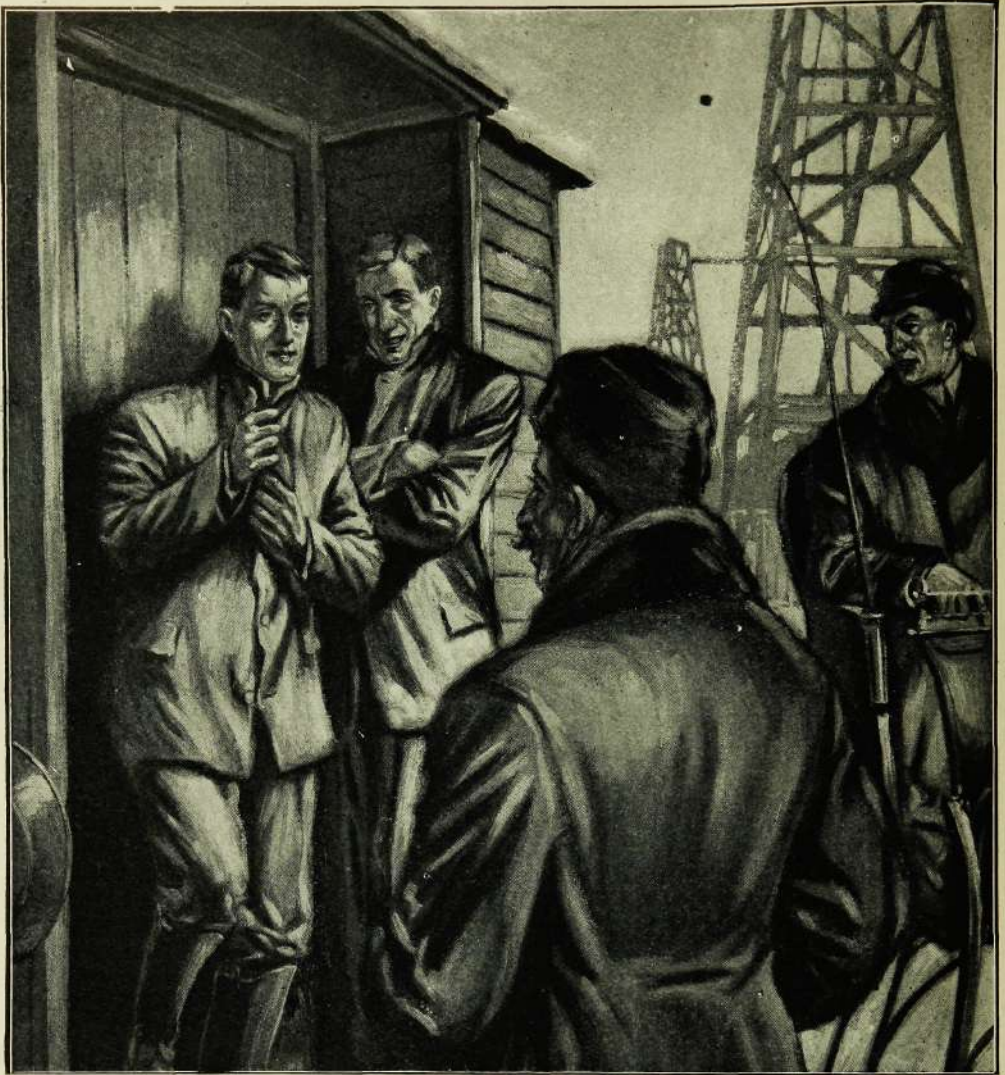
Rumble laughed uproariously. "You would have been in a nice fix if you *had* leased it," he said.

There was a tinkle of sleigh-bells outside, and a cutter took a swift curve from the main road through the farm gate, stopping abruptly at the back door of the house. Macgregor rose from his chair to open the door.

"Mr. M—— and his secretary," said Rumble, mentioning a well-known oil-operator; and then, in a low, quick whisper to me, he added: "We'll have to be on the look-out, for they're after the Macgregors. We mustn't let them get a word in edgeways. Come to the door and engage them in conversation. Any topic but oil—you understand!"

I nodded. Together we walked to the back door.

Mr. M—— and his secretary were muffled up in rich furs and looked quite capable of buying fifteen farms such as Macgregors', as indeed they were.



"We stood on the doorstep in freezing weather, chatting to the new-comers on every conceivable subject but oil."

For thirty minutes Rumble and myself stood on the doorstep in freezing weather, chatting to the new-comers on every conceivable subject but oil. At the end of that time Mr. M——, seeing that we were evidently there for the day, drove off, shouting as he did so, "Don't do anything, Macgregor, until I see you again."

At ten o'clock that night, after hours of most fatiguing argument, the Macgregors appeared to be satisfied with our last offer of seven thousand dollars down. It was decided that they would come up to town on the morrow and sign the lease at the lawyer's. Rumble and I drove back like the wind, with the snow presenting a brilliant scene under the moonlight.

Though it was very near midnight, and the temperature not much above zero, yet we did not feel the cold. Our blood was hot with excitement, and our brains teemed with the wildest and most exhilarating visions.

"Jack, my boy, we have seen what we were going to see," said Rumble, boastfully.

"To think that we of all people have succeeded," I replied, as I vigorously thumped Rumble on the back.

"Ah, my boy, it takes a financier to do these things," he chuckled.

Neither of us slept much that night, for our fancy roamed free, and many plans for the future were made—many castles built in the air.

In the morning we were all seated in N——'s office punctually at nine o'clock, expecting the Macgregors.

After waiting till twelve, however, we began to think they were not coming after all. Our surmise proved to be correct.

Once again Rumble and myself hied us over the seven miles of snow to the farm.

The Macgregor brothers were sorry that they could not come, they said, but their mother had been ill and they had had to go for the doctor to Norden, the nearest place.

"It's a beastly hoax," Rumble growled in my ear. "If we don't settle them now we never shall."

The Macgregors promised faithfully to come to X—— in the morning, and there we had to leave it.

They kept their promise, but brought the unexpected news that the drillers had "struck another crackerjack" on the Pont, and that the new well was pouring out oil at the rate of fifteen barrels a day, while at the bottom of the farm, on the Homes property, they had just struck the biggest well in the territory, a hundred-and-fifty-barrel gusher. Also that Flynters and Dodd, an American company, had made them a very good offer.

Sadly Rumble and I made our fifth journey to the Macgregor farm.

