

# THE WIDE WORLD

E MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY

NOV.  
1920

20  
cents



See  
"SILK MASK JIM"

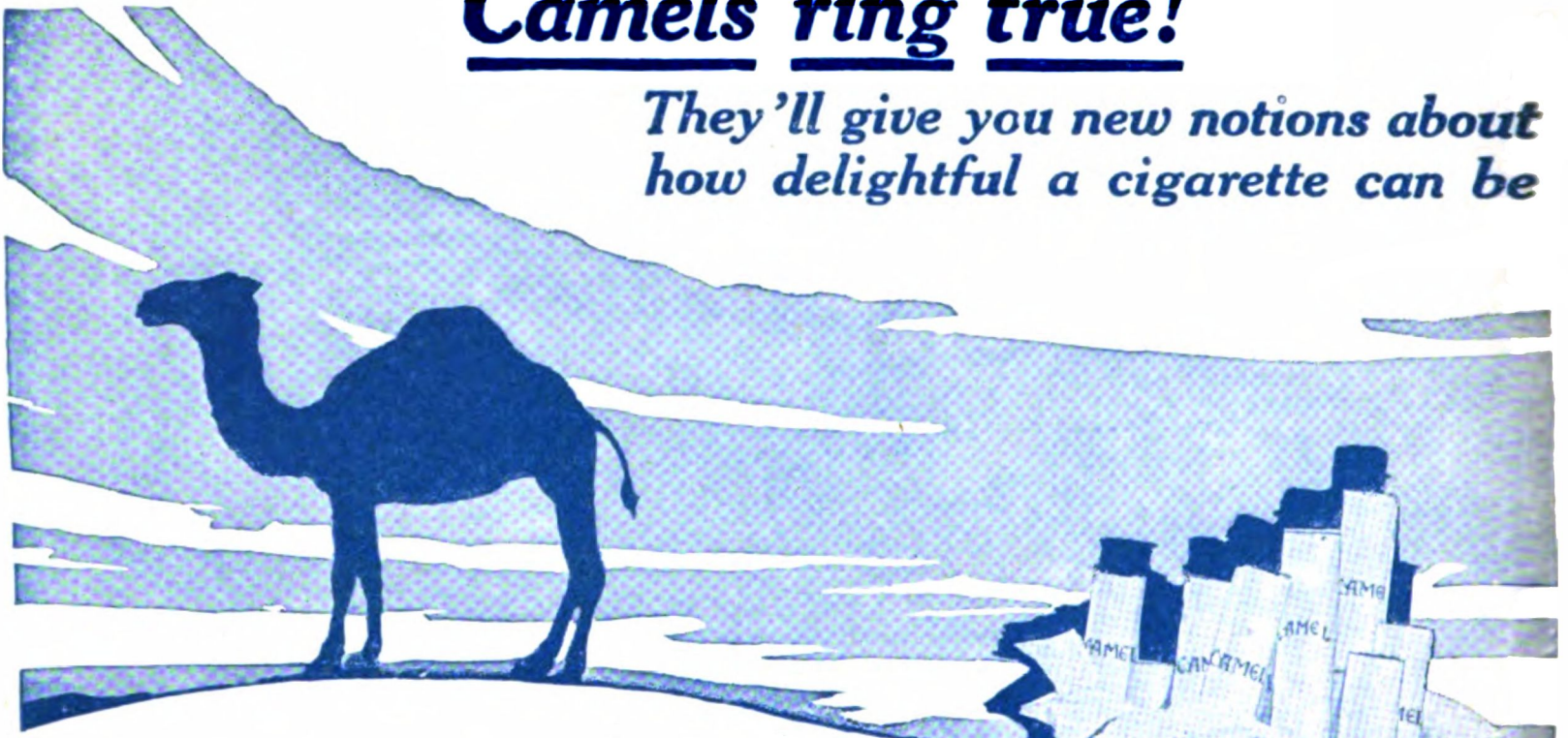
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I had never earned more than \$60 a month. Last week I cleared \$306 and this week \$218. You have done wonders for me.—Geo. W. Kearns, 107 W. Park Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.

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I took your course two years ago. Was earning \$15 a week clerking. Am now selling many of the largest firms in the U. S. I have earned more than \$100 in a day. You secured me my position. Our Sales Manager is a graduate of yours.—J. L. DeBonis, 1628 S. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**Earns \$1,562 in Thirty Days**  
My earnings for the past thirty days are \$1,562.00 and I won Second Prize in March although I only worked two weeks during that month.—C. W. Campbell, Greensburg, Pa.

**Earned \$1,800 in Six Weeks**  
My earnings for March were over \$1,000 and over \$1,800 for the last six weeks, while last week my earnings were \$356.00. I travel eleven months out of the year, working 5 days each week. The N.S.T.A. dug me out of a rut where I was earning less than \$1,000 a year and showed me how to make a success.—J. P. Overstreet, Dallas, Texas.

Mr. Overstreet, Mr. Campbell, and the others whose letters you see on this page are all successful salesmen. They have stepped into the \$10,000-a-year class—and they never sold goods before! It is hard to believe that such big success could come so quickly and easily. Yet it was all amazingly simple! Ask them the secret of their sudden success. They will tell you they owe it to the National Salesmen's Training Association. This is an organization of top-notch salesmen and sales managers formed expressly for the purpose of training men to sell and helping them to good selling positions. It has taken hundreds of men from all walks of life and made them Master Sales-

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Dept. 27-S, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

**National Salesmens Training Association,**  
Dept. 27-S, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Please send me, without any obligation on my part, your free book "A Knight of the Grip" and full information about the N. S. T. A. system of Salesmanship Training and Employment Service. Also a list showing lines of business with openings for salesmen.

Name .....  
Street .....  
City..... State.....



# THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

Vol. XLVI.

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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 ON ACCEPTANCE according to the value of the material. Every narrative must be STRICTLY TRUE IN EVERY DETAIL, and a WRITTEN STATEMENT TO THIS EFFECT must be furnished. The author must also, if possible, furnish portraits of the leading character or characters (even if it be himself), together with any other available photographs and portraits of places, persons, and things which in any way heighten the realism and actuality of the narrative. All MSS should be typewritten. Every care will be taken of contributions, but the Editor cannot be held responsible for accidental loss or damage. All communications should be plainly addressed to the Editor, WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE, 8, Southampton Street, London, W.C., England.

The American Edition of THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE is published monthly for George Newnes, Ltd., of London, by The International News Company, 83—85, Duane Street, New York City. Price 20 cents. Yearly subscription, \$2.00 post free. Subscriptions may be commenced at any time. Entered as second-class matter March 23, 1899, at the Post Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

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| ...Catarrh         | ...Flat Feet         | ...Falling Hair   |
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Name.....  
City.....State.....  
Street.....  
Age.....Occupation.....



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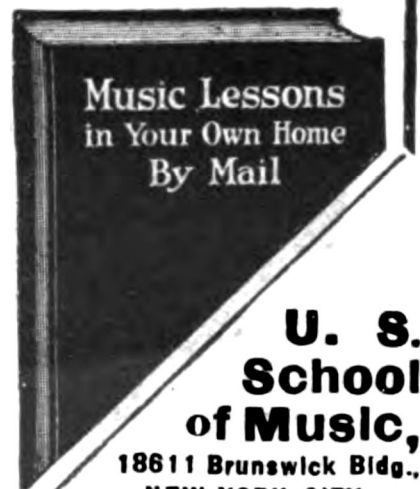
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**"THERE WAS A SUDDEN STAB OF FLAME, A SHARP REPORT, AND THE JAGUAR CRASHED DOWN—DEAD."**

(SEE PAGE 8.)



# Our Hunting trip in Brazil

by  
Captain  
**F.A.M. WEBSTER**

ILLUSTRATED BY  
WARWICK REYNOLDS

With two companions the Author accompanied a party of native hunters into the interior of Brazil, where, what with giant snakes and prowling jaguars, they had their fill of adventure.

THERE were three of us kicking our heels and cursing our luck in our quarters in Northern Brazil, for we were all down with malaria, of varying degrees of severity.

Mostyn, who was stretched at full length in a long wicker chair, stopped strumming on his banjo and swung his pyjama-clad legs to the ground as the doctor entered. Bartlett sat up in bed and asked for a drink.

After he had taken our temperatures and pulses the doctor spoke.

"What you boys want," he said, "is a complete change. Why not take a run up-country?"

As I was the only one of the party fully dressed, it fell to my lot to go across to the office and interview the chief of the engineering staff.

"Um!" said he, when I had put our case before him, "So the doctor thinks that you three would be better away from the coast for a while?"

"Yes, sir!"

"And what do you propose doing up-country if I give you permission to go?"

I had not the faintest shadow of a plan in my mind, but suggested that we might employ our time in hunting.

"Very well," he said, "but mind that you do not get into trouble. So remember, any *encarceramento* (imprisonment), and you get yourselves out."

Three days later we took train from Pernambuco to Antao, about a hundred miles inland. At least, when I say we took train to Antao, I mean that we took train as far as the railway would carry us, and from railhead completed the journey in ramshackle vehicles driven dangerously fast along terrible roads.

The hotel proved neither comfortable nor commodious, but seemed to meet all the requirements of the inhabitants of the town.

for there the planters gambled and played cards incessantly, day and night, but, curiously enough, none of them drank intoxicants.

Three days of hotel life bored us almost to the point of desperation, despite the delightful weather and cold nights, which were such a change from the fever-stricken, humid coast-line we had left. On the third evening Bartlett and I entered the bar, to find Mostyn deep in conversation with a newly-arrived party of Brazilians. As he was the only one of us who could speak Portuguese we stayed in the background until he beckoned to us to join him.

"These fellows," said he, "are going snake-hunting for skins, and I have fixed up to go with them if you are willing."

We, of course, were only too glad of the opportunity, and so the matter was arranged.

That night we overhauled our kit and cleaned up our Winchester rifles. Next morning we went out early, and, after laying in a good stock of provisions, purchased a couple of mules apiece.

Every time I looked at Mostyn, as we rode out of the town towards the hills, I had to laugh, for he presented a most curious spectacle. Both the mules he had bought were undersized, so that his exceedingly long legs almost reached the ground. His dark, lean features were well shaded by a high-crowned and enormous *sombrinha* (broad-brimmed hat), upon his hip rested the butt of a Winchester rifle, and at his back was slung his banjo, without which he would not move a yard. I remember that Bartlett annoyed him greatly by whistling "The Minstrel Boy to the War has Gone."

"I'm hanged if I can see the connection between a wild harp and a banjo," said Mostyn, taking the point nicely, and at that we laughed more than ever.



In the woods we came across an insect of which I had heard often enough, but had never seen—the bird-eating spider. We watched him for a time. His methods are not at all “nice,” but he is about the quickest thing in movement I’ve ever seen. In these woods, too, we found wild dogs extraordinarily like our British foxes. “Os lobos” (wolf) the natives incorrectly term them. Even in Brazil they are comparatively rare.

On the hills beyond the timber we met with our first adventure. I was riding slightly ahead of the party through a rocky defile when my mule suddenly shied so violently that I was well-nigh unseated. The cause of the beast’s alarm was revealed by the insistent rattle of a rattlesnake. When the mule shied the Winchester fell from my hand, and the harder I tugged at my revolver the more firmly did it stick in the holster.

Mostyn was immediately behind me in our strung-out line, and, as I tugged and struggled with that obstinate revolver, I heard the bark of his rifle. He had not hesitated a moment, but had fired from the hip with one hand. It was a beautiful shot—although perhaps a lucky one—for the bullet smashed the reptile’s spine, just behind the head.

We now rode down the slope of the hills to the River Capibaribe, where we saw a fifty-pound otter take to the water at our approach. We let him go, but watched the bubbles thrown up as he swam away beneath the surface.

We often wondered afterwards how otters manage to live in this river, which we found to be infested with alligators.

It took a long time to accomplish the hundred-mile journey up to the source of the river, as the Brazilians were looking for anaconda, which, they told us, are more or less stationary in their habits, and to whose existence river and pools are essential. No traces of the big reptiles were to be found in the vicinity of the water; but what puzzled us was why the Brazilians looked for them far inland, where the river had overflowed its banks in the rainy season. Mostyn asked them about this, and we learned that anacondas are often found buried in mud mounds, in which they go to ground when overtaken by the dry season.

Having hunted unsuccessfully along the banks of the Capibaribe up to its source, the Brazilians decided to strike across the low-lying swampy land towards the River

Parahiba. Before striking camp and setting out upon this new expedition, however, they devoted a day to overhauling the tackle they had brought with them on the pack-mules. I never such such a collection in all my life! There were nets and boxes of all strengths and sizes, and endless concoctions for dressing skins, but what these concoctions were we never discovered, for the Brazilians were very reticent about them, and so obviously jealous of the secret of their preparation that we did not think it wise to press the point.

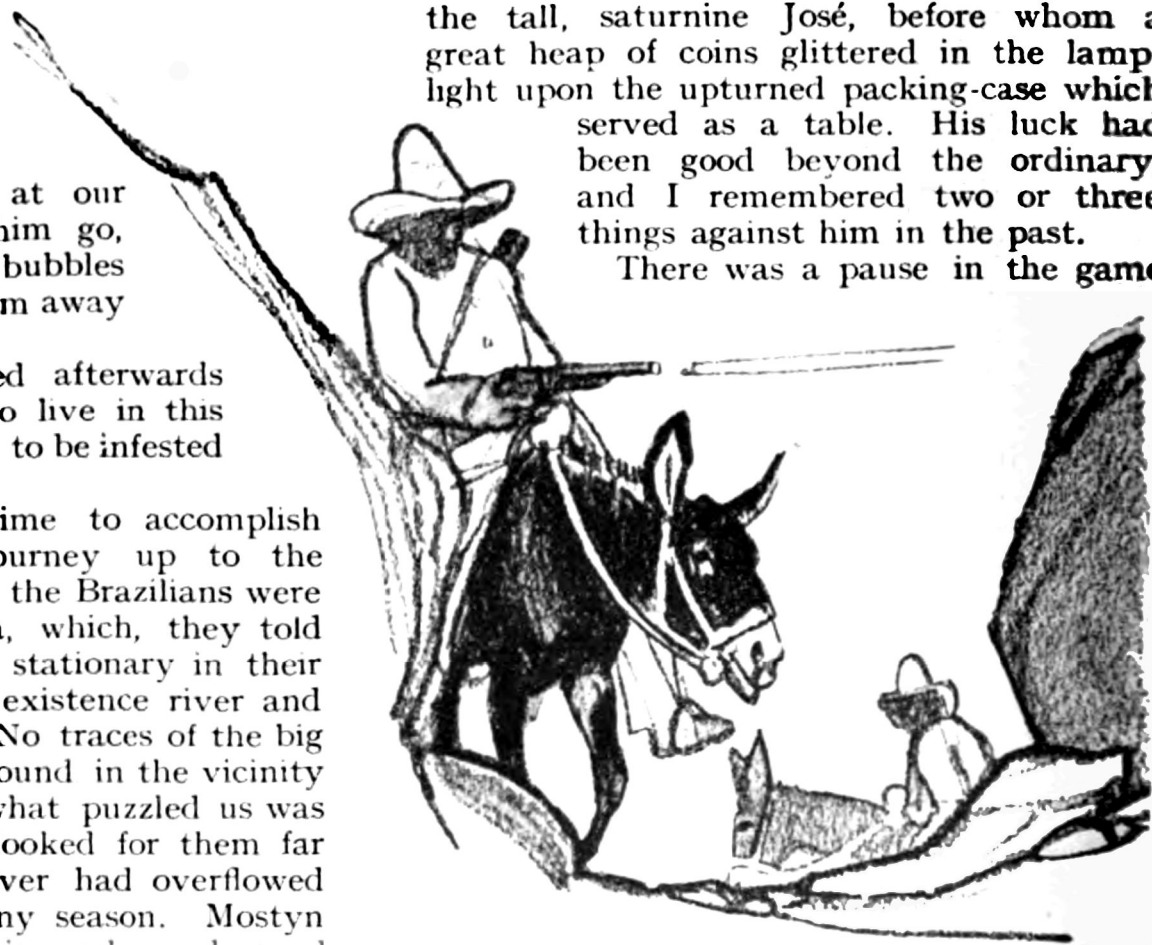
It was a jolly life we were leading, with plenty of hard work in the day time and cards every evening. We smoked incessantly, consuming vast quantities of cigarettes, but these never seemed to harm us in that wonderful atmosphere.

There was one incident in connection with the card parties which put us out of countenance for a day or two.

On the evening in question play ran much higher than usual, and all the Brazilians got very excited. Towards midnight the game developed into a duel between two men, one having lost persistently all the evening, while the other had been winning as steadily.

Pedro, the loser, was a good little fellow we all liked well, but I was not so sure of the tall, saturnine José, before whom a great heap of coins glittered in the lamplight upon the upturned packing-case which served as a table. His luck had been good beyond the ordinary, and I remembered two or three things against him in the past.

There was a pause in the game



as Pedro flung back his cloak and fumbled in his pockets for yet more money.

The hush of the wild shut us in; around the table were grouped the other Brazilians, who had dropped out of the game, muffled up in their ponchos, some with *sombrinhas* veiling their features, other with gaudy



handkerchiefs about their brows. All were smoking. Cards and money lay upon the packing-case in a little pool of light thrown by the lantern. The leaping flames of the camp-fire illuminated the tense, eager faces of the two players.

Pedro produced a small handful of coins and looked across at José. The game went on. Suddenly José put down a card which I'll swear had been played before.

"*Ladrao!*  
Cheat!"

José sprang back, upsetting his chair, Pedro drew his revolver and fired. José crumpled up and lay still. There was an immediate alarmed scattering of the onlookers, but Pedro, with his left hand



"As I tugged and struggled I heard the bark of Mostyn's rifle."

yelled Pedro, and slapped his hand down upon the cards.

Instantly José whipped out his knife and, with a fierce stab, pinned his opponent's hand, palm downwards, to the wood. As

still transfixed, stretched out his right and swept towards him the whole of his enemy's winnings, of which he told us volubly he had been cheated.

After their first scurry to get out of possible pistol-range, the others seemed absolutely unperturbed, which seemed strange to us, considering the seriousness of the situation.

Mostyn asked what was to be the outcome



of it all, and was met by a volume of indifferent, or suggestive, comment.

'It is a pity,' they said. "*Quien sabe?* (who knows?) José has many brothers; perhaps he will be avenged."

The last forecast struck one as being highly probable, for life is cheap in Brazil.

Luckily, we all had the frontiersman's knowledge of rough surgery, and so we were able to dress Pedro's hand. The other man was buried by his fellow-Brazilians.

In the swampy lands between the Rivers Capibaribe and Parahiba we found the first signs of the rare anaconda. The indications were plentiful enough, but of the reptile itself we could catch no glimpse.

At last there came a day when, being somewhat short in the larder, Mostyn and I went out to shoot monkeys for the pot. These we found in plenty, and presently observed a small group behaving in a very odd manner. Getting to cover, we crept nearer and lay down to watch. Foot by foot and very unwillingly the monkeys drew nearer to a certain tree, from the branches of which we saw presently the head of a big anaconda drop down and seize his victim. The reptile had evidently taken refuge in this tree at our approach.

Then followed a most horrible sight. Fold after fold of the long, sinuous coils was wrapped about the wretched monkey and constricted, until he seemed upon the point of expiring; then he was allowed to revive before the awful pressure was slowly applied once more. It was for all the world like a cat playing with an unfortunate mouse. When the animal was at last suffocated, the reptile appeared to cover it with saliva before gradually swallowing it.

The activity of the anaconda during the process of capturing and killing its victim struck me as remarkable, for, as a rule, they are slow-moving, apathetic reptiles.

When the whole business was over, Mostyn touched me lightly on the shoulder, and we slid back through the bushes. For, as he said, it would not be fair to kill the brute without letting the others take a hand in the game.

The Brazilians were overjoyed at our news when we got back to camp, and specially were they pleased to learn that the reptile had fed, as he would now be unlikely to quit the spot where we had discovered him. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that the anaconda, which is prehensile, is so strong that it can support the whole length of its body—usually between twenty and twenty-four feet long—by the last two folds of its tail, wrapped around the branch of a tree.

After the midday meal we all moved off to the place where Mostyn and I had located

the anaconda. The honour of first shot was allotted to Mostyn, partly because we had found the quarry, but principally because he was, undoubtedly, the best shot in the whole party.

As we approached, the anaconda was seen coiled up close to the foot of the tree from which we had first seen him hanging head downwards, but from which he had descended to make his meal. The snake looked enormous, but Mostyn's pulse could not have varied a single beat, for he raised his weapon, took careful aim, and let drive. The bullet, going straight through the head, at once killed the reptile, but it continued to writhe and lash about for a considerable time.

When we came to measure the "kill" it proved to be twenty feet seven inches long, and forty inches in girth at the thickest part. The skin was beautiful and, of course, very valuable. On further examination we found that the teeth—with which, incidentally, the reptile never bites his prey—all inclined backwards, and so are evidently only intended to prevent the saliva-covered food slipping backwards from the gullet.

That anaconda was the only one killed during the expedition. Following the advice of the natives, we ate some of the flesh and found it excellent.

During the ensuing weeks we collected a fine "mixed-bag" of snake and other skins, but never another anaconda, nor, curiously enough, did we meet with a jaguar for a long time.

Of the jaguar we had heard a great deal—about his strength, his cunning and courage, and of the beauty of his skin. One thing we found it hard to believe about this member of the cat tribe was that he was as much at home in the water as in the branches of the trees hunting monkeys, and yet his taste for fish and his ability to whip them from the water were well vouched for. Moreover, Mostyn had seen the large shells of turtles which had been emptied by jaguars, who go to the beaches in the laying season, where they surprise the turtles and turn numbers of them upon their backs. They turn over far more than they can possibly devour, in fact, so that the Indians profit greatly by watching the ways of the big cats.

Mostyn explained to us how hard it is to separate the upper and under shells of the turtle to get at the meat, and further pointed out that the paw of the jaguar is so supple that it can be squeezed into the victim's shell, when it cleans out everything.

Pedro, who had seemed to favour our company more than ever after the incident of the gamble which had culminated in tragedy, told us of a jaguar which attacked two horses harnessed together, and, killing one, dragged the pair a considerable distance,



despite the frantic struggles of the living but terrified beast. A few days later we fell in with an Indian, who stated that, quite recently, he had seen a jaguar kill a long way to its all, for he told us that the beast had had to cross a flowing river to reach its destination.

It may well be believed that all these stories and set us longing for a chance to add

to our travels well in sight, we gave up all hope of bagging a jaguar that journey, and decided to push forward to our base without further digressions, more especially as the Brazilian snake-hunters were anxious to get home and complete the curing of the skins they had obtained.

The morning after this decision was arrived at we struck camp and started early. About mid-morning we picked up a narrow path hedged in by big trees, the branches of which intertwined about our heads as we rode along in single file, Bartlett first, Mostyn fifty yards behind him, and then my own mule,

of our travels well in sight, we gave up all hope of bagging a jaguar that journey, and decided to push forward to our base without further digressions, more especially as the Brazilian snake-hunters were anxious to get home and complete the curing of the skins they had obtained.



**"José whipped out his knife and, with a fierce stab, pinned his opponent's hand to the wood."**

one of the handsome skins to our collection of trophies. Particularly was this the case with Bartlett,

who had not yet shot any important animal since his arrival in the country. In fact, I believe he dreamed of jaguars; certainly he talked of nothing else by day. He does not say so much about them now, but there is a reason for that.

Acting upon information given by the natives of the localities through which we passed, we made several unsuccessful expeditions in the hope of fulfilling our desires. With our holiday almost up and the end

close up to the tail of my friend's mount. Mostyn had been riding half-turned in the saddle and talking over his shoulder to me when we entered the forest path, but, being an experienced and cautious frontiersman, he turned to his front as the leafy boughs closed in over our heads.

Now Mostyn had preternaturally sharp sight, and lucky it was for Bartlett that he had. Just as the latter was about to ride under a good-sized branch which grew low above the path, Mostyn's quick eyes discovered a big jaguar concealed amongst the foliage, his colour and markings blending marvellously with the chequered light and shade among the leaves.

There was no doubt that the beast had seen Bartlett, and only awaited a favourable opportunity to drop upon him.

It was a tense moment, for every second brought our unsuspecting friend nearer to the lurking death. We knew that it was no use shouting a warning, for old Bartlett was always "slow in the up-take," and



unsusceptible to quick impressions. At the sound of our upraised voices he would probably have brought his mule to a standstill right beneath the branch where the jaguar waited.

Mostyn did better than shouting. He acted, and acted quickly too, for he took his great length off his little mount like a flash of lightning and dropped on to his knee in the middle of the path. I remember the banjo was still upon his back, with the thin end of the case poking up over his shoulder, but his rifle was in his hands and his eye looking along the sights before a man might draw a couple of breaths.

There was a sudden stab of flame, a sharp report, and the jaguar crashed down—dead, but still kicking—beneath the feet of Bartlett's badly-scared mule, which snorted and shied violently.

When we dashed up to the spot the jaguar

was dead, and Bartlett, with outspread legs, open mouth, and horrified eyes, was staring at the corpse of the beast which had so nearly got him. His nerves were badly upset, and it was a si'ent Bartlett, very undesirous of meeting another jaguar, who rode into Antao with us a few days later.

In Antao we spent the last two nights of our holiday with our Brazilian friends, and very merry nights they were, too. They insisted upon our acceptance of a small proportion of the skins taken during the expedition, and, of course, Mostyn kept the pelt of the jaguar.

That pelt was a source of constant annoyance to Bartlett, for, after it was cured, Mostyn kept it thrown over a chair in our quarters, but poor Bartlett could never manage to repress a shudder when his eye travelled to the beautifully-marked skin of the trophy.



A remarkable snapshot of a Sulphur Bottom Whale, the largest of the whale family, leaping out of the water as the result of an attack by a swordfish.

THE above photograph is said to be the only picture ever taken of a "flying whale." It was secured off the coast of California, where lives the Sulphur Bottom Whale, the largest creature in the world to-day. This variety of whale attains a length of about eighty feet and weighs several tons. To fishermen it is of little importance, for the head is flat and contains no oil, making the Sulphur Bottom commercially valueless. In the spring the female whales and their young travel in droves or "pods," and go far out to sea, where they are safe from danger and disturbance. The bull whale, on the other hand, roams up and down the coast seeking what he can devour. In the present instance the leviathan of the sea had discovered a large school of sardines and was enjoying a feast in their midst, taking in ten barrels or so at a bite. Large flocks of sea-gulls had collected to snatch up from the water the scraps of mangled sardines which came to the surface. Hardly had the tug-boat arrived on the scene when a swordfish, accompanied by a thrasher, approached the whale and prodded the great Sulphur Bottom in the stomach with his sword. The whale rose out of the water almost directly in the path of the tug-boat, his massive bulk rearing thirty or forty feet

into the air. During this instant the photograph was taken. When the monster dropped back tons of spray were thrown over the boat. These fights between swordfish and bull whales are common occurrences, the swordfish usually gaining the victory; but it is only on very rare opportunities that the chance is presented for a picture. Here it may be added that the whale, or rather certain species of this interesting creature, is fast becoming extinct. At a meeting of the New York Zoological Society a resolution was adopted urging the protection of whales by international agreement. The great Bowhead and the Right Whale of the Arctic seas are now seldom seen, owing to the persistent manner in which they have been hunted. Against the modern harpoon gun the whale has little chance of escape, once it is sighted. Many years ago it was proposed that a restriction be placed upon the number of these sea mammals a vessel could take, but unfortunately no universal agreement could be arrived at on this point. Recent statistics collected by zoologists show that unless something can be done in protecting this great creature of the deep it must finally become extinct, or so rare that it would not pay to hunt it.



# Stalked by a Mountain Lion

by **C·J·LINCKE**

ILLUSTRATED BY  
**A·G·SMALL**

"This adventure befell me," writes the Author, "while engaged in mining in the upper reaches of the Selkirk Mountains, near Golden, British Columbia. It is correct in every particular, and the events are well known to a number of people in the district."

ONE may hear endless arguments pro and con as to the disposition of America's largest cat—the mountain lion, puma, cougar, or by whatever other name he is known—and I shall not attempt in this narrative to supply a brief in support of the statement that he is dangerous and vicious or that his reputation belies his true characteristics.

What I propose to do is to allow the reader to draw his own conclusions and decide for himself whether he would rather meet a full-grown mountain lion or a house-cat.

It was midwinter, and the snow lay deep along the high reaches of the Selkirk Mountains in British Columbia, where, with a lone companion, I had "holed up" at a copper mine in an endeavour to get a bit of necessary tunnelling done before spring. Having stored ample supplies of provisions, and being provided with every facility for combating a Canadian winter high up in the mountains, including heavy mackinaw short trousers, "Dutch" socks, moccasins, and the usual mackinaw slip-over, plus caribou skin-coats with the hair on, we were fairly comfortable.

Domiciled in a snug log-cabin at an altitude of eight thousand feet, with the mine workings but a short distance away, it mattered not if three joints of stove-pipe protruding through the roof failed to reach the surface of the snow in January and that it was necessary to employ my mining skill in driving a tunnel down to the door. Once inside, our hut was as comfortable as the best steam-heated hotel.

To break the monotony of the long winter, my companion—a young mountaineer named

Charles Johnston—and myself laid out a short trap-line, which we visited between times, picking up much valuable fur, including a black marten that fetched the record price of sixty-five dollars. It was in connection with this embryonic trapping industry that the adventure I am about to describe occurred.

Owing to a heavy snowfall, which obliterated the usual markings, placed about five feet above the ground on the trees beside which the traps were set, many of them became lost. A few days later, while making the rounds in the hope of remembering the correct location of the traps, we discovered that each of the lost traps had already been located. A well-marked track led from trap to trap, and at each one a hole had been dug at the rear of the stake-house built for lynx and marten, and the bait, as well as some valuable fur, was gone.

Knowing the customs and characteristics of the furred family, especially the wolverine, our first impression was that this bane of all trappers had paid us a visit. It is as well to lift your traps and quit when a wolverine appears, unless you are one of the rarest of experts in the trapping line and can trap the wily wolverine himself.

However, having other and more important matters to engross us, we did not worry about the appearance of the trap-robber. Moreover, within a few days we were due to go out on snowshoes to civilization, in order to escape the heavy snow-slides that come with the February thaw.

The season was late, and the night before we had arranged to depart the entire country began to move. From the high



cliffs the overhanging snow had been precipitated into the smaller gulches, whence it sped downward until the entire valley was one mass of hummocked snow, piled in some places fifty feet high. It was over these masses of snow that we were compelled to pick our way until we reached the dense forest, where the snow lay five feet deep on the level. During the day the sun came out hot, and, anticipating further slides, we hurried on to a point where an old campground lay in the edge of the big timber. The resulting thaw made the going hard, for with every step the web of the snowshoe picked up several pounds of slush, meanwhile sinking several inches into the "rotten" surface.

Reaching the camp, we decided to lay up and await the coming of night, when the cool air would give the snow a crust and make going easier.

While scanning the hills with my field-glasses I picked up a track running along the mountain-side several hundred feet above the floor of the wild gulch we were following. The position of the track, the distances between each impression, and the position of the trail—up along the mountain-side—told us as much as the actual presence of the maker of the tracks. It was the trail of a mountain lion.

It then occurred to us that this was the secret of the disturbed traps and the disappearance of the fur therein.

Dismissing the subject with casual comment, we whiled away the hours by the camp-fire until the shades of evening began to fall. Then, shouldering our packs, we set out along the line of trail through the timber, intending to make for a small cabin some four miles farther on, where we could sleep comfortably for the night, and where my rifle had been left on an inward trip.

Among the equipment carried in our pack-sacks, in addition to blankets and food, was what is commonly called a "bug" light. This is made by making a hole in the side of a tomato tin large enough to admit a candle and punching a few nail holes in the bottom of the tin to allow the air to escape when the open end of the tin is opposed to the wind. Attaching a handle, this is a light that will withstand a hard wind.

After travelling some distance, I touched a match to the candle, and walked behind my companion so as to light a way for us both. Owing to the heavy going little conversation was indulged in, and apart from the "crunch, crunch" of the snowshoes, no sound was audible save the usual night noises of the dense forest.

We had proceeded about a mile when I was attracted by what appeared to be a

faint echo of our footsteps coming from the rear. Turning to look back, and swinging the light, I was rewarded by the appearance of two balls of green fire some fifty yards behind us. A second later they disappeared, followed by the faint outline of a tawny shape that lost itself in the dense timber.

A council of war was immediately held, and as we were armed only with an axe, we made preparations to make a stand and fight if the lion approached. Hearing nothing further, however, we resumed the weary march towards the little cabin. The route now led through a dense forest and along a hillside trail where the going was extremely difficult.

Recalling that a mountain lion will never attack human beings unless ravenously hungry, when cornered, or when he has the advantage of ambush either on a branch above his intended victim or is safely concealed on a ledge of rock, from which he can spring unawares upon his victim, we suffered no qualms of fear. But our fancied security was but short-lived, for chancing to turn the light off the trail on the elevated hillside, the same two balls of green fire greeted us not many yards ahead, and directly alongside the trail. Again the light served to disconcert Leo, and when we reached the spot and examined the snow, we discovered that his tracks led away from the route we were travelling.

For the remaining distance to the cabin we played a game of hide-and-seek with the lion. First he would appear in the rear, as if bent upon stalking us, then he would resort to ambush tactics, only to be frightened away by the light.

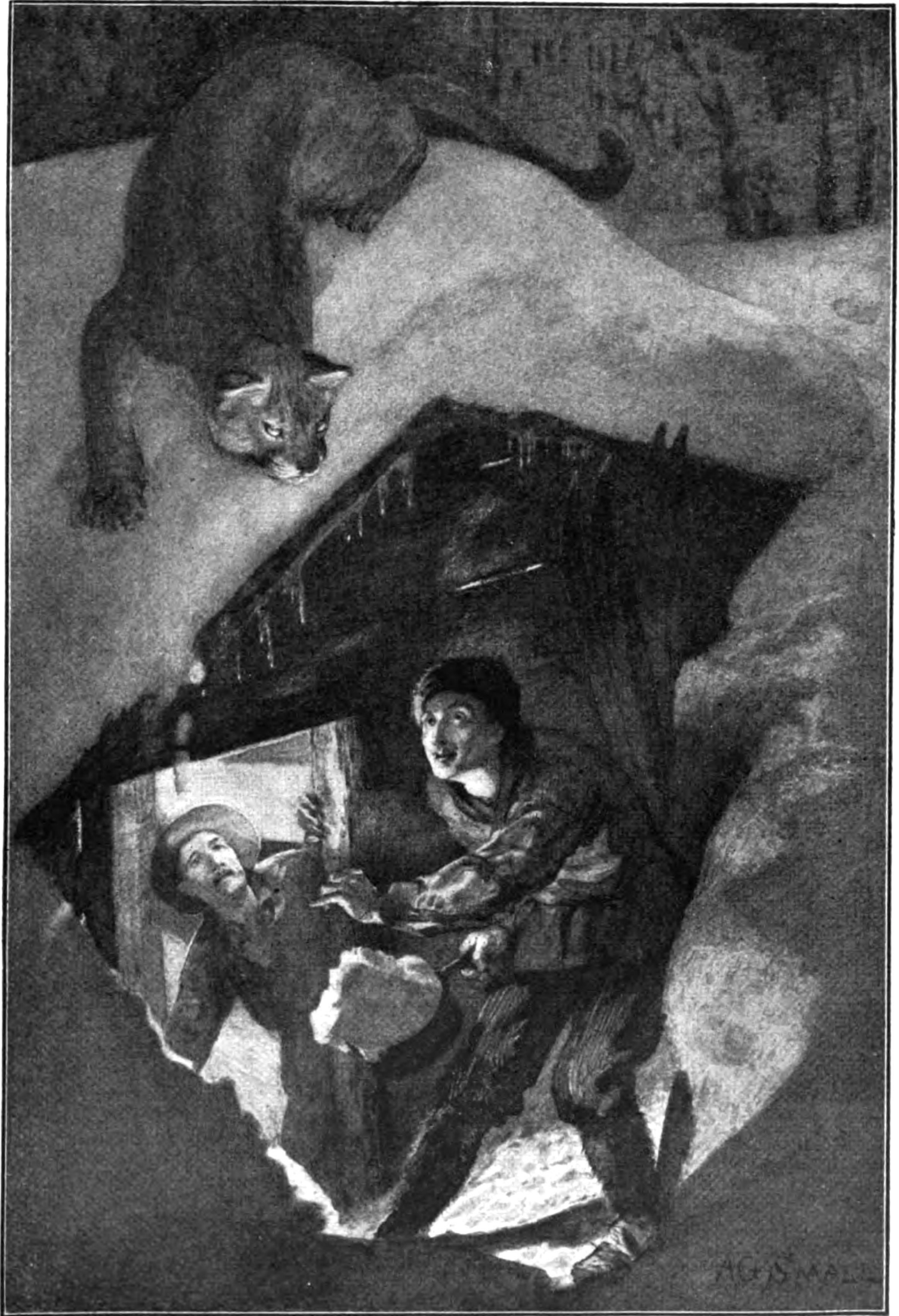
Thus, for mile after mile, we trudged along helpless against the big cat, save for the fast-disappearing candle in the "bug" light. We exchanged very few remarks, save precautionary suggestions in case Leo sprang from some limb upon one or other of us. It was decided that, should this occur, the man attacked was to fall prone in the snow and protect his head and face, his pack-sack serving as a shield to his back, while the other swung the axe in a counter-attack.