We went and watched the new well on the Pont farm. It had been drilled about a hundred and fifty feet from the original gusher, and was a sight that literally made one's mouth water, if such an expression can be used with reference to oil. Rumble's enthusiasm passed all reasonable bounds. Then and there he offered Macgregor what to me seemed the most extravagant terms. When we had walked on a little farther, however, and had come upon the Homes gusher, which was pouring from a two-

inch pipe in one great stream; and when I fully realized that it was only fifty feet from Macgregors' fence, and that in all probability we could tap it—well, then, for a few moments my feelings overcame me and I could have shouted with excitement.

The Macgregors expressed themselves quite satisfied with Rumble's last offer, and when we got back to the farmhouse asked us to stop to tea. During the meal they handed us a basket of apples, saying, "Here, gentlemen, have an apple off your own farm." All of which we took to be very good signs.

The Macgregors' last words to us were a faithful promise to the effect that they would sign the lease in X—— on the morrow.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that we waited for the Macgregors on the morrow in vain. Later in the day the whole of Petrolea heard the news that the Macgregor brothers had leased their farm to a driller named McTavish for six hundred dollars down and a second-hand buggy, in addition to advantageous terms with regard to royalties, bonus, number of wells, etc. When Rumble heard the news he expressed his opinion of the oil industry and everything in connection with it in very forcible language. And in spite of all I could do, he left by the night train for Baltimore.

There is only one thing more to be said. The Macgregor brothers put down five wells on their farm, all of which turned out to be the driest of "dusters," and to my own knowledge they have never pumped a pail of oil off the farm yet.

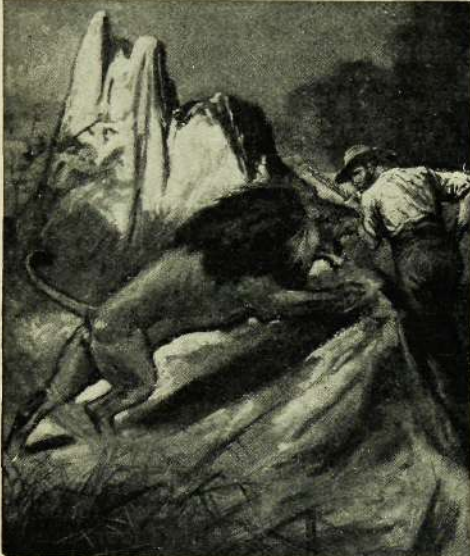
When Rumble next came down to Petrolea, he, N—— and his son, and myself met together, and for one whole solid afternoon we drank each other's health and smoked the pipe of peace and contentment, thanking our stars that we had not been fortunate enough to get the Macgregors' lease.



THE WIDE WORLD: In Other Magazines.

A NEAR THING.

THERE was no sign of the lion, so I strolled towards an ant-hill. Suddenly I heard a grunt and a thud about twenty yards behind me, and, swinging round rapidly, I saw him charging right on me. I fired and



hit. He stopped for a second and then came on again. I let him have another with the same result, but now I could see that he was dragging his front paw. I had been retreating every time he stopped, and now I got in another shot, and then he seemed to make one last desperate rush at me. I had only one charge left, so I tried to dodge him round the ant-hill. He was right over me, and, realizing it was now or never, I fired my

last shot, the end of the rifle being close up to him. He reared upon his hind legs and then fell back dead. It was a very near thing and a lucky escape for me, as I merely had time to put the gun to his head and fire.—FROM "AMONG THE LIONS IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA," IN "FRY'S MAGAZINE."

A PICTURESQUE MONARCH.

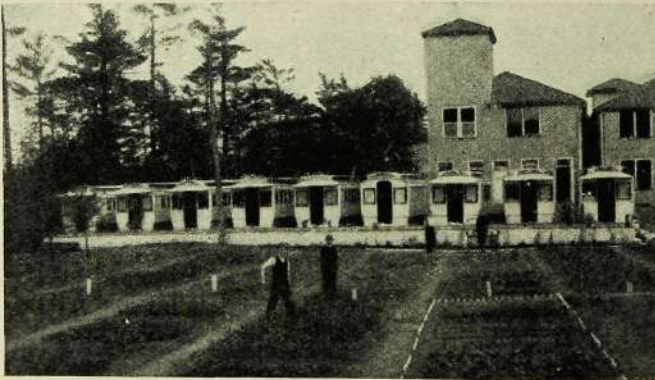
PRINCE NICHOLAS OF MONTENEGRO is the most picturesque of living Sovereigns. Keen on the preservation of national characteristics, his apparel is gorgeous. He wears a white surcoat, over which is a sleeveless jacket of black silk stiffly embroidered with gold; a scarlet undercoat covers his broad chest, also rich in gold-work; a multi-coloured sash holds the inevitable revolver, and wide trousers are gathered at the knee into a pair of patent leather boots.—FROM "TIT-BITS."

CUTTING THE HORNS OF JAPANESE SACRED DEER.

THE big stag then came under the influence of the High Priest's eye, or some equally potent motive power, and charged down upon the group at full speed. The five-pointer and four men lay directly in his path, but with one single splendid jump he cleared the lot. That sealed his doom. A combined effort penned him in a corner from which there could be only one exit, and soon he rushed forth hornless and conquered to join an unsympathetic family. I witnessed the reunion, which was brutal, to say the least of it. His wife merely sniffed, then turned her head. His son gazed in childish and unfeigned wonder at the extraordinary transformation which had taken place in the appearance of his usually proud and unbending parent, and then bolted. I was not allowed to buy the horns. It would have derogated from the dignity of the temple; but I gave an offering to the shrine, and the High Priest very kindly presented them to me as a souvenir!—FROM "COUNTRY LIFE."

CANADIAN INGENUITY.

THE photograph below, which is of the Toronto Free Hospital for Consumptives at Weston, Ontario, shows the only hospital in the world where



disused tramcars are used as living apartments for patients. One man resides in each car, and thereby obtains plenty of fresh air while still living indoors. In the foreground is the vegetable garden, which is tended solely by the patients.—MR. C. J. GILSON, IN "THE STRAND MAGAZINE."

Odds and Ends.

"The Ploughing Ceremony"—A Curious Letter—Tibetan "Prayer-Rags," etc.



VERY ancient Siamese custom, which takes place annually in May, is the ploughing ceremony, when the first rice of the year is sown.

A patch of land is selected by Brahmin astrologers, and in a shed, built on the spot, the Minister of Agriculture, accompanied by two priests, performs a variety of symbolic rites over a pair of oxen, to prepare them for their task. The oxen, decorated with flowers, are next fastened to a plough, which the Minister drives over the field for about an hour. When he has finished ploughing four elderly women of the King's household sow the ground with consecrated rice, leaving the grain uncovered. The oxen are then liberated and several kinds of

grain are put before them. They are carefully watched, because of whatever kind they eat most there will be a scarcity during the coming year, while that of which they eat little will yield abundantly, so the superstitious Siamese believe. The accompanying photograph shows the plough being driven by the Minister of Agriculture, followed by the four women carrying the consecrated rice in baskets.

On the next page is a photograph of a distinctly quaint postman who carries His Majesty's mails in the Kuruman district of Cape Colony. "Our roads," writes the reader who sends us the picture, "consist mostly of tracks through heavy sand, and all posts are conveyed either in ox-carts or by pack-oxen. The distance to the



"The Ploughing Ceremony"—An ancient Siamese custom which is observed annually in May.
From a Photograph.

nearest railway station is a hundred miles, and it is over six hundred miles to the nearest port. The postman here shown travels from the seat of magistracy to an out-station forty-five miles away, covering the distance in thirty-six hours."

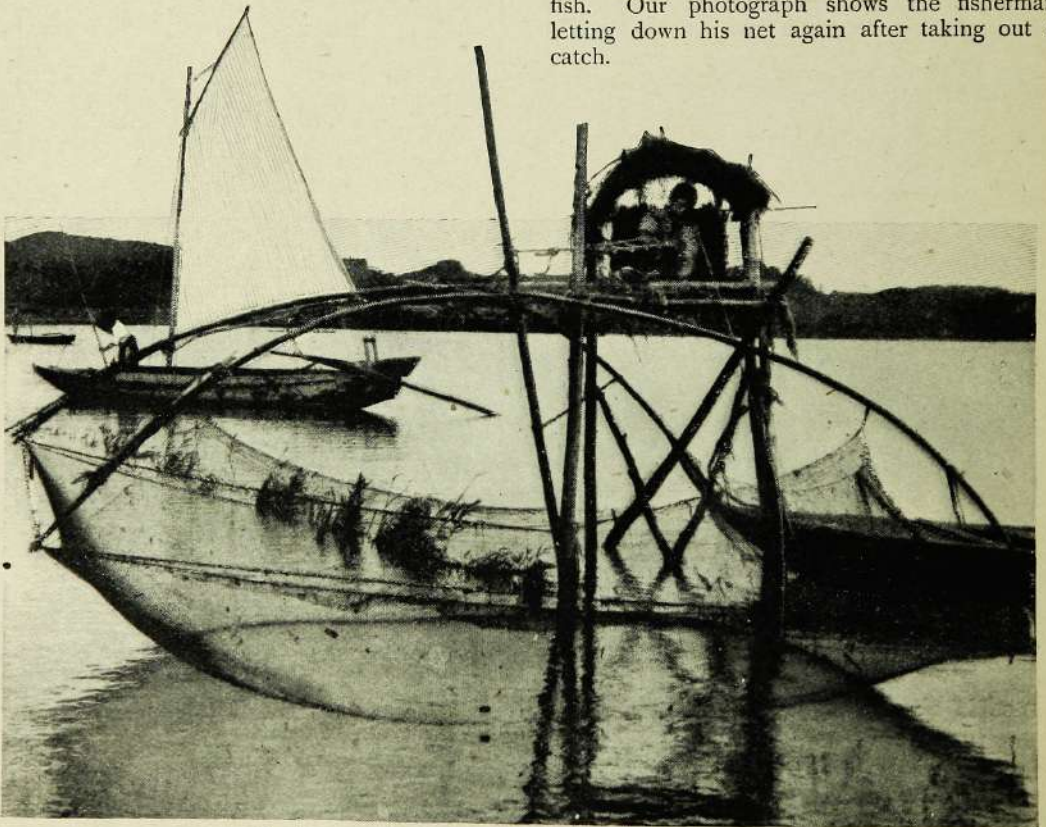
The photograph next reproduced was taken in the Bay of Matsushima, Japan, the shores of which are lined with villages of fishermen. These toilers of the deep set about their business in various ways. Some use large sailing sampans, while others set traps made of bamboo-



A quaint South African postman.
From a Photograph.

which the fish wander, but from which they are not clever enough to escape. Yet another method is illustrated in our photograph. The solitary fisherman sits all day on the elevated perch depicted in the illustration, while below him is a hammock-shaped net, which he sinks below the level of the water. Then he squats down cross-legged, with a thatched roof over his head to keep off the burning rays of the sun, until a sufficient number of finny victims have

gathered unsuspectingly over the meshes. Then, with a dexterous jerk, he pulls the net up, landing, if he be lucky, quite a number of fish. Our photograph shows the fisherman letting down his net again after taking out a catch.



A curious method of fishing used in the Bay of Matsushima, Japan.
From a Photo. by Underwood & Underwood.

Budok 30th November 1909

I beg to inform you
And my name is Bhia
Kook Liung. I feel very
trouble here from my own
business sailing Opium
at Budok. But I never
yet to meet Sir ^{and} this better
few words going like I go with
my-self. If Sir can help
I hope Sir will help me.
for a easy job any kind
may be, be-cause my addi-
cation not getting on so
very well. For I am not smart
art fellow, and I am stupid
man, and my writing very
bad. I hope Sir pity on me.
I am your respectful
servant
Bhia Kook Liung

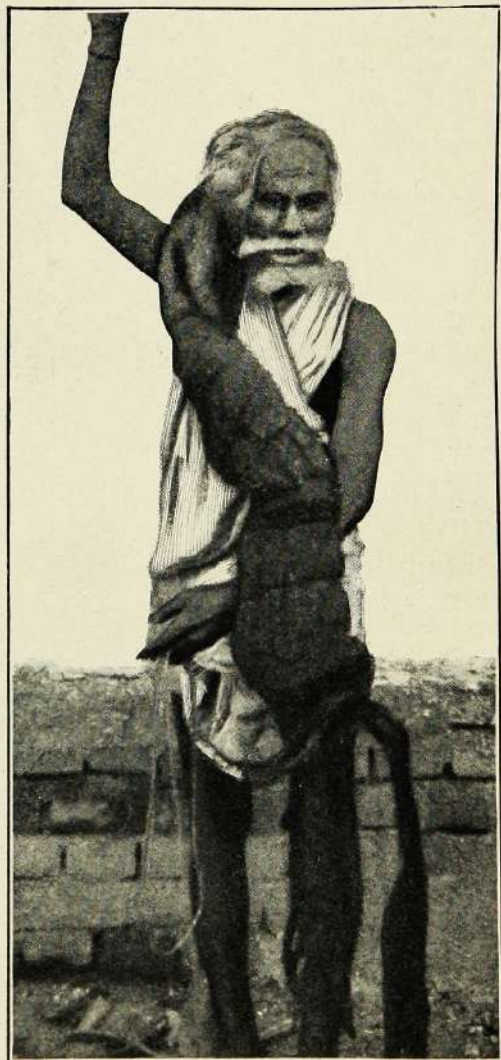
More quaint "English."