At last, tired out and much annoyed at having to suffer being stalked when we should have preferred to do the stalking, we reached the little cabin and prepared to spend the night there.

We found that the deeply-drifted snow was level with the roof, necessitating crawling down several feet to gain entrance.

When we had got a fire going in the little camp-stove, Johnston opened the door to get some snow to melt for the tea billy. As the flare from our candles was reflected





**“Look out! The lion!” I yelled to Johnstone.**



against the snow-face in front of the door, I glanced out just in time to see the two balls of green fire hanging over the edge of the snow-face, glaring down at the doorway. "Look out! The lion!" I yelled to Johnston, and reached for my rifle over the bunk, which was in the rear of the eight-by-ten cabin. Johnston promptly slammed the door—only just in the nick of time, for there was a crunching of snow and a resounding thud outside.

Presently Johnston cautiously opened the door again, while I stood ready to send a soft-nosed bullet at those eyes if they were still on guard. But Leo, evidently satisfied that our den was not easily entered, had drawn off.

Supper over, we lay awake for long hours planning revenge. It was decided that, should Leo still be hanging about the place next morning, he should have an opportunity of trying his prowess when conditions were more equal for us. I had a good rifle, and having hunted every species of big game on the American continent, knew how to use it.

Inspection of the surroundings next morning showed that the lion had hung about all night, circling the cabin, all the time drawing nearer and nearer, until his tracks actually passed over the roof several times. All the time, too, we were sleeping so soundly that we did not hear the big pads as they broke the crust of snow.

Taking three days' provisions, the rifle, blankets, and the axe, we picked up the trail where it led off along a hillside into a particularly dense growth of big hemlock and spruce. It was interesting to read the language of the forest, and especially what Leo's tracks had written in the snow. The trail wandered about apparently aimlessly, but at one point approached a leaning "deadfall," whence it leaped twenty or more feet into the deep snow. A mark of wing feathers on the snow, repeated a foot or more farther on, told us that a Franklyn grouse had barely escaped supplying the lion's breakfast. At another point Leo had explored the precincts of a pile of fallen trees, where a snowshoe rabbit had taken refuge from his time-honoured enemy, the lynx. Again Leo was foiled, for on the opposite side were a series of splashes in the snow leading to another pile of deadfall, and in close proximity was the mark of Leo's great pads. Brer Rabbit had saved his skin and bones by his superior agility.

In anticipation of a long and arduous journey that might last days, we trudged along in leisurely fashion, following the track. About two hours had elapsed when, on turning to look back, we beheld Leo just as he leaped behind a large tree, but so quickly that a shot was impossible. We turned and started back to meet him,

circling the tree, but when we arrived he had disappeared, and all we had to guide us were the tracks in the snow.

Several hours elapsed in futile efforts to come within range of the beast. It was another game of hide-and-seek, with first ourselves and then Leo as "it."

Profiting by the evidence in the snow where the lion had broken through in his plunges, we put on pace and began to practise tactics that eventually decided the game in our favour. We worked to get Leo out of the timber and into an open gulch half a mile away. This necessitated separating and closing in again to prevent the lion from circling and turning. We knew that directly he was aware he was being hunted, instead of being the hunter, all his courage would ooze away and he would be thrown on his inherent resources to save his own hide.

The strategy worked admirably, for as we emerged from the timber into an open glade, we beheld Leo many hundreds of yards distant, ploughing heavily through the snow, which by this time, having felt a touch of the morning sun, afforded no surface to buoy him up. At every step he sank to his belly, and when he attempted to increase his speed he was in worse straits than ever, for every now and then he sank completely out of sight.

The only refuge for the lion lay in a tongue of spruce that came down from the timber-line to the floor of the gulch. For this he was heading as rapidly as the going would permit. On several occasions he mounted logs sticking through the snow, and through my field-glasses I could see the malevolent expression on his face as he laid back his ears and bared his teeth in a defiant snarl. All the time, however, he was too far away for a sure shot. Satisfied that we were equal to Leo in endurance, and that it was only a question of time before he would be compelled to make a stand or take to a tree, we simply followed on, each at a sufficient distance to be well in evidence, but barring his way to other copses of timber.

Arriving at the woods, which were several hundred yards in width and ran for thousands of feet up the mountain-side, another game of hide-and-seek began, with Leo sometimes hunted and occasionally ourselves. Having a southern exposure, the sun found interstices in the dense timber at many points and began to soften the surface, making the going desperate for us and still more so for the lion.

We were hoping the big cat would make a stand, but instead of doing the obvious thing, he made a *détour* and re-entered the dense forest in which the cabin was located.



We had covered some seven miles by this time, and if the reader has ever broken trail on soft snow that does not sift through the web of a snowshoe he will appreciate what endurance was required in the chase. However, our strenuous training had put us into good condition for any kind of exertion, and we trudged mechanically on.

The trail, as I have said, led back towards the cabin, and as it neared this point Johnston facetiously remarked that perhaps, having noted that we had secured safety in the cabin, Leo had similar ideas, and we should find him smoking a pipe by the stove when we arrived!

But he had no such notion. As we approached a thick growth of hemlock I caught sight of the lion as he leaped from a deadfall to a large log. I tried for a shot, but merely grazed his throat. This evidently burned, for he leaped to a long-fallen tree leaning against a huge hemlock and darted up it. From that point, owing to the thickness of the timber, it was impossible to note his refuge accurately, so we began circling the trees, drawing closer each time. Johnston was on one side, I was on the other, both of us straining our eyes to locate the beast, when I was just in time to note the tawny form sitting on a limb not more than twenty-five feet up, staring in the direction of Johnston, and prepared to spring as soon as he was satisfied that the distance was right. I called a warning to Johnston, who ducked immediately behind a tree. The lion, attracted by my voice, turned just in time to receive my bullet under his eye. The next instant he crashed to the ground, half buried in the snow, and



**The Author with the lion a few minutes after it was killed. The animal measured eight feet six inches from his nose to the tip of his tail.**

after a few spasmodic twitchings lay still. When we took our bearings we found that we were within a hundred yards of the cabin, and therefore doffed our hats and thanked Leo for his consideration in coming close, where we could skin him in comfort.

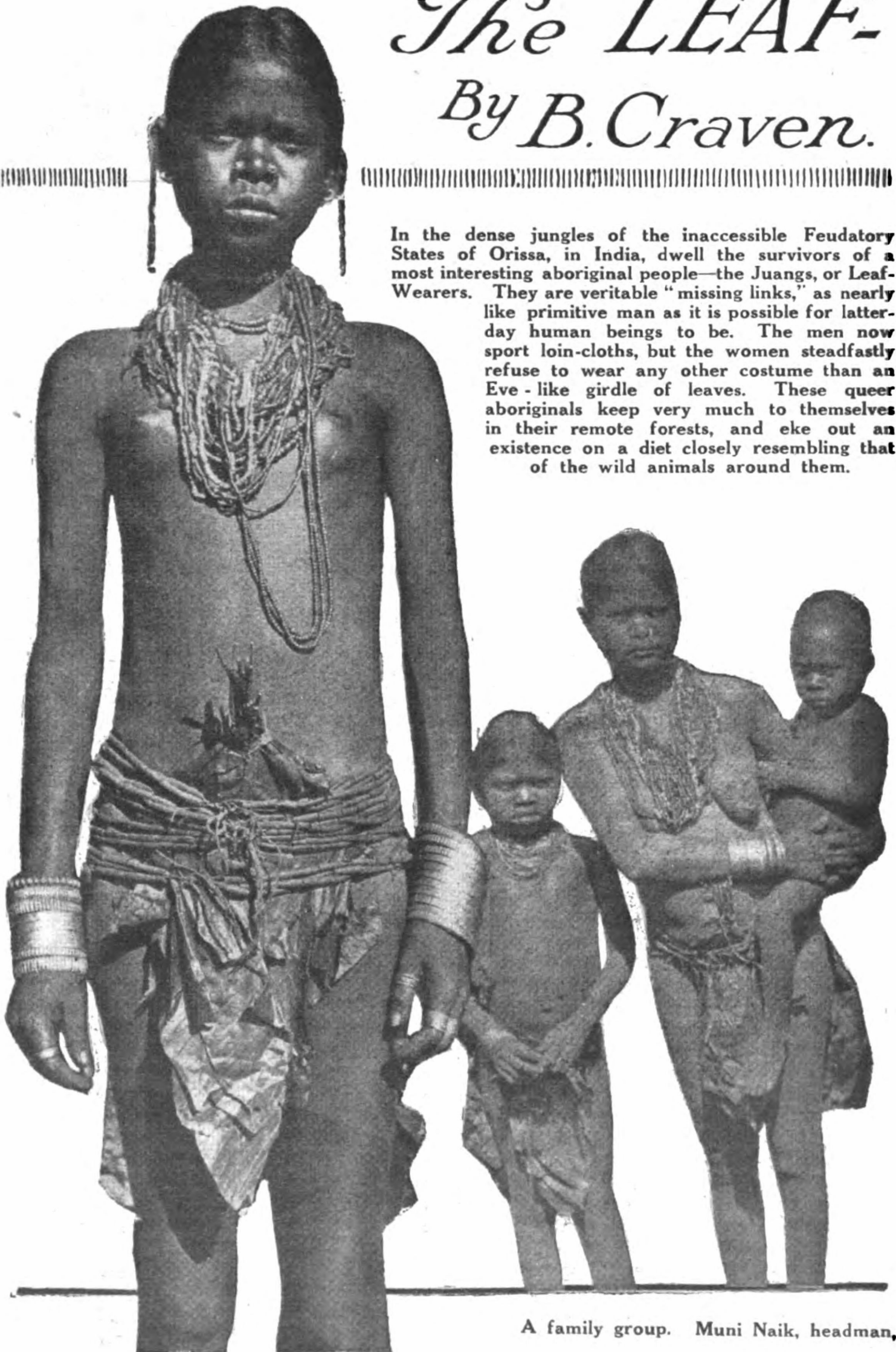
When we examined the skin we discovered that he *was* the animal who had robbed the traps. Among the fur lost was a lynx, and the story of the battle between the trapped animal and the lion, as written in the snow beside the trap, was most interesting in itself. Along the lion's front legs and belly we found several long incisions, made by the lynx's claws. Evidently he had given a good account of himself before he "cashed in."

The lion measured eight feet six inches from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail, and in the form of a rug he now lies beside my bed.

# *The LEAF-*

## *By B. Craven.*

In the dense jungles of the inaccessible Feudatory States of Orissa, in India, dwell the survivors of a most interesting aboriginal people—the Juangs, or Leaf-Wearers. They are veritable "missing links," as nearly like primitive man as it is possible for latter-day human beings to be. The men now sport loin-cloths, but the women steadfastly refuse to wear any other costume than an Eve-like girdle of leaves. These queer aboriginals keep very much to themselves in their remote forests, and eke out an existence on a diet closely resembling that of the wild animals around them.



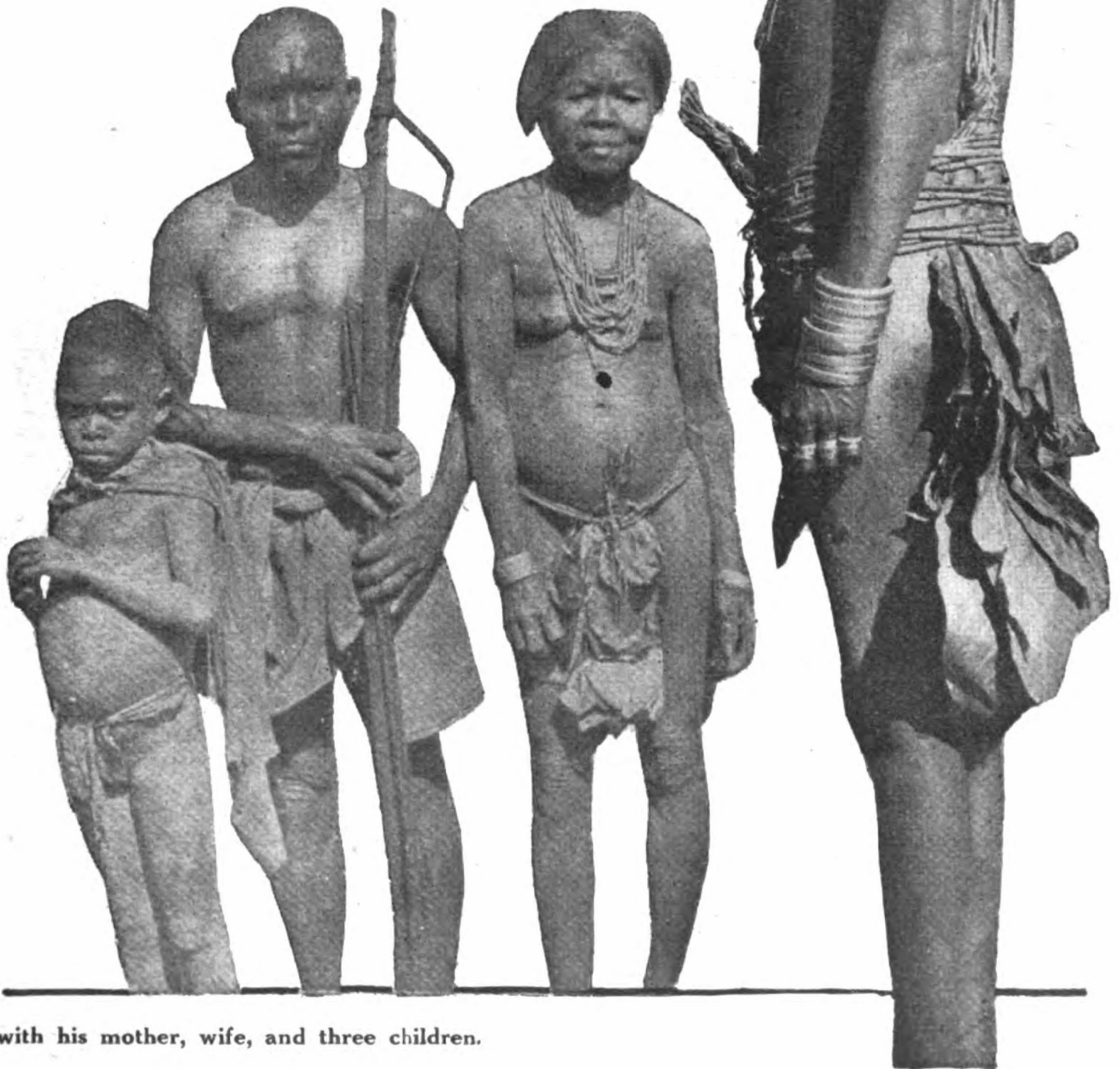
A family group. Muni Naik, headman,



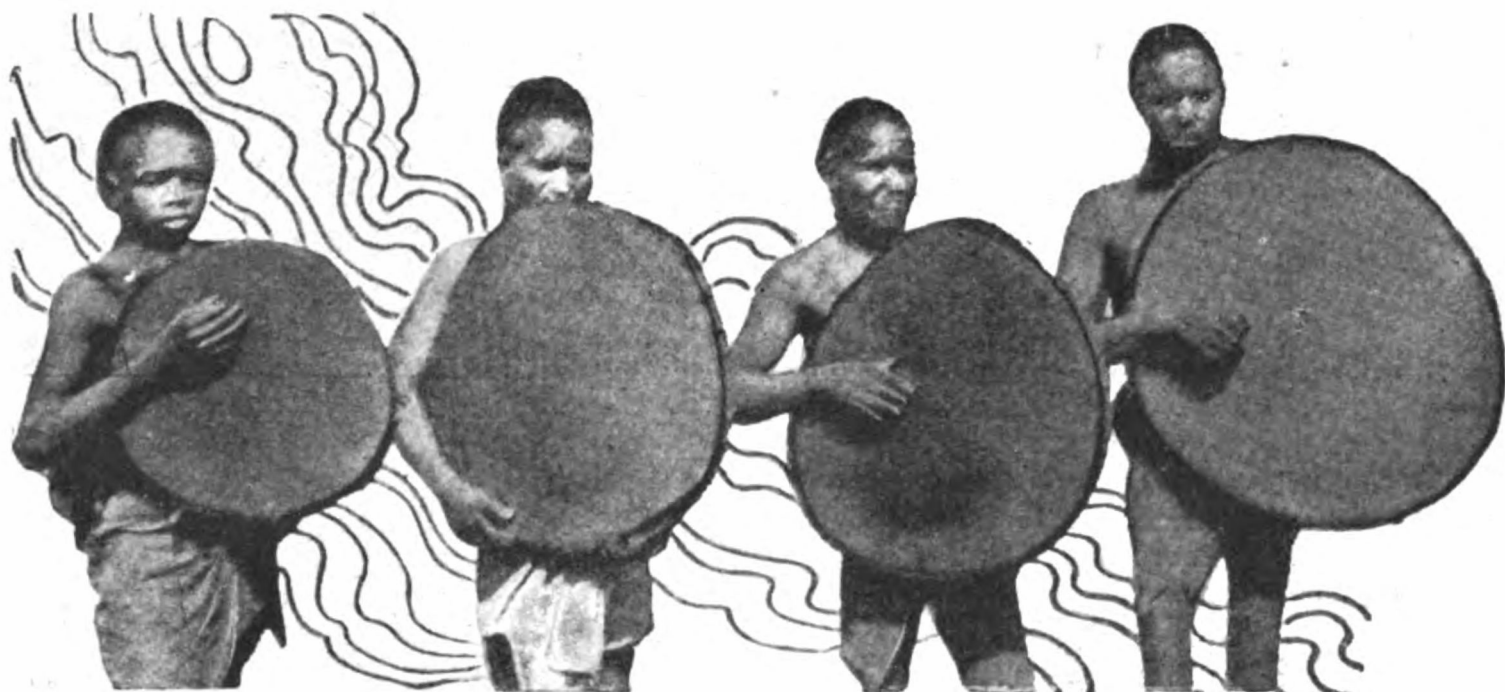
# WEARERS of ORISSA

HIDDEN away among the densely-forested hills of the most inaccessible Feudatory States of Orissa, in India, there exists to-day a primitive aboriginal people whose manners and customs take us back to primeval times. These interesting folk are the Juangs, or Leaf-Wearers of Orissa.

The information about the Juangs which has been embodied by Colonel Dalton in his "Ethnology of Bengal" is very limited, and beyond a brief survey of their appearance and general characteristics he leaves our



with his mother, wife, and three children.



The drummers of Kantala.

curiosity unsatisfied. Perhaps this is because there is so little to tell, for the Juang has few traditions of any kind wherewith to link up a history. He exists just like the monkeys in the remote fastnesses of his jungles, as ignorant as they of his source or destiny, and needing just as little to keep him satisfied with life. Yet one of the legends connected with his origin claims that the Juang is a direct descendant of the first-created of the human species. No admixture of races enters into his composition, and the place in which he is found to-day is the identical site on which he was launched in the first dim era of creation. There is a rock, shaped like the nostrils of a cow, near the source of the Baiturni River, in the Keonjhar State, which is supposed to be the birthplace of both the river and the tribe, and succeeding generations have certainly not wandered far from this legendary starting-point. The entire Juang population of India, numbering some eleven thousand souls at the present day, is to be found in the highlands of Keonjhar, Dhenkanal, and Pal Lahara, three adjoining native States whose intermingling hills form, in their wildest portion, the tract peculiar to the Juang people. It was in Pal Lahara, the smallest and most sequestered of these States, and the one in which the Juang element, if scantiest, is most unsophisticated, that the accompanying photographs were obtained. Pal Lahara numbers amongst its other inhabitants only four hundred Juangs, these being dispersed in eight tiny jungle villages scattered about the slopes of Malyagiri, the third highest peak in Orissa.

It was under the bold outlines of this hill, and in the crudest apology for a hamlet that it is possible to conceive—a place called Kantala, consisting of only five huts and

forty residents all told—that the writer made his first acquaintance with the "Leaf-Wearers" of Orissa. The women depicted—who, by the way, represent the entire female population of the village—are fair specimens of Juang femininity at its best, or worst. It will be seen that they alone wear the characteristic leaf costume, the men having long since discarded this sylvan attire for the scanty loin-cloth of comparative civilization.

Is it on this account that the Juang race is slowly but surely dying out? The Juang women, if they knew anything of Census statistics, would assure you that it was. Their own conservative opinion on the subject of dress is said to be based upon a superstition that the life of the race depends upon its adherence to a garment of leaves. Ages ago a curse was pronounced upon the Juangs by the goddess of the Baiturni River, in Keonjhar, when she first emerged as a stream from the "cow's nostrils." The cause of her displeasure was the spectacle of a party of Juangs dancing naked in her path. She forthwith issued a decree that they were to adopt a vesture of leaves on the spot, a garment which they should never more relinquish under pain of death. Whether or not this legendary threat really underlies the Juang females' objection to a change of fashions it is difficult to say. As we are elsewhere informed that the Juangs have no religious beliefs of any kind, it is more probable that the ladies never heard either of the goddess or the curse, and that they wear leaves because they like them, finding them "cool and convenient" for everyday purposes, to say nothing of their economical advantages. Anyhow, even free gifts of cloth held out time and again as inducements



by well-meaning reformers have failed to convince Mrs. Juang of the superiority of any other form of garment to her own. Although she may now occasionally be seen with a skimpy rag, as grimy as it is inadequate, draped fichu-wise over her shoulders, and leaving a comical tail of leaves hanging down behind, this concession to popular custom is only made on the occasions of her rare visits to such public haunts as fairs and market-places, its object being to protect her odd personality as much as possible from the scrutiny of the curious. For our hamadryad is a shy creature of the forest, and seldom quits her leafy haunts for the broad highway, transactions necessitating an incursion thereon being undertaken exclusively by her men-folk. In the recesses of the *sal* jungles, where her daily life is spent, the Juang woman clings stubbornly to the arboreal costume of her ancestors, and is never to be seen in any other.

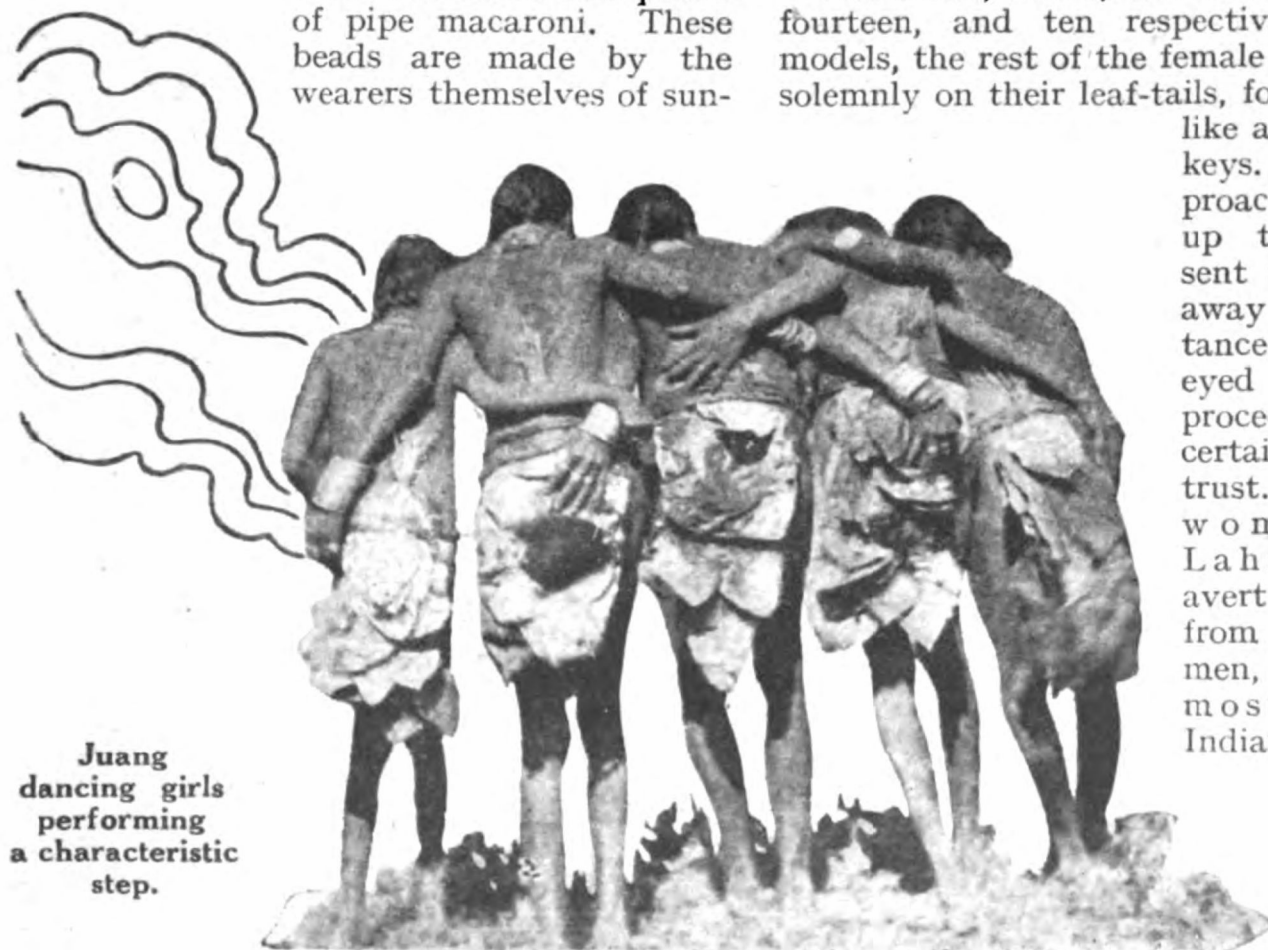
The intricacies of the leaf toilette are not hard to grasp, and Muni Naik, headman and general interpreter, who introduced to the camera the only three girls the village possessed, was of much assistance in explaining details of construction and arrangement. The girls themselves, who spoke not a word of any language but their own, stood mute as mannequins, obligingly allowing themselves to be turned about in all directions so as to display the most striking aspects of their "silhouettes." The foundation of the costume is the *latup*, or girdle of several strands of string threaded through

small red tubes like pieces of pipe macaroni. These beads are made by the wearers themselves of sun-

baked clay, and, with use, they acquire quite a good polish. The *latup* is never removed, the leaves that compose the "skirt" being daily adjusted in front and behind in two flat broomlike clusters that retain their position in a marvellous manner, considering that the sprigs are simply gathered together and stuck loosely into the girdle. The leaves employed are usually those of the *asan* (*Terminalia tomentosa*), but if these are not readily available when the Juang girl goes hunting for dress materials of a morning, she uses the *sal*, *kurai*, or any other long flat leaf with an elongated stalk. These stalks are plucked in graduated lengths, the longest being placed in the centre of the bunch and the others disposed symmetrically about it so as to produce a somewhat scale-like effect. The leaves are supposed to be changed every morning and buried when discarded, in order to prevent the wearer from falling a victim to tigers. But this superstition was apparently unheeded in the particular village visited, the outskirts of which were ankle deep in "cast-off clothes." Several of the older women, too, who had lost interest in such personal vanities as dress, were perilously dry and "crinkly" as to draperies. The collected stalks that appear above the girdle and go half-way up the back are apparently the only "thorns in the flesh" of the Juang leaf garment. All the women had their backs crusted with scars and scratches where the constant friction of the rough stalks had abraded and irritated the skin.

While Rai, Subni, and Tunti, aged sixteen, fourteen, and ten respectively, posed as models, the rest of the female population sat solemnly on their leaf-tails, for all the world

like a troop of monkeys. The mere approach of strangers up the glen had sent them skipping away to a safe distance, whence they eyed the unusual proceedings with a certain slinking distrust. The Juang woman in Pal Lahara does not avert her features from the gaze of men, as is the almost universal Indian custom, but meets glance for glance with something of the wild animal's cautious



Juang dancing girls performing a characteristic step.

curiosity. Indeed, the predominant impression carried away from a visit to a Juang village is that the borderland between man and animal has been very nearly crossed. The grotesque appearance of the women, together with their shy, wild habits and the isolation of their surroundings, is chiefly responsible for this; the men themselves do not look strikingly out of the common and would not attract notice in a crowd, except for their diminutive stature, their height scarcely ever exceeding five feet, and that of the women four and a half feet.

Their dwelling-places, as described by Colonel Dalton, "are among the smallest that human beings ever deliberately constructed. They measure about six feet by eight and are very low, with doors so small as to preclude the idea of a corpulent householder. Scanty as are the above dimensions for a family dwelling, the interior is divided into two compartments, one of which is the store-room, the other being used for all domestic arrangements. The head of the family and all his female belongings huddle together in this one stall, not much larger than a dog-kennel."

The headman's house shown in one of our photographs gives an idea of the size of a comparatively large Juang hut. An inspection of its dim interior was only rendered possible by going down on hands and knees at the front door. There is, however, in all Juang hamlets a somewhat more pretentious structure named the Mandapghar, which is always situated at the entrance to the village. This is a low-eaved hut, open on three sides, with the fourth walled in and forming a sleeping chamber or dormitory for the boys and youths of the village, who are evicted from the paternal dwelling-place on attaining years of discretion. The musical instruments of the village are stored in this place, as the Mandapghar, essentially the bachelors' abode, is also the centre of all entertainments, feasts, and public functions. The open portion of the hut serves as club room, concert hall, hostel for strangers, and village workshop combined. Here the men of the village lounge and chat, receive and put up guests from neighbouring villages, and weave the split bamboo baskets the sale of which, together with the proceeds of their rough hillside husbandry, is their only source of income. Hours of idleness are devoted to dancing, a pastime of which the Juang is as fond as his fellow-aborigines of other races. But while the dances of the Santals and Kols closely resemble his in their formation, they are infinitely superior in point of *verve* and execution, and not to be compared to the lifeless amble evoked by the exertions of the Juang "band." These musicians are not unimpressive in themselves, and though,

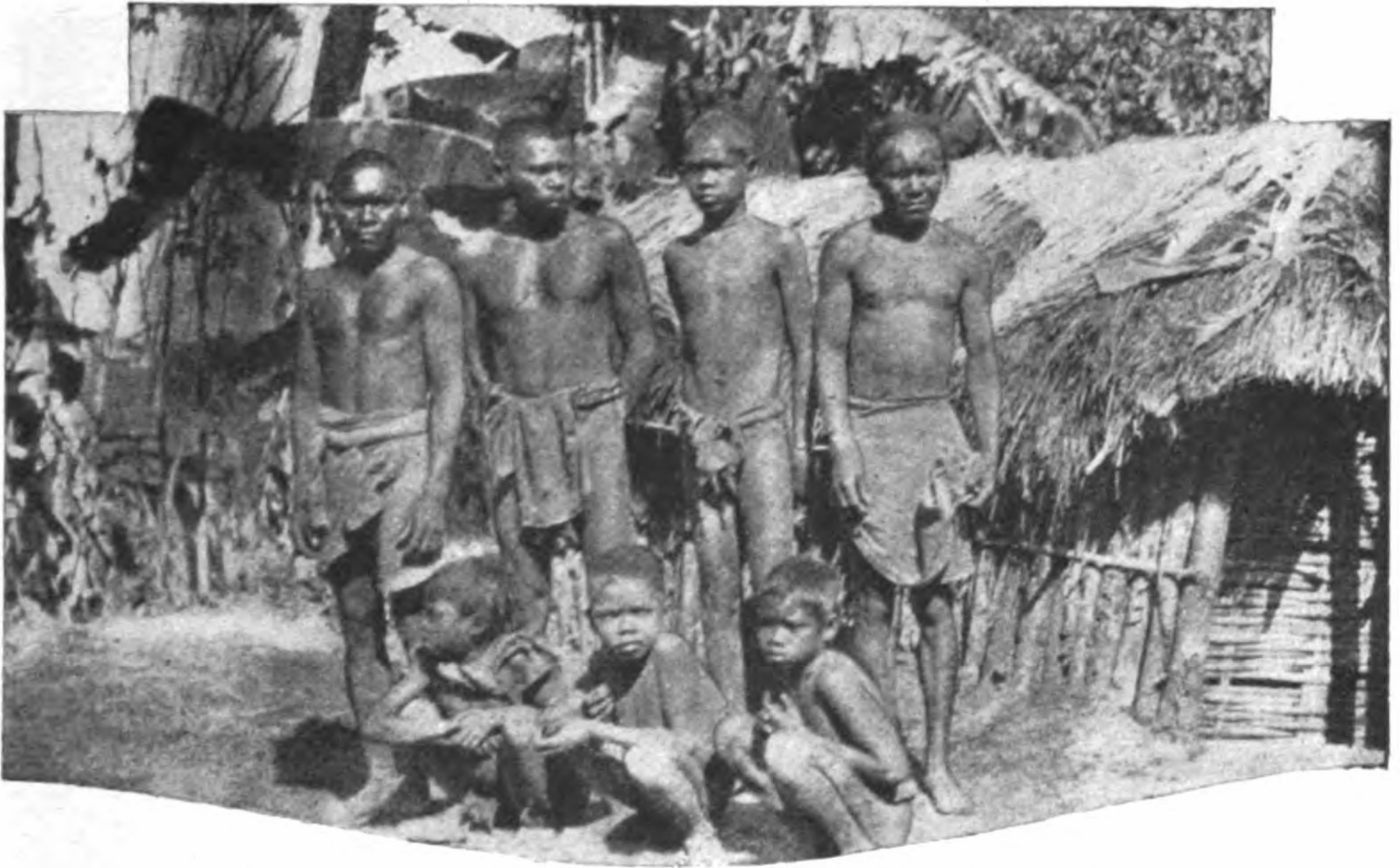
perhaps, it would not be wise to inquire too closely into the meaning of the lusty shouts that rhythmically accompany the thumps on their flat, shield-like drums, the general effect of the chorus is rudely harmonious. It is the women's efforts that are quite devoid of charm. Linked awkwardly together, and bending low, they go backwards and forwards in an inane little hopping movement which, repeated *ad infinitum*, is as wearisome to watch as it is lacking in effect.

The Juang's means of subsistence are chiefly provided by his own foragings in the jungle. His dietary is, in consequence, varied and uncommon, and includes—besides every edible root and fungus under the Indian sun—such rare comestibles as snakes and monkeys. The snake usually selected is the fleshy and non-poisonous variety known as the *dhaman*, and the Juang has a sort of paper-bag method of cooking this delicacy by wrapping the cut-up pieces in leaves and burying them in hot ashes until ready. He also eats rats and frogs, but professes to eschew the flesh of tiger, bear, and leopard—three strong meats which are in considerable request among certain other aboriginal tribes in Orissa. He is, however, extremely partial to cows and buffaloes, which explains the abhorrence in which he is held by the Hindu. In order to incline them towards agriculture and to better the economic conditions of the Juangs, the State gives seed grain and a plough bullock annually to every village of the tribe; but the continued non-production of crops worth mentioning, coupled with the mysterious disappearance of the bullocks, raises the grim suspicion that they are promptly put to less pastoral if more appreciated uses than the plough.

The Juang's chief characteristic, however, is his love for strong drink, a failing which is shared by every member of the community, men, women, and children alike joining in the carousal that invariably follows any acquisition of cash. Most of his earnings at the weekly markets, to which he takes his periodical load of baskets, mats, and vegetable produce, are left in the wine-shops of the neighbourhood, the rice and salt purchased being in very small proportion to the amount of liquor carried back, both inside and outside, to stir up the monotony of village life. It is curious that with this passion for intoxicants the Juang should not have acquired the art of distilling some form of liquor from the many materials obtainable in the jungle. He is, however, ignorant of any such process, and, it is said, cannot even brew the simple, if cheering and inebriating, "rice beer" that forms the solace of most aboriginal tribes.