The quaint specimen of "English" here reproduced was sent by a Chinaman to an Englishman in the Malay Peninsula. "I was tempted to give this fellow a billet," writes the sender. "It is not often one meets an applicant for work who is so refreshingly candid as to admit that he is not a smart man, but stupid, and that what he wants is an easy job."

The venerable-looking old man shown in the picture next given is an Indian yogi, or religious mendicant. The extraordinary bundle seen hanging from his head is nothing more or less than his hair, which has never been cut! The hair, owing to long years of neglect, has got matted together in a fashion more easy to imagine than to describe, and certainly could not

be brushed out. It is of very great length, and when allowed to hang down trails on the ground. The old man has no home, and goes from place to place begging. "One night," writes the correspondent who sends us the photograph, "he was sleeping under a tree, when a snake wormed its way into his tangled coiffure, and he had quite a difficult task to get rid of it in the morning."

The remarkable "Siamese twin" trees shown in the picture at the top of the next page are one of the landmarks of Nevada County, California. They stand near the junction of the old mining roads to You Bet and Deer Creek. A



An Indian religious beggar—The bundle seen hanging from his head is his hair, which has never been cut.

From a Photograph.

large branch of one of the trees—both of which are black oaks—has grown over and into the other tree, forming a complete union.

A monster shark of the man-eating variety has been captured and killed in San Pedro Bay, California, by two Greek fishermen. This creature is claimed to be, without exception, the largest shark that has ever been caught. After being killed and drawn out on the beach, the monster weighed fourteen thousand pounds. It measured thirty-two feet from tip to tip, and the circumference of the body just forward of the huge dorsal fin measured fifteen feet. Across the fearful mouth, horizontally, when opened, it was two and a half feet, while from the tip of the snout to the point of the lower jaw was three and a half feet.

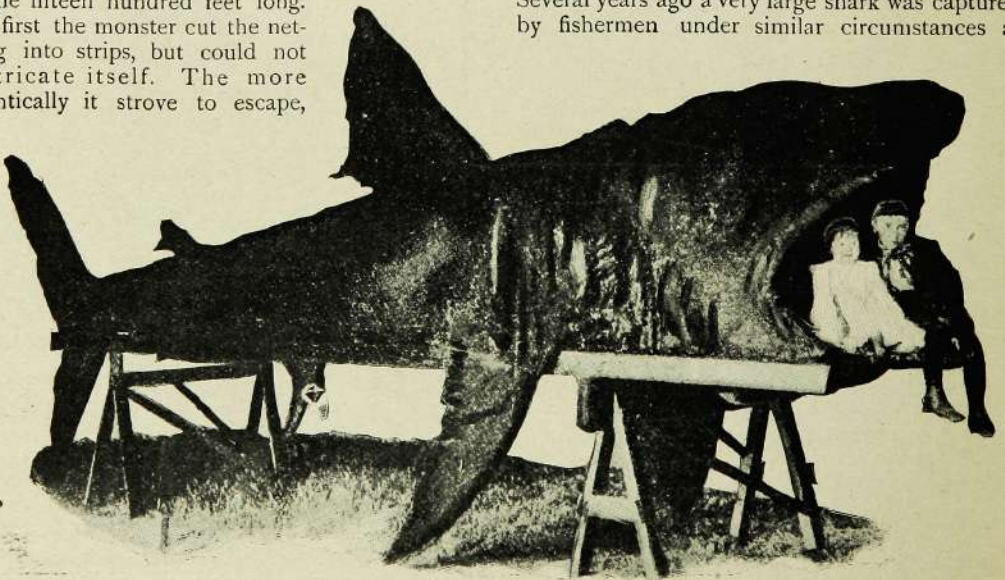
While the two men were engaged in fishing this shark became entangled in the immense netting, some fifteen hundred feet long. At first the monster cut the netting into strips, but could not extricate itself. The more frantically it strove to escape,



Remarkable "Siamese Twin" trees.
From a Photograph.

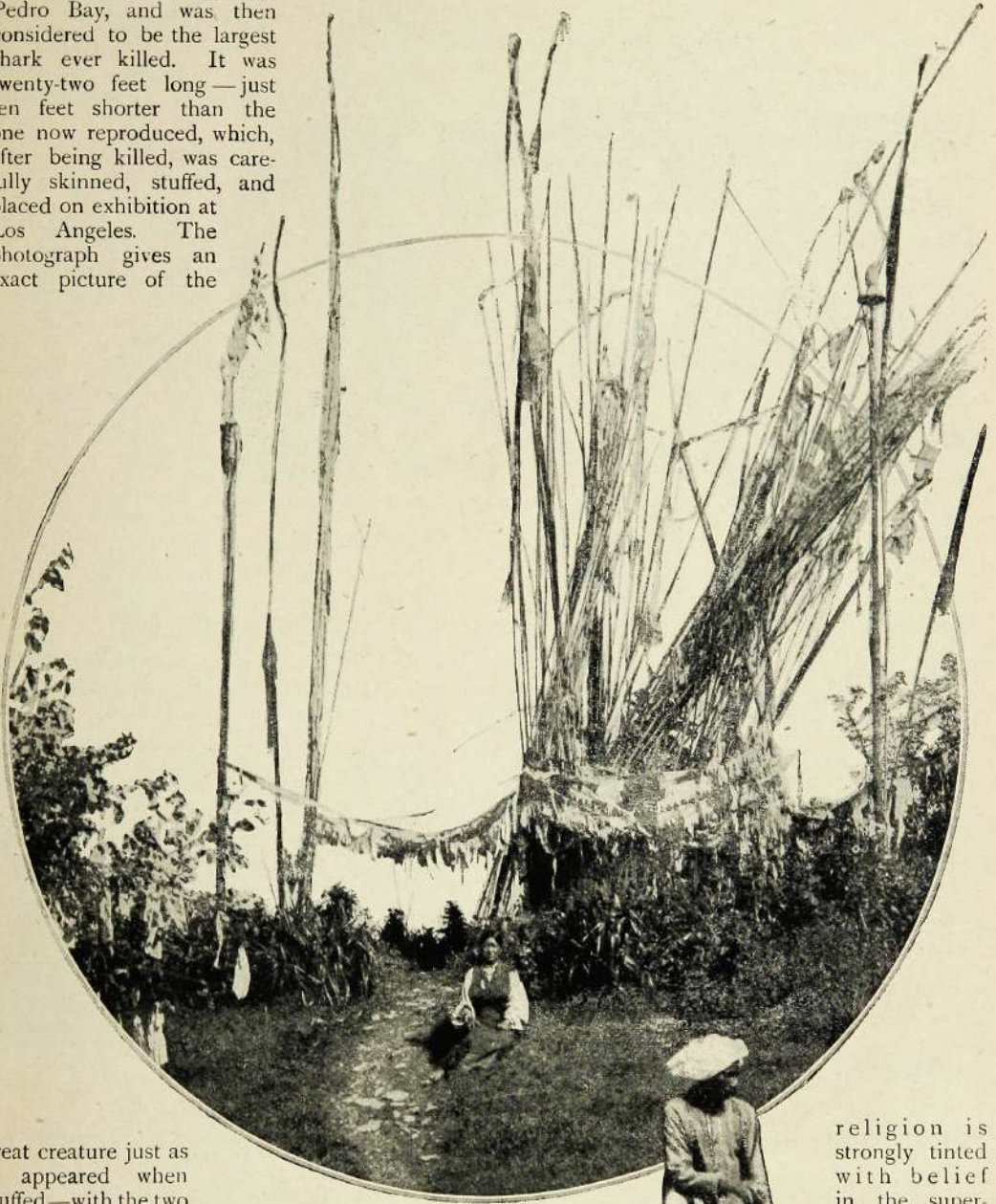
the more the shark became enmeshed. The strings and strong netting were wound around and around its gills during the creature's furious efforts to get away, until finally the powerful monster was held fast, a hopeless prisoner. Its anger knew no bounds, and the sea was lashed into foam by its struggles to escape. Then followed a long and desperate combat between the finny prisoner and the two resolute captors. The fight was waged furiously for more than an hour, during which time the men had many very narrow escapes from the fearful jaws of the monster, which had to be harpooned many times before it was killed. Finally the creature gave up the ghost, and was later, with great difficulty, stranded. When cut open its huge stomach was found full of fish, for it

was engaged in robbing the net when it became entangled—a victim of its own voracity. Several years ago a very large shark was captured by fishermen under similar circumstances at



A monster shark, believed to be the largest ever caught—It measured thirty-two feet in length, and weighed fourteen thousand pounds.
From a Photograph.

Port Los Angeles, near San Pedro Bay, and was then considered to be the largest shark ever killed. It was twenty-two feet long—just ten feet shorter than the one now reproduced, which, after being killed, was carefully skinned, stuffed, and placed on exhibition at Los Angeles. The photograph gives an exact picture of the



great creature just as it appeared when stuffed—with the two youngsters sitting in its open mouth. Efforts have been made to purchase this specimen and have it placed on permanent exhibition at one of the large museums.

The next photograph reproduced was taken on the borders of India and Tibet, where the people acknowledge the Grand Lama of Lhasa as their spiritual head, and where the popular



Tibetan "prayer-rags"—These rags are fastened to lofty poles, and their fluttering is supposed to keep evil demons away.

From a Photo. by Underwood & Underwood.

religion is strongly tinted with belief in the supernatural and the existence of all kinds of demons and evil spirits. Trees, rocks, and rivers all have their guardian demons,



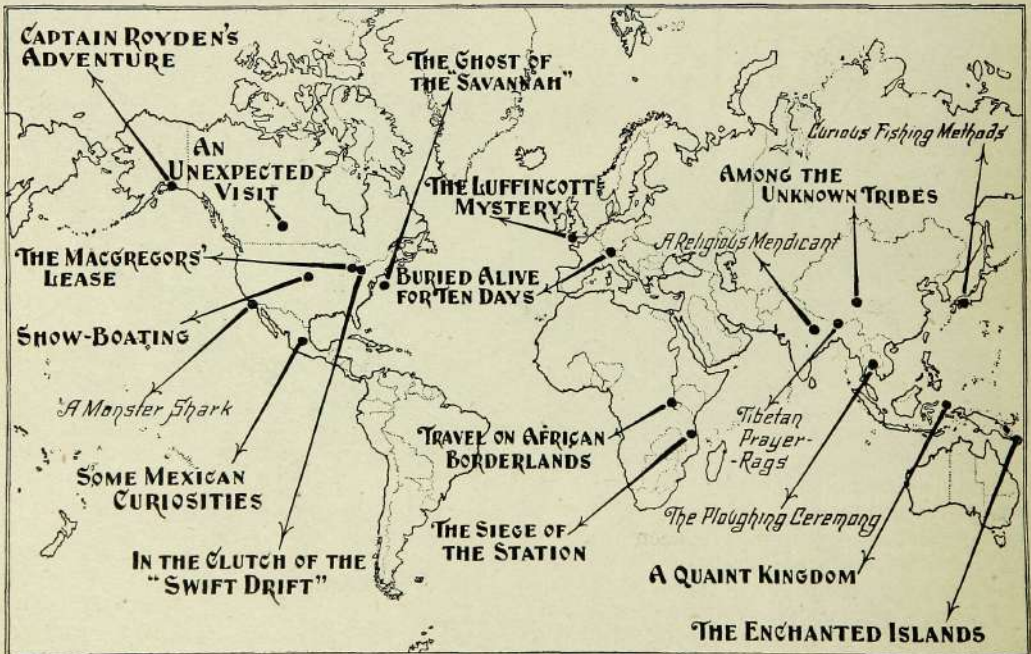
From a] Kaffirs enjoying themselves on a fête-day—Notice the ridiculous attire. [Photograph.

poles. So numerous are they that one is led to suppose that the natives in this locality are either particularly devout or that they are afflicted by an exceptionally malevolent type of demon.

When the South African Kaffir has a "day off," and sets about enjoying himself, one of his greatest pleasures is to dress himself up in some extraordinary fashion and generally play the fool. The little snapshot here reproduced shows a group of Rhodesian natives enjoying themselves in this way.

many of whom are supposed to be malignantly antagonistic to human beings. In order to propitiate the demons "prayer-rags"—fragments of coloured cloth—are attached by the faithful to trees and poles, the waving of the rags in the breeze automatically making intercession for the depositor. Our photograph shows a number of these curious "prayer-rags" attached to lofty

The fête-day umbrella and sundry curious forms of headgear have been brought forth, while one impudent fellow is pretending to read his master's paper. Another holds up a candle, although it is daylight, to show how civilized and up-to-date he is becoming. Crude musical instruments—anything that will make a noise—are greatly to the fore on such occasions as these.



The map-contents of "The Wide World Magazine," which shows at a glance the locality of each article and narrative of adventure in this number.

FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

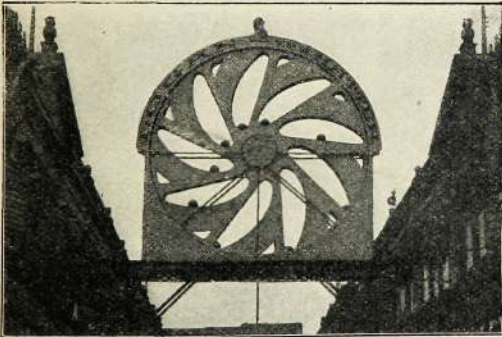
RESULT OF OUR THIRD PRIZE COMPETITION.