As a cultivator the Juang is as rudimentary as his forefathers, who *jhoomed* the hillsides





Juang men and boys in front of one of their diminutive huts.

with their queer little hand-ploughs, much as he does, or would like to continue doing, to-day. *Jhooming* is, or was, a primitive method of hill agriculture, and consisted in burning down patches of forest, spreading the ashes on the cleared ground, and raising such crops as might be coaxed to grow thereon. When the transient virtues of the soil thus prepared were exhausted, the site was abandoned and a fresh area of forest taken up and destroyed, the Juang moving his home in nomadic fashion along his path of devastation. The strict rules recently imposed for the preservation and protection of Indian forests have put a stop to this cheerful practice, which has, however, left its scars on all the Orissa hills. The Juang's cultivable area being now so considerably reduced, he has to rely more assiduously on the small crops that can, with the minimum of effort, be raised about his own door.

The cycle of existence in a Juang village is punctuated with little ceremonial. When a man wants a wife he sends his friends to propose to the parents or guardians of the girl of his choice. If they accept, a date is fixed upon, when his emissaries are again dispatched to fetch the bride to his village. On her arrival with her relatives and friends the bridegroom regales the wedding party to a night of feasting, dismissing the girl's people the next morning with some measures of husked and unhusked rice. And thus is

the newly-wed bride installed in her future home and considered "well and truly" married. Births are attended with even less fuss, although even the Juang babe is subjected to the time-honoured Indian custom of being rubbed with turmeric and laid in the sun to harden. The dead are burnt and their ashes thrown into the nearest stream. During the period of mourning, which lasts three days, no meat or salt must be partaken of.

The Juangs have no officiating priest to preside at their ceremonies, since they have no worship or cult of any sort to justify his appointment. Their villages contain no fetish, tutelary god, or even sacred branch or stone to typify the supernatural. Among a people whose language has no word for "God" this is scarcely to be wondered at. But if the Juang's consciousness of things supernal is limited, he is also happily untrammelled by fears of evil, "Hell" being a word which is equally absent from his vocabulary. There is no evidence that the Juang has any leanings towards sorcery, witchcraft, devil-worship, or any of the darker cults of the savage, his life being, in fact, as analogous to the irresponsible tenor of the animals as it is possible for humans to make it. Even the noisy high days and holidays of the Hindu, which permeate with their festive influence so many tribal households around him, raise not an eddy of response in the quiet backwaters of his leafy abode.

# My Adventure in Sing Sing

by

**W** HOOOOEEEE!!  
Whoooooee!!

The big siren of Sing Sing—the great penitentiary of the State of New York, and America's most famous prison—sent its screeching, blood-tingling warning that an escape had been made, echoing over the countryside.

Again it rang out, and although it was broad daylight, I shuddered involuntarily, for it had a most uncanny sound. I had just left the train from New York at the Ossining station, and as I threaded my way through the narrow, tortuous paths from the station to the heights, and thence to the broad road which led to the forbidding gates of the grim, grey pile that housed the blasted hopes of so many hundreds of my fellow-men, I could not but wonder who, among all those hundreds, had made his "getaway."

Major Lewis Lawes had been installed as Warden of Sing Sing a short time previously, and as one of the staff correspondents of the United News, a Press association furnishing news to some of the foremost dailies of America, I was on my way to interview the new Warden.

This was better than I had expected, I reflected, for as a newspaper man the journalistic instinct was naturally uppermost in my mind, and I felt that I had arrived just in time for a good story.

It was the last day in January. The

**HARWOOD  
KOPPEL.**

*ILLUSTRATED BY  
ERNEST PRATER*

**A very unusual story. Going to Sing Sing—America's most famous prison—in fulfilment of an ordinary journalistic appointment to interview the new Warden, Mr. Koppel dropped straight into a most exciting adventure, wherein he found himself in convict uniform endeavouring to elucidate a baffling mystery.**

weather had been bitterly cold and huge snowbanks were piled everywhere, while the ground all about me was buried deep in a mantle of purest white. It made the tramping toward the great prison a trifle heavy, but the dreadful echo of that mournful siren kept ringing in my ears, and I bowed my head and plunged manfully on.

As I neared the prison blue-uniformed guards came swarming out of the great gates and began to spread fanwise over the adjacent territory. With repeating rifles in their hands, their grim, determined faces told only too well what the fate of the quarry they sought would be if the hunters got within rifle-range of their game. It would be surrender or death.

"Did you see anything



**The Author,  
Mr. Harwood  
Koppel.**



of a couple of convicts going by as you came up?" one of the keepers asked me, as he and a companion halted for a moment in the wide roadway.

"Not I," was my brief reply, for I did not wish to be delayed. I was all impatience to reach the Warden himself and get permission to take part in the man-hunt.

The guards hurried away, and I plodded on to the gates of Sing Sing. The men in the outer office informed me that the Warden was busy hunting for two desperate criminals, known as the "Brooklyn Car Barn Bandits," who had escaped but a few minutes before, or rather, who had been missed just then. At that moment Major Lawes himself appeared on the scene, and I realized that if I was to take part in the chase I must act quickly.

"Major Lawes," I said, hurriedly, "I am the staff correspondent of United News, with whom you were good enough to make an engagement for an interview to-day. I realize that you are very busy now, and don't wish to bother you at this time, other than to ask permission to accompany you on the hunt for the men who have escaped."

The Warden stopped for a moment to grip my hand, and with a pleasant smile said: "You are quite welcome, sir, to join us. I must warn you, however, that these men are desperate young criminals who will stop at nothing, and I have every reason to believe they are armed. If you accompany us you do so at your own risk."

"I am delighted to be of your party," I assured him, heartily.

"Are you 'heeled'?" he inquired.

"No; I do not carry a revolver," I replied.

"Then you had better take this one," he said, reaching into a desk drawer and producing a "thirty-eight."

With the Warden at our head, another party of us left the penitentiary and began to scour the suburbs of the little town of Ossining. As we walked, with our eyes ever alert for suspicious, skulking figures, the Warden explained the circumstances of the escape.

"The getaway of these two young desperadoes, Alfred Friedlander and Percival McDonough, was so mysteriously accomplished," he said, "that the sentinels in the watch-towers, the guards who patrol beyond the walls, and the keepers who came up when the men were found missing at supper roll-call were all baffled.

"Friedlander had a sentence of from eight to sixteen years, while McDonough's bit was thirty-nine years, because he had a very bad past and the judge gave him the limit. Both men had been in the penitentiary only two weeks. Personally, I don't

believe they have got out," the Warden said this with such emphasis, that I looked up at him astounded.

"You don't think they've got away?" I asked in amazement. "Then why the sounding of the siren and the armed guards swarming over the countryside?"

"Because I am taking no chances," returned Major Lawes. "If they *are* outside I am going to make every effort to get them, but I have an idea the men are still within the walls. If they're inside, I can't conceive how they expect to get away, nor can I imagine where they're hiding, for we have naturally searched the place from top to bottom.

"It is next to impossible for a convict to get out of Sing Sing," he added, "and I will back my official reputation that these two will not make a clean getaway. If they're inside, I can't fathom their game; but I am a good poker player and I'll call their bluff, whatever it is."

The convicts of Sing Sing do not wear the striped garb customary in nearly all State penitentiaries in the United States, but are clad in suits of a dark mottled-grey pattern, cut on the lines of civilian clothing, with grey caps of the variety commonly termed "golf." Their shoes, prison-made, are heavy and strong, much like those of soldiers. In the fast-approaching winter twilight we all realized that it was going to be a hard matter to distinguish those grey figures on the snowy landscape. No fresh tracks had been found in the snow leading from the gates or walls of Sing Sing, and this served to add a certain amount of plausibility to the Warden's belief that the men were hidden inside.

When night had fallen, and Major Lawes realized that further searching would be hopeless until daylight, he ordered our party back and then had the signal blown on the siren for the recall of the other groups of searchers.

When all the guards had reassembled in the large walled-in yard, Major Lawes told the keepers of his belief that their quarry were still within the walls, and ordered another minute search of the cells, shops, mess-halls, kitchens, and other buildings to be made. The structures were examined from top to bottom, but all to no purpose. No trace of Friedlander and McDonough could be found.

All night long every light in the prison glowed; searchlights flashed here and there, and the sentries in the watch-towers and the corridors of the cells watched with alert eyes every corner of their beats. Never, through all the hours of darkness, did the keepers relax their vigilance for an instant. They realized that if the men were still inside they might make a break for freedom at any



**"I found myself, with plate and cup, standing in line waiting for my 'grub.' "**

moment, and when that dash was made it would probably mean death for the guard caught unawares. So, with rifles held in the crook of the arm, or with nervous fingers grasping the butt of ready revolvers, they watched and waited, but nothing happened.

For myself, with my borrowed gun in my outside coat-pocket, I accompanied the Warden as he went peering and poking about in odd corners of the formidable group of buildings. We discovered nothing.

When midnight had passed and every conceivable place in Sing Sing had been overhauled, Major Lawes admitted himself non-plussed, but would not concede defeat.

"They are still somewhere inside," he persisted in saying, "and when daylight comes I'll find them, if I have to tear the prison down block by block to do it."

Feeling that further efforts that night would be futile, unless something unexpected developed, the Warden posted double guards everywhere, and advised the rest of the party to get as much sleep as possible, so that they would be fresh to take up the search in the morning. He placed a room in his own quarters at my disposal, and bade me good-night.

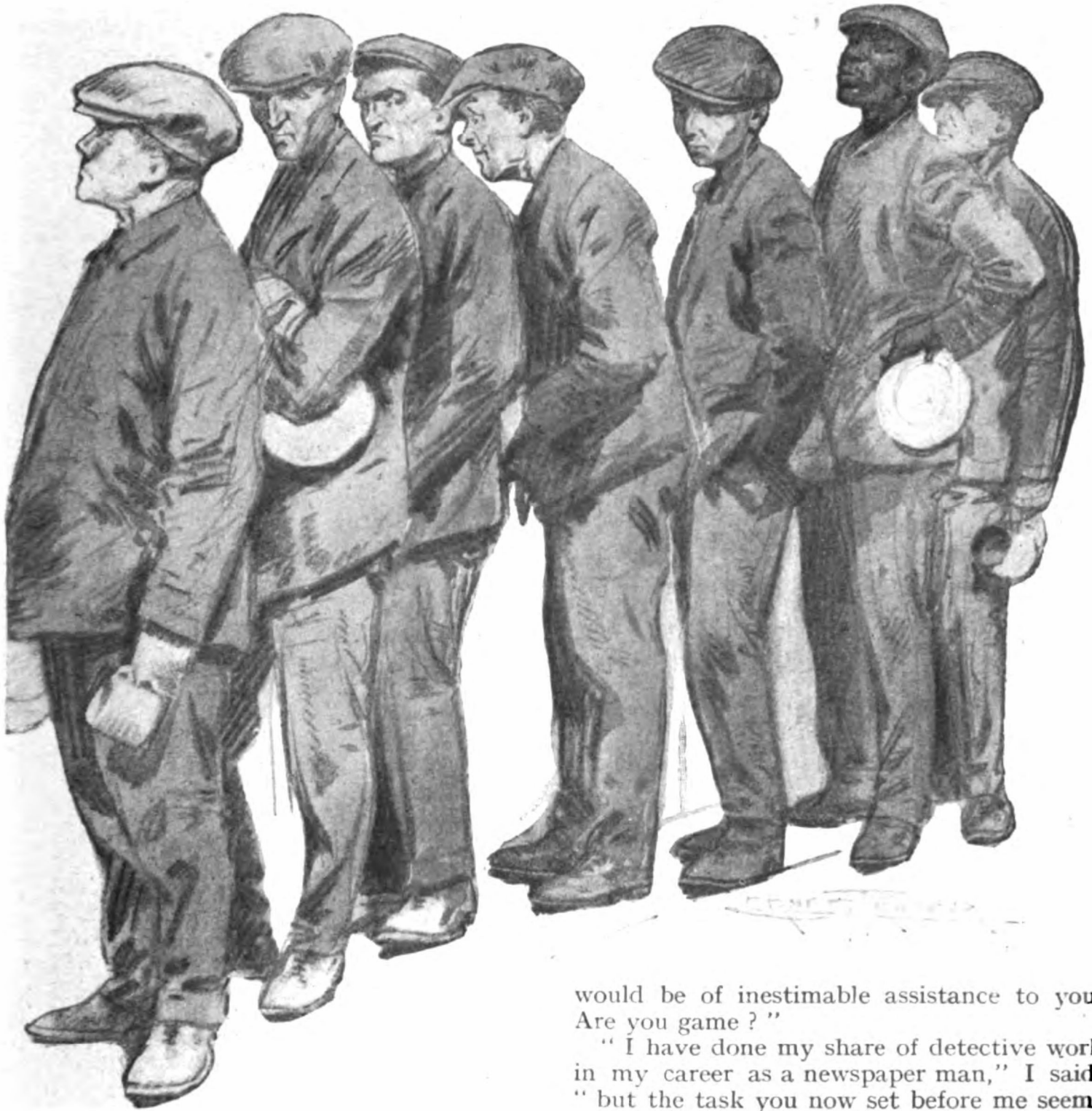
While I was breakfasting with the Warden and his family next morning, Major Lawes said :—

"I have thought of a scheme by which I believe you can assist me in locating those felons."

"You may rely upon my assistance," I assured him.

"The plan, briefly, is this. I need all my keepers to take up the search outside ; and,





besides, they are too well known for what I have in mind. The convicts have not seen you except in fleeting glimpses last night, and would not recognize you in prison garb. My men have been able to ascertain nothing from questioning the prisoners. They will not 'squeal' on their pals. I should like you to don the grey uniform of the prisoners and I will order you to be confined in the same tier of cells from which Friedlander and McDonough made their escape. Word will be dropped that you are newly-arrived this morning from New York, and are a desperate character, capable of any crime. You will felicitate the convicts you come into contact with on the escape of those two men yesterday, boast that at the first opportunity you intend making your 'fade-away,' and discreetly hint that a word as to how Friedlander and McDonough did it

would be of inestimable assistance to you. Are you game?"

"I have done my share of detective work in my career as a newspaper man," I said, "but the task you now set before me seems unusually difficult."

"For that reason, it should appeal to your detective instinct all the more forcibly," argued the Warden. "Here is a real mystery. Two notorious criminals have vanished from the greatest prison in America. There is no sign of them—absolutely no clue. No one, apparently, saw them go, and yet scores probably did."

"It was an inside job. These desperadoes got away from the inside and it will take a detective, professional or amateur, on the inside to ferret out their hiding-place. I will admit that there is a great deal of danger attached to the work, for if the convicts discovered that a detective was in their midst, they might rend him to pieces before the guards could come to his rescue. You are under no obligation to take these risks, and I have mentioned the scheme because I felt it would appeal to your sporting instincts."

"Say no more," I interrupted, quickly. "I am not afraid, but I simply doubted my ability to discover what your own men could not find out. Bring out your Sing Sing uniform, and I am ready. Must I have my head clipped in some prison fashion?"

"No," laughed the Warden; "we have abolished all such signs of servitude long ago. That went with the striped garb and the lock-step."

Thus it was that at breakfast time I found myself, with plate and cup, standing in line waiting for my "grub," although I had breakfasted some short time previously with great relish at the Warden's table.

A whispered word to a companion in line that I was "Kid" Anderson, the well-known crook and gunman, had earned for me much deference by the time breakfast had been concluded, and since there was no ban on conversation I was soon being initiated into the mysterious "inner circle" that rules the lives of the convicts far more strictly in its own secret manner than the rules promulgated by the authorities.

As it was the custom to boast of one's misdeeds, I painted for myself a past so lurid that my hardened auditors almost shuddered—but not quite, for they were a "hard" bunch, and listened mostly with *blasé* indifference.

When I boasted of my determination to make an attempt at escape at the first opportunity, one of the less discreet members of the "inner circle" told me of the "get-away" of the day before, but not all my most adroit questioning could bring forth any information as to how it had been accomplished.

"Wait till yer gits ready to make yer own jump, an' then somebody'll slip yer a wise word as to how yer kin git away," he said.

Evidently they were not quite ready to trust me thoroughly yet. They had not doubted my record as a crook, but even crooks had been known to "snitch," and they weren't taking any chances.

The hours moved swiftly, for everything was so strange to me that I did not have to watch the clock. I was put to work in the printing shop, where the *Star of Hope*, the monthly periodical published by the convicts, was got out, and with a keeper ever near me—ostensibly because I was a desperate and untried criminal so far as prison discipline was concerned, but really to protect me in the event of my identity being discovered—I played my rôle.

Men employed at various tasks were permitted to take their meals to the structures in which they worked and there eat alone or in groups if they so desired, the discipline in this respect being very elastic. I had noted with surprise the many tools lying around

unguarded in the motor-car instruction school. This was a small one-storey building in which the prisoners were taught the operation and repair of motor trucks and passenger cars, and all the tools necessary in the repair of a car were to be had here. I had taken my plate and cup into this building to dispose of my supper alone, as the constant companionship of the convicts was already proving extremely disagreeable, and had ensconced myself in the rear part of one of the trucks, when I heard voices. Two convicts had entered the building.

"I tell you," growled one of the men, "if you try to fade away now you'll spoil it for them as has gone an' only queer it for yerself. Wait till they gits out, an' then you kin make it by th' same underground route."

At the last words I started up. "Underground route!" Here, indeed, was a clue! But the conversation was continuing.

"I've got jist as much right to make a gitaway as them birds has," argued the second man, "an' I ain't goin' to wait no longer. I'm droppin' out of sight right now. When th' guards make th' twilight count, 'Tony th' Wop' is goin' to be among them what ain't here."

"Don't do that," argued the other. "You know what a row has been kicked up already through Friedlander and McDonough gittin' clear. If another one of us guys beats it, th' Governor (Warden) will be puttin' all of us on bread an' water or, maybe, cut out th' movies. It ain't fair to th' gang, Tony, to make th' whole bunch suffer jist 'cause yer wants to fly th' coop now."

Peering cautiously out, I could see the two men standing near a tool bench while they conversed. As I watched I saw the one who had announced his intention of making his escape seize a large iron file and slip it into his trouser leg. Next he took a heavy hammer, which he put into the bosom of his shirt. He was looking around for other tools, when his companion spoke again:—

"What you takin' them fer?"

"I got to have somethin' to fight with, ain't I?" replied the other.

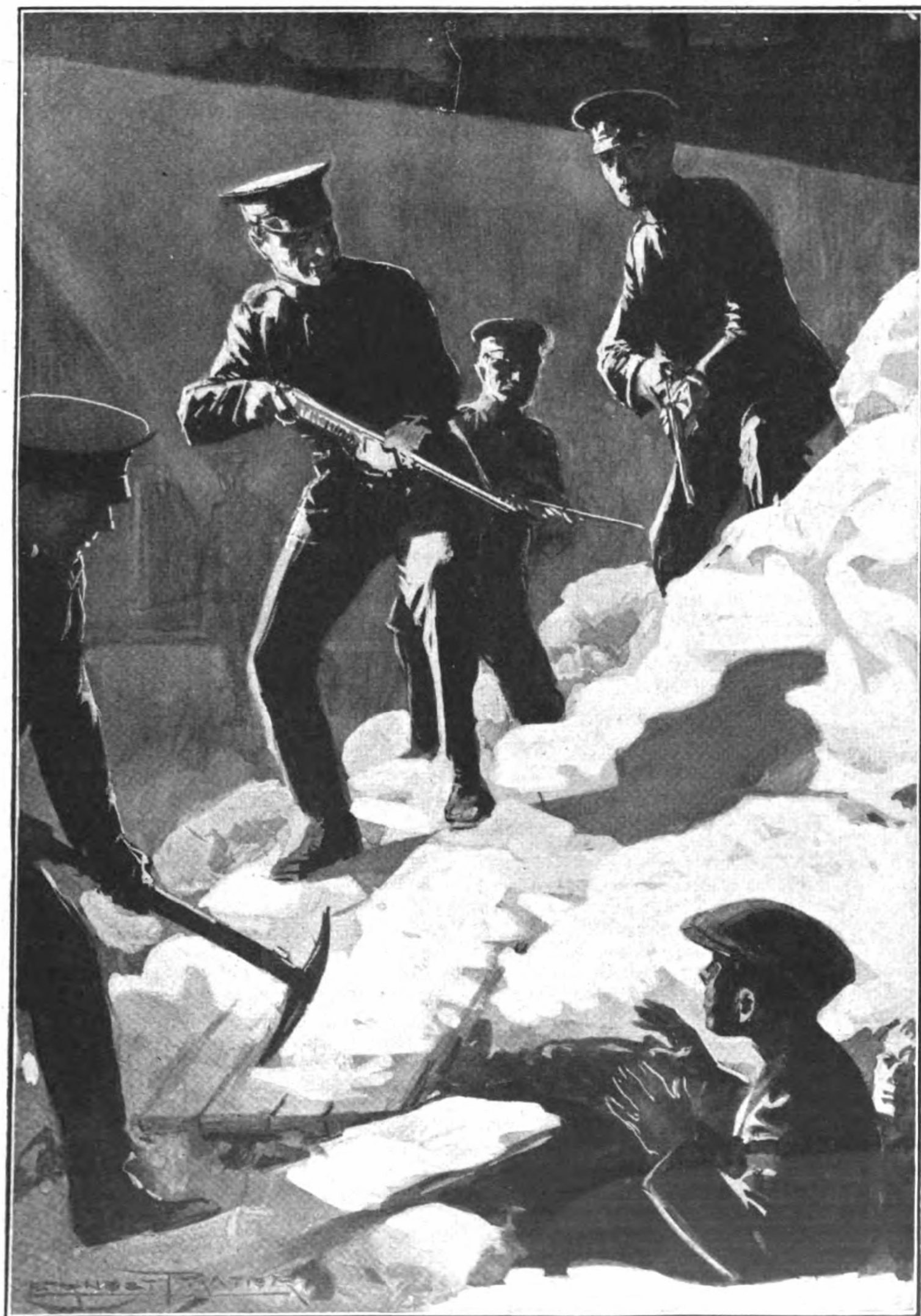
"Sure, man, you ain't goin' to hit none of th' keepers with that hammer, is yer, or stick 'em with th' file?"

"Let one of them guys try to stop me an' you'll see how quick I'll send him 'West.'"

"Then I'm through with you," said his pal. "I washes me hands of th' whole business." With that he turned and passed out of the doorway.

He had been gone but an instant when Tony also left, and I decided that at last my chance had come to find the hidden trail that led from Sing Sing to freedom. Shadowing Tony as closely as I dared, I plodded through the deep snow in his wake for a short distance.





"The voice of Friedlander came from out of the darkness : 'We'll come out. Don't shoot!'"

Skulking along in the lee of the penitentiary buildings, Tony made his way to the north end of the yard. Finally, he reached the prison coal-pile and, skirting it, stopped at one end and began a peculiar movement which, from the distance I was forced to keep, I could not understand. At last it dawned on me that Tony was making some measurements by pacing off certain distances from fixed spots. In my eagerness I started forward to get a bit closer. In keeping my eyes on Tony, I overlooked a large lump of coal and tripped. As I fell I gasped in a stifled way, and the sound brought the man to a halt, with his features as taut as though he had been suddenly frozen. Then he spied me, and with an angry growl came bounding toward me, hammer in hand.

I thought my last day had come, for I was unable to get to my feet before he reached the place where I had fallen.

He leaned down and grasped me by the shoulder with one hand, raising the hammer on high with the other, and I realized that nerve alone could save me.

"What's eatin' you? Can't a pal make his gitaway too, without you wantin' to brain him?" I asked, in my best underworld dialect.

"Oh!"—Tony chuckled nervously—"you sure give me some scare! Fact is, you throwed me into a cold sweat. I thought you was some keeper what had followed me. When did you slip away?"

"Just a bit ago," I answered. "Some of th' boys in my cell block told me as how I would find th' 'gate' under th' coal pile, an' I was jest tryin' to locate it when I stumbled. I didn't see you at all till you came at me with that hammer."

"Well, th' hole's jest over there," and Tony indicated with a pointed finger a spot where I concluded a dug-out or tunnel must have been made. "Come on, let's git busy, I'll——"

But whatever it was Tony was going to do, I never knew, for at that instant there was a noisy commotion from some other part of the yard, and cries were wafted in our direction:—

"Another one's got away! Tony the Wop has gone! Call the guards! Another getaway!"

Tony's face blanched, and his boasted nerve dropped from him like a shell.

"'Tain't no use, mate," he said to me, "it can't be did now! I'm goin' back before they comes huntin' me. They might shoot. Here; you take these an' fade away." Before I could protest he had pressed the hammer and file into my hands and was trekking back toward the part of the yard where the men were lined up for the twilight count. Evidently Tony the Wop had a broad yellow streak.

A quarter of an hour later the beams of a powerful prison searchlight were playing on the coal pile and watchful keepers, with their rifles ready, patrolled its outskirts. It was comparatively small in circumference, but Major Lawes decided that if his men were hiding in a dug-out they should not break through the cordon of guards. Other keepers with pickaxes were put to work digging. A few minutes' work, and then a keeper's pick struck something that rang hollowly. He pulled, and a board came up from the snow, stuck to the pick.

Now the keepers worked with redoubled vigour and others, crowding around, peered with anxious eyes at the rapidly-clearing snow-patch. Rifles were levelled at the spot and the rays of the searchlight concentrated as much as possible on the very small area where the boards were being found. At last off came a sort of cover, and the voice of Friedlander came from out of the darkness:—

"We'll come out. Don't shoot! We ain't got no guns."

Up clambered Friedlander, a youth of eighteen, and following in his wake was McDonough, a good bit older, and looking pale and ghastly in the light of the searchlight. With hands aloft the guards marched the two back to their cells, while the Warden and other officials, as well as I, peered down into as neat a six-by-six dug-out as ever housed a group of snipers in France.

Several keepers dropped into the dug-out and lifted up three blankets, a box that had been used as a table, an abundant supply of tobacco and matches, a handful of candles, a frying-pan, two cases of canned heating material, which the men had used for cooking, and several dozen cans of foodstuffs of various kinds. The digging was continued until a tunnel had been uncovered that led down to the bottom of the dug-out from another part of the coal pile. This was in reality an air shaft, covered over with a board and a thin film of snow which let the air filter through.

The tale would be more complete if I were able to explain how all this had been done, but Friedlander and McDonough—knowing that they would be punished in any event, and stoically refusing to "peach" on their pals—just averred that they "stole the food and crawled in when nobody was looking." They were going to wait until the man-hunt had simmered down and then some night, after all the convicts had been locked in their cells and the night guards had been withdrawn from the yards and outside patrols, "take a chance."

"It was taking a chance what got us here," said Friedlander, in an attempt at non-chalance, albeit his voice trembled, "and we jist took a chance to git out."



# "Silk Mask Jim"

by  
**GEOFFREY  
JOHNS**

ILLUSTRATED BY  
**W.C. NICOLSON**

The amazing story of a dual personality—a Jekyll and Hyde case in real life—recently unearthed by the Chicago police. Apparently a private detective, and later an hotel clerk, "Silk Mask Jim" was actually a master-criminal, head of a great thieves' trust that was responsible for more than seven hundred robberies in a single year. College-trained and speaking no fewer than seven languages, he developed a highly specialized intelligence service, and employed a large staff of assistants, including several women. "Jim's" accidental arrest led to a midnight pistol-battle to the death with some twenty policemen, after which his identity was discovered and the details of his remarkable career came to light.

"**S**AY, Harrigan, how is it you speak Polish and other foreign languages so well, seeing you have an Irish name?"

"Huh! Some people are too inquisitive. Look here, though, Tierney, you've an Irish name yourself, and you've been a pretty good friend of mine, so I don't mind telling you."

Hugh Tierney was employed by the Mooney and Boland Detective Agency, of New York, and Harrigan worked under him as a private detective. They had been connected since the latter part of 1916, and the above conversation took place at the beginning of 1918.

Harrigan was a handsome man, whose face might have been his fortune as a "juvenile lead" in the "movies." He had a fine forehead, from which the dark brown hair was thrown back in a curling mass; large dark eyes, full of fire; a well-shaped nose, and a firm mouth and chin. He was reticent, quiet, of select tastes in wearing apparel, fond of art and music, and spoke no fewer than seven languages.

Hugh Tierney had always found him honourable, upright, and honest, and had already had many long conversations with him, in which he had talked freely of his exploits as a private detective and strike-breaker in labour uprisings, especially in Minnesota, where he had been employed in connection with the Iron Range strike shortly before he began work for the Mooney and Boland Agency.

Lolling back in his chair, facing Tierney, Harrigan pro-

ceeded to unfold the story of his life—with certain reservations which will appear in due course.

"I was born in a small town in Pennsylvania," he said. "My father was Irish, hence my name—James J. Harrigan, at your service. My mother was a German. When I was about twelve years old my father died, and my mother took me back to Germany, to her old home. There I was educated in the best schools. I learned Polish and most of the other languages I know while I was there. Later I went to college, where I graduated. When my mother died I travelled quite a lot in Europe, improving my acquaintance with the languages. I came back to this country in 1909, and got a job with the Ordell-Mann Detective Agency in New York.

"I had always wished to be a detective, having a liking for a life of adventure. From New York I went to St. Louis, and from there to Pittsburgh. And that's pretty well the whole story, save when I acted as a strike-breaker in Virginia, Minnesota, which portion of my career I have already mentioned to you in our conversation."

Not long after this chat Hugh Tierney received the surprise of his life. One day James J. Harrigan disappeared, and later two detective-sergeants, named Russell and Kilgore, waited upon Tierney and informed him that they held a warrant for "James J.'s" arrest for the theft of an automobile.



**James J. Harrigan, alias  
"Silk Mask Jim."**

"For all his fine education and manners, he's a downright wrong 'un—a proper crook," said Sergeant Russell, one of the officers. "As a matter of fact he's fairly well known to the police. He was mixed up with a gang of stick-ups in 1915, when he was arrested by Sergeants Neary and Vaughan. He originally came from Erie or Philadelphia."

"Well, I am surprised!" gasped the astonished Tierney.

Harrigan was not to be found, but, unknown to the baffled police, a man strangely like him arrived in Chicago about the same time and, under the same name, obtained work as a night-clerk at the New Wellington Hotel, 215, East Thirty-fifth Street. Here he speedily won a reputation for his courteous treatment of women and the fact that he spoke seven languages.

Before long the Chicago police found themselves greatly worried by a perfect epidemic of burglaries in the city's "Gold Coast" or North Side territory, which includes the homes of some of the wealthiest residents. Almost nightly some gentleman's house or garage or some big store was entered and looted, the robberies including motor-cars and accessories, expensive furs, silver plate, jewellery and trinkets, clothing, and valuable bric-à-brac. The officers of the law were completely at fault, and could trace neither the stolen goods nor the thieves. All they *did* succeed in discovering, after months of active search and inquiry, was that the master-mind behind the robberies was a man who habitually wore a blue silk mask while engaged in his nefarious work, was known as "Jim," and always attended to the "big jobs" himself.

Suspicion fell upon a man of gentlemanly address who had gained entrance to some of the houses by the judicious use of the card of an electric-light inspector of the Commonwealth Edison Company. Just about the time when a description of this individual was sedulously advertised James J. Harrigan vanished from the New Wellington Hotel. Curiously enough, six hundred dollars were found to be missing from the safe.

Automobiles appeared to be "Silk Mask Jim's" speciality, but his wide tastes included anything of a valuable nature, as already indicated—"anything from an electric welding machine, weighing a ton, to a woman's vanity bag." Within a year the thefts of hundreds of motor-cars were unaccounted for, and all were ascribed to his activities.

The certificate of a notary public, issued to Mr. William E. Borg in October, 1918, by Governor Lowden, was stolen from the Borg residence at 6247, Kenmore Avenue, and it was believed that "Silk Mask Jim"—who displayed remarkable attention to detail in all his work—got possession of this document

and made frequent use of it in preparing bills of sale for the stolen automobiles. By means of the certificate he was able to satisfy persons who might otherwise have questioned the validity of the sales.

The robberies had gone on for some time, the property stolen amounting to more than one hundred thousand pounds in value, when a mysterious man, accompanied by two beautiful women, was noticed frequently in a limousine touring the fashionable residential districts. The police instituted inquiries about him, but failed to discover his identity. Suspicion also fell upon a strange woman, who was often seen carrying a large hamper; but she also eluded all trace.

The robberies still went on and had totalled considerably over seven hundred, when, towards the latter part of April, 1920, Dr. J. Murney Nicholson, of 5456, Lakewood Avenue, Chicago, had his car stolen, along with a medicine-case, a camera, and a case containing a pair of binoculars. The automobile was taken from in front of his residence, and the other articles were in the car. The binoculars had only recently been sent to Dr. Nicholson by Secretary of the Navy Daniels.

Subsequently the car was found abandoned on a prairie, stripped of its tyres and other equipment.

Less than a week later, on Sunday, April 25th, Police-patrolman Frank Weimer, while on duty late at night, met a man coming out of a dark alley between two large buildings of flats at Buena and Clarendon Avenues.

"What were you doing in there?" he demanded.

The stranger laughed good-naturedly and exhibited a special policeman's star which he wore, bearing the number 4043.

"It's all right, patrolman," he said. "I was looking for my girl, whom I have to meet on the quiet. I can't find the right house. Perhaps, as a brother-officer, you wouldn't mind helping me?"

Weimer, however, was suspicious.

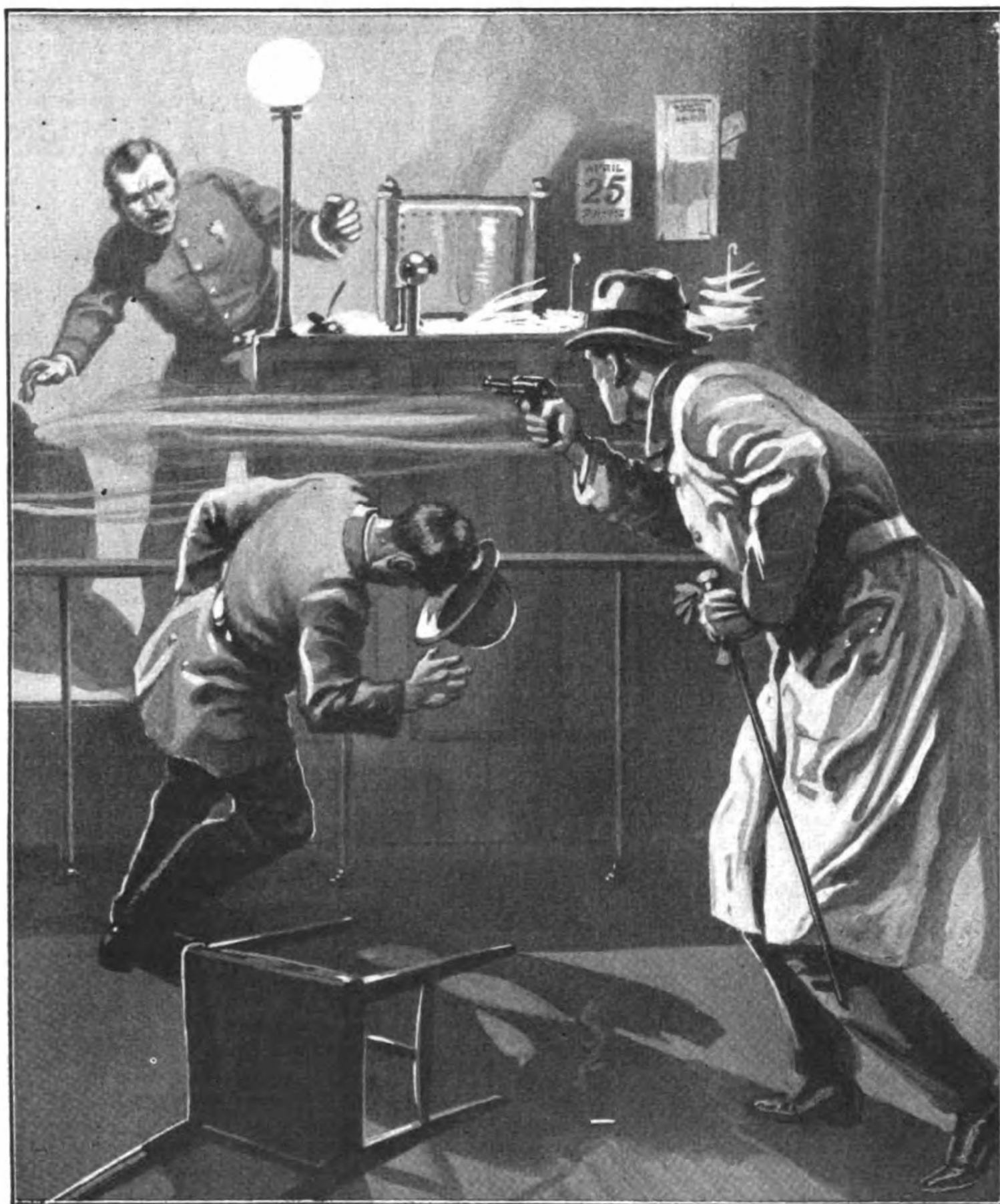
"Guess the best thing you can do," he replied, "is to come with me to Town Hall Police-station."

"All right," said the stranger. "You're suspicious, so I'll go with you. But I assure you that it's quite all right. My name is James—Henry J. James. I'm a special, as my star testifies, and I've been for years a private detective for the Mooney and Boland Agency."

He accompanied Weimer to the police-station, where he repeated his story, and presented his card and star. The card bore the name of "Henry J. James, Private Detective, The Mooney and Boland Detective Agency."

"Your card and star appear to be regular,"





**"He leaped back and, drawing an automatic pistol, opened fire upon the two astounded police-officers."**

said Sergeant George Giernan, the officer in charge. "You can go."

"Hadn't we better search him first?" suggested Patrolman Weimer, still unsatisfied.

James, who had been unconcernedly smoking a cigarette, made a motion as if to flick the ashes off. Instead, he dropped the cigarette, leaped back, and, drawing an automatic pistol, immediately opened fire upon the two astounded police-officers as he backed towards the station door!

Patrolman Weimer received the first bullet in the leg, and Sergeant Giernan had his kneecap shattered by another bullet, which may cripple him for life.

Reaching the door, "James" bolted into the street. But the shots had aroused the whole police-station, and half a score of officers speedily poured out after him, and a running battle ensued, the police firing in the dark at the flashes of the desperado's pistol. "James," in trying to dodge behind

a wall, stumbled and fell, but at once picked himself up and continued the fight. The police made a concerted rush, but the fugitive fired swiftly and unerringly, and soon three more officers fell wounded.

More police rushed up, until there were fully twenty on the scene, and these exchanged shots rapidly with the desperado.

Over a hundred shots in all were fired, when a police-chauffeur named John Byrne, although hit himself, mortally wounded "James" with a bullet through the head.

He dropped and ceased firing, whereupon the police cautiously advanced and found him unconscious.

He was brought back to the police-station and searched. In his pockets were found skeleton keys, a chisel, a drill, a flashlight, and a *blue silk mask*, thus identifying him with the mysterious and long-sought-for "Silk Mask Jim." Moreover, his overcoat contained two wigs, one of black hair, the other of blond. This lightning-change outfit was completed by a folding soft hat and horn-rimmed spectacles.

These, however, were not the only articles in his capacious pockets. There was a diary, a most remarkable book, in which were listed with minute care the names of "prospects" or likely "cribs to crack." The book divided the city into zones, and was cross-indexed, so that when a place was robbed it could be checked off. The amount of loot taken was stated on a separate page, while yet another section of the book was given over to the classification of pawn-brokers, with a list of the articles they preferred to buy.

The prospective "cribs" were headed "Fair," "Excellent," "Much jewellery," "Rare Oriental rugs," etc.; and the book also contained "James's" boarding-house address and the address of a warehouse he rented at 2214, North Clark Street.

There was also a letter from a telephone girl at the New Wellington Hotel, in which she said: "I shall probably go my way pecking at the switchboard through the long years, but henceforth I shall have in my heart a vision of one real man."

The unconscious desperado was immediately removed to the Alexian Brothers' Hospital, where he died early on the Monday morning without regaining his senses. The police, however, had already been to the addresses found in the diary, and learned much concerning him.

The first place visited, of course, was the boarding-house. The proprietress, a widow, stated that a man answering to the description of the desperado had lived at her home under the name of James Harrigan, but had left suddenly. She was taken to the hospital and identified the man as her lodger.

The warehouse, or garage, that the dead man had rented at 2214, North Clark Street, held a great surprise for the officers of the law. It was found to be a perfect treasure-house of stolen property. In a secret room at the back were stored a hundred and fifty Oriental rugs, valued at eight thousand pounds, and a heterogeneous collection of furs, jewellery, and silver-ware of all kinds, estimated in all at about fifty thousand dollars' worth, as well as more than two hundred licence-plates from stolen cars. The sales of these cars, it is believed, must have netted nearly a hundred thousand dollars.

All the goods were removed to the Town Hall Police-station, which soon resembled the bargain-counter of a large department store.

Needless to say, the affair created a tremendous sensation, especially when a fuller investigation of Harrigan's books and card-indexes revealed him as the engineer of more than seven hundred robberies from North Side Chicago homes during the past year. A luxurious limousine was also found in the garage, and proved to be the one in which "the man of mystery" had toured the "Gold Coast" with his two lady assistants.

The recovered loot had advanced in value, so that the owners received back goods worth nearly double what they were when they were stolen. For the whole of two days gentlemen were coming and going identifying articles at the Town Hall Police-station. Mooney and Boland's Detective Agency had been communicated with, and Hugh Tierney came to identify the body of his old subordinate, and told at the inquest of the conversations they had had in 1917 and 1918, thus disclosing the dead master crook's dual personality.

Neither Policeman Weimer nor Policeman Byrne could attend the inquest, as both were confined to bed with their wounds.

Some of Harrigan's fellow-members of Chicago's underworld, who had kept silent while he lived, now gave the authorities information concerning other activities of this amazing criminal. He was not only a drug "addict" himself, it appeared, but the head of a gigantic "dope ring," and as such was known as "Doc. James." His gang constituted what was virtually a burglary and "dope" trust, and stole hundreds of physicians' prescription blanks, which they utilized at drug stores.

Efforts were made to trace his leading accomplices, who, it appeared, were chiefly women; but for the most part they managed to evade detection. It was expected that his body would be handed over to the Chicago Demonstration Convention of Surgeons for anatomical purposes. If this happens in "James's" case, the study of his brain may prove invaluable to criminal science.



# "MY STRANGEST EXPERIENCE"

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This competition has been a great success, and hundreds of stories have been sent in by readers in all parts of the world. Here is a further selection of personal narratives dealing with out-of-the-ordinary adventures.

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## I.—MY EVENING OUT.

*By E. W.*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN DE WALTON.

**What happened to a man who went fishing off the Irish coast.**

**I**T is surprising how soon one may become engaged in an adventure. I was trawling for rock-cod from my little sailing boat off the West Coast of Ireland when my line got tangled up in a mass of seaweed. Leaning rather far over the side of the boat in an endeavour to disengage it, I was busily occupied when a sudden puff of wind heeled the boat over and altered my centre of gravity to such an extent that I went head first into the water.

I came up gasping and half-choked; I certainly swallowed more sea-water than ever before or since. Moreover, I came up practically blind, for my glasses were streaming wet.

My surprise at the ducking was rapidly succeeded by annoyance at the thought that I should have to go back and walk up through the little town wet to the skin.

When I could breathe freely again, I trod water long enough to get off my glasses and slip them into my pocket. Then I became possessed by a feeling a good deal more intense than either surprise or annoyance—the desire to find myself safely back in my little boat.

For, although what happened took place in less time than it takes to tell it, the boat had already removed itself a distance of some yards and was in the process of removing itself to a greater distance still.

I struck out wildly in pursuit of it.

Although a fair swimmer, I had never previously attempted to swim with my clothes on, and I found them a terrible handicap. The breeze gently wafted the boat along, and at the end of a few minutes

I was farther away from her than ever, and in a fair way to becoming exhausted.

I had perforce to stop for a rest. While I did so the boat drifted beyond all hope of reach, and I was left to consider my position.

I had been trawling over some rocks which are never entirely exposed to view, and which were now covered by about fifteen feet of water. The tide was still rising. The nearest land was about a mile away. I could not remember to have seen any boats about when fishing, and it was most unlikely that my plight would be observed from the shore. It seemed as though I should have to swim for it, and as I had never covered more than a quarter of the distance the feeling of panic which suddenly assailed me was, perhaps, excusable, particularly in view of the fact that the shore at the nearest point was steep and rocky.

With an effort I recovered my self-control. I rested on my back for a little while, getting my breath after my wild spurt for the boat, which was still continuing its solitary journey. I looked all round to see whether any other craft was in sight, and presently I saw something which turned my thoughts in a different direction.

This something was the buoy which marked the channel, warning vessels off the dangerous rocks over which I had been fishing. It was about a couple of hundred yards away—a good deal nearer than the shore—and, without stopping to think too much what I was doing, I struck out towards it.

Even the swim to the buoy seemed a long, weary business, but at last I reached

it. A wooden rim which ran round it at the water's edge formed a sort of hand-hold. I commenced to circle round the buoy and presently came to a chain. With the aid of this I pulled myself up until I was standing on the rim, with my body out of the water. The top of the buoy, which seemed to be flat, was somewhere on a level with my head.

A chain ran from a ring in the top of the buoy and disappeared into the water through a hole in the wooden rim. What its purpose was, unless to afford assistance to unfortunate people in my predicament, I cannot say. I found it very useful, however, and was able, with its assistance, to scramble on to the top of the buoy.

This was about five feet in diameter and proved to be slightly convex. Standing up, I had a good look round. The sea was empty of any kind of craft except my own, which was now a considerable distance away, and the shores all round looked barren and bare of life.

Even as I stared about me, a broken gleam of sunshine faded slowly out, showing that the sun was dipping behind the mountains, and a faint curl of mist on a distant hillside confirmed the fact that night was rapidly drawing on.

I wrung out what water I could from my clothes—and then it came home to me very forcibly that I could do nothing more except wait. Every moment the light was waning, and I realized with feelings akin to horror that I was doomed to spend the night on top of that buoy.

I also realized that I was not made of the stuff that produces a St. Simon Stylites. In a very short time my teeth were chattering and my thoughts growing morbid. The distant hills, as they became darker and more shadowy with the oncoming of night, looked terrible and sinister, and the sea had a poisonous look.

The chill of the iron on which I crouched seemed to eat into me, and my sodden garments clung to me clammily. Crouch and huddle as I might, there seemed no respite from the deadening cold.

I was soon wishing that I had taken my chance of getting to the shore; I reflected ruefully that by this time my troubles would have been over one way or the other. Curled up like an animal, with my knees close to my chin and my arms clasped round them, I grew more and more despairing. Time crawled along with incredible slowness. I commenced to count, and by the time I reached fifty I seemed to have been counting for an hour. My head began to grow dizzy, and such a longing for a smoke came over me as I had never experienced before. Both cigarettes and matches, however, were

soaked as the result of my immersion, so my craving remained unsatisfied.

My longing for a smoke was followed by a terrible desire for a drink of water. By this time it was pitch dark, there being neither moon nor stars; the only light was the ghostly phosphorescence of the water as it rippled against the buoy or was disturbed by the jumping of a fish.

Gradually the keenness of my feelings began to be blunted, but my head grew more and more dizzy. The top of the buoy seemed to narrow until I felt that the slightest movement would make me fall off into the water. Then drowsiness began to steal over me, accompanied by nightmare terrors as my partially relaxed limbs began to slide down the gently sloping surface of the top of the buoy.

Suddenly I was conscious of a ghastly sensation. It seemed that I was dead and summoned to judgment. I stood alone in the midst of a dreadful, unearthly light. The sensation was simply annihilating, and I struggled back to wakefulness to find that the light was real. A wide, white beam was creeping along the hills, lighting up everything it touched.

I watched it with some curiosity. It came nearer and nearer, and then suddenly the darkness around me was lit up by a blinding glare.

I realized that a warship must have come in and anchored, away at the far end of the harbour, and that it was engaged in searchlight practice.

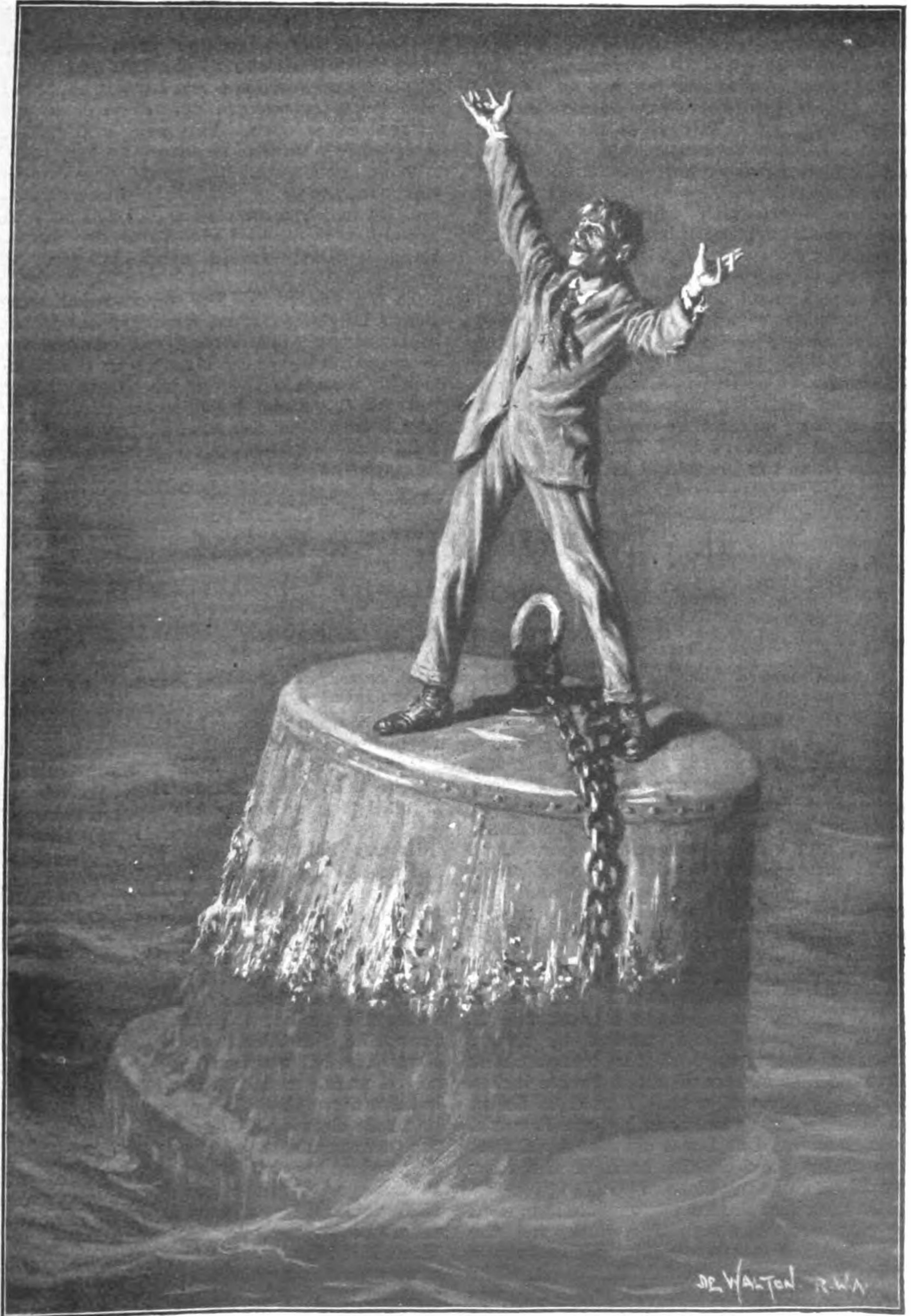
The beam rested steady, moved away, and came back. By this time my mind had grasped the possibilities the light afforded. I struggled to my feet, waved my stiffened arms, and began to cry wildly for help. Not for an instant did I realize how futile it was to shout for help to a vessel several miles away. When the light was switched off again, I could feel hot tears rising in my eyes.

Before long, however, it returned and remained steady, centred on the buoy. I waited tensely, hope and fear struggling for the mastery.

The light swung away once more, and I could see its course far away on the opposite hills. Then from the ship began a series of dots and dashes, thrown by a much smaller light. After a time these ceased. The searchlight came round, rested on the buoy for an instant, and then went out as though a giant extinguisher had been dropped over it.

Alone in the darkness again, I strove to keep alive the hope of an early rescue, but it slowly died out as time went on. Inwardly I raged against the cruel, callous creatures on the ship, for I felt sure that glasses had





"I struggled to my feet, waved my stiffened arms, and began to cry wildly for help."

been used in connection with the search-light, and that I had been seen. Then I imagined that there must be some red-tape regulations designed to prevent those on board from performing an act of mercy, and I consigned the whole British Admiralty to a worse fate than mine. Filled with a sombre bitterness that even made me forget my cold and wet condition, I composed biting letters to high Government officials, filled with wild complaints at the way I had been left helpless in my marooned state.

Then, in the middle of these scathing effusions, I imagined I heard a new sound.

I listened eagerly. The water lapped softly against the buoy, but, through the noise of its lapping, I seemed to hear something else. The suspense was more agonizing than anything that had gone before, but a few minutes resolved all doubts. Round the spit of land that divides the upper from the lower end of the harbour

a couple of lights came swerving—the rescue boat!

How I had misjudged that crowd of good Samaritans aboard the cruiser! They explained with real concern how it happened that the only pinnace available could not be sent off at once. The dots and dashes, it appeared, were a message to me, could I have understood it, that they would rescue me as soon as possible. They warmed me, fed me, lent me clothes, dosed me with brandy, and would have done any mortal thing I asked—except stop laughing at me.

In the end it did not seem much more than a laughing matter, for my boat floated ashore at the height of the flood tide and was recovered uninjured. Thanks to the attention I received, I took no harm either; but, all the same, I am very careful now how I lean over the side of my boat, and I still have a foolish prejudice against sailing near that buoy.

## II.—IN THE TILLER-ROOM.

By THOMAS NEILL.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. S. HODGSON.

**A naval steward describes a most nerve-trying ordeal, reminiscent of Edgar Allan Poe's story "The Pit and the Pendulum."**

**I**N May, 1898, I joined H.M.S. *Raleigh*, flagship of the Training Squadron, as chief steward.

Each cruise was of four or five months' duration, so it was necessary to take in an ample supply of provisions, wines, and spirits—sometimes more than could be stowed in the accommodation provided. When this happened one had to hunt round for spare room in which to stow some of the numberless cases.

The tiller-room was always a favourite place of mine, and on this occasion I obtained permission to stow a few cases there. I am afraid the few cases became a great many.

The huge steel tiller, worked by steam, made a clean sweep of the compartment from port to starboard about twelve inches above my heap of cases. I used to lie on my back when I saw it coming, and it would just clear me, but I was always afraid that the chains fixed in the head of the tiller would catch in my clothes.

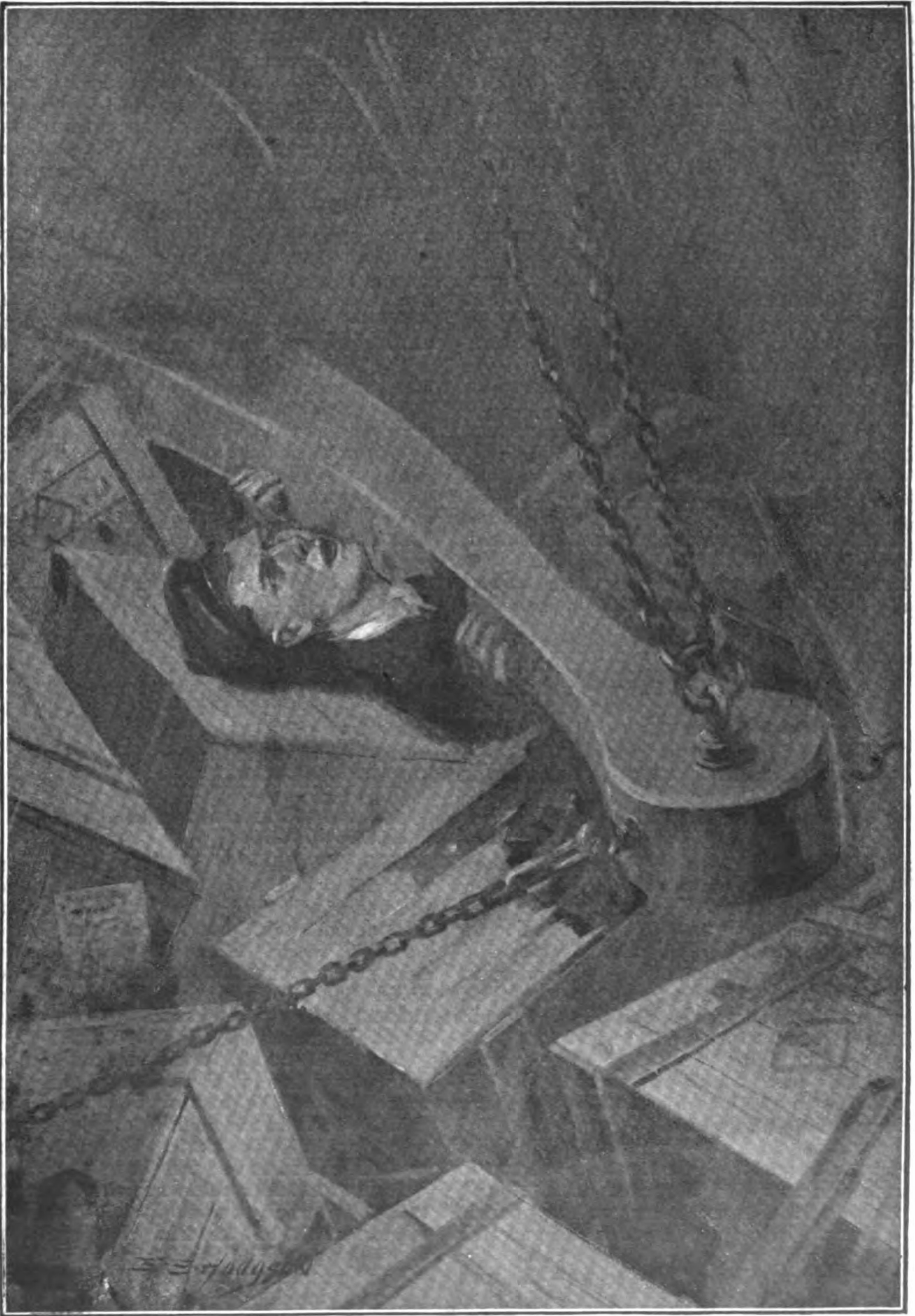
On the night when my adventure happened it was very stormy. The time was the middle of November, and we ran into a gale off Berehaven, on the Irish coast. The ship was rolling heavily. The chief-quarter-master warned me to see that my cases did not jam the tiller, for the safety of the ship

depended upon it going hard over to port or starboard when required.

Things were soon sliding about merrily as the ship rolled from side to side, so presently I made for the tiller-room to inspect my stores. When I entered I saw that the tiller was half-way over to port. Nearly all the cases had shifted, and as I watched they went tumbling from side to side. Owing to the motion of the ship it was impossible to stand unaided, and everything I grasped at gave way with me. I fell down repeatedly, and at one time I had as many as six cases on top of me. By the time I struggled clear seven or eight boxes, piled up anyhow, were preventing the tiller from going to its limit. I was bruised in several places, and had received a nasty knock on the back of the head, but I realized that the way of the tiller must be made clear at all hazards. The light in the compartment was very dim, casting heavy shadows around, and it was dangerous to move with the many things that were falling about, but at any moment the order might be given to put the helm hard over. Then, if it did not act, I knew there would be a vacancy for a chief steward the following week.

By crouching on my stomach I managed to get under the tiller and up to the





"Farther and farther over came the great steel arm. It caught me under the chin and forced my head pitilessly back against the cases."

obstructing cases. I pulled this way and that, and even butted them with my head, striving desperately to get them out of the way. Presently the rattling of the chains warned me that the tiller was moving, and I turned on my back to meet the danger. In doing so I lifted my head. Just then the ship gave a tremendous roll, and several big cases rolled down upon me. One of them fixed itself behind my neck, forcing my head up on a level with the tiller; the others fell on my chest and toppled over in front of me. To my horror I found I could not move; I was firmly fixed between the cases! Again the chains rattled and the great steel arm moved towards me, appearing twice its natural size in the dim and shadowy light. Steadily and relentlessly it came on, while I struggled madly to release myself, but without success.

The tiller struck the cases in front of me, tearing the tops off and crushing them as it passed. Some pieces of broken glass, with a sprinkling of wine, flew up into my face, making my eyes smart; then the tiller itself was upon me. Frantically I shouted, putting my hands up in a futile attempt to thrust it back—to hold back steam-power, mind you! I had about as much chance as

King Canute when he ordered the sea to retire! Farther and farther over came the great steel arm. It caught me under the chin and forced my head pitilessly back against the cases. I felt my neck cracking; I was choking; my head was swimming. Rudder-chains seemed to be rattling and bells ringing all round me. The rattle of the chains grew to a roar; then, merciful Heaven! the great tiller was going back, dragging me with it! Both my arms were firmly gripped around it, and such was the tenacity of my hold that it pulled me with it from amongst the cases to safety.

Directly I was free I struggled away to one side. I tried to stand, but fell on the deck, with my head swinging from side to side. I have never been sea-sick, but now a kind of nausea came over me that I had never experienced before. My throat felt very sore—if the tiller had gone another inch or two at most I should have been strangled—my chest and legs were bruised, and my clothes were torn in several places. It was a very limp and bedraggled chief steward that staggered out of the tiller-room that night, but with the help of the sick-berth steward I was all right again in a few days.

### III.—THE OLD SHAFT.

By LOUIS ALLEN.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED HOLMES.

**"To this day," writes the Author, "I cannot look down an ordinary well without a feeling of terror." This little story explains the reason.**

SOME boys learn to swim and never have occasion to prove the life-saving value of such an accomplishment; others go in for boxing and meet no great opportunity to exercise their special ability, while others take up gymnasium work and never face a crisis wherein their gymnastic ability saves life. I once figured, however, in a situation when any less gymnastic ability than I possessed would probably have caused my name to be enrolled with the long list of those who have inexplicably disappeared.

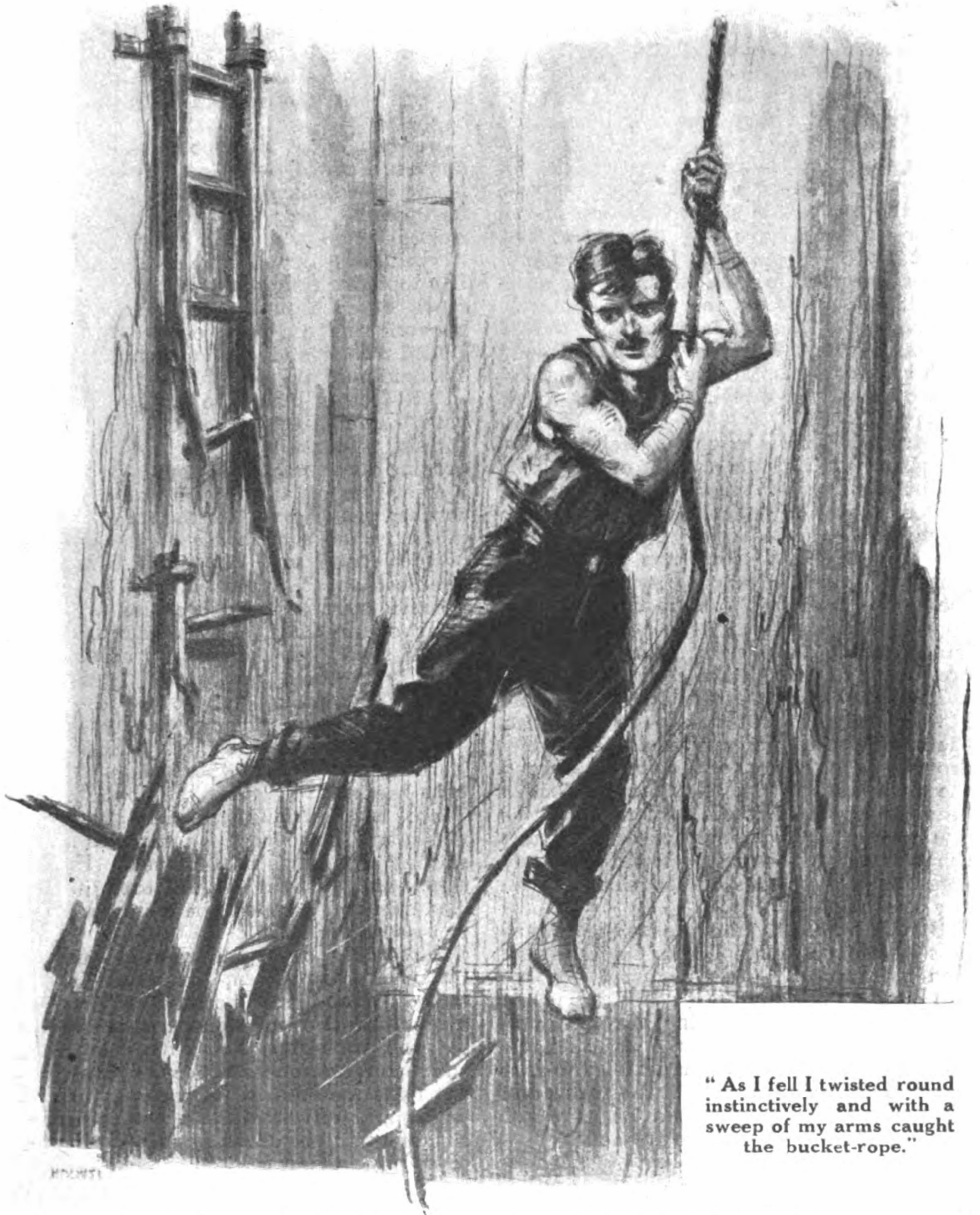
In 1911, shortly after my arrival in Cuba City, in the centre of the Southern Wisconsin lead and zinc field, I started on a "hike" through the surrounding rolling prairie country. In every direction around the little town were "diggings." Some displayed great piles of "tailings"—the rock waste or dirt left after the ore has been extracted in the mill. Others showed fine big mill buildings and standard mining machinery, but no "tailings" pile, usually

indicating a mine in which perfectly good machinery had been sold to investors for the mere profit of the construction work and installation, but which had never turned a wheel. Shafts in great numbers were sunk in this district when not a trace of ore had been uncovered by the drillers. Indeed, many were sunk on the mere supposition that ore *might* be found.

I made the rounds of two or three distant mines, saw two of them in operation and marvelled at the capital tied up in the third, which had evidently never lowered a bucket into its shaft. The machinery in the mill had never even been assembled!

From the latter mine my attention was called to what appeared to be a little mining outfit on the side of a knoll half a mile away. The usual ramshackle sheds of the prospector covered the crude hoisting and pumping machinery, and the remnant of an ore-pile cluttered the ground, although there was no mill machinery at hand.





"As I fell I twisted round instinctively and with a sweep of my arms caught the bucket-rope."

As I approached, the abandoned character of the mine grew more and more apparent, for not a living thing could be seen. Arrived at the mine, I found the usual small square shaft, sheathed with wide planking, although in this instance the shaft was not more than five feet square. Down one side of the shaft extended a makeshift ladder. A heavy frayed rope, dangling from a pulley over the shaft, hung down into the depths.

Peering into the cavity, I could make

out little beyond the first dozen feet. A bit of rock thrown in hit the shaft walls once and quickly splashed, indicating a depth I judged to be about thirty feet.

Having made an inspection of the dilapidated machinery, I came to the shaft again. I had been in the district only two days, and had not made a trip down a mine shaft. Here was a shaft that I could go down either by ladder or by rope. The idea rather fascinated me, and as I felt

there could be no risk in the undertaking, I quickly removed my jacket, shirt, and shoes.

In a moment I was over the side of the shaft and slowly descending. Carefully I reached down with alternate feet and tried each rung. The first few rungs, near the top, were strong enough, but as I moved downwards the ladder showed signs of weakening, until at a point about ten feet from the top of the shaft a portion of the ladder suddenly gave way altogether, and I lost my hold. As I fell I twisted around instinctively and with a sweep of my arms caught the bucket-rope. To my horror, however, the line gave with my weight and ran out for several feet; then it stopped with a jerk that broke the hemp just a few inches above my hands, and I went flying downwards.

I dropped with a mighty splash into the icy black water at the bottom of the shaft. About me were portions of the broken ladder, parts of which came within my reach as I struggled to keep afloat. Even the broken end of rope was still in my grasp as I threshed about, trying to locate the lower portion of the ladder, which I hoped had not given way. At last my hand caught hold of it, and presently I drew myself clear of the chilling water.

Then I took stock of the situation. There I was, hanging precariously to a ladder, the middle section of which had apparently dropped to the bottom of the shaft. Beyond the dark walls of the shaft the unclouded heavens appeared, and, although it was still several hours before sunset, the stars shone almost as clearly, viewed from my perch at the bottom of the shaft, as on any clear night.

By this time I began to realize the seriousness of the position. Unless someone had seen me approach the abandoned diggings and noted my failure to reappear, not a soul would think of looking into an abandoned mine shaft far off the beaten path. Calls for help would not penetrate a hundred feet from the shaft. It was the realization that salvation must depend on my own efforts that drove me to prompt action.

It was plain that I must climb that ladder remnant as far as it extended and then, if possible, reach the rope. Even if I could accomplish this, I realized that the treacherous hemp might again precipitate me to the bottom of the shaft.

But, risk or no risk, the rope offered my only chance of escape.

Slowly and deliberately I wormed my way up that slimy, treacherous ladder, never allowing my full weight to come on to any one place, and striving continually to distribute the pressure over several points of contact.

The rope-end now dangled not more than twelve feet above me. I reached up to discover if the ladder-rungs still continued intact. I counted one, two, three—then nothing but the smooth plank sheathing of the shaft.

For a moment all hope of escape from a lingering death left me. Then, gravely facing the problem, I realized that I could not possibly leap up and grasp the rope from where I stood, for my feet were on the third rung down, while my hands grasped the topmost rung. I gauged the distance much as I should have calculated that between rings in the gymnasium, and concluded that, even if I made a supreme effort, I should miss the rope-end by two feet.

"If I could make the leap from the top rung," I mumbled to myself, "I'm almost certain I could reach it." Then, while groping above my head, hoping to find even a knot-hole or a projecting nail, my arm touched the side wall of the shaft. Almost instantly the significance of the discovery dawned upon me. The shaft was about five feet square. Standing on the ladder I could exert a strong pressure, with both arms outstretched, against the two sides of the shaft. By keeping up this pressure steadily I could mount to the topmost rung of the ladder, whence the leap to the swaying rope-end might be possible.

Instantly I put my plan into action. Turning my back to the ladder, I pressed both hands hard against the opposite walls. Then, without releasing the pressure of my hands, I moved up a rung at a time, shifting my hands as I moved up. Three steps, and I stood on the topmost rung. The rope-end dangled not more than three feet above my head!

After a rest of several minutes, I prepared for the leap. Then, gathering all my strength, and relinquishing my pressure against the two side walls, I leaped straight for the rope-end. My left hand caught the rope a few inches above the frayed end; the right followed it. After swaying backwards and forwards for a few moments I hung motionless, dreading that the slightest extra pressure on the rope would bring disaster. Then, hoping against hope that the line would hold, I slowly began to draw myself upward, hand over hand. When almost within reach of the pulley I caught the top of the shaft with one foot and swung myself clear. For probably half an hour I lay outstretched on the ground, absolutely exhausted from my effort; then I made my way slowly back to town.

Since that day I have never visited a mine shaft alone. Indeed, even now I cannot look down an ordinary well without a feeling of terror.



# A Fight on a Mountain Top



by  
COLONEL  
JOHN WHITE

ILLUSTRATED BY  
LEO BATES

A thrilling story from the Philippine Islands, showing how a handful of native Constabulary attacked and captured an outlaw strong-

hold on the summit of a mountain, overcoming all sorts of obstacles, and finally driving the bandits from their eyrie.

**T**HE Philippine Constabulary consisted in 1902 of a body of some five thousand Filipinos commanded by about three hundred American officers. To this force was given the task of clearing the mountains and jungles of the Philippine Islands of the outlaw bands which remained after the backbone of Aguinaldo's insurrection of 1899 had been broken.