Some Attractive Features in the July Number.

The Three Prizes offered in our April issue are awarded this month to the senders of three curious photographs. The First Prize of Five Dollars goes to Mr. C. H. Wimpess, 1617 Millard Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal., for photograph and description of a remarkable:

Perpetual Motion Advertiser.

"The inventor who erected this wheel over one of the streets of Los Angeles," writes Mr. Wimpess, "has offered \$1,000 to anyone who can prove that the wheel does not run by the motive power of the visible brass balls. Certainly it does run, and interested crowds gather to watch it and to discuss the question of perpetual motion. Spaces on the spokes and frame are being rented for painted advertisements, and several similar machines have been ordered. The heavy brass balls roll out along the tangents to the periphery and weigh the wheel down on one side while on the other they roll in toward the hub, thus decreasing their leverage. No additional motive power is discoverable, though some wiseacres suspect a hidden motor in the framework."



Perpetual Motion Solved?
From a Photograph.

The Second Prize of Three Dollars has been awarded to Mr. H. S. Bowen, 7 Young Place, Utica, N. Y., for a photograph of the one-time famous:

"Dizzy House" of Herkimer, N. Y.

"This house," says the competitor, "was partly thrown over by the ice and flood that covered the village of Herkimer to a depth of several feet last February. The primary cause of this calamity was the ice jam in the Mohawk River, which broke its banks, covering the town with ice and water. Ten cents admission was charged to go into this house, and as this included a delightful 'thrill,' caused by the building 'heaving' on the mixture of ice and water, a great number of interested visitors cheerfully parted with their dimes."

The Third Prize of Two Dollars has been sent to Mr. Allen F. Brewer, 31 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass., for a photograph of a:

Curious Wrecking Shed,

belonging to the T. A. Scott Wrecking Company, New London, Conn. "Mr. Scott," writes our correspondent, "has preserved the name plates of every vessel he has wrecked in the Long Island Sound, and these weather-beaten plates now adorn the front of one of his sheds. About the entrance of the building may be seen the twisted iron-work and ventilators from some ill-fated ship. A lifeboat, which lies near the shed, is one from the steamer 'City of Columbus.'"

The Wreck of the "Monterey."

We have received a highly interesting letter from Dr. J. A. Moran Hemmeon, of Seattle, relative to the article published in our April issue entitled "The Life Savers of Newfoundland." After pointing out that the photograph of the "Monterey" is, he believes, really that of the "Dakota," a ship of the Great Northern Railroad S. S. Co., Dr. Hemmeon says:

"The 'Monterey,' a C. P. R. liner, formerly an Elder Dempster ship, ran ashore on the Southern coast of the French Island Miquelon, off Newfoundland, in July, 1903. She was bound from Montreal to some port in Great Britain, I am not sure which, and carried, besides a general cargo, many cattle and but three passengers. A very few days after her loss I sailed from Quebec on the C. P. R. Ship 'Lake Erie,' commanded by the well-known and beloved Captain Carey, Senior Commander of that service. We had on board the:

Three Unfortunate Passengers

who had been on the 'Monterey.' Two were ladies, whose names I do not now recall, while the third passenger was Mr. Chalmers.

"Mr. Chalmers gave us very graphic accounts of the loss of the 'Monterey,' stating that the ship ran, during a heavy fog at night, on a sandy shore on the Southern coast of Miquelon not above one-quarter of a mile from a lighthouse, and that they could neither see the light nor hear any fog horn. He had remained on the ship, which lay on an easy keel, assisting in dealing with the natives, who were all French, as Mr. Chalmers understood that language well.

"He told many interesting stories of:

Saving the Cattle

by dropping them into the sea and allowing them to swim to shore. The natives stole many of them at night and drove them to remote parts of the island. He beguiled our voyage down the St. Lawrence River and across the Gulf of St. Lawrence until we drew near the location of the wreck which was in the path of the outward

bound ships taking the Southern route. Captain Carey, wishing to please his passengers, left his course slightly in order to:

Enable Us to See the Wreck,

and on a Sunday morning we approached the shore so closely as to be able to take photographs of the 'Monterey' and her surroundings. The cattle were plainly seen on the hills near the shore. The ship herself seemed to float, so evenly did she lie on the sandy shore, and a wrecking tug from St. John's, and a C. P. R. Co., tug with officials, were standing by to try to salve the ship.



The "Dizzy House" at Herkimer.
From a Photograph.

"It is amusing to remember that Captain Troupe of the C. P. R. Company, in command of the salving work, signalled the 'Lake Erie' to stand by and sent out the majority of the crew of the 'Monterey' whom we conveyed to their home port of Liverpool. The Captain was much chagrined that his curiosity or good humor had got him into this position as:

Every Minute of Our Wait

kept us that much longer on our voyage and at that time the 'Lake Erie' carried mails. I have in my possession a fine photograph which I made of the 'Monterey' at that time."

Among the many interesting and fully illustrated articles which are scheduled to appear in the July Wide World will be one on:

The Eskimos of Labrador

by the Rev. W. W. Perritt, of Nain, Labrador. Mr. Perritt gives a remarkably graphic account of the manners and customs of those hardy dwellers in the Arctic wilds—the Eskimos—among whom he has worked as a missionary for upwards of thirty years.

It does not fall to the lot of every young lady to shoot a wild elephant and perhaps it is just as well, seeing that the work is rather more strenuous than healthy. Miss Mary Bridson is a well-known hunter of big game and her description next month of:

How I Shot My First Elephant

will be found of exceptional interest.

Mr. Bart Kennedy is a frequent contributor to this magazine and his articles always command attention. He has penetrated into most of the out-of-the-way places of the world and in the early days of Galveston, Texas, at a time when the place enjoyed the reputation of being some-

what "tough" Mr. Kennedy "looked in" there to see what was doing. In an article entitled:

My Visit to Galveston

he describes his reception, and after reading the account of his experiences our readers will be inclined to agree with him that he certainly found things "a bit interesting."

So serious have the crimes of the "Black Hand" become that the American Government has been moved to take drastic action, and employ the Secret Service officials in an attempt to discover the headquarters and the leading spirits of this murderous fraternity. In an article entitled:

In Conflict With the "Black Hand"

Mr. William Lord Wright, of Bellefontaine, O., relates how one clue led the officers to the little city of Bellefontaine, and what happened afterward. "The facts only are stated," he writes. "I participated in the local raids, and have had opportunities to interview Government officials upon this important question."