These outlaws were well armed with Mauser and Remington rifles, and had forts on inaccessible mountains whence they descended to harry the towns and villages of the lowlands. The Constabulary, organized in 1901, was at first often less well equipped than the outlaws, who were also usually superior in numbers; but the force soon got a grip of the situation and one by one the outlaw bands were suppressed. The fight here described is typical of many similar encounters.

In May, 1902, I took a ragged handful of Filipino soldiers to the pretty little white-washed town of Isabela on the island of Negros, which is in the central part of the Philippine archipelago. Isabela is in the foothills of rugged mountains which, rising many thousand feet, are clothed with jungle forests, where prickly rattan and many species of bamboo and cane grow beneath giant trees of hardwood. There are few trails, and these scarcely worthy of the name—little more than tracks along the banks of the rushing, rock-strewn mountain streams. Below the mountains, from Isabela to the coast ten miles away, the valley of the Binalagan River is well cultivated in sugar-cane and rice and dotted with *haciendas* and villages.

With my twenty men I relieved a company

of the Sixth U.S. Infantry, which had for a year past been kept busy hiking after bands of outlaws—in Negros called *babaylanes*—commanded by a chief known as Papa (or Pope) Isio, who added to his authority by declaring himself to be directly inspired to lead his men against the constituted authority of the island. The American soldiers had several brushes with the fanatical outlaws, but had never been able to hit them a smashing blow. As well hunt snipe with a high-powered rifle as pursue outlaws in a tropic jungle with troops organized for warfare on a larger scale; it took the Constabulary shot-gun to wing the criminals as they flitted through the mountain forests. Papa Isio's men had made many raids on the lowlands, dashing down to burn *haciendas* and rob the villages, escaping to the mountains again before pursuit could be organized.

Before coming to Isabela I had been stationed for a few weeks at Himamaylan, on the coast, where I drilled my ragged detachment and also found time to make several expeditions into the mountains. On these trips I was led by an old Visayan Filipino guide named Julian, an ex-*babaylan* himself, who fled from Papa Isio's band because that chief took Julian's daughter for his harem.

## An Impregnable Stronghold.

Julian told me of the "Pope's" camp on the summit of a high mountain—called Mansalanao—and described it as impregnable.

The mountain, he said, was so steep that ladders of rattan were let down from the outlaws' trenches to the trail beneath; while in the fortifications were piles of stones and sharpened hardwood spears or *planquetas*,

ready to throw down on an attacking force. Also, there were huge rocks, as much as ten men could move, poised on the parapet of the fort and held by ropes of rattan so that the slash of a *bolo* would send the boulders crashing down the mountain. There was only one trail up Mansalanao, and that was narrow and sown with man-traps—*suyacs* (sharp-pointed stakes) underfoot and *balatigs* (spring traps) in the brush. Outposts were stationed on the mountain-side, so that it was impossible to surprise the defenders, who had good rifles and plenty of ammunition.

Altogether, it was not a cheering prospect, and, as this narrative will show, every detail of the old man's statement was correct.

Quietly I prepared for an expedition to Mansalanao, but it is useless to pretend that I relished the job. I did not; I was scared to death, for I knew that the chances against success were a hundred to one. But pride of race and corps drove me on; while I knew that if we could defeat Papa Isio in his stronghold the Constabulary would thereafter have a comparatively easy time. Moreover, it is usually sound strategy to attack first, and an assumption of confidence has won many a fight against odds.

One night towards the end of May, 1902, we left Payao, a village three miles from Isabela, at moonrise, about nine o'clock—seventeen soldiers; old Julian; fourteen picked *cargadores* (carriers), and myself. By moonlight we crossed the rice paddies beyond Payao, forded two rivers waist-deep, and at daybreak were out of the grassy foothills and in the depths of the forest. After hours of hacking our way through the jungle we finally emerged about noon on a grassy upland. It had been a hard night, but we were soon revived by the cooler air of the plateau, for we were now some two thousand feet above the Binalbagan Valley, whose smiling fields of sugarcane, dotted with little white villages, glittered under a high sun. Ahead stretched the grassy upland, shimmering under the heat haze, through which we saw a line of dark forest into which we must later plunge; while above and beyond the forest a mountain peak was silhouetted clear against an azure sky. "Mansalanao," grunted Julian, and a quiver of excitement ran through my men. The mountain was twenty miles away on a bee-line, and that meant two or three days' hard travelling through the jungle, over intervening ridges and through ravines. But there it was—our goal or our grave, or both. It looked to be about five thousand feet high and was truncated below its apex, showing that it had at some remote period "blown its head off."

As one fascinated I gazed at the mountain. How clear and commanding it rose above

lesser peaks, how steep its slopes! Could we hope to win up them against great odds? I looked at my men; they looked at me. Then I smiled, in perfect dissimulation of my feelings. "Ha!" I said, in broken Spanish. "The Pope is much afraid of the Constabulary. See how he hides on the highest mountains!"

The contagion of my forced spirits ran through the easily-influenced soldiers, though I noticed that one or two of the older N.C.O.'s shook their heads doubtfully. For this desperate venture I had carefully chosen my men, picking the youngest and most dare-devil fellows, but including one or two old non-commissioned officers as ballast.

We took our siesta beneath some giant rocks that cropped up above the *cogon* grass. Then we went up and on over a rolling plateau of park-like country—contrasting strongly with the dank jungles we had left behind—where tree-ferns filled shady hollows and thorn-trees dotted the *cogon*, which was nowhere tall enough to impede our passage. Now and then a frightened deer dashed off at our approach. It was a pleasant bit of trail—but ahead lay the gloomy forests.

Suddenly we came out on a broad, hard-beaten path, cutting a swathe through the *cogon* and curving ahead until lost in the forests in the direction of Mansalanao.

"The highway of the brigands!" cried a soldier, and the others laughed at his joke. It was a fine broad trail, showing that there was much unsuspected traffic between Papa Isio's headquarters and the lowland villages. Julian grinned. The old scoundrel had long known this trail, but had for months taken expeditions in every direction but the one that led to the Pope's real headquarters. However, not much blame attached to him, for he doubtless fully believed that by attacking Mansalanao we went to certain death.

We pressed forward across the plateau; the wall of forest loomed nearer, and at last the trees sheltered us from a sinking sun. Behind lay the sun-washed plateau; ahead loomed the dark, damp jungle forest. There was something forbidding in the contrast, something ominous in those shadowed depths.

Julian ran over to where a giant bamboo drooped gracefully outward from the forest wall, and with a well-directed slash of his *talibong bolo* cut down a thirty-foot stem, while with a few more strokes he made a sharp-edged stick about two feet long. I asked him for what it was intended.

"Leeches, sir," he answered. We were to enter a belt of forest infested with these blood-sucking pests, so the soldiers and *cargadores* also cut bamboo scrapers with which to remove them from their bare limbs. Then we dived into the forest.

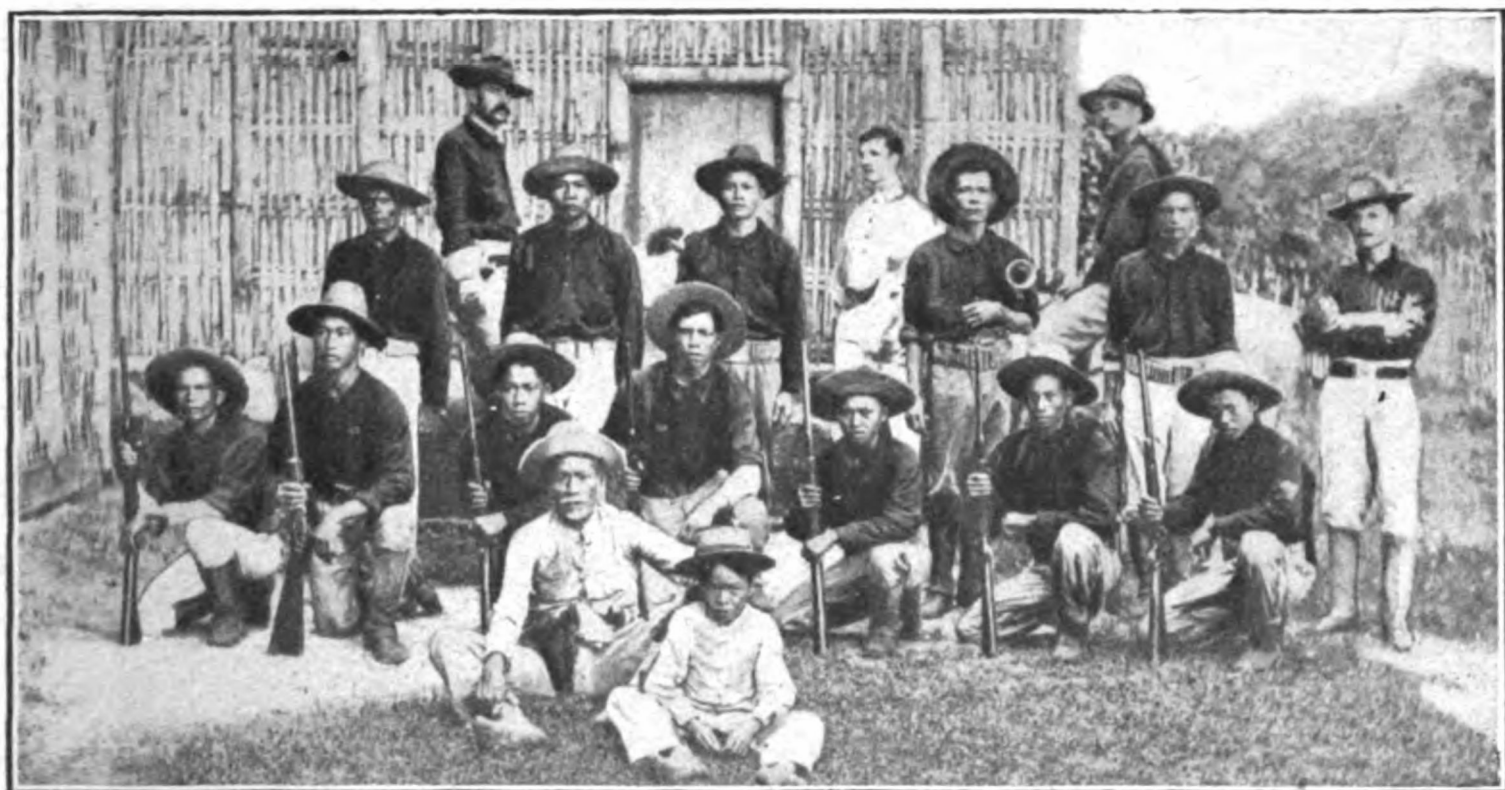


The hard, dry trail of the *cogon* was ended, and now underfoot was dank, leafy mould, with rattan and other vines criss-crossing the path, festooning trees, climbing up towards the life-giving sun that never penetrated the forest depths. And in the mould, on every twig and leaf underfoot, alongside or hanging from above, were the terrible leeches which, though scarcely longer and thicker than a pin, would swell to the size of a man's little finger after a few minutes' adhesion to human skin; so that every little while I called a halt in order that the *cargadores* might scrape them from their skin, while the soldiers and myself removed our shoes, often to find leeches that had wormed through the eyelet holes or between our clothing. Nothing kept the pests out entirely.

able river. As, knee-deep in water, we stumbled up-stream, the canyon widened, and the banks became less precipitous and clothed with giant *tigbao* grass instead of forest growth. Then, splashing around a bend, we suddenly opened up in full view the cone of Mansalanao, now quite close and towering straight up from a strip of level land that here bordered the river. Down the mountain echoed the roar of a waterfall. Our river, apparently, issued from Mansalanao's bosom.

### The Outlaws' Eyrie.

At sunset we found a clearing in the jungle at the foot of Mount Mansalanao, which stood out like a lone pine on a ridge. A few hundred yards distant the foot of the peak ran into



**A group of Philippine Constabulary. The old native in front guided the Author on many hazardous expeditions.**

If the leeches got into one's nose, eye, or ear, they were really dangerous; and their bites anywhere, if not rendered aseptic, might result in a frightful tropical ulcer as big as a dollar.

For two days we hiked through the forest—down one mountain, up another, across rushing rivers; along steep hogbacks; through thickets of *bojo* bamboo. Always the towering tree-trunks rose around us like cathedral columns, while verdure vaulted overhead so that we rarely saw the sun. We passed no clearings. At night we camped in the jungle, and the men cut bamboo and leaves of the *anajao* palm with which to erect fragile sleeping shelters. At dawn we rose, stiff and damp; at dusk we camped, tired and wet.

Finally we crossed a last mountain ridge and descended into the canyon of a consider-

comparatively level land along the river, but above the mountain rose up at an angle of forty-five degrees, and was heavily covered with forest and jungle growth to within a couple of hundred feet of the summit or crater. On the rim of the crater were several huts, which, so Julian said, were shelters at the trenches; the bandits' village, however, was farther back, over the rim. Among the huts moved ant-like human forms who must be the *babaylanes*; one of them might even be Papa Isio himself! We were near the end of our journey—perhaps in more senses than one.

Through my field-glasses I studied the mountain. The summit appeared to be about two thousand five hundred feet above our resting-place, while the jungle-clad slopes offered no opportunity for approach except the *babaylanes'* own trail, winding

up a ridge which to the naked eye appeared a mere furrow down the mountain-side, but which the glasses revealed as a precipitous hogback, flanked by gullies hundreds of feet in depth.

It was late forenoon on May 26th, 1902. I ordered the men to make a meal of the cooked rice and dried fish that had been prepared that morning, while I sat alone on a log and thought out my scheme for attack. Private Fernandez, who served me as cook and butler, brought a handful of cooked rice in a banana leaf, with a piece of red Spanish sausage; but, with my thoughts on the ticklish work ahead, I ate little. I felt a little sick, as I have often done before going into great danger. It was not the impending fight against odds that mattered, so much as the lack of medical assistance for such wounded as we were sure to have—including myself. We were three days' journey distant from any assistance, over difficult mountain trails, and everything depended on my own safety. If I were wounded or killed my recruits might stampede, yet I must expose myself in order to carry them forward and win the day. The horns of the dilemma were equally sharp.

Meanwhile the soldiers finished a scanty meal, sprawled around smoking their *cigarillos*, and frequently cast glances up at Mansalanao, where a thin column of white smoke rose from the outlaws' trenches. That column of smoke fascinated me. The men who had lit that fire were doubtless Papa Isio's picked fighting men; they had every advantage of position; they even had better arms than the Constabulary. Was it any use to lead my men to almost certain death and possible torture?

But these were no thoughts for a Constabulary officer! My usual buoyant optimism, drowned for the moment by the fatigue of three days' hiking, reasserted itself. After all, the *babaylanes* were mighty poor shots, and I knew my men would follow me to the death. Then the lust for physical combat that is strong within every healthy young male surged over me like strong drink, and I snapped out an order. The soldiers gave their haversacks and all extra equipment to the *cargadores*, and with rifle and belt alone stood ready for the attack.

I looked at the sun—my watch had stopped when we forded a neck-deep river—and saw that it was just past the meridian. Three hours' climbing, I figured, would bring us to the fort, and that would leave several hours of daylight to decide issues with our friends aloft. At another command the men shuffled into line. In front went Julian; then Privates Fernandez and Montino, both good shots and daring youths,

just in front of me, while behind me were Sergeant Basubas and six of my best men—the tag-rag and bobtail and the *cargadores* brought up the rear.

Thus we began the ascent of the outlaws' mountain, and soon found the trail so steep that in places the *babaylanes* had cut steps in the yellow earth. From these steps Julian scraped away mould and leaves which hid many *suyacs*—sharp-pointed bamboo stakes that would have pierced naked feet or even my own shoes, now soft and rotted by days of marching in the water.

Presently Julian halted us by raising his *bolo*; then, gliding into the brush, he slashed at withies that held

A Deadly Trap. a long sharpened stake to a bent sapling, and the *balatig* spear went darting viciously across our path at the height of a man's breast. These deadly traps were so arranged as to be sprung by our feet tripping on withies laid across the trail in a most natural manner.

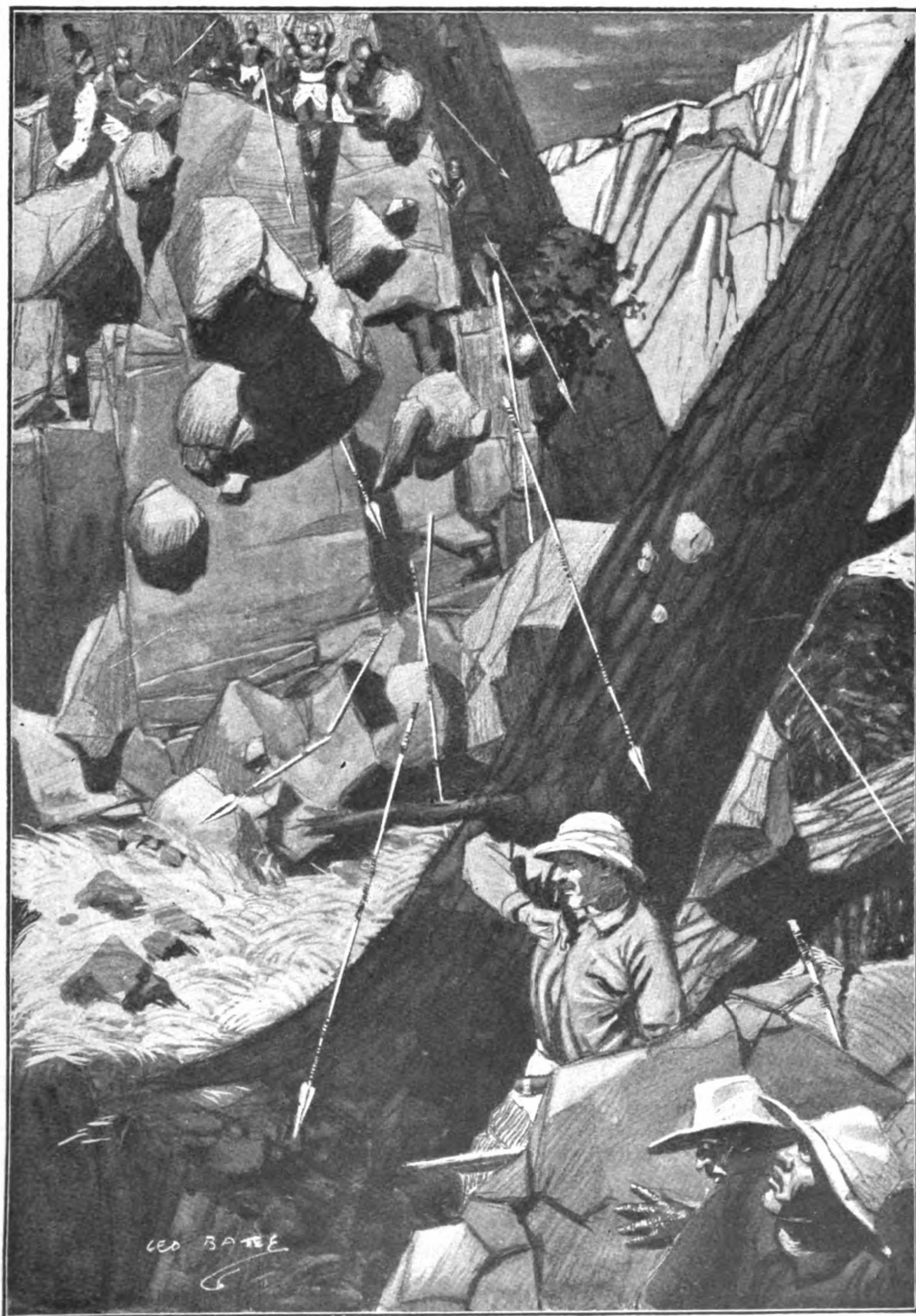
In places the path was but a foot or two broad, with deep canyons yawning on each side, and in such spots our progress suggested the idea of walking up a knife-edge canted to an angle of forty-five degrees. At a score of places the *babaylanes* could have made a determined stand, but they evidently relied on their trenches and pendant rocks above. At times I could see the winding column of our *cargadores* toiling up hundreds of feet below us. It was a stiff climb to cap our three days' hike—and the immediate prospects of a rest on top seemed far from good.

About three o'clock, Julian made a sign that he saw something ahead. Pushing past Fernandez and Montino, I saw on a ledge of overhanging rock almost immediately above me a little roofed platform, undoubtedly the enemy's look-out, but now seemingly untenanted. The trail wound steeply around the rock, and, as we clambered up, I began to think that we were going to take Mansalanao by surprise. Suddenly, however, from far above, a man challenged in the Visayan dialect! About two hundred feet beyond and above us I saw several heads above the edge of a trench, and as the challenge was repeated, and the *babaylanes* showed that they recognized us, I took a shot at one of the heads.

That did it! Wild yells split the air, pandemonium broke loose on the mountain, and a hail of stones and rocks hurtled down on our

Pandemonium Breaks Loose. heads. I scurried behind the roots of a big tree, Fernandez and Montino shouldering me close on each side. Julian had vanished as if he possessed wings, while Sergeant





"The startled *babaylanes* now cut loose their suspended boulders, which crashed past us down the mountain."

Basubas and the other men crouched behind a huge rock immediately below us.

The startled *babaylanes* now cut loose their suspended boulders, which crashed past us down the mountain, carrying all before them. One smashed by within two feet of me, tearing down a stout tree as though it had been a twig. What with the yells of the *babaylanes*, the crash of the boulders, the rending of trees, and the rattle of rifle fire, it was terrifying enough; but the very narrowness of the trail saved us, for most of the flying rocks leapt harmlessly into the canyons on either side.

The outlaws, I discovered, were in two lines of trenches, the first about two hundred feet above us, the second on the rim of the crater, perhaps a hundred feet above the first. Upwards, all herbage had been cleared away, the trees felled, and rolled into the canyons; but the trail broadened out a little, and there were a few rocks and stumps that offered cover.

From the comparative shelter of our stump we "potted" at the heads in the first trench so successfully that within a few minutes the *babaylanes* had scrambled out and back to their upper breastworks. To aim better at the climbing figures we showed ourselves for a moment, whereupon several Remingtons and Mausers cracked from the upper trench. The brigands, however, were poor shots, and could not hit us at three hundred feet. On the other hand we killed at least one *babaylane* who, when shot, rolled down at first as though he would tumble right on top of us. After vain clutchings at the earth and rocks, he finally disappeared into the yawning canyon to one side.

I called down to Sergeant Basubas that we must make a rush for the first trench and use it as our defence from the fire above. Exhorting my men by name, I yelled, "*Sube! Sube! Avance!*" and clambered from my protecting stump up the mountain, dodging from stump to rock, and rock to stump, through a veritable hail of stones and spears until at last I sheltered behind the wall of the first trench. Fernandez and Montino were close behind me during that hazardous climb; and three other soldiers—Presquito, Lores, and Cabo—gained the shelter of the trench soon after. All of us were badly cut by spears or bruised by rocks, and breathless from our scramble.

There we lay for over an hour while rocks, *planqueta* spears, and bullets passed in a continuous stream overhead. My voice scarcely reached the soldiers below, for the din of falling rocks, cracking rifles, and *agun* gongs beaten in the upper trench drowned every other sound. But from where we lay the trench above was clear-cut against the sky, and every time a head

showed we fired at it; and when our shots went true a stricken *babaylan* leapt up, perhaps to get another bullet through the body. It was pretty shooting, and took a quick eye.

The *babaylanes* continually derided us; my men told me that they said we could never get up and would all be killed—which seemed likely, as they had all the best of the argument. At intervals Papa Isio's voice urged them to resist, and prayed for our defeat; but the five soldiers with me were not slow in responding with all manner of taunts and threats; and as the minutes went by without serious casualties on our side they grew bolder.

#### Oratory Under Difficulties.

After an hour or more of such fighting and shouting, however, we were no nearer the top. Although many of the outlaws must have been killed and wounded, there were plenty more to take their places, and the situation was becoming desperate, for with five men I could hardly hope to storm the fort, and the other soldiers would not leave their protecting rock. So I climbed out of the sheltering trench and stood on the top of it, where my men below could see me. Then, between dodging rocks and spears, I berated them by name for cowards. Individually and collectively I criticized their ancestry, exhausting my stock of expletives in English, Spanish, and Visayan. Nevertheless, fear overcame shame, and the men below stuck fast. Meanwhile rifles cracked merrily from the *babaylan* trench, and one bullet went through my shirt. At that distance—a hundred feet—every bullet should have found a billet in my body. But the rocks and spears were worse, and, between exhortation and threats to my reluctant men, I dodged and twisted to escape the shower, but despite much show of agility I was soon bruised and cut in many places. The five soldiers lying beneath me in the trench wanted to come out with me, but I bade them lie low and keep down the *babaylanes'* fire by potting at the heads as soon as they appeared.

At last I began joking with the white-livered gentlemen behind the big rock—told them that I was like Papa Isio, and that rifle-balls would not touch me. I enlarged on the virtues of an *anting-anting* (charm) that I possessed, and asked them what they were afraid of, and if they wanted to go back to Isabela to have their women sneer at them.

At last Sergeant Basubas timorously emerged, with several men. Once in the open they became brave enough, and I saw that the moment had come for a charge. So for the thousandth time I yelled, "*Sube!*"



*Sube ! Avance ! Viva los Estados Unidos !*" and the men, joining in one wild fighting chorus, followed me madly up the hill.

Then the shower of rocks from above ceased—the lull after a fierce storm. Nevertheless, the slope was so sheer and slippery that it was several minutes before we gained the uppermost trench, and in places we had to haul ourselves up by ropes and ladders of rattan that hung down for the purpose, and which the outlaws in their hasty flight omitted to cut. Had Papa Isio's men kept their nerve we could never have reached the summit.

Fernandez was first on top; and as I crawled over the edge I saw him brandishing a long spear.

The trench contained only two dead men, both shot through the head; but there was another dead outlaw in the brush near the trench, and yet another near by, while trails of blood leading from the trench showed where those killed and wounded earlier in the fight had been carried off by their women.



"The men, joining in one wild fighting chorus, followed me madly up the hill."

**Victory!** Beyond the trench there opened up a pretty little concave plateau, dotted with houses and gardens. On the farther side, some four hundred yards away, we could see many *babaylanes* scurrying off into the forest, carrying several wounded men. We gave them a volley and another outlaw dropped, while the rest, leaving their wounded, fled the faster. But we were now too exhausted to pursue; moreover, our ammunition was running low, and I was suffering from the effects of severe bruises. However, I sent Sergeant Basubas with a few soldiers to make a round of the plateau, gather up the wounded, and clear out any lurking *babaylanes*, although I felt pretty sure that they had received a scare that would keep them going.

We followed the trails of blood to the huts in the centre of the plateau, where I called the roll in front of Papa Isio's residence. Miraculous to relate, not one of my men was seriously injured. Seven had nasty cuts and contusions about the head and shoulders, but after a little rest would be fit for the trail. With first-aid packages I bandaged the soldiers' cuts and my own; then I turned my attention to the wounded *babaylanes* whom Basubas had brought in. There were several of these; and the job of bandaging up your enemy's wounds, when every nerve and fibre of your own system calls for rest, was a not unusual ending to a Constabulary officer's "perfect day."

The *cargadores* now came up and we all quartered ourselves in the Pope's mansion, which was supplied with running water, piped in bamboo tubes from a spring farther up the plateau. There were food and loot for all, as the houses were full of the outlaws' plunder from half the *haciendas* of Negros—mirrors, women's dresses, china dishes, pots and pans, and all sorts of household goods and farming implements. In the sweet-potato patches pigs were rooting; and a couple of fat porkers soon rooted no more, but were roasting whole over the coals of our camp-fire. It was sunset. Chickens were flying to roost on the ridge poles of the huts, whence my men ingeniously removed them by means of a long pole with a crosspiece at one end. The gardens yielded fresh ears of corn, with camotes, ubis, melons, and other fruits and vegetables. What a meal that was! After it, the men gathered round the fire puffing cigars made from the Pope's choicest leaf tobacco—which we found hanging under the eaves of his house—and sipping *pangassi* (rice wine) from his great earthenware jars.

When daylight came again—the night having passed without incident—we buried the dead *babaylanes* and spent the day loafing on the plateau, healing up our wounds and preparing for our return to Isabela. I was prodigiously pleased with the results of the expedition, for although Papa Isio had escaped we had dealt him a blow from which he would be long in recovering; and we had established the prestige of the Constabulary in Negros for all time. The captured outlaws said that the Pope himself had been wounded, and that that was why their resistance had broken. Two of their leaders had fallen, Aguacil-cito and Felipe Dacu, while it was safe to estimate their total killed at a dozen.

Some years later, when I was Superintendent of the Iwahig Penal Colony, I went to see Papa Isio, then a prisoner in Bilibid Prison, Manila. The old scoundrel had remained in the mountains until my successor in Negros, Captain Bowers, by clever work, obtained his surrender. I had a long talk with the Pope, but got little out of him, for he posed as very stupid.

The plight of the old brigand chief, cooped in his narrow cell after so many years of freedom in the mountains, excited my sympathy. I gave him some little luxuries, and, soon afterwards, in conversation with the then Governor-General of the Philippines, James F. Smith, took occasion to say a good word for the Pope, who was under sentence of death. General Smith had once commanded in Negros and knew the history of Papa Isio and his *babaylanes*, and he commuted the death sentence to life imprisonment; but the prisoned eagle pined in confinement and soon died.

On the morning of May 28th we left Mansalanao, first burning all the houses—except one for the wounded *babaylanes*—and all the plunder we could not carry away. The manner in which those soldiers and *cargadores* loaded themselves with loot was astounding.

Despite wounds and stiffness it was a joyful column that wound down the mountain. When we marched into Isabela the populace turned out to greet us, incredulous at first that we had captured the *babaylanes'* stronghold, but our loot was the best of evidence, and the townsfolk were able to pick out belongings lost many months or years before. That night there was a big *baile* to celebrate the victory, and Isabela rang with music, merriment, and dance.

And from the day we took Mansalanao there were no more *haciendas* burned by the outlaws in the valley of the Binalbagan.



# Into the Unknown



So popular were the Author's previous articles, "In Quest of Cannibals," that we commissioned him to write an account of his adventures on another most hazardous expedition—the hunting down of the mysterious nomads of the Mount Victoria region of Papua, who, descending

by  
**LIEUT. E. W. P.  
CHINNERY**

ILLUSTRATED BY  
STANLEY L. WOOD

## CHASING MOUNTAIN OUTLAWS IN NEW GUINEA

from their hill-top villages, killed the native labourers of the Yodda goldfield and then disappeared into the unexplored fastnesses of the mountains. In this article Mr. Chinnery describes the series of murders that led to his patrol, and the beginning of the march "into the unknown."

I.  
**P**EERING through the clouds from her majestic height of thirteen thousand feet above sea-level, Mount Victoria overlooks the hunting grounds and habitations of the nomadic, copper-coloured Biagi tribes, five thousand feet below; the Government outpost of Kokoda, with its small staff of officials and armed native constabulary, still farther down; the Yodda Goldfield, with its sprinkling of white miners and their native labourers; and the Koko tribes who, with the miners, inhabit an auriferous pocket in the mountains which has lured many sturdy pioneers to a lonely death since its gold-bearing potentialities became the subject of rumour more than twenty years ago.

At that time the whole country was peopled with savage tribes who contested every inch of ground with the advancing gold-seekers and fought hand-to-hand with the Government parties protecting them. The history of the struggle fills many thrilling pages, for it was not won by civilization until both sides had lost heavily. One Government outpost was wiped out and its white officer and native defenders eaten by the owners of the soil, while on another route the trail was marked at intervals with the dead bodies of those who had fallen on the way, worn to death with the hardships of the rapids and

precipitous gorges which stood between them and the goldfield. But the spirit of the Britisher conquered both the forbidding forces of Nature and the stubborn resistance of the wild men, for the year 1899 found nearly a hundred white miners, with native labourers they had brought from civilized districts, sluicing in the Yodda Valley, where, in a couple of years, the gold output was estimated at forty-eight thousand pounds.

After having won through the savage races of the lowlands and the innumerable hardships of the route, the miners had earned the right to carry out their operations in peace, but this, alas! was not to be, for scarcely had they settled to their work when new enemies began to trouble them—the Biagi, the nomads of Mount Victoria. Now, the mountain men are very skilled in bushcraft. Unknown to the whites, the operations on the goldfield had been watched from the jungle by many curious and unfriendly eyes. To people who used stone implements there was a wealth of attraction in a steel hatchet; and before they had been long on the field the miners found their stock of hatchets rapidly decreasing. Another fact which interested the Biagi greatly was the absence of weapons as they knew them—i.e., spears. How was it, they wondered, that these men with white skins, who

controlled people of their own colour and used them as servants, could fight their way through the tribes of the lowlands, who—as they knew from their own experience—were strong and brave? Did those queer-shaped things which they carried either in their waist-belts or in their hands contain the secret of their success? They decided to watch and see. The miners, lulled to a sense of comparative security, and knowing nothing of the curiosity they were arousing, plied their trade, the while shooting game and birds to supplement their own diet and that of their native labourers. Then rifles began to disappear in the same mysterious manner as the hatchets. A watch was kept, and strange swift-footed natives were observed to enter the shanties while the occupants were at work on the claims, and to move away with whatever had attracted them. Just at this time, also, the Biagi had learnt what they wanted to know concerning the movements and methods of the gold-seekers, and events moved very quickly.

Among the Biagi a boy may not become an adult member of the clan until he has killed a man of another tribe, and until he has been permitted to enter adult membership of his tribe he may not marry one of the girls. So, almost as soon as the miners learned to account for the thefts of hatchets and rifles from their camps, some of their boys, on duty at the heads of water-races and other isolated parts of the gold-diggings, were suddenly pounced upon and killed by the strange men of the mountains. In consequence there were many weddings in Biagi-land, but there was no rejoicing on the field, for the task of punishing the murderers meant many days of weary climbing in the mountains and so much time lost from work. The man who follows the gold trail doesn't like to have his attention taken away from it, but as other labourers were lost the diggers assembled to discuss a means of coping with this new menace. As a result, about forty of the white men, with a large number of native labourers, set out one day to climb the mountains and punish the marauders. Day after day they cut their way through the forest, climbing the waterfalls and precipitous mountain-sides, until at last they entered one of the villages of the Biagi. Here they found some of their stolen property, which had been left behind by the mountain men in their flight to the bush. The natives themselves remained elusive, and only one slight engagement took place, during which the Biagi used the rifles taken from the camp and wounded two of the miners. It is said, however, that the miners obtained some satisfaction before they returned to the field, and certainly they were not molested again for a time. One of the

diggers, who had lost his eye, had it replaced by a glass one, which, though not so convenient as the natural one, compensated him in other ways. It is said that its good qualities were particularly useful in connection with his labourers, for if he wished to leave them during working hours he would take out the glass eye and deliberately place it on a stick or stone facing in the direction of the workings. He could then leave the job for any length of time, knowing that the superstitious natives would work just as hard with the uncanny orb fixed on them as if he were personally superintending their labour.

From this time onwards the development of the Yodda goldfield proceeded without any great hindrance from the natives of the vicinity. Though isolated cases of murder were fairly numerous, the establishment of a Government station at Kokoda, nine miles from the field, prevented any serious outbreaks, and meantime the advance of civilization gradually led to the pacification of the tribes between the field and the coast, so that communications were moderately safe. A Government station was eventually established on the coast as well, and near by stores were erected by traders to provide for the men on the field. So progress continued until 1909, when the Biagi, who had given comparatively little trouble since the first outbreak, became restless again, and two more native labourers were murdered on the Yodda and their bodies hidden. The Resident Magistrate of the district visited the scene of the outrage with his armed native constabulary to solve the mystery of the missing boys, and while they were searching in the forest two of the native constables heard a ghastly shriek from the creek just below them. Rushing to the spot they caught one of the Biagi in the very act of dragging into the bush the body of a labourer he had just killed with a tomahawk. The Biagi warrior fought desperately with the constables, but was overpowered and securely handcuffed. His village was identified and the party, hastening there, effected the capture of the other men concerned in the outrage of that day, though the mystery of the two men missed the day before remained unsolved.

In 1910 other murders followed in quick succession. I had just come to the division from the German Boundary to recover from a particularly virulent form of malaria prevalent in that region, and was resting with the Resident Magistrate at the coastal station of Buna Bay, Kokoda, being at this time in charge of an Assistant Resident Magistrate. The recurrence of murders on the Yodda gave rise to considerable alarm among the miners on the goldfield, so every



effort was made to discover the perpetrators, but, as in the two cases of 1909, the crimes remained a mystery. The Assistant Resident Magistrate, who had resigned owing to ill-health, was awaiting relief, so, after completing an important patrol in the coastal ranges, I was instructed by the

to all accessories to patrol work. Food and transport must be packed in single loads, about forty pounds in weight, while to protect the stores against the rain, which invariably falls every day, everything is carried in canvas bags carefully painted with oils to make them waterproof. These bags, or "swags" as they are called, are fastened on the back by means of canvas slings which cross the chest. The medicine-chest had to be restocked with cough mixture and snake-bite remedies; carriers in this part are liable to colds on account of the rarity of atmosphere and the intense cold of the higher altitudes, whither the mountain people always retire when pursued. Finally, rifles and



"The Biagi warrior fought desperately."

R.M. to proceed to Kokoda and join the Assistant in hunting the Yodda murderers. Upon my arrival at Kokoda that officer proceeded to the Yodda to further investigate the recent murders, while I unpacked and repaired my patrol gear and equipment ready for mountain work. In this part of New Guinea special attention has to be paid

ammunition had to be tested and put in order.

While thus engaged a messenger brought a note from one of the miners stating that two of his boys who had gone to the head of his water-race early that morning, to turn on the water used for sluicing his claim, had not returned. This letter I dispatched to the A.R.M., who was actually in another part of the Yodda at the time, and that officer found evidence of foul play, though the bodies were not recovered.

When he returned to the station the A.R.M. became very ill, and it was decided

that he should rest and prepare for his journey to Port Moresby, a hundred miles on foot over the mountains. Accordingly I took charge of the Yodda Goldfield murders, and immediately began arrangements for a patrol. Choosing a number of constables skilled in bushcraft, I left the station early the following morning with rations for three days. We arrived after a couple of hours' walk at a large tributary of the Yodda, known as the Owi. This river tumbles down from the Biagi mountains, and when in "fresh" after a heavy rain presents an awesome spectacle of foaming rapids and whirlpools.

At this place I decided to halt a while, so that the boys might enjoy a few minutes "smoke-oh." One of the constables, a boy named Keloia, whom I had already marked for promotion on account of the quiet strength of his personality, wandered away up-river in the direction of its watershed, and returning a few minutes later asked me to come with him. I followed his lead, and on the opposite bank he pointed to the remains of a fire in which were some pieces of taro—the native food of the locality—not quite cooked, though the embers of the fire were cold. Alongside lay a knife, similar to the long-bladed scrub-knives used on the Yodda, and in a tree near by, with its point embedded about three inches in the sappy wood, was a spear. A few pieces of half-eaten food lay about the fire. Evidently someone had been eating there, and while waiting for the food to cook had been disturbed by something of which they were afraid. Only in this way could we account for the evident haste with which the food-cookers had left, for natives do not leave such things behind without very good reason, and as none of the people who habitually use that area had cause to fear one another, the disturbed party must have been people who had no good reason for being in the locality. Calling the party together, I directed a search of the vicinity, and we found tracks (made by natives departing in great haste) leading in the direction of the Owi headwaters, where the Biagi villages are situated. Presently the tracks diverged and ran in all directions, as if the fugitives had scattered to avoid pursuit. Returning to the fire, we picked up the tracks by which they had come to the cooking place and followed an easy trail coming from the direction of the Yodda. But here again the tracks began to diverge, as if those who made them had arrived at a certain rendezvous by separate trails. Certain that we were on the tracks of the men who murdered the Yodda boys, we left them for the time and made all haste to the Yodda, where we examined the scene whence the boys had disappeared.

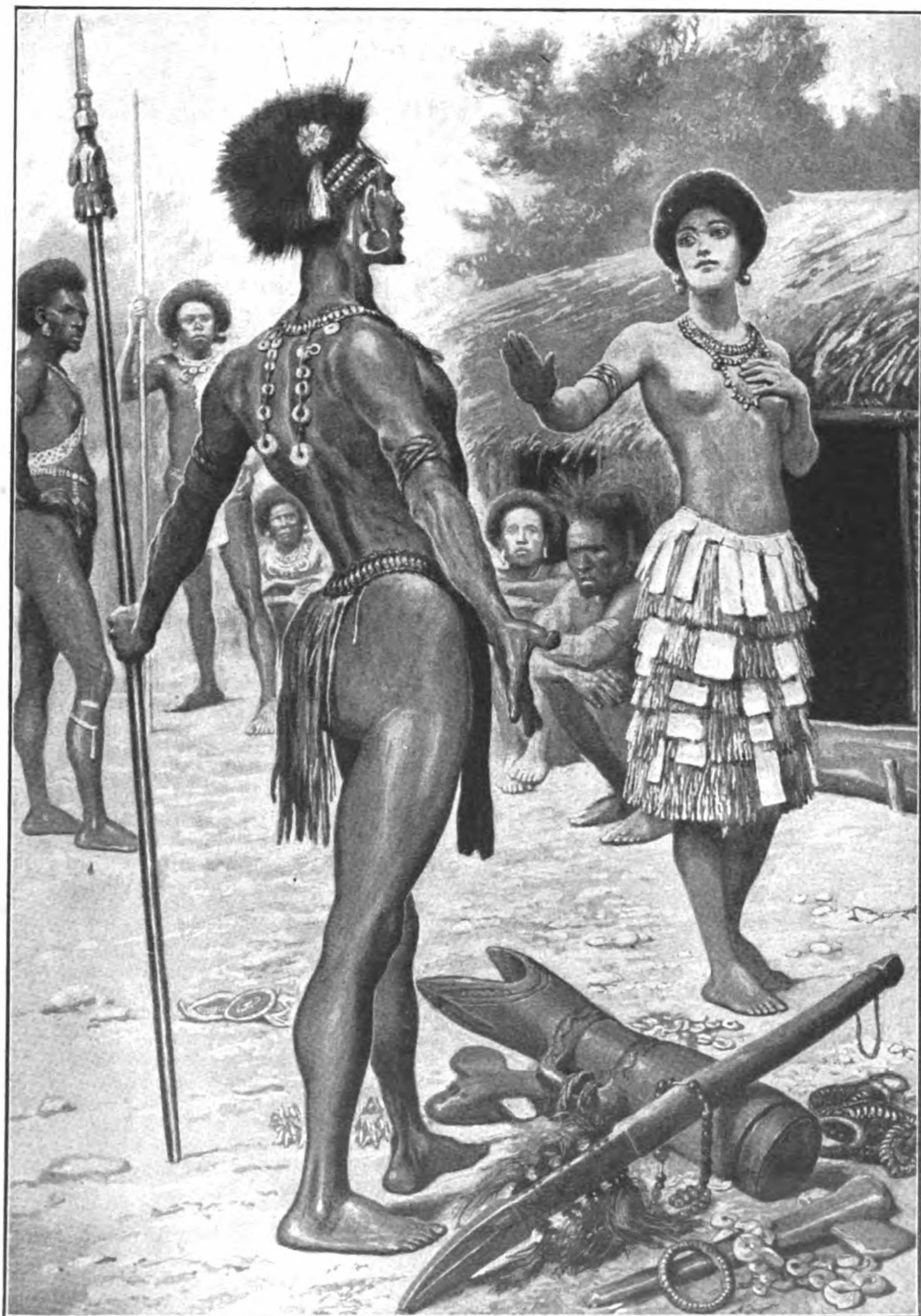
Just above the head of the water-race Keloia found some leaves on the ground and other indications that men had lain there. A small clump of shrubs grew in front of the bed of leaves, and some twigs which would have obscured the view below had been snapped off. The slope showed that the natives had crept very carefully down to where the boys worked, and the sides of the race gave indications that a short struggle had taken place. No signs of the bodies were discovered, nor could any tracks leaving the place be found; whoever had done the work had carefully covered their trail.

Nothing was to be gained by a prolonged stay, so we returned to the station fairly certain that the Biagi people were responsible for the disappearance of the two boys. I had been carefully studying Keloia, and on learning that he was a Hagari boy, related by language and custom to the Biagi tribes, I decided to test him, for if he proved reliable I felt certain that the solution of the difficulty could be safely left to him. His record on the constabulary roll showed that he was a quiet, well-behaved man, though not of much account because of his ignorance of broken English. As the native language used by the constabulary was known to me, his ignorance of English was not of much concern. What interested me chiefly was his quiet dignity and strength, rare in a native, and apt to be passed over as stupidity by a careless observer. His personality, his interest in his work, and his extraordinary skill in the art of tracking and reading bush-signs won my confidence. That night I called him into the home-made building of adzed logs and grass thatch which served as the office, and said to him, in the vernacular: "Keloia, you look like a man. I am pleased with the way you are doing your work. I want a man to undertake special investigation work which will relieve him for a time of his police duties and make him a sort of general adviser. That is the sort of man I want for hunting these murderers. Are you the man?" He replied with just one word—"Master." That was all. "All right," I said. "Now go and think it over, and when you have decided how we are to go about the matter, come and let me know."

Thus began one of the best friendships that ever existed between brown and white, with what result the following pages will show.

Keloia came to me later in the evening and said: "Master, in the village of Saluba, which is inhabited by one of the tribes known as Biagi, there lives a great chief. That man is Gavana. To him I would speak."





**"The girl gently told him not to pursue his suit."**

"What is in your mind?" I asked.

"Lest I am thinking things that are not as things are, I should like to speak later,

when I see the way clear," he said. "Very well," I told him; "you are my assistant, and I trust you. Go and find the way."

While he was absent I completed arrangements for extensive patrol work. There were many things to be done. The local tribes had to be told to hold themselves in readiness. I had chosen the Kokos for porters. They are hereditary enemies of the Biagi, and the idea of a patrol through the Biagi country, notwithstanding the hardships that would be incurred, filled them with eagerness. Volunteers presented themselves every hour of the day, and I was able to make a selection of the most powerful and active men. All the chiefs, too, were eager to take part. Some of them, though considerably over fifty years of age, nothing daunted by the hardships and cold of the mountain altitudes, expressed their excitement at the prospect of a march through the country of the enemy they hated as only a New Guinea man can hate. In the past they had suffered much at the hands of the predatory mountaineers, who pounced on them, when they least expected it, with the suddenness of the wild bush animals that shared their mountains, disappearing again just as suddenly into their fastnesses beyond reach of pursuit and revenge.

Keloia returned after two days with a number of Saluba people, including a striking-looking man of stately mien and light brown skin, whom I had no difficulty in identifying as the famous chief Gavana. Several Kokos were at the station when they arrived, having brought native food for us to purchase, and as Gavana walked through them his name was whispered from one to the other with awe and respect, for he had been the leader of many Biagi raids on their tribe and had earned a big name as a lone fighter through his habit of stalking the Kokos and killing them, one at a time, in revenge for a raid of theirs on his village which resulted in the death of his sister while he was in another district.

Keloia also had another fine-looking man with the party, but he was in handcuffs; him he called Ilumi. The curious onlookers were dispersed, much to their disgust, for the Papuan dearly loves to listen to some other person's business, particularly when the tale unfolds incidents of love and bloodshed, as this one did. The Biagi squatted quietly on their haunches and gazed with rapt attention at the speaker, fearful lest they should miss one word, their breath coming spasmodically as their excitement increased, and their eyes widely opened.

I will let Keloia tell the tale in his own way.

"Master," he began, "there lives in Owi village, which is one of the Biagi settlements high up on the rocky crags of 'Queen Victoria' (native way of saying Mount Victoria), a girl named X—. Her skin is

like the skin of a white man, her head is erect, and as she walks men are reminded of the leaves of the taro plant as they sway gracefully in a light wind. Her manner is quiet and gentle, and when she speaks her words are kind, for she thinks not of herself but of others. When she smiles men forget their sorrows, and when she sings the mountain songs of her people, men and women cease their work to listen. She is too good and wonderful to be of the world, for her character and the influence she has on others remind us of those good women who live in the place where the ghosts go to. But she is just a woman, of course—a beautiful woman who at birth was given by the 'Ghost people' qualities that are not given to others. So, Master, that's 'what for' (the reason).

"I do not follow your meaning—*what's 'what for'?*" I asked.

"It is on account of that woman that the Yodda murders have occurred," he replied.

"Oh!" I said, beginning to see light. "Well, take up your story and carry it on."

"All the boys in Owi village have been mad over that girl for many years, but none so hopelessly in love as Kikivi, and here is the reason for the trouble.

"Now, Kikivi is just such a man as X—is a woman, but when he was born the 'ghost people' did not tell him how to use his charm, and where she exerts a good influence he exerts a bad one. But he is a man, and the people cease speaking when he speaks. He it is that goes alone into the bush and with his spear and axe kills the wild boar in single combat. Scars inflicted by the wild bush animals which he fought and killed stand out from his skin like the stars at night.

"Like X—, he has the skin of a white man, and the height and strength of a strong white man. People call him 'Like the Wind,' to express his movements.

"But he is selfish and cruel, and has the mind and soul of an evil thing 'not man.'

"This man loves X—, and has sworn to possess her. For many years he desired her. Since she has been a big girl he has laid at her feet all the spoils of the hunt; all the trophies he has taken from the bodies of men he has killed in war. Thinking to please her, he has won the 'homicidal decoration' for bravery many times over, and in the fever of his passion to possess her he has killed many men of other tribes who at ordinary times would not have been attacked. But all in vain; he is no more to her than any of the other boys, all vainly longing. She goes her way and pleases everyone but Kikivi.

"This unreturned love of Kikivi's has been the cause of the Yodda murders. About



three years ago (1909) Kikivi killed one day a very fine wild boar in single combat. This he cut up and took to the father of X——, asking his help. The father took the pig, but said the girl would not be influenced and that he would let her have her own way. This made Kikivi feel bad, particularly as he had given away the best portion of his pig to ensure the father's good will. He felt 'kava-kava' (foolish); and you know, Master, that when a New Guinea man is made 'kava-kava' his blood rises and he feels 'no good' until he has spilled the blood of some other person. He approached X—— once more, but the girl gently told him not to pursue his suit as she could never love him.

"Kikivi was puzzled. He looked inside himself to find what he lacked. Surely he was the finest man in the village, and therefore a prize to be desired. Perhaps if he went to war again and killed a man, the girl would be proud of his suit. His feelings, too, would be soothed by killing a man. Yes; that was the way out—he would go to the Yodda and ease his feelings by killing one of the boys of the white men who worked in the valley.

"And so it came about that the first boys were killed on the Yodda. Kikivi was assisted in this act by some of the younger men of the village who were only too anxious to win their spurs under such a leader. After killing the miners' boys they hurled their bodies into the rapids, so that all traces might be washed away. When they returned to the village they spoke proudly of their deed and were greatly praised by all except X——. She alone had no word to say, and the heart of Kikivi was heavy and bitter within him. So bitter, indeed, that he went to the village of Saluba near by and spoke of his longings. And the people of Saluba were sympathetic, but they were also a little jealous of his deeds. Not for long did they hesitate; Bakosi saw to that. He was their 'strong man.' One who had killed many. He had, in fact, just completed a term of imprisonment in the Port Moresby jail for killing some years before one of His Majesty's mail carriers and gouging out the eyes of his victim. Kikivi's words fired Bakosi, and he was seized of a desire to slay. So no sooner had Kikivi left Saluba than Bakosi and some others slipped silently through the bush to the Yodda. But ill fortune dogged their tracks, for no sooner had they slain one of the Yodda boys than the police surrounded them and captured Bakosi. (This was the occasion on which the Resident Magistrate was at the Yodda investigating the case of the boys who had been killed by Kikivi a few days before.)

"But though the police came to Saluba and arrested many of Bakosi's friends, Kikivi and his companions remained undisturbed. Encouraged by this and enraged by the refusal of X—— to accept his love, Kikivi repeated his crimes. On the last occasion Ilumi, Obibi, Namai, and Boboil accompanied him. Kikivi made each one of them share in killing the boys, cutting up their bodies, and throwing them in the creek, so that each would be equally guilty and not likely to betray the others in the event of discovery. But as the bodies were not washed away the pieces were recovered and laid under shelves of rock in the river bed. While Kikivi and his friends were returning from the scene of the crime they were seen at the Owi River while they were cooking some food—they had been in the jungle all night without it—by the Assistant Resident Magistrate's party on its way to the Yodda, and fearful of discovery they abandoned what they had and returned with all haste to the village. The people were very angry with them this time for having left traces of their return route, and during the altercation Kikivi and the other boys left the tribe and journeyed many days across the mountains to their friends the Bede, on Mount Scratchley. The people of the village left for the mountain-tops, and now they are hiding in the caves and stone places near the top of Mount Victoria.

"Ilumi is the only one who did not go, and I managed to capture him while he was working in his garden."

Such was Keloia's story of the misdeeds of Kikivi and his young friends or pupils. It was corroborated by the man Ilumi. I learned also that the hiding-place of the fugitives was in the mountains about four days' march from Kokoda. The village of the Bede tribe in which they were hiding was one that had never been visited by Government officials, nor were the Bede people themselves under control.

During the evening of his return I had a long consultation with Keloia and the chief Gavana, and plans for the expedition to Mount Scratchley were discussed.

Gavana was one of the most striking men I have ever met. In the discussion of plans for the capture of Kikivi he took a leading part, and eventually he and Keloia gave me a clear idea of what was needed for the achievement of our object.

At daylight one morning I set out with eight picked native police and about seventy Koko carriers. A number of Gavana's friends from Biagi-land joined us as we went, and that night we camped in the Yodda valley. Our expedition into the unknown was now well under way.

(To be continued.)

# The "Pinto" of Great Black Pine Mountain

by

*B·C·d'EASUM*  
of  
*RUPERT. IDAHO*

ILLUSTRATED BY  
*LIONEL EDWARDS A.R.C.A*

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**The stirring story of the life and death  
of a wonderful wild horse. "The tale  
is absolutely true," writes the Author.**

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**G**REAT BLACK PINE MOUNTAIN — don't blame me for the mouthful of words, I didn't name it—is in the south-eastern part of Idaho. It is situated in one of the roughest and most rugged sections of a peculiarly rugged and mountainous State. Bear, cougar, deer, and other big game have a happy home in the Great Black Pine Mountain country. There, too, for several years, has ranged a band of wild horses.

One winter night, about thirty years ago, a party of freighters with two four-horse teams were camping on the Oregon Trail, the historic American road which winds its way through Southern Idaho. That night there was a fierce blizzard. When the freighters groped their way out from their wagon covers in the chill dawn they found that their horses had disappeared. All they could see was a dreary desert of sage bushes and swirling snow. You will please understand that the Oregon Trail ran through a country of magnificent distances, where neighbours lived fifty or a hundred miles from each other.

The old-time freighter was an artist in the use of "cuss-words," and I can quite imagine that those horseless gentry did the occasion full justice in an outpouring of fervent and picturesque profanity.

But they never saw their horses again. How the freighters got out of their difficulty

I do not know. The story goes that the horses, drifting south before the blizzard, eventually came to the Great Black Pine Mountain country, saw that the land was a pleasant one, and took up their abode there. There they lived in peace and increased and multiplied.

From time to time, hunters, prospectors, and cowboys hunting stray stock brought back tales of seeing a band of wild horses on Great Black Pine Mountain. In 1917 came stories of a wonderful "pinto" stallion who lorded it over a band of some thirty wild mares. The men who had seen the pinto described him as being a marvel of speed and looks. He was a light buckskin colour with handsome, irregular jet-black markings—hence the name "pinto." He had a long, flowing mane and tail, arched crest, small head, and slender legs—a gem of a horse, in short.

Many attempts were made to run down and capture the pinto, but he frustrated all of them with ridiculous ease. Usually his marvellous speed enabled him to escape: sometimes he fled into rocky and almost inaccessible regions, and left his pursuers floundering blindly in a maze of canyons and precipices.

The fame of the wonderful wild pinto reached into neighbouring States, and finally came to the ears of Jack Wooding, of Wyoming, a celebrated rider and horseman, who





"Wooding threw himself backwards out of his saddle just in time to see his steed follow the pinto to the happy hunting-ground of good horses."

had had much experience in the game of hunting wild horses. There are many bands of wild horses in the Western States. Usually the horses are not worth the bother and expense of hunting them, but occasionally, as in the case of the pinto, the band includes a horse that is a horse.

Wooding came to the Black Pine Mountain country in the fall of 1918. He brought with him four other expert riders and a string of five horses, noted for their speed and endurance.

Great Black Pine Mountain slopes down to almost level plains dotted with sage bushes. It was Wooding's plan to run the pinto off the mountain on to these plains and then wear him out by driving him from one rider to another, who would take up the hunt with a fresh horse. One of Wooding's riders rode a racehorse, famous on the tracks, and all his horses were partly thorough-bred. Both he and his four men were skilled with the rope.

For some days Wooding looked over the ground and, from a respectful distance, studied the habits of the pinto and his band. He observed that the wild horses came from their strongholds at dawn to drink at some springs on the side of the mountain. The pinto led the troop and acted as lookout. The slightest alarm would send them scurrying back to their heights, wilder than mountain sheep and as sure-footed as mountain goats.

At length came the day when Wooding thought his plans were complete. He had found a place where he could get into the canyon down which the wild horses came to drink. Among the rocks he camped the night before and, in the early dawn, saw the band passing down to the springs. Just above the springs Rider No. 1 was posted, with orders to try to drive the horses down the mountain to the plain. Rider No. 1 tried all right, but the band wheeled and dashed back up the narrow canyon, where they were met by Wooding, who was yelling and firing his revolver in the air. Most of the band got past him, but the pinto and five or six of the mares turned again and rushed down the canyon and down the mountain-side at break-neck speed. Out on the plain Wooding and Rider No. 1 ran the band at full speed for some ten miles to where Rider No. 2 was posted with his fresh horse.

No. 2 took up the chase for another ten

miles and turned the hunt over to Rider No. 3, who repeated the performance. By this time the mares had been passed, but the wonderful pinto seemed as fresh as ever. Rider No. 4 was riding the racehorse, and with a burst of speed managed to range alongside of the pinto, who had already travelled more than thirty miles at a rate good enough to win races on most tracks. Rider No. 4 took down his rope and threw it. He was a first-class roper, but the pinto ducked his head, "turned on a silver dollar," as the man said afterwards, and ran away from No. 4's racehorse like an aeroplane running away from a crippled tank.

To cut the story short, those riders chased the pinto for more than fifty miles in a circle back to the starting-point. There Wooding, whose horse was rested and comparatively fresh, joined the hunt and confidently pursued the pinto among the rocks and pines. It was apparent that the magnificent horse had almost shot his bolt. Still he plunged ahead, head high and nostrils dilated, mane and tail flying, white foam on his sides and back.

Straight as an arrow he ran to where the mountain-side broke off short in a precipice three hundred feet deep. Straight to the edge he maintained his wild rush; then, turning his head with a scream of defiance he leaped boldly out into space and fell crashing among the tops of the big black pines below.

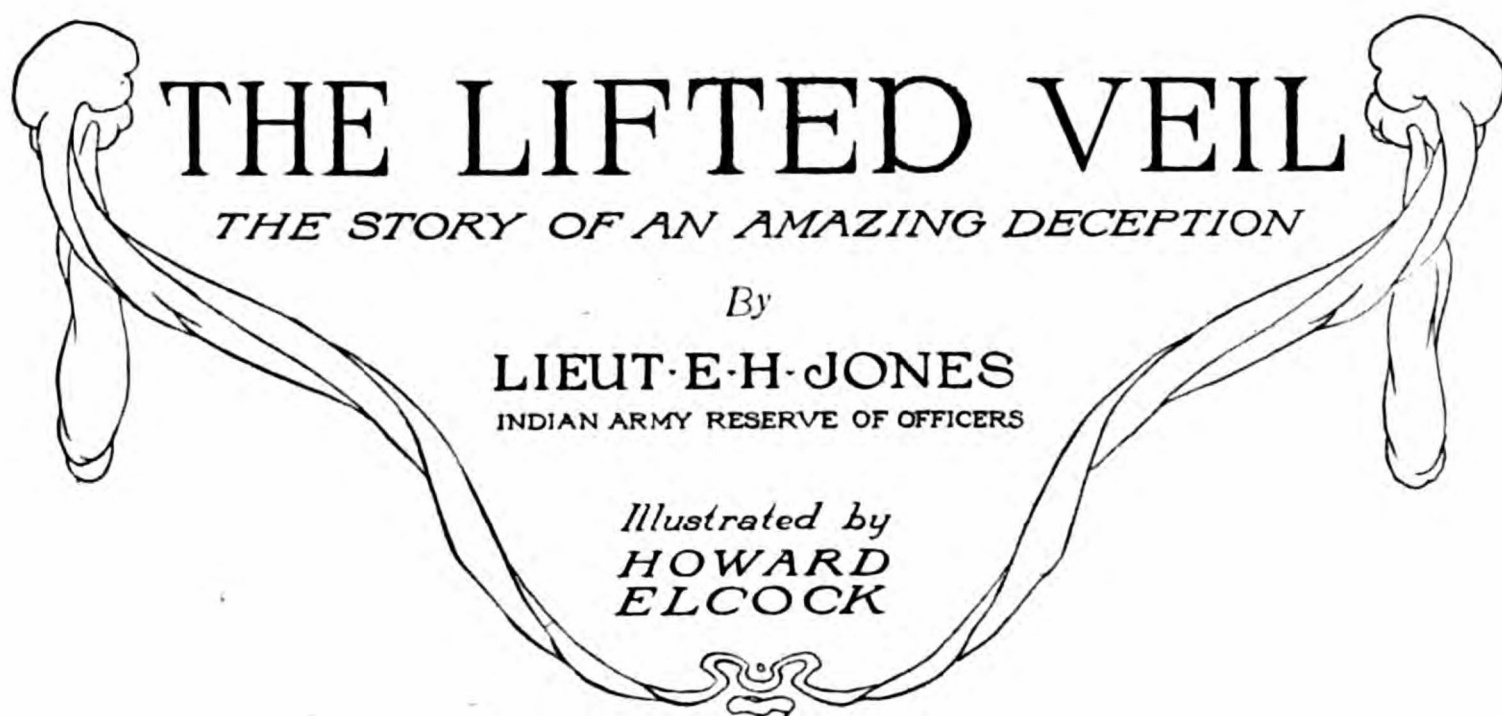
Wooding, recklessly spurring close behind, could not stop his own horse, and threw himself backwards out of his saddle just in time to see his steed flounder at the brink and follow the pinto to the happy hunting-ground of good horses.

In 1919, while hunting blue grouse among the pines of Great Black Pine Mountain, we came upon the skeletons of two horses. Mountain lions had done their work, but we could see that one of the animals had been a pinto. There, where he had ranged in his wild freedom, I was told the story of the pinto of Great Black Pine Mountain. He was certainly "some horse."

At a ranch not far away the people have a two-year old pinto colt—evidently a descendant of the hero of this story. The colt was captured on the mountain, and is a splendid-looking youngster. His owners are trying to "gentle" him, but the buckaroo who first tries to ride him has my sincere sympathy.







# THE LIFTED VEIL

*THE STORY OF AN AMAZING DECEPTION*

By

LIEUT. E. H. JONES

INDIAN ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS

*Illustrated by*  
**HOWARD  
ELCOCK**

Two British officers, prisoners of war in Turkey, took up Spiritualism and got the Turkish Commandant and his Interpreter interested in the uncanny business. The idea of escape by means of the "Spook" took shape, and the Turks—egged on by the hope of finding a mythical "treasure"—fell into the trap. This instalment describes how the two conspirators went into solitary confinement, in pursuance of their daring scheme, and how the plan of campaign developed.

## V.

### WE GO TO PRISON.

**A**T 3 p.m. our twenty-four hours of grace expired. Once more we went to the Commandant's office—Hill and I and the four witnesses. The last act of the little comedy was played. The Commandant began with a graphic picture of the horrors of a Turkish prison and the monotony of a bread-and-water diet. Then he told us how much he loved us prisoners, and would we spare him the pain of putting us in jail by giving up the name he wanted?

Hill and I were models of firmness in our refusal. Kiazim Bey, with a gesture of hopelessness, indicated he could do no more for us. Then came the sentence. The common jail for the present would remain in abeyance, but until we saw fit to confess we would be confined in a back room of the "Colonel's House"—a large empty building opposite the office. We would be allowed no communication whatever with other prisoners, and no orderly, but we might have our clothes and bedding. We would not be permitted to write or to receive any letters. To begin with, our food could be sent in by the nearest prisoner's house. If we remained obdurate, we would later sample a bread-and-water diet. No walks and no privileges of any kind, and the threat of a further court-martial and a severer sentence by Constantinople over our heads!

Then something happened which neither Hill nor I had foreseen, and which completely took our breath away. Major Gilchrist, in his position as adjutant of the camp, made an exceedingly polite and grateful speech. No

doubt he thought he was being very diplomatic, for on behalf of the camp he thanked the Commandant for the courtesy and fairness with which he had conducted the trial and for the leniency of the sentence!

After this "vote of thanks," our four witnesses left the office. They were good fellows, those four. They busied themselves getting up our kit to our new quarters, and seeing the room swept out and all made comfortable for us. While they were doing so, Hill and I and the Commandant and the Pimple were having a noble time together, recalling the various incidents in the trial and congratulating each other on our successful performances. The Commandant thought it all the best joke of his life, and he made us repeat Gilchrist's pæan of praise several times, rocking in his chair with laughter.

At last there was a trampling in the hall below. The guard was waiting, so the Commandant shook hands with each of us in turn.

"Remember, my friends," he said, "you have but to ask for anything you want, and you will get it."

Then we were marched across to our new prison—the first men in history, so far as we knew, to be sentenced for thought-reading! Our new prison was one of the best-built houses in Yozgad, empty of all furniture, it is true (except the chair and table we had each brought with us), but large and airy, and comparatively clean. From the front windows we had a view of the Commandant's office and the main street. From the side we looked into "Posh Castle," where now lived our friends Doc., Price, and Matthews;

The Author's book, "On the Road to En-Dor," is published by Mr. John Lane.

and at the back there was a tiny cobbled yard, with high walls round it, and a large stone horse-trough, which we promptly converted into that real luxury—a full-length bath. To the south-east we had a wide view of the distant pine-woods, and nearer at hand a certain grey rock projected through the snow on the slope of South Hill. Under its shadow lay the first clue to the treasure.

When we arrived some of our friends were waiting to see the last of us. Our escort hustled them out. The door slammed, the key grated in the lock, and a sentry took up his stand outside. Our separation from the camp was complete, and our solitary confinement had begun.

It was natural that Hill and I should be elated at the success of our plan. The simultaneous hoodwinking of friend and foe had for us an amusing side. But mingled with our elation and our amusement was a feeling which no loyalty to our friends in the camp could suppress. For we rejoiced, above all, in our loneliness, our freedom from interruption.

The thing now was to get the proof of Kiazim Bey's complicity which would make the camp safe. Kiazim was not an easy man to trap: up-to-date there was nothing he could not explain by a theory of collusion between his subordinates and ourselves. We had no *proof* of his share in the plot. With typical Oriental cunning he kept himself well in the background.

Weeks ago we had conceived the idea of snapshotting Kiazim Bey, his satellites, and ourselves digging for the hidden gold. Cameras are a luxury forbidden to prisoners of war, but on our first night in the Colonel's House Hill put into my hand a vest-pocket Kodak, belonging to Wright, which somehow or another had escaped notice at the time of the latter's capture. Films to fit it had arrived in a parcel, and Hill had "palmed" them under the nose of the Turkish censor while "helping" him to unpack.

It contained three films still unexposed—three ropes for the neck of Kiazim Bey, or for that of the photographer, according as the Goddess of Fortune smiled on Britisher or Turk.

It is not easy to take a group photograph at seven paces (the limit, we reckoned, for recognition of the figures), without somebody noticing what is being done. Discovery would be dangerous, for we were now very much in the Commandant's power. It was no new idea to the Turkish mind, as we knew from the Pimple, to get rid of a man by shooting him on the plea that he was attempting to escape. There are, moreover, many other Oriental ways of doing away with undesirables, and if Kiazim Bey caught us trying to trap him he would regard us as *extremely* undesirable.

#### IN THE "COLONEL'S HOUSE."

We started our sojourn in the Colonel's House with a great many irons in the fire. As an essential preliminary to our main plan we had the

photograph to take, and in case any of the hundred and one possible accidents happened to the films, we must provide subsidiary evidence of Kiazim's complicity. The main plan was, of course, to escape from Turkey. Our first aim was to persuade the Turks to convey us east, south-east, or south (the exact direction and distance would depend upon their convenience, but we hoped for about three hundred miles) in search of the "treasure." Once within reasonable distance of safety we could trust to our legs. In case our persuasive powers proved inadequate for this rather tough proposition, we must simultaneously develop our second alternative. We must simulate some illness which would warrant our exchange. We fixed, provisionally, on madness. A third alternative, also requiring simultaneous development, was compassionate release.

In addition to the preparation of these three lines of escape, we had to keep up the interest of the Turks in the treasure, and to render absolute their belief in the powers of the Spook. In the event of success in this we decided, until we said good-bye to Yozgad, to assume the Commandant's functions. We would, in the Spook's name, take charge of the camp, increase its house-room, add to its liberties and privileges, improve its relations with the Turks, prevent parcel and money robbery, and rid it of the Pimple, whom everybody cordially hated. All this we did.

March 8th was a busy day for Hill. As the practical man of the combine he had to manufacture a new spook-board (the old one had to be left behind in the camp) and also a semaphore apparatus, for we had arranged (should occasion arise) to signal to Matthews, who lived across the way in Posh Castle. While Hill worked I submitted for his criticism various plans by which our aims might be attained. Next day the Pimple came in and sat chatting for a couple of hours. He told us that after his efforts at the trial the Commandant had suffered from a bad "go" of nerves, and had lain awake all night wondering what Constantinople would say, and what Colonel Maule would write in his next sealed letter to headquarters.

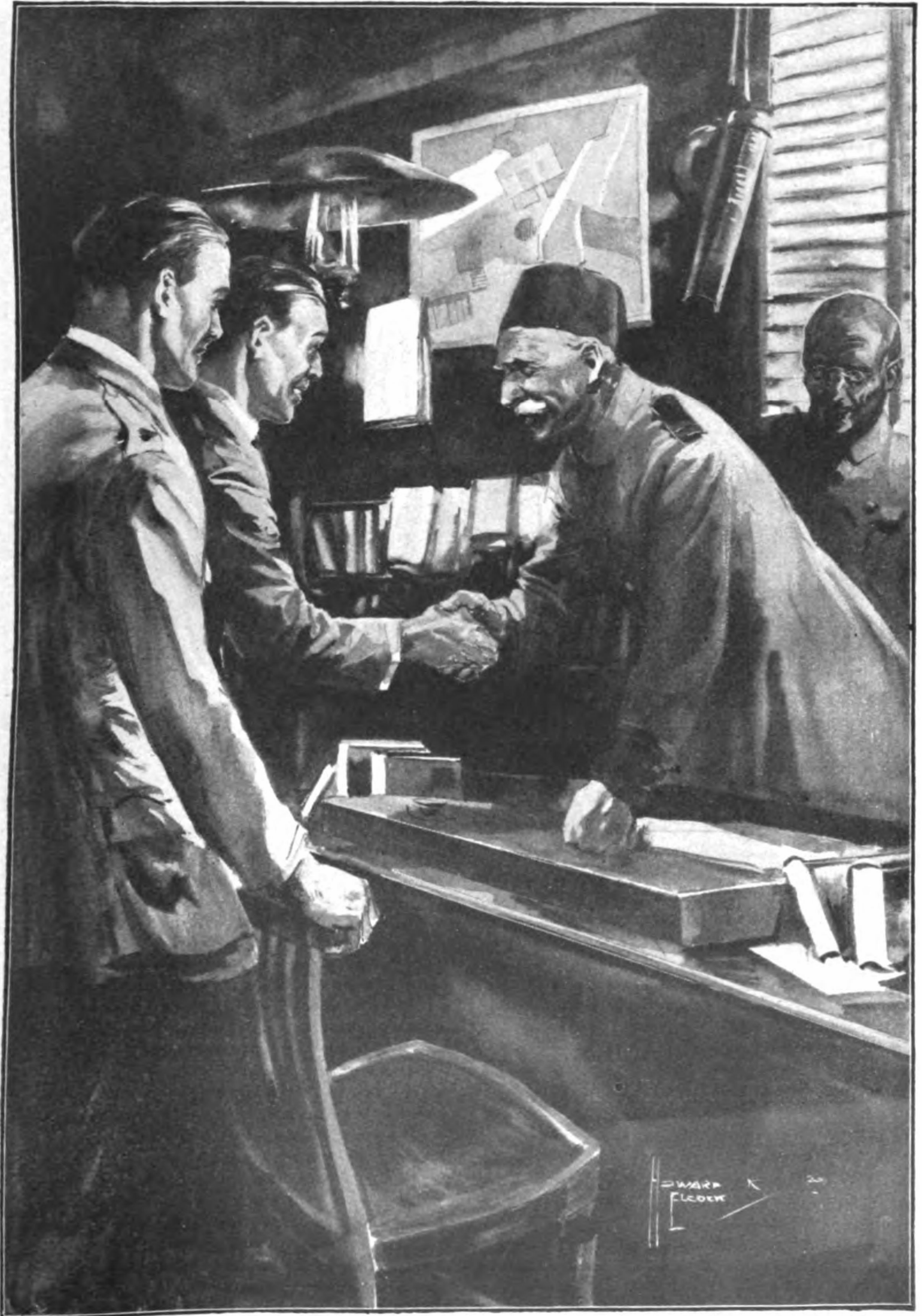
"Pah!" said the Pimple, "he is—what you call it?—*très poltron*!"