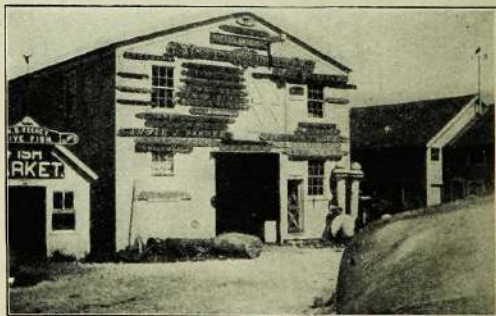
The manners and customs of the quaint little Mediaeval:

Republic of Andorra,

the tiny independent State which lies sandwiched in between France and Spain, have scarcely changed an iota during the last twelve hundred years. Little has been written about it and therefore the article which Mr. H. E. Browning contributes to the July WIDE WORLD will possess added interest. The Andorrans will not tolerate such things as railways, telephones, or cameras and their laws and methods of life are distinctly peculiar. The pictures illustrating this unique article were taken with the utmost difficulty with a small "detective" camera disguised as a gourd.

Many Other Contributions.

Other stories and articles include "The Lonely Grave," a story of the West Australian goldfields; "Among the Unknown Tribes"; "The New Process," a story of New York financial life; "Our Caravan Tour," by Mrs. Fred. Maturin; "An Amateur Witch Doctor"; "A Night in a Cave"; "The Enchanted Islands," and many others. The number will be an excellent one with not a dull line in its entire makeup.



Mr. Scott's "Wrecking Shed."
From a Photograph.

Don't forget to turn to our advertisement section and take a look at the contents of the:

June Strand Magazine.

It is one of the biggest and best numbers we have ever issued, and the fiction is just the kind which will go down well during the hot days.

THE EDITOR.



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Four Beautiful Pictures

(IN COLOR.)

TO every reader of this magazine who loves nature and animals and out-door life we will send, without charge, these four beautiful pictures, which retail at 50 cents each. They are printed on heavy art paper, without lettering, and are wonderful examples of the art of color photography. Framed at moderate cost they will make excellent decorations for your home, or they can be used just as they are. Size $10\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Why We Make This Offer

We send these pictures to advertise our STANDARD LIBRARY OF NATURAL HISTORY, which has just been completed after years of labor and at enormous expense. It contains over 2,000 illustrations from actual photographs, secured in many cases by special expeditions to foreign lands. It is the only thoroughly readable and entertaining work of its kind in existence.

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The country's future is written in the faces of the young men. They are clean-shaven faces. In the store, the counting-room, the classroom, the office—in work and sport out of doors—the men who do things shave for the day just as they dress for the day.

The use of the Gillette Safety Razor is almost a universal habit with men of affairs. It is not solely a question of economy—though it means a great saving. It's a matter of comfort, of cleanliness, of time.

The Gillette is a builder of self-respect. The man who doesn't care how he looks does not care much about anything else.

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Thirty thousand dealers sell the Gillette. If there is no one in your neighborhood send us \$5 and we'll send the razor and twelve double-edged blades by return mail.

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Your Fortune's Waiting. Listen Sharp—Hear the Wonderful News. You Can Now Own a Private Monopoly Easily Worth

\$3,000 to \$10,000 Yearly

New business, gigantic success, causing great excitement. Mad race for territory. No Wonder! Ten people actually get \$32,000.00. Orders! Orders! Orders! Money coming fast; eight out of ten houses buying.

Reader, wake up! See the big opportunities knocking at your door—seize it. Give yourself a mighty boost—quit plodding; change from wage-slavery to

BIG EARNINGS, WAGE FREEDOM, OWNERSHIP AND PRIVATE MONOPOLY.

Costs nothing to investigate. Don't ignore the one great opportunity of your career to acquire financial independence. Let us give you a private monopoly worth \$3,000 to \$10,000 yearly—the exclusive selling right in your locality on our quick-selling household invention—THE ALLEN PORTABLE BATH APPARATUS.

See what others are doing—the fortunes being made with the real winner. Sounds too good to be real, yet absolutely true. We prove it by sworn statements, orders, letters—by your investigation.

"Sold \$2,212 worth in two weeks. Not one dissatisfied user," write Korstad and Mercer, farmers, of Minn. Zimmerman, farmer, Ind., sees great opportunity—starts—succeeds—sells farms—result:

ORDERS, \$3,856.00 in 39 Days.

"My sales \$1,680 in 73 days," writes C. D. Rasp, agent of Wis. "Canvassed 60 people—got 56 orders; sold \$320 in 16 days," writes W. H. Reese, carpenter, of Penn. "Enclosed order for \$115—first day's work. Best thing I ever worked," writes L. H. Langley, liveryman, of N. D. "Everybody thinks the apparatus the finest thing. sold 15 one afternoon," writes Miss Eva Edwards, of Nev., after ordering 73. "I averaged \$164.25 weekly for three months; undoubtedly best line on market," writes J. W. Beem, of Kan. "Enclosed order for \$364.50—only three days' work. No trouble to sell. Appeal to everybody," writes J. Strahm, farmer, of Kan.

"I make \$100 daily," writes J. Seveque, telegrapher, of N. Y. "It's great! Lucky I answered your ad. Showed it to 44 people—have 39 orders. Sold 17 one day. Sells on sight," writes A. P. Lodewick, solicitor, of Maine. "Sold 17 one day; send 60 more," writes Weathers, of Tex.

No wonder J. B. Cashman, of Minn., COULDN'T SELL BREAD IN A FARMINE. Send 48 more."

Readers, there's nothing like it. Not sold in stores. Wonderful, but true; this invention gives any home that long desired blessing—a modern bathroom for \$6.50. Operates wherever water exists—in any room—no water-works—no plumbing—not even a screw to insert. Does same work as bathroom costing \$150. Think of the millions waiting for this to happen—and it has happened. Really, could anything be more popular, so near to

AUTOMATIC APPLICATOR

"See it Energize"

Sectional View.

writes: "A man who can't sell your goods

CAUTION—The Allen Portable Bath Apparatus is protected by four patents—others pending. No one else can make, use or sell a flexible receptacle or receiver under these patents without making themselves liable to prosecution as infringers. Make sure you get the genuine and only practical apparatus by placing your order with us—the originators, sole manufacturers and original patentees. Our registered trade mark appears on every genuine Allen Portable Bath Apparatus. Look for it.

the irresistible, so easy to sell? Can't you actually see in this

A FASCINATING, HIGH-GRADE AND SURE BIG-PAYING MONOPOLY?