"I don't know German," said I.

"That is French," the Pimple explained, gravely. "It means what you call 'windy beggar.'"

This sort of thing would never do! We had a séance. The Spook began at once to fan Kiazim's waning courage. It pointed out that the task of the mediums was to get thoroughly in tune with one another, but that it was quite impossible so long as the Commandant created cross-currents of thought waves by worrying. The Commandant, the Pimple, the Cook, and the two mediums—all, in fact, who were concerned to find the treasure—must remain tranquil in mind





"The Commandant shook hands with each of us in turn."

or success would be impossible. Let their trust in the Spook be absolute, and all would be easy. Was not the Unseen working for us night and day? Whence came Gilchrist's pæan of praise for the verdict? Surely the Commandant recognized that it had been put into his mouth by the Spirit to act as a bar to any further protest about the conviction? Thus had Gilchrist been firmly committed as a supporter of the Commandant's view. And so with Colonel Maule. The Spook was pained at the Commandant's fear of Maule: for was not Maule's mind already under control? Did Kiazim imagine that the Spook was idle except at séances?

The séance achieved its end. The Commandant was much pleased to find that the Spook was taking so much trouble on his behalf, and had such powers of controlling people.

### THE ADVENT OF "OOO."

After we had been a week in solitary confinement the Spook decided we were sufficiently "in tune" to begin the treasure hunt. The Commandant, now that his fears of the consequences from the telepathy trial were at rest, had begun to show a little impatience. It was time to throw him a sop.

To the Turks the important part of the séances that followed was the treasure story. To us, the treasure story was only the jam that hid the pill. The séances were really an exposition of what goes on in all cases of conversion to Spiritualism—the development of a theory of spooking which the Turk (quite unconsciously) made his own. We were building up, for Kiazim Bey, the Pimple, and the Cook, an experience of spooking which would give them the proper point of view.

Our first treasure séance in the Colonel's House took place on March 14th between 5.30 and 10 p.m. After the usual preliminary greetings, the Spook said it would explain a few things. I quote the séance record:—

Spook: "I said I would tell you my difficulties. First difficulty is that OOO closes his thoughts to me. He has not yet shaken off the hatred of your sphere and refuses to benefit those he hates."

Moise: "Who is OOO, please? What did you mean by OOO?"

Spook: "That is his name here."

Moise: "The name of whom?"

Spook: "OOO."

Moise: "Who is he there?"

Spook: "The one whose wealth you seek. He is here now."

Moise: "Go on, please."

Spook: "He says, if I understand him rightly (as yet he is not very good at conveying thoughts), that if you are friends he can reveal now."

Moise (aside in excitement, "*Mon Dieu!*")

Aloud: "What does he mean by friends?"

Spook: "Not those he hates."

Moise: "We do not know if he hates us or not."

Spook: "He wants to speak to you himself to see if you are friends."

Moise: "Mr. Jones is English. Mr. Hill, too, and I am Ottoman, but not a Turk. Let him speak to us, sir."

Spook: "Are you ready? He is going to try."

Moise: "All right."

The glass now moved round the board in short, jerky movements, but it did not touch any letters. The jerky movement then stopped and our Spook took control again.

Spook: "He says the letters are not his letters, but he is going to give you a test with these letters. Take down carefully."

(The jerky movements of the glass began again, indicating that OOO was in control.)

OOO: "Intcheselguizakhayerenkidek."

Spook: "Do you understand that?"

Moise: "I know that it is Armenian, but I cannot understand it because I do not know Armenian."

Spook: "OOO says 'Thank you, that is exactly what he wanted to know. If you do not know Armenian you are no friend of his'—(Moise, aside, "*Mon Dieu!*")—and he bids you farewell, and may one called ASDUNDAD curse all Turks. He is angry and has gone." (Note.—The glass appears very angry.)

Moise: "Who will curse us?"

Spook (angrily): "ASDU-I-DAD!" (Moise had noted down Asdundad in error.)

Moise (nervously): "Thank you, sir; thank you, sir. I have corrected spelling. What to do now?"

Spook: "I can find out where the money is in another way. You are very stupid not to have understood simple Armenian, though it is not in Armenian characters. If you had understood he might have told you where the treasure is. But never mind, I forgive you. You have missed a good chance. I am sorry for you. However, in five days I shall be ready with a new plan, and I will begin to fulfil my promise and tell you how the treasure was hidden. The presence of OOO here to-night was a lucky chance that may not occur again. Good night, I'm tired."

Next day Moise complained to us that the Commandant had cursed him for a fool because he did not know Armenian.

"Oh, never mind him, Moise," said Hill, "he's an uneducated, incredulous ass."

"He is!" said Moise, with great fervour.

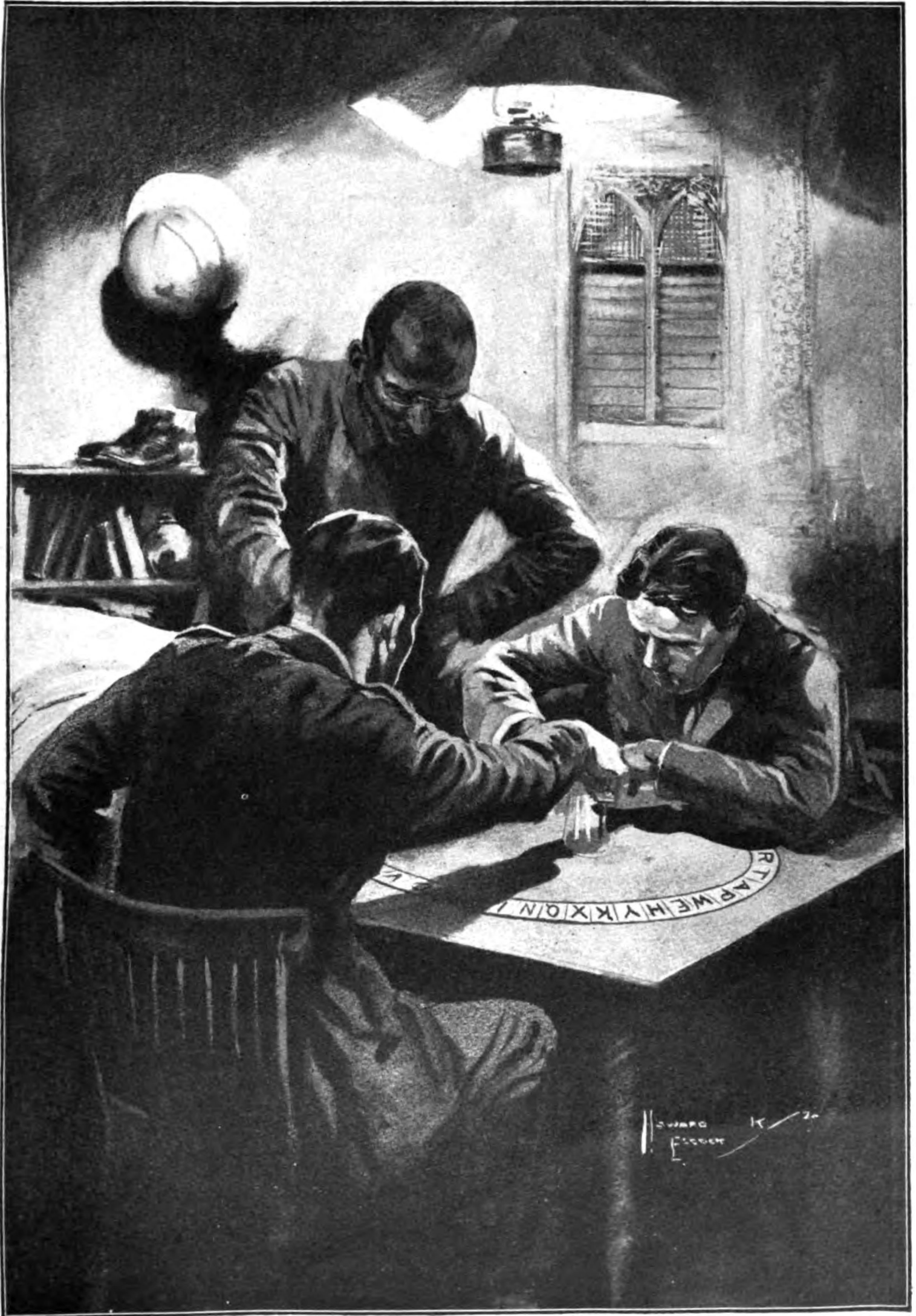
We met again for treasure-hunting from 8.15 to 11.30 p.m. on March 19th. There were the usual preliminaries. Then the Spook said—I again quote the record:—

Spook: "Now, about OOO. I have found out a lot about him."

Moise: "Had you much work before you found out? And will you tell us how you did it?"

Spook: "It is very hard, and it is difficult





"Stop, Jones! Stop, Hill! Stop!"

to tell you about him, because he and his friends are struggling to control the mediums." (The glass here began to move jerkily, indicating OOO.) "Look out. Stop!" (We stopped, in obedience to Moise, who was greatly excited.)

Spook: "When the glass begins jerking like that it means I have lost control, and the mediums must stop at once, as OOO is in control. Do you understand?"

Moise: "All right, sir."

Spook: "Keep cool, Moise! You are too excited, and will influence the mediums."

Moise: "Right, sir. I will keep cool. Will you go on?"

Spook: "OOO was a shrewd man. He was closely connected with a certain organization about which the Sup. has heard. As soon as Russia declared war he foresaw that Turkey would come into it, and at once began quietly to——" (The glass began jerking again.)

Moise: "Stop, Jones! Stop, Hill! Stop! Stop! Stop!" (As Hill and I were in a "half-trance," Moise had to shout loudly to stop us. After a pause the Spook continued.) "Realize his wealth and convert it into gold. Curse you! Go away!" (Glass jerked again.)

Moise: "Stop, Jones! Stop, Hill! Stop! Stop! (We stopped.)

Moise (aside): "Why is he cursing us?"

Spook: "I was talking to OOO."

Moise: "I understand."

#### "OOO" TELLS HIS STORY.

Spook: "Well, before Turkey declared war, OOO began to bury his gold." (Jerks again, and a pause.) "He hid it in a place known only to himself, nor did he ever tell anybody to his dying day. He was afraid to tell his relations in case they might reveal it under torture. Well, when Turkey entered the war, OOO contributed a large sum of gold to the Armenian association, and realized his debts as far as possible. When the Armenians joined the Russians, he knew a massacre was likely. His difficulty then was this: if he told nobody where the money was hidden, then he might be killed and his family would derive no benefit from his wealth. On the other hand, if he told his family they might reveal the secret under pressure. Do you know what he did? This is where I shall meet two strong oppositions. I want to see if the mediums are in good tune. Tell them to rest a moment, and we will see if they are in good tune."

Moise (to Jones and Hill): "Rest a moment. Rest a moment." (We took our fingers off the glass.)

Jones and Hill (absolutely simultaneously, and *apropos* of nothing): "I say, Moise, we want a walk to-morrow!"

Moise: "How do you think they are? Do you think they are in tune? Are you satisfied?"

Spook: "That was quite good. Don't you think so, Moise?"

Moise: "Yes, I think so."

Spook: "It was very nearly trance-talk—well——" (angrily to OOO)—"Now, see here, I am stronger than you! You may as well give up. I am going to tell in spite of you! Moise, if I am interrupted——"

Moise: "Stop! Stop!" (Moise was very excited and thought the Spook had said "I am interrupted." (After a pause we continued):—

Spook: "I repeat, if I am interrupted, as the mediums are in tune, let us fight it out with OOO."

Moise: "Yes, I understand."

Spook: "Take down carefully. The opposition may sometimes manage to get the wrong letters, but take everything down."

Moise: "I will try. Try to write slowly because I might make mistakes. I will do my best. I am ready." (At this point the glass began moving very slowly, in evident effort, getting near a letter and then being forced away. Moise said afterwards that he could see the whole fight going on, and that it was wonderful to watch. Both mediums were affected, breathed heavily and got very tired.

The Spook explained, amid much interruption from the hostile influences, that OOO had written out three clues, which were buried separately, one naming the place from which to measure, the second the distance, and the third the direction. The location of each of these clues was known to one person only; if OOO died the first man was instructed to seek out the second and together they were to go to the third, and follow his directions. The Spook was about to divulge the names of the parties concerned when an unfortunate interruption by the excited Moise caused the Spook, as he said, to "lose control" to the hostile influences. He therefore dubbed the three men AAA, YYY, and KKK, adding that YYY and KKK were dead.

"To-morrow at noon," concluded the Spook, "I shall give some advice to the Sup. Next treasure séance after five days. Good night."

Moise: "Good night, sir."

From our window we could see South Hill gleaming white in the moonlight. Beside a rock in the snow the first clue lay buried. With luck, we'd dig it up quite soon, and photograph the Commandant in the process. Hill took extra pains that evening in his nightly practice at "palming" the camera.

And next morning the poor little Pimple came to us more nearly in tears than ever. His face was very red. The Commandant, he told us, had just smacked it because he had spoilt the séance.

"And indeed," wailed the Pimple, "perhaps I should have known better."

But all the same he shook his fist in the direction of Kiazim Bey's office.

(To be continued.)



# WHERE NO WRIT RUNS

Life in the Highlands of Kurdistan.

Not many people have ever heard of Kurdistan, or know where it is. The favourite pastime of its wild mountaineers, always fond of a fight, is a raid upon their neighbours, and the Christian and Mohammedan tribes enjoy some very pretty skirmishes from time to time. The Author spent ten years in this turbulent country, and tells some most amusing stories concerning these happy-go-lucky sportsmen and their odd little ways.

by  
THE REVD.  
W.A. WIGRAM

ILLUSTRATED BY  
T. SOMERFIELD

KURDISTAN may be best described as a semicircle of gigantic and very rugged mountains, "worse to campaign in than anything on the Indian frontier," to quote men who know both, that stretches in a huge arc round the fertile plain of Mesopotamia, that latest-acquired of British "protectorates." Since the days when Xenophon and his Greeks forced their way across it on their long march home from Babylon, it has always been an Alsatia, where no law existed, and where each man's hand must keep his head. Even in the days when all the world seemed orderly, there was a happy refuge for the lawless to be found here; and now, when civilization has been pretty well shaken to pieces, it seems likely to continue in its pristine state for a few generations more, for nobody likes to tackle the job of reducing its wild inhabitants to order.

Yet it would well repay the labour! It is true that, up to the present, it has done little in the history of the world beyond producing from its never-failing snow-fields—the mountains of Ararat of the Bible—the rivers that made Mesopotamia the world's garden in olden days, and may make it so again in our time. But it can do more than that in the future. An arm of the great Mesopotamian oilfield extends under Kurdistan also, and these oil-fields are rich enough, in the opinion of the German scientific surveyors, to pay for the whole cost of the war, even if they do not pay it to the Power which the said surveyors hoped would receive it! Good coal underlies the whole land, running in long seams along its southern limit, and "coming to grass" again where the Kurdistan mountains merge in the Armenian plateau to the north of them. There is at least one mountain where native lead may be dug out in chunks and melted into bullets—a fact which was regarded by the tribesmen

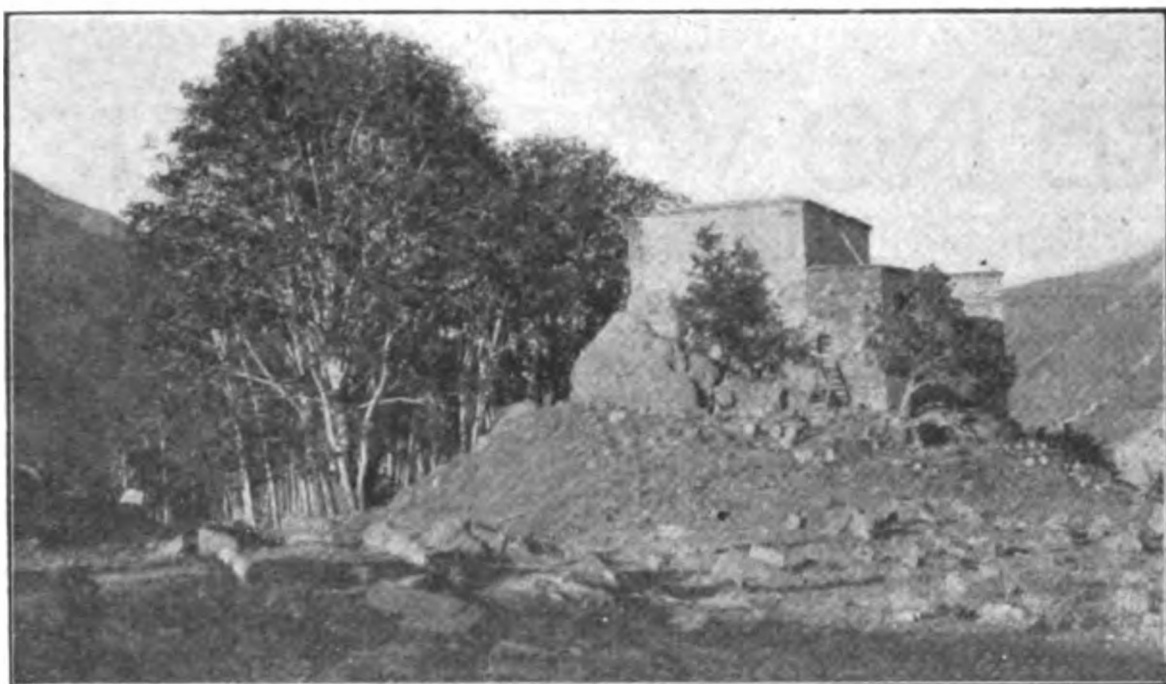
who owned it as a special proof of the favour of Heaven to such pious individuals as themselves.

I lived in Kurdistan for some ten years before the war, among the wild Kurdish tribes of Moslem faith, and the hardly less wild Christian highlanders of Assyrian blood; and in this article I have strung together a few episodes gathered from my experiences at that time.

It was a most interesting life, for I found myself living in exactly the atmosphere of the Scottish Highlands, before the rising of "the forty-five" destroyed the old clan system. Take as an instance the following incident which occurred in 1911. It so happened that the clan of Tkhoma (which



A typical mountaineer.



**A church of the Assyrian mountaineers of Kurdistan.**

was Christian) went raiding over the hill against their Mohammedan neighbours of Chal, in the next valley. The expedition was most successful in that they got fully five hundred sheep, without as much as waking their owners. Then, as they were driving the spoil home, it came into the mind of some hothead that there is really no fun in taking your enemy's sheep unless *you* know that *he* knows who has scored off him. All the party felt the force of this argument, so the sheep were left on the hill, while the warriors went back to the village, there to fire shots and shout insults—"Yah! Go and look at the sheep-fold," and the like amenities—until the Mussulmans were roused and came out to have a fight. As a result there was a pretty little skirmish in the grey of the morning, resulting in several deaths on both sides. The Kurds were driven back to their village, and among their casualties was a Government policeman, who was up there on a visit to some relation, and had to come out to share in the fun.

This last episode roused our wrath, and not ours only, but that of the patriarch (Archbishop) who was also the chief of the Christian clans. It was not that we grudged them a Kurd or so, still less the sheep which they had fairly won, and which had very likely been theirs to begin with, anyhow. But the death of a policeman might cause trouble, even with a Government so slack as the Ottoman!

However, all ended well. The policeman was not missed!

In spite of incidents like this, however, life was by no means unsafe for a "Frank," or at all events for an Englishman, in the country. Such a disturbance followed for everybody if one of the breed met with

to disable and not kill, I might have judged differently on the matter. If you disabled a man, he would come to you subsequently to be cured (all "Franks" are doctors by hereditary right), and friendly relations would be re-established automatically. To kill him, however, would start a blood-feud, and to miss him would be worst of all! Further, though it was disturbing to the common weal to kill a "Frank"—and so there was a general sense against it—it is well not to try this sense of public duty too highly. If the foreigner was known to carry such valuable loot as a good English revolver, it was worth taking some chances to secure such a prize!

That a man who had been wounded by an Englishman in a skirmish would come to the English to be cured was literal fact. On one occasion we were stopped on a journey by a party of Kurds, with the demand that we should cure the disabled arm of their "Agha." "That is quite beyond us," we explained. "Take him to the Mission Hospital in Mosul."

"Well, you ought to cure it," asserted the Agha. "You did it!"

"I never set eyes on you before!" cried the writer, astounded.

"Oh, well, then it was another Englishman—your Consul, if you want to know. He did it when we were shooting at him!"

This explanation brought light; our friend was obviously the leader of a band that had attacked the British Military Consul (Captain G. E. Tyrrell, R.A.) in the district in question. A sharp skirmish resulted, in which the Consul gained great kudos from the fact that he had killed another chief, who was locally esteemed invulnerable to lead or steel. Our friend had been one of the wounded on that

an accident, that—fascinating though the amusement unquestionably was—it was considered that the pleasure of shooting at them was one not to be lightly indulged in.

In pre-war days, it was actually safest to go unarmed. Had I been properly educated as a lad, and taught to use a revolver so well as to make reasonably sure of hitting a man where I wanted to, so as



occasion, and now the English had got to cure what they had done. What more natural?

A Kurd has some of the instincts of a gentleman, too, and does not expect to be cured without a fee. Once, when money was refused, the pious Kurd promptly promised two houris when he should have gone to the Paradise that awaits all true believers, where he would have seventy of them, all his own. "You see, Effendim," he explained. "You are a Christian, and you won't have any at all, in the place that you will be sent down to. I think that I can spare you two!"

At times, it must be owned, not even the fact of foreign blood is enough to secure safety, but the occasions are exceptional, or were so in days before the war. One deliberate attempt made on the life of the writer arose from circumstances in which he was not personally concerned at all. We had been staying in a district where Kurdistan runs down into Persia, and some of the mountain Kurds had been raiding into the Urmi plain with much less than their usual success. They had, in fact, run into a well-planned trap, and gone home without spoil and ten men short, to say nothing of fourteen horses lost. A blow like this "blackened their faces" sadly, and to whiten them again it was absolutely needful to destroy the first party that came their way from the district that had treated them so cavalierly. This party happened to be the writer and his following, but that was not their fault, or mine either. Therefore, there was no particular malice in what followed, even though it was the Kurds, plain duty to kill the traveller, and arrangements were made to do so!

A slow-moving caravan with baggage is easily followed, and the writer, crippled by a recent accident, was in no condition to travel fast. Thus it was that the avengers of blood, following our track, came to the village where we had lodged for the night, and established themselves on the flat roof adjacent to that on which we were

reposing. (It was summer, and there was no need to enter the houses at all.) The Kurds made no secret of what they were after, but the men of the village discouraged the idea. "No wonder you feel you must kill the Frank," they said, "but it will be a nuisance to us if you do it here. We killed just one Frank of the American kind three years ago, and have never heard the last of it since." It was finally agreed that nothing should be done on the lands of that village, but the traveller was followed next day, till a good chance should occur of finishing the business. Sure of their prey, the Kurds did not start early, and in consequence I had reached the hold of a certain small local chief, and stopped for the midday halt there, before I was overtaken. I was sitting at meat under a tree, in company with my host, when six well-armed men rode up and dismounted. It was certainly a little surprising that when the local Agha invited them, as of



The main street of a village in Kurdistan.

course, to sit and share the meal, they should curtly refuse, but we really thought little of the incident, and bidding farewell to our host, continued on our way. The Agha, however, had understood the sign better, and as soon as we were gone, turned at once to his remaining guests. "Now what is the meaning of this?" he demanded. "Is it that you have a quarrel with me, that you will not eat my bread, or is the Englishman your enemy?"

The avengers were as frank with this chief as with their hosts of the night before, but he took the matter differently. "No; this will not do," he told them. "An Englishman killed on my land means too much trouble for me to stand it. He is through your district now, so you had better take somebody else. It makes no difference to you."

So the incident ended, and it was not till some days later that I realized how uncommonly narrow my escape had been.

Indeed, the men of the village where I had stayed for the night reported the thing as already done, Oriental fashion, and added various picturesque details, so that a British Consul actually commenced his preparations for finding the corpse—reported to lie on a certain pass on the way—in order that it might receive decent burial!

A knowledge of etiquette is very desirable for the foreigner who would rove in these wild lands, for etiquette and precedence are as important here as in most semi-civilized countries. Thus, after passing through a certain mountain district in company with one mountain chief, it so happened that we came back into it after a short interval, and were met by the rival of our previous escort. He was most polite, but just a little insistent in his ways. "It is my hope that you will come and stay with me this time, Rabbi," he said. (This Chief was Christian, and used the Christian mode of address.) We made some excuse, for in fact we did not wish to delay. "Well, I hope you will," persisted the mountaineer. "You see you

stayed with Giwergis, my rival, before. Quite right, quite right, for you were traveling with him. But now you are alone, and I think you ought to come to me, for I am as big a man as he is. If you do, I shall be delighted to see you; but if you do not, there will be nothing for it but to shoot you. So, you see, I hope you will come!" The invitation was accepted, and no more courteous host could any man ever desire.

Religious and secular power have a way of getting into the same hands in both the religions of the land, and a chief is often, though not always, a "Sheikh"\* among the Kurdish clans.

An instance of this is seen in the career of the Sheikh of the Barzan Kurds, Abd-el-Selim, a leader whose pro-English politics brought him to disaster in the war.

As chieftain, this man was the head of a large and devoted clan, among whom he kept a force of personal retainers to do his bidding in all things. As an instance of how literally they interpreted this duty, I may recount

what happened when some of the Kurdish tribes were attempting to stir up a "Jehad," or holy war, against their Christian neighbours. Much depended on the attitude of the Sheikh of Barzan, and it was a relief to all respectable parties when he gave his ruling that the proposed expedition was a mere feud between two tribes, and, as such, an exercise that was entirely lawful in itself, but which concerned only the actual clans engaged. It was not what some Moslems had sought to make it, an affair of Crescent against Cross, and all clans that owed allegiance to him were to keep

out of it. Matters stood thus when one of the chieftain's retainers paid an official visit to a certain Tettu Agha, who nominally owed allegiance to Sheikh Abd-el-Selim, but was not the most obedient of men. Tettu was obviously arming his followers for war,



One of the "roads" of this wild country.

\*Sheikh is the ordinary word for "Chief" among the Arabs. The word means "elder" in that language. In Kurdish, however, it has come to have the meaning of a religious leader, or an officially holy person.





The house of a Kurdish chieftain.

and it was easy to guess who his opponent would be. The retainer took action at once. "You are not to go on this business," he proclaimed in the chief's hall. "The Sheikh has forbidden it, and his word shall not be broken." "And what do I care if he has?" broke out Tettu. "Let your Sheikh of Christians send his orders to others. I will not obey the likes of him!" The clansman made no reply in words. He simply drew the "khanjar," or dagger, that every mountaineer always carries, and struck the chief down where he stood on his own dais. One blow only was needed—above the collar-bone straight down into the heart—and Tettu lay dead in his own hall. Then the man turned and faced the retainers of the Agha whom he had killed, his knife still in his hand.

"The Skeikh's word shall not be broken," he proclaimed, and strode unopposed from the room. This was indeed regarded as going rather far, but it was felt that Tettu had brought his fate on himself.

A chief who had followers such as these might sometimes excite the apprehensions of less suspicious Governments than the Turkish, and Abd-el-Selim found himself in trouble with the "Hukumet," who invaded his land. A picturesque little war followed, and more than once strong Government forces were

absolutely routed by the hillmen. Twice whole forces, two battalions strong, were forced to surrender and lay down their arms to the Sheikh, who usually disarmed them and dismissed the prisoners, whom he could not keep in his hills.

Gradually, however, strength told against him, and he became a fugitive in his own hills, so closely pressed that his band had to divide in the hope of eluding pursuit. The pursuers were puzzled to determine which way the chief had taken, and tried to extort the information from a boy of twelve who, left behind in the retreat, had fallen into their hands. Neither threats nor bribes, however, could get the child to betray his chief, and at last the Turkish Major, losing his temper, told the boy that he would be shot at once if he persisted. He placed him with his back to a wall, and drew up the firing party in front of him. "Now, which way did Abd-el-Selim go?" he demanded. Staunch to the end, the child looked down the muzzles of the rifles, and replied: "By the holy name of the Sheikh, I will tell you nothing." Fortunately, the officer was good-natured, and did not misuse his captive, but he observed as he went on his way: "It's little we shall make of this business, when a child swears by the name of his chief in the face of death!"

Meantime the Sheikh, following the sound principle that "the nearer the danger the safer the place," had gone down to the Government headquarters, Mosul, and had reached the city in the guise of a donkey-driver. Here he soon found refuge in the house of trusty friends, and entered into negotiations with the British Consul, knowing that that official would not consider it his duty to give him up. His proposal was sufficiently embarrassing, for it ran thus: All the available Government force was entangled in the mountains. The Sheikh would return thither, gather his clansmen for a dash, bring them down and occupy Mosul itself! Then he would surrender the city to the British Consul, to be held for King George!

There is no doubt that the Sheikh could have carried out the plan, though it would have been puzzling to say what anyone could have done next. Later, the same man (after he had recovered his possessions and patched up some sort of peace with the Government, in which neither trusted the other) made an even more embarrassing offer to the writer, who was then leaving the country. "Look here, Effendim," he said, "you are going to London, and you have to make report to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Now I mean to come with you, with a train that suits the dignity of us both. I will go and stay with you in the Archbishop's house till you have quite finished your business with him, and then he shall go down with us to Windsor to see King George, and I will discuss with him how Kurdistan shall be governed in the future!"

Strange foreign ecclesiastics do turn up at times at Lambeth, it must be owned, but the presence of an extremely bellicose Mussulman Sheikh, with a train of fierce-looking retainers in attendance, might have been embarrassing to the most adaptable of Archbishops!

Unfortunately, it was this pro-English proclivity of the Sheikh that caused his death in the early days of the war. Records of his dealing with the Consul at Mosul remained, of course, in the safe at the Consulate. When Turkey entered the war, the post was vacant, and the last holder of it had, according to precedent in times of peace, left all archives in the safe and taken the key to the embassy at Constantinople, to be handed to his successor on appointment.

Thus, when news of the entry of Turkey into the war reached Mosul, there was no possibility of destroying the archives, according to standing orders in such a case.

Turkish authorities soon entered the building, forced open the safe, and found the compromising documents, with many others concerning other men of mark in the land. Naturally, all who could be arrested were

executed at once, and the Sheikh of Barzan was among them. He was certainly a loss, for it would be well if anyone could now produce a workable scheme for the government of Kurdistan.

It was not only among the Mussulman tribes that religious chieftainship was common but among the Christian clans also. Which borrowed from which, in this case, or whether each evolved the thing separately, is a question into which we need not enter now. The system is foreign to the institutions of both religions, but it exists in both notwithstanding. The Christian clans, then, were also ruled by their Archbishop or Patriarch, who assumed office at the mature age of fourteen, and had developed into a singularly capable ruler of his people.

One piece of work that often fell to his share—and eminently Christian and episcopal it was, though hardly usual among Western holders of his office in these days—was the acting as arbitrator in disputes between two tribes.

The prelate once recounted to the writer the incidents of such an Oriental "Hague Convention" at which he presided.

Two tribes, one Kurd and the other Assyrian (that is to say, one Moslem and the other Christian), had fought a quarrel out till both were tired of it. They applied to the Christian Patriarch to settle the matter, and he appointed a rendezvous in a certain valley, where twenty of the leading men of each clan should meet and discuss the terms of peace under his presidency.

It had been expected, of course, that every one of these forty men would come fully armed to the meeting, for was it not still time of feud? Further, even in days of peace, no man goes out without a gun, if he possesses one. It had not, however, been the intent of the Patriarchal convener of the peace conference that every one of the forty should come accompanied by five or six equally well-armed followers, who had to be kept from attacking one another while the council was sitting! Still, this fact had to be accepted. The two parties were put on the two sides of a stream in the valley, and negotiations proceeded fairly well. In due course, however, it came out that each side had also provided an ambush, and concealed it behind convenient rocks on the two sides of the gorge! This was not, of course, with any really evil intent, it was just a precaution in case the other side meant treachery!

Taking all together, it will be seen that walking with naked lights in a powder magazine would have been a safe and healthy performance compared to that "peace conference," and it says much for the power of the Patriarch that he actually got the twenty principals on the two sides to come





**“‘The Sheikh’s word shall not be broken,’ he proclaimed.”**

to an agreement. It was done, however. “Now,” said his holiness, “put down your guns in the shade, come down to the stream,

and shake hands with the other side.” This they did, but, though the guns were left behind, every man of the forty came down



The scene of the remarkable "Peace Conference" described in this article.

with his right hand on the hilt of his "khanjar." When he removed it thence, in order to grasp the right hand of his "opposite number" in peace and amity, he put his left hand there instead! However, hands *were* shaken, and the Patriarch at once ordered round the coffee, the ceremonial hospitality that was the seal of the covenant. His servant appeared with the cups on a tray (tiny cups, holding a bare mouthful each), but he was trembling with not incomprehensible panic—and the cups upset! There was an instant when the whole thing swung in the balance again. Would that be taken as a joke, or as an omen? Every man looked first at a friend and then at an enemy, and there was an instant's pause. Then some good fellow laughed, and a general guffaw saved the situation!

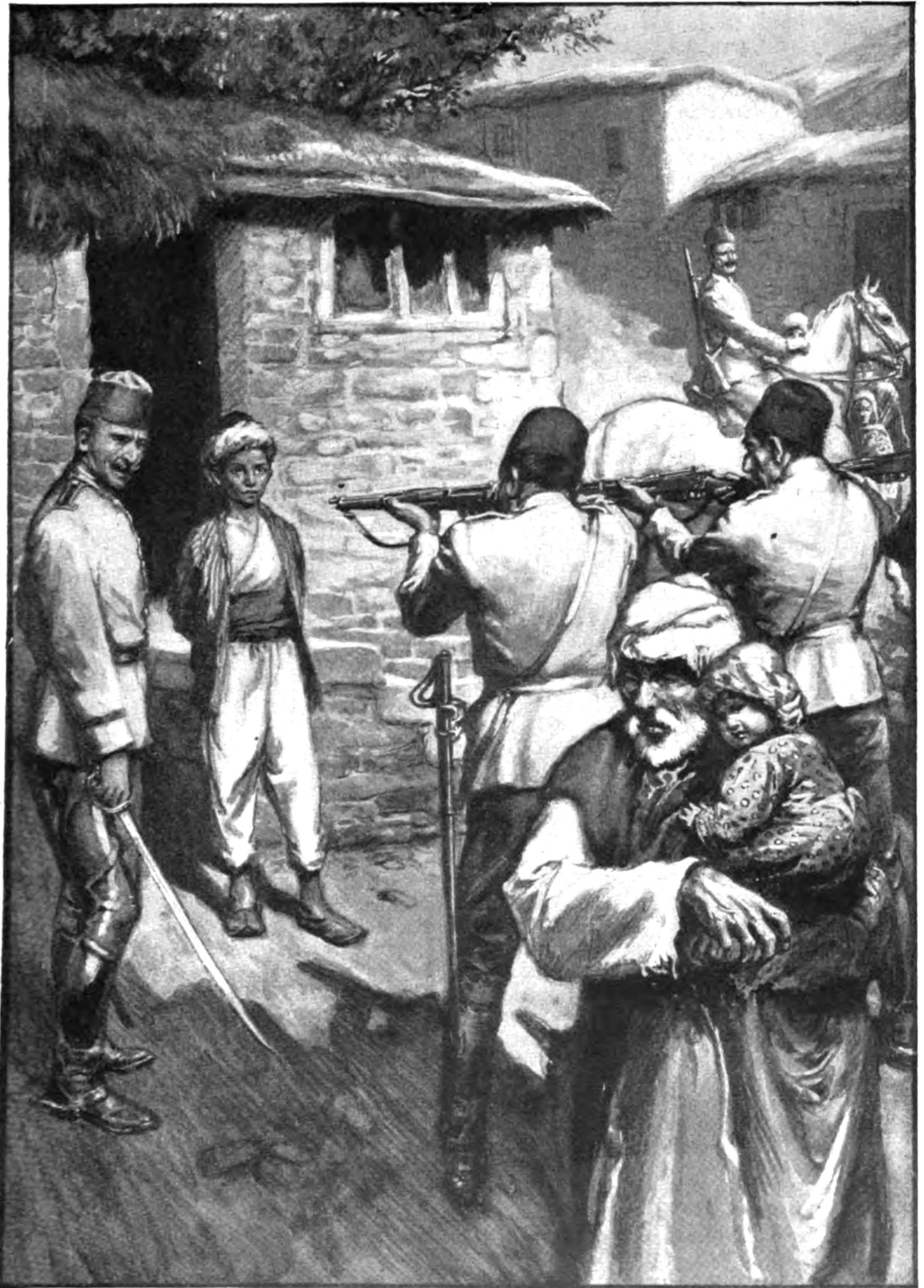
Even after that there was a risk to face. All were friendly enough sitting under trees and chaffing one another as to episodes in the past feud, and such happy remarks as "That was a beastly bad shot you made at me when we met in the road!" were passing, when the fact came out that each party had brought down the village idiot, to make sport for them in the hours of waiting that both had foreseen. Someone with a sporting soul suggested a ring, and a cock-fight of idiots! The Patriarch did his best to prevent it, fearing that each party would take sides with its own lunatic and start a worse feud than ever. He was overruled, however; the ring

was formed, and each idiot was given a thick stick and told that the other had insulted all his female ancestry, and that he must thrash him for it. However—to the disappointment of all but the Patriarch—the two lunatics started to talk before whacking one another's heads; and, when they had begun to talk, they went on doing so, and would not fight on any terms. In fact, they spent the afternoon in one another's company, each vowing that the other was the most sensible man he had met for years!