Isn't it just what you have been looking for? Just think? This invention, by a really wonderful yet simple combination of mechanical and liquid forces, gives all the standard hygienic baths for men, women, children—cleansing, friction, massage, shower, hot or cold. Makes bathing 5-minute operation. Cleanses almost automatically. So energizes water that one gallon does more than tub full old way. Used by U. S. Government, famous Battle Creek Sanitarium, and hundreds of world-renowned people. 100,000 already sold. Millions needed. See how simple, easy, convenient: To bathe just do this: Place combination metallic fountain and heater on wall or shelf, fill with water, touch a match, turn screw—that's all. Thereafter it works automatically.

What a pleasure! Could anything be more perfect? No tubs, bowls, buckets—no washrags or sponges, no dirt, odor, splashing or muss.

LET US Give You a Private Monopoly Worth Easily \$3,000 to \$10,000 Yearly.

WE WANT MORE AGENTS, SALESMEN, MANAGERS; either sex, at home or traveling, all or spare time; to fill orders, appoint, supply and control sub-agents. EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY. Almost sells itself. How easy!—just show—money yours. Simply supply enormous demand already made—that's all. Every customer anxious to boost your business. Fascinating business—new patent—exclusive territory—our co-operation and assistance—almost 75 per cent profit—and behind you an old reliable \$50,000 house.

CREDIT GIVEN—SEND NO MONEY—only your address on a postal to-day for our great offer, valuable booklets, credit plan—ALL FREE. Costs nothing to investigate. Meet us that far anyhow. CAUTION—You may not see this ad. again. Prove that \$3,000 to \$10,000 yearly interests you by mailing postal now. Don't let someone get rich by seizing an opportunity which you neglected. Mark this prediction: Act now and the name "ALLEN" will forever after remind you of money made.

ALLEN MFG. CO., 1769 Allen Building TOLEDO, OHIO



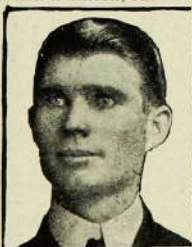
M. G. STONEMAN, a photographer, of Nebraska, whose sworn sales in less than 3 years on partial time total \$15,000. His biggest month was \$1,281.65; biggest day \$181.75, among 300 people. Again sold \$300 worth in eight days. Says: "Best thing ever sold; not one complaint from 3,000 customers."



J. B. HART, a farmer, of North Carolina, whose sales for one year total over \$5,000, never sold goods before joining us. Took 16 orders in three hours. He writes: "You can't keep from selling it if properly demonstrated. Appeals to everyone. Never had it condemned by anyone yet."



M. JUELL, a telegrapher, of Canada, who started on spare time and later excluded everything for the bath business. Not a regular salesman, yet sold about \$6,800 worth in about 18 months.



C. A. MILLER, a minister, of Nebraska, who sold and purchased over \$700.00 worth after working but a few days. Never sold goods before, so far as we know.



When the Boss "Wants to Know"

WHEN the boss consults you on some important matter you don't have to "guess," "suppose," "think," or "believe," but you can tell him instantly what he wants to know if you have the training such as the International Correspondence Schools can impart to you *in your spare time*.

And, after all, it is the ability to furnish the right information at the right time that raises your salary and wins you promotion.

IF your present position is one that does not call for **expert knowledge** or does not hold out any chance of advancement, the I. C. S. will train you for one that **does**—and in the line of **work you like best**. You will not have to quit work or buy any books. *The I. C. S. will go to you whether you live ten or ten thousand miles away, and will train you right in your own home for a better position, more money—SUCCESS.* Mark the attached coupon and learn how the I. C. S. can do it.

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Chemist
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Electrician
Elec. Engineer
Concrete Engineer

Mechanical Draftsman
Telephone Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Mechan. Engineer
Plumber & Steam Fitter
Stationary Engineer
Civil Engineer
Building Contractor
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Architect
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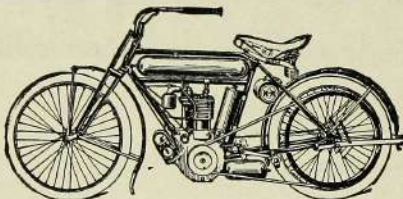
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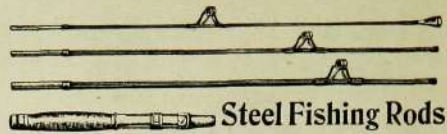
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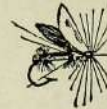
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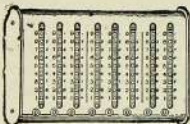
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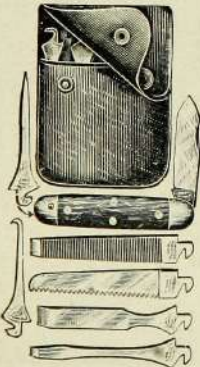
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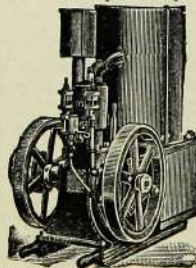


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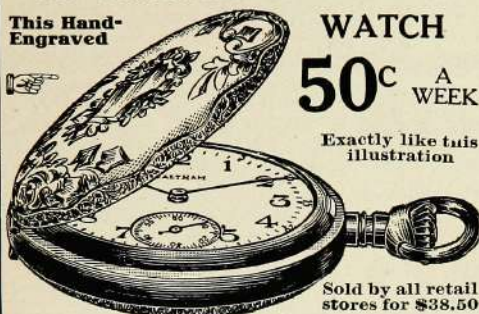
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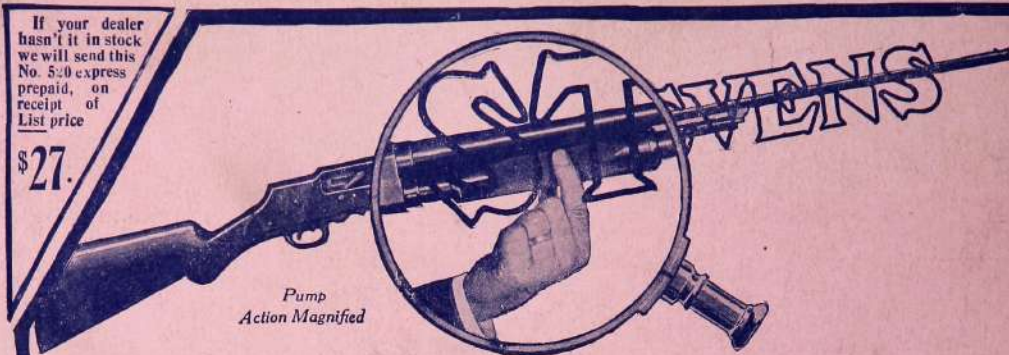
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