Life is primitive in the mountains, and one of the things in which both Kurd and Christian indulge, and which is apt to be surprising to the newcomer, is the habit of taking baths in public.

Of course, when once you think it out, it is a most reasonable thing to do; if your house has but one room, and that room a mud floor, and you are of cleanly habits, and want a bath regularly, what can you do? You cannot take a tub indoors without being a nuisance to the household, so you must go outside; and as public bath-houses have not been yet evolved, you go to the village spring or river for the purpose. It is perhaps a little startling for the stranger, when passing along the road, to find a bevy of pretty girls who have put all their clothes in the big copper to wash, and are performing that office for one another. Still, if the Frank is embarrassed, they are not, though it is not good manners to stand and stare. The





**"The child looked down the muzzles of the rifles and replied: 'I will tell you nothing.'"**

writer well remembers an occasion when he had gone aside from a mountain track to take a photograph of a little side gorge, when he

found himself face to face with three damsels, all of whose raiment was soaking in the pool, and who were disporting, nymph-like, on the

bank without it. Modestly, the foreigner withdrew; but the daughters of Eve had seen the camera, and wondered what it might be; so, with feminine curiosity well alight, they all came and gathered round it to look at it, quite undisturbed by the fact that their costume was that of their first mother.

It was a common statement that the "Mess-pot" campaign gave many members of the British army quite a new insight into the meaning of many passages of the Old Testament; *apropos* of this, officers in the Kurdish town of Dizful, noting the Kurdish habits of its ladies, quite came to understand how natural it was that King David, while walking on the roof of his palace, might have seen the fair Bathsheba taking a bath!

With this primitiveness of habit, however, there goes a very strong notion of the position of woman. The "purdah" and other habits which have crept into Islam from the customs of other lands hardly exist in Kurdistan, where women usually appear unveiled and have much power in their hands.

There is at least one chieftainess in the country, and a most formidable and capable lady she is—Adela Khanum, lady paramount of Sulimanieh and the great tribe of Jaff Kurds.

The stories told of her are legion, and I give a few of them, for the truth of which I do not vouch, except in so far as they bear witness to a very determined and capable disposition. It was in the time of her rule that it was determined that her town should be regarded as Turkish and not Persian territory. This, however, did not suit the views of a lady who held that the only tongue fit for a civilized person to talk was the musical Persian of Shiraz. It was because of the excellence of his Persian that she always stood up in defence of a suspected wanderer who came to her court, Hassan Ali the Shirazi. Whether she ever suspected, what was nevertheless the fact, that Hassan Ali, for all the beauty of the language that he had learnt in the theological schools of Shiraz, was one of the wandering English who had found Europe too cramped for them, is one of the things that will never be known. However that may be, she detested Turks and all things Turkish with a very vigorous hatred, and never did she allow the accursed scarlet banner with its white crescent to float over her town. The Lion and Sun of Persia must be there, no matter what the Ottoman authorities might do or say.

She had, of course, been married at least once, but her attitude to her husbands was not unlike that of the lady spider; those who did not please her had a way of vanishing. Scandal said that her early life included an episode like that of Lancelot and Guinevere of old. The brother of her future husband

was sent to the house of her father to fetch the bride, and the lady, seeing him through the lattice, thought that it was her true husband come to claim her, and liked him so well as to let her fancy dwell upon him. Then, when she discovered that she was really given to the very inferior brother of the knight of her dreams, she was very wrath, and, being of a self-helpful disposition, got rid of her inferior husband, and went her own way as a free woman. It was the sort of action that might be expected from the daughter of her father, the tough old Jaff Agha, who had a way of experimenting with every new rifle that he bought upon the first wayfarer who happened to appear over the crest of a certain pass in his hills.

This old warrior woke up a drowsy servant—his pipe-boy—who had gone to sleep in the "diwan," by the simple process of catching him by the nose with a pair of red-hot charcoal tongs!

Nor is it only the Moslems who occasionally put their women in high office among them, for the Christian highlanders, who are no less given to raiding than the Kurds, and who—alone among the local stocks of Christians—have proved themselves a good fighting breed, have been known to do the same.

During the war these clans threw in their lot with the Entente, and fought right well on their side, though the theatre of their exploits was too small to attract much attention in so colossal a drama. They produced at least one Amazonian lady, the chieftainess of a small clan, who was seen in one of the great migrations which the fortune of war compelled the nation to make, riding along at the back of her troop of men, astride on a horse that had been something lightly come by, rifle at back and revolver on hip, while she admonished any straggler with a heavy dog-whip.

Another lady, somewhat less Amazonian but far more capable, was the sister of the Patriarch mentioned above. In the course of all the fighting with the Turkish regular troops which these clans undertook, this lady was of necessity in charge of the powder magazine. Somebody had to be in charge who had weight enough to rebuke wild highlanders, who would come in to get cartridges, smoking cigarettes. All the men of any position were in the firing-line, so this work fell to the lady, and for weeks on end she ate, slept, and lived in the magazine. She did actually succeed in enforcing some sort of rules for the common safety, and got her reward in a conversation between two of the clansmen, which she overheard from her post in the bomb-store. It ran much as follows: "What do you want?" said one wild hillman to his fellow. "Cartridges and bombs," said his friend, briefly. (The arsenals



in the Caucasus had supplied the needful to these odd allies of ours.) "Then you must put out that cigarette. Surma Khanim will never let you go into the magazine while smoking. *She is awfully nervous about these explosives!*"

The end of the war saw these clans established in a great refugee camp in the neighbourhood of Baghdad, settled there till the British Government should make up its mind what it would do about Mesopotamia, and incidentally about these wild allies of England, who now formed a part of the Mesopotamian problem. It was while this was being debated that the nation in question asked leave to send a representative to England to plead their cause there, and, leave being granted, sent this Lady Surma, the sister of their Patriarch, and his counsellor in times of peace, to put their case before the Powers of Europe. It is at least strange that this wildest and most primitive of Oriental nationalities should have been the first in all history to send a lady to act as their ambassador.

In the long delay that was to take place before this question could be settled, a large contingent of volunteers was raised from among the clans in question to serve under British officers against their old neighbours and enemies, the Kurds. This was entirely to their liking, and most excellent troops they proved to be, even though they were, in the words of one who served with them, "a trifle indiscriminate at times." They found a capable commander, one of the many British officers who have the knack of getting the best out of the more backward races, and who swore by them always, even if he did also, most naturally, swear at them at times.

During the campaign, which made no show in the papers, they were brigaded with a Gurkha battalion, which, as those who know the Indian Army will agree, is much like paying a Territorial battalion the compliment of brigading it with the Guards! The war was fought out, and the Gurkha verdict on their comrades was as follows: "If the bigwigs had only seen to it that we had the mountain sandals of felt that they let those fellows make for themselves, we could have done quite as well as they did!"

When Gurkhas apologize for not having done as well as irregulars, there is not much more to be said about the quality of the latter!

They were at times rather hot in action;

at times also innate sporting instincts got the better of them. On one occasion a double company of them, set to storm a hill held by the enemy, opened fire when not half-way up. "Hallo!" said the general, who was watching through his glasses from the rear. "The Assyrians have got into it quick." "No, sir," said the A.D.C., who had knowledge of the ways of the creature; "I'll bet it's nothing but pig they have routed out." He did them an injustice, but not a great one. The creature they were firing at was not a boar, but a bear!

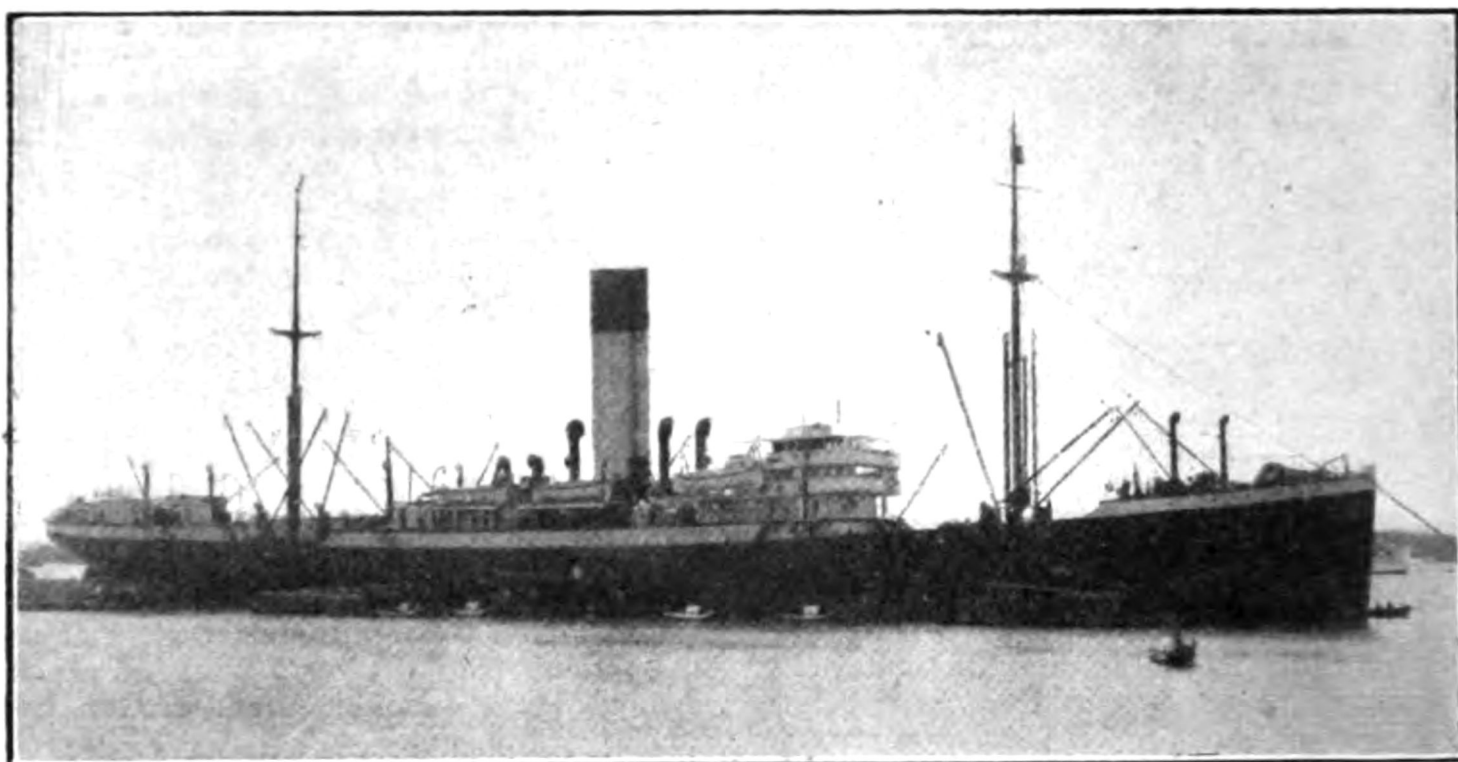
Once a party of them deserted. Now there is, of course, no greater military crime than desertion in the face of the enemy, but surely never did irate C.O. receive a more pathetic plea from criminals than that sent in by these fellows after a week of absence without leave. It ran thus, written by a scholar in the gang:—

"To the Reverend Major Knight, our Commander. Peace and Love be multiplied. Be it known to you that we did not run away because we did not want to kill Kurds, but because we *did* want to do so, and for the past seven days, by the blessing of heaven, we have been doing that thing. Regret to report following casualty. Private soldier. One. Abraham, son of John. Yet, O our father, we have killed many more Kurds. Now our dear Father, be it known to you that if you will promise to punish us, we will come in, but we do greatly fear the prison in Mosul. From your Children," etc.

As soon as they were assured that they would be dealt with by the officer whom they knew, they came in, and took their punishment like the schoolboys that they are in spirit. So the incident closed, thanks to the presence of an officer who knew how to handle the type, and a general who allowed him to have his own way.

The campaign came to an end as hill campaigns usually do—in a withdrawal that settled nothing, owing to the fact that our force could not satisfactorily hold the country that it could easily over-run. So the matter was left for the time, and the problem which our authorities now have to settle is: What can be done in the future with a land in which the sort of events that I have tried to sketch were of regular and daily occurrence for the twenty years preceding the war, but which has now become the border of countries for which Fate has made us assume a measure of responsibility?





The steamship *Lycaon*, of the Blue Funnel Line, on which the remarkable events here narrated occurred.

# The Ghost of the "Lycaon"

By

A.W. SPENCER

ILLUSTRATED BY  
E. S. HODGSON

A weird and thrilling story, with a most surprising ending. "The narrative is true in every detail," writes the Author, "but for obvious reasons I have changed the name of the chief actor."

**I**T was 1.30 a.m., pitch-black and raining hard. I was quarter-master of the watch, and steering the ship—the steamer *Lycaon*, of the Blue Funnel Line.

As everyone knows, during the war no lights were allowed to be shown on board vessels in the danger-zone, so that the darkness was unrelieved save for the light from the compass, which spread a weird glow around me in the wheelhouse. The second mate, who was acting as officer of the watch, stood motionless, staring into the blackness ahead over the top of the weather-screen on the navigating bridge.

I had just put my hand up over my head to strike three-bells for half-past one, when I heard someone quite close to me. Looking up, I saw a figure pass swiftly through the wheelhouse. I had just time to notice that the intruder was dressed in loose-fitting

garments of some light-coloured material; then the figure disappeared down the bridge ladder to the deck below. The second mate came in a moment later and said, in a very shaky voice: "What on earth was that?"

"I'm hanged if I know," I replied. "It looked like a ghost."

"Whatever it was," said he, "it came on the bridge from over the top of the weather-screen. Nothing but a monkey could have climbed up there. It scared the wits out of me for the moment."

You can quite understand the mate being startled when I tell you that the distance from the bridge-screen to the forward well-deck below was a good thirty feet, so how "It" got up was a poser.

I was distinctly glad when two o'clock came, so that I could leave the bridge, but then I realized with a feeling of dismay that



I might meet "It" on the way down to my cabin, which did not seem at all a cheerful prospect.

After leaving the bridge the darkness was impenetrable, so that, although I was used to the ship, I collided with objects here and there, and at every bump my heart went into my mouth.

Eventually I reached my cabin, and was in the act of making a cigarette when once again I heard someone panting heavily. Before I could look out of the door to see who it was, something flashed past the opening with incredible speed, so that I could not determine who or what it was.

Just then two whistles went from the bridge—the signal for me to go up there. With my teeth chattering, I made a dash for it in the dark, falling down twice on the slippery wet deck.

When I reached the bridge the second mate told me he had seen "It" going forward, and ordered me to take an electric torch and investigate. But there was "nothing doing" on my part; I was literally too scared to move. I told him that if someone would come with me, I'd go, but not by myself. As there was no one available to accompany me, the mate called the captain up from his sleep by the speaking tube leading from the bridge to his cabin.

When the captain came up and was told of the mysterious occurrences, he decided that nothing could be done till daylight, when a thorough search could be made of every accessible place in the ship. He suggested that the figure we had seen was probably a stowaway, who had come out of hiding in search of food and water, and had lost his way in the dark.

I turned in at 4 a.m., carefully locked the door, and forgot all about the affair in sleep. Next morning the ship was thoroughly searched from end to end, but nothing whatever was found to account for the mystery.

The following night I was again at the wheel, the weather being much the same as on the previous morning, with an occasional strong gust of wind. Naturally, my thoughts kept recurring to "It," and I wondered if we should have a recurrence of the affair that night. About 11 p.m., during a lull in the wind, I heard something knock against a ventilator outside the wheelhouse. The door on that side was closed, and I looked up to see the cause of the disturbance. To my amazement I beheld a most horrible face glaring in at me through the wheelhouse window, the faint glow from the compass making it look twice its natural size. The creature, whatever it was, had long hair, standing straight up, its blazing eyes were literally bulging out of its head,

and the top lip was curled up like a dog snarling.

The third mate was the officer of the watch. He, like the rest of the crew, had been told of the previous night's adventures. When I saw the face I yelled out to him.

"That thing's about again, sir."

"What thing?" he cried. "Where is it?" As he spoke he hurried into the wheelhouse, glancing fearfully over his shoulder, and stood with me against the compass. The face had disappeared.

Before I could speak, a most unearthly yell rent the air from the fo'c'sle head. It came from Dick, the man on the look-out. He came flying up to the bridge like one demented. He said he was gazing straight ahead into the night, when, without a sound, something bumped violently against him, hurling him off his feet. "Who's that?" he yelled, but he got no answer. Then terror overcame him and he fled to us.

My watch mate, whom we will call Reggie, went back with Dick on to the fo'c'sle head to see if they could see anything or anyone. They had got to the top of the for'ard ladder when they saw the "ghost," as they called it, *walking along the handrails around the fo'c'sle head*—a feat which would have taxed the abilities of a professional tight-rope walker. They both made a rush at it, but it eluded them, sprang down off the rails, and made off along the fore well-deck like lightning. That was the last they saw of the figure that night. They noticed that it was wearing a pyjama suit and was barefooted, but it was too quick in its movements for them to see its face.

From 6 to 8 p.m. next day it was my two hours' "stand-by." I was sent to turn the ventilators against the wind, which was blowing hard. It was a dark night, but now and again one caught a glimpse of the new moon between the hurrying clouds. I went aft to ask one of the deckhands to help me swing the ventilators, and was just about to close his cabin door when I noticed the next door being opened very stealthily. Then I saw a hand on the door knob, and a seaman appeared whom we will call Peter. He was clad in his pyjamas, and was barefooted. It seemed to me that he did not want to be seen, and directly I recognized him I started back. Seeing me move, he drew back and quickly closed the door. His actions and his odd facial expression made me think of the various scares we had received, and I "put two and two together," as the saying is, with the result that I decided to watch him from the mid-ship deck.

I had not long to wait in my place of concealment before he opened the door again very cautiously, and, seeing no one

about, bounded on to the after well-deck and glided across to the opposite side, where he disappeared like magic. The man must have had marvellous muscular power, for he moved like a cat, and it was very hard to distinguish him in the darkness.

I was now dead certain that I had discovered the identity of our "ghost," and at once reported the fact to the first mate, who was on watch at the time. He listened attentively, and said that in all probability the man was walking in his sleep. I told him I had watched people walking in their sleep, but never knew they could see you, as Peter saw me before he dodged back. The officer admitted that this was very peculiar, and instructed me to let him know if I saw the man again. I then proceeded forward to turn the ventilators as ordered.

I had got as far as the foremast when the man who had been keeping the look-out in the "crow's nest" up aloft came hurrying down. I asked him what was the matter, and he said that someone was trying to walk the triatic stay, from the funnel to the foremast—an utterly impossible feat to accomplish.

I at once communicated this astonishing item of news to the mate, and he got relieved from the bridge and organized a search-party to capture the would-be tight-rope walker.

We felt certain it was Peter; it could be no one else, and we came to the conclusion that he must be mad. After we had searched around for him for half an hour, flashing our torches everywhere without success, someone suggested that he might have gone back to his cabin. On going there, we found him asleep, or apparently so, on the settee. The mate shook him, and asked him about his escapades, but he denied all knowledge of them. I then drew his attention to the state of his feet. They were extraordinarily dirty, which—seeing that he had been up to the top of the funnel—was not at all strange. Peter seemed genuinely surprised at the state they were in, and also at the condition of his pyjama suit, which was torn in several places. The mate next asked him if he felt all right, but he hung his head and would not answer. We could get nothing at all out of him, so we left him. For his own safety, as well as that of others, an iron bar was put across his door and securely padlocked, and he was left to his own devices.

We thought we had "laid" our ghost for good and all, but we were mistaken.

In spite of the bar across his door, Peter, being a very powerful man, forced the staple right out without disturbing the men sleeping in the cabins on either side. Someone saw

him about the decks again, and woke the first mate, who went aft on the poop-deck, where Peter had last been seen. Here he was discovered on top of a small cargo derrick, attached to a long ventilator, and known as a "Sampson Post." On either side of the derrick was shackled a wire guy rope for the purpose of hauling it round when working cargo. Peter was hopping about the top of the derrick from one guy to the other, laughing and crying alternately. Those watching him waited till he tired himself out and came down, and then captured him.

As they laid hands on him he started violently, as if awaking from a trance, and seemed very much surprised at his surroundings, but he would not speak. The men who held him said that as they grabbed him the muscles of his limbs felt like iron, so taut and strung up were they. They made sure of his safety after that, and men were set to watch him. One of the guards told us that he tried to get through the port-hole in the ship's side, but it was too small.

Now, as I am coming to the close of my story, I will set down some of the facts I gathered together concerning the explanation of the mystery. Poor Peter was as sane and nice a fellow during the daytime as one could wish to work with; only during the first three or four nights of the rising of the new moon did he manifest his extraordinary proclivities.

Some time during the war, he told me, he was serving in a sailing-ship that was captured by a German raider, Peter and others being taken prisoners. Some of them were put ashore on an island in the South Pacific Ocean inhabited by savages of the worst type. During the time they were on the island—a period of many months—Peter fell in love with a native girl and was married to her according to the island customs. It appears that when a couple get married among these people they make a transfusion of blood between the parties. The feet of the man and woman are cut just below the ankle, blood extracted, and injected into some part of the body of the other party to the marriage. This operation, apparently, caused madness to the European at certain periods of the year, coinciding with the rising of the new moon.

Somehow or other poor Peter made his escape from the island several months later—how, I never found out—but at every new moon his mind wandered back to the time he spent among the savages. In his sleep, he said, he continually saw someone running after him, or bending over him with evil intent, and at such times he would get out of bed, or wherever he was sleeping,





**"I beheld a most horrible face glaring in at me through the wheelhouse window."**

and—all unknown to himself—wander and caper around to the danger of his own life and the discomfort of others.

When told of his escapades, he shivered and denied all knowledge of them, and I firmly believe he was telling the truth. It was only by being extremely kind and sympathetic with him that I got from him the extraordinary story I have here set down, which he told with every appearance of genuineness. It was evident that he felt

his position keenly, and there can be no doubt that he suffered intense mental agony.

Everyone was exceedingly sorry for Peter, and when the ship reached port the officers hadn't the heart to put him under restraint. He was therefore paid off and allowed to go about his business. I met him several months afterwards, when he seemed quite all right, but not wishing to cause him any pain I did not allude to the occurrences on board the *Lycaon*.

# WOLVES IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

## *The Policeman as Criminal*

by

C. O' MAHONY

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FERRIER

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A very interesting article, showing how the law-officer shapes when, as occasionally happens, he proves faithless to his trust and casts in his lot with the people he is paid to hunt. The Author proves, by actual instances from real life, that—contrary to what might be expected—the policeman makes a singularly inefficient criminal.

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THE most remarkable characteristic of the very small proportion of policemen who have turned criminals is their utter inefficiency as evildoers. It might be imagined that the officer accustomed to dealing with law-breakers, conversant with official methods and views, fed daily on theories concerning clues, and constantly aided by practical experience, would be a formidable enemy of the community when for some queer reason he becomes a member of the class he is paid to hunt. But the reverse is the case, and the most notorious offenders who have served in a police force have been clumsy practitioners who betrayed themselves in thought, word, and deed. They have strewn their path with clues, and, not content with this, have broken all the rules which the average criminal observes for his own sake. Hence it has never been very difficult to convict them, although the most astonishing example of the policeman-criminal was thrice tried for murder before a verdict of guilty was returned. But it may be recorded that Inspector T. H. Montgomery never had any chance of escaping the hangman, and it was only Irish eloquence acting upon the supersensitive minds of a few pedants that compelled the Crown to indict him three times.

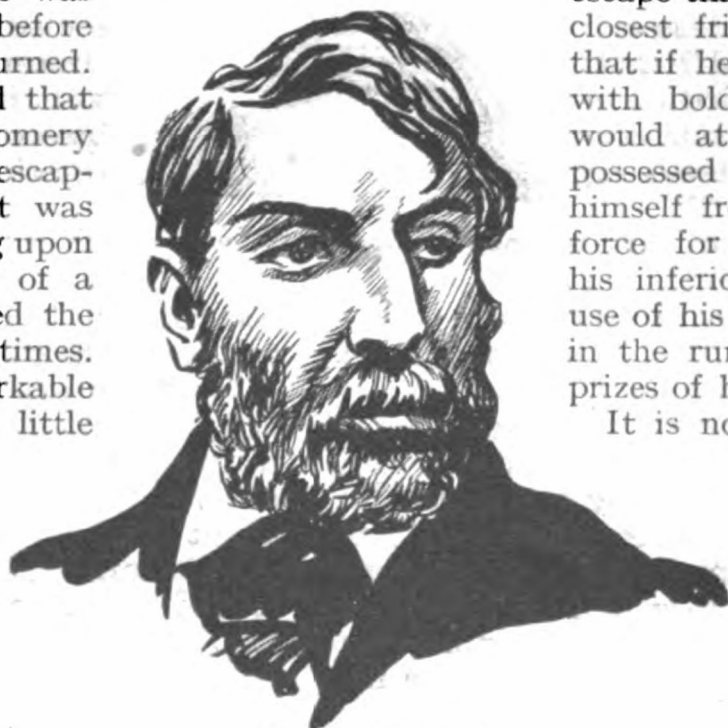
Montgomery was a remarkable personality, and there is little doubt that his brain was never normal. He was a bank clerk when he decided to study for the Royal Irish Constabulary, and he duly passed the examinations and received his commission as sub-inspector,

being appointed head of the police at Newtown Stewart, Co. Tyrone.

From the beginning of his new career, however, he was in a condition of chronic impecuniosity, and he staved off many a crisis by inducing certain of his subordinates to entrust their savings to him for investment. He used the money thus obtained to pay a proportion of his debts, and he regularly handed the interest to his dupes, trusting to a miracle to make him rich enough one day to return the capital he had embezzled. When the miracle failed to materialize, he resolved to murder his most intimate friend, because that friend was cashier of the local bank, and his death would enable Montgomery to steal some thousands of pounds. In his capacity as District-Inspector he was well known and trusted, if not respected, and the embryonic murderer believed that he would be the last person to be suspected of an atrocious crime. It seemed to favour his chances of ultimate

escape that he was the cashier's closest friend, and he thought that if he carried out his plan with boldness and daring, he would at one stroke become possessed of a fortune, save himself from dismissal from the force for taking money from his inferiors, and, by judicious use of his resources, put himself in the running for the highest prizes of his profession.

It is not difficult to picture his state of mind at this stage. Ruin was merely a question of time. Desperate men try desperate remedies, and the Inspector's brain was a tenebrous tenebment seething with



Harry Benson.





evil. For weeks before the murder he was always considering his plans, and in his determination to make his crime a success he was unusually slow and cautious.

Despite his care, however, he was a stupid and a silly criminal from the moment he entered the bank—the manager was away for the day, and the cashier was alone—on June 29th, 1871, and taking William Glass unawares, struck him down from behind with a cleaver weighted with lead, a murderous weapon he had prepared specially, having added the lead to it himself. Glass died instantly—"He had an easy death of it!" said Montgomery after his conviction—but the spectacle was a fearful one when the corpse was discovered, the office being splashed with blood, and the condition of the body being indescribable. Montgomery hastily rifled the safe, scattering indiscriminately notes and securities he could not carry off; but when he left the bank, calm and cool, and carrying his weapon concealed under a coat carelessly slung over his arm, he had in his pockets fifteen hundred pounds in paper money and about fifty in gold.

The murder was committed in broad daylight, when there were plenty of persons in the street outside, and Montgomery knew that he was running a fearful risk, but, although quite well aware that he would be identified as the last person seen emerging from the bank that day, he relied upon his position and character to divert suspicion from him.

About two hours later he was in the bank again, for the murder had been discovered and, of course, he had been informed at once. Here was the crucial

test for Montgomery. His life depended on how he acted. He must have rehearsed the scene often, and yet from the very first he was so unnatural and short-sighted that he could scarcely have incriminated himself more obviously than he did.

"Do you think he committed suicide?" he remarked to an acquaintance, who stood looking down at the butchered cashier. It was in the circumstances such a palpably ridiculous question that the only possible answer was a derisive laugh, and Montgomery, conscious that he had blundered, became officious and ordered everybody out of the place except the constable in charge.

From the bank he went to his office and wrote a message to be telegraphed to his colleague in the neighbouring district. "Please inform coroner that a death under suspicious circumstances has occurred," he scribbled. "Under suspicious circumstances" was a quaint falsehood in view of the facts, and a little later the murderer seemed to realize that, for he dispatched another message describing Glass's death as due to murder and ordering the usual inquiries to be made.

It would take too long, however, to give in detail his clumsy efforts to hoodwink his *confrères*, but when he asked a brother inspector if it would be possible to secure the conviction of the last man seen to leave the bank premises supposing his clothes were not bloodstained, and when it was accidentally ascertained that he had left the bank later than anyone else, he was taken into custody and duly committed for trial. Twice Frank MacDonagh, Q.C.,



William Palmer.

mesmerized a minority of the jury into refusing to agree to a verdict of guilty, but at the third trial Sergeant Armstrong, who prosecuted, smashed the defence to atoms by producing in court a constable who resembled Montgomery in height and figure. The mute witness was wearing the clothes the prisoner had worn when he committed the crime, on his arm was the identical coat, in his pockets the blood-stained notes—which had been recovered from their place of concealment in a wood—and in his trousers-pocket the weapon with which Glass had been killed. The constable moved up and down in front of the jury, and then slowly proceeded to place on the table the coat, notes, gold, and hatchet, thus proving that it was possible for Montgomery to have walked away from the bank with the money and the cleaver in his possession without unduly attracting attention. The demonstration was sufficient for the jury, and the prisoner was convicted. Within a couple of minutes of the announcement of the verdict he confessed in open court that he had murdered his friend, William Glass, but the plea that he was insane did not save Montgomery from the gallows.

Equally strange and dramatic, though on an entirely different plane, and amid an environment practically unknown in Great Britain, was the crime of Lieutenant Charles Becker, of the New York Police. Becker was in charge of the department which dealt with the suppression of gambling saloons, and finding his pay inadequate, he instituted



William Kurr.

a system of blackmail by means of which he extracted nearly two million dollars from professional gamblers and saloon-keepers in the city. Of course, he did not keep all this for himself, but he retained the larger portion, and he was a rich man when he committed murder by deputy. It happened that there was one of those periodical outbursts against police maladministration in the United States, and a committee of inquiry was formed, and amongst the volunteer witnesses was Hermann Rosenthal, who had grown tired of handing over most of his profits to Lieutenant Becker. When the latter heard of what he called Rosenthal's treachery, he ordered a gang of gunmen to shoot him, and on July 16th, 1912, Rosenthal was murdered by the police officer's hirelings. Now it will be admitted that for a policeman to put himself in the power of professional criminals was tantamount to suicide. Becker must have been conversant with the modern proverb that there is no honour amongst wrongdoers, but he took the risk and paid the usual penalty, for when the leader of the gang was captured, two members of it disclosed the whole conspiracy, and the result was that Lieutenant Becker was arrested and charged with the murder.

For three years he fought for his life, money, influence, and some luck enabling him to delay the executioner, but in July, 1915, he was electrocuted, and a foolish criminal met with the fate that crime and stupidity bring in their trail.



Nathaniel Druscovich.



Murray.



But the police officer who places himself at the mercy of a crook is not confined to the United States, and although their offence was not so serious, the fall of the three Scotland Yard detectives was as dramatic and as sensational as Becker's. That master of the ironic in the human comedy, Thomas Hardy, could not have imagined a scene which took place at the headquarters of the London police in the summer of 1877, when three chief-inspectors, busy in their offices examining the papers relating to crimes which they had been ordered to investigate, were suddenly informed that they were under arrest and that the charge was accepting money from the notorious Benson gang to aid them to defeat the ends of justice. What must have been the feelings of men who had given the best years of their lives to the service of the State when in one moment they were turned from the captors into the captured? Their despair must have been all the greater because they had sacrificed so much for so little.

Of the three men—John Meiklejohn, William Palmer, and Nathaniel Druscovich—the last-named was the most interesting personality and the cleverest detective. A Pole who had become a naturalized Englishman, Druscovich was a brilliant linguist, a persevering and invariably successful tracker of criminals, and highly respected at Scotland Yard, where he was marked out for further promotion. His special department dealt with foreign crooks, and he was constantly travelling between London and the Continent. Meiklejohn was

a Scotsman of considerable ability, and Palmer had attained a chief-inspectorship by long service and good conduct. Had it not been for the Scotsman, however, his two colleagues would never have been tempted, and they owed their introduction to the Benson gang to Meiklejohn, who came from the Bridge of Allan, where he had become very friendly with William Kurr, a well-educated man who had exchanged the sober atmosphere of a railway clerkship for the more adventurous life of a bookmaker.

In course of time Kurr fell in with Harry Benson, one of the most remarkable criminals of the nineteenth century, a perverted genius with a sense of humour and no sense of honour. He invented the celebrated Turf Fraud, by means of which he and his confederates, William Kurr, Frederick Kurr, Bale, and Murray, swindled a French lady, the Comtesse de Goncourt, out of nearly ten thousand pounds. But aware of the precarious nature of his "profession," Benson decided that advantage ought to be taken of William Kurr's intimacy with Chief-Inspector Meiklejohn to insure against misfortune, and, accordingly, he planned to bribe the detective and as many of his colleagues at the Yard as could be induced to surrender their independence. Fortune helped him to succeed, for it happened that Meiklejohn, who had already accepted "presents" and



The Solicitor Froggatt.

"loans" from Kurr, was informed by Chief-Inspector Druscovich that he was in financial difficulties. It appeared that Druscovich had backed a bill for a near relation for one hundred and fifty pounds, and that the bill had been dishonoured. In plain language, that meant that the Chief-Inspector was in debt, and that if his superiors at Scotland Yard got to hear of it he would be dismissed.

Meiklejohn by this time had frankly entered Benson's "secret service," and had agreed to give the crook private information of any designs on the part of the detective department against him, and when Druscovich mentioned his worries, he was immediately introduced to Benson, who "lent" him sixty pounds, and generously intimated that he need never hesitate to ask for more if he wanted further assistance. A little later Chief-Inspector Palmer was drawn into the conspiracy, and then Benson and his colleagues put their well-prepared scheme into practice, convinced that with three chief-inspectors at Scotland Yard to warn them if any of their victims complained, they would be able to escape arrest and get away with their spoils.

The swindle prospered for a space, and Benson was able to call himself Count Yonge, and cut capers in Shanklin society, but when Mme. de Goncourt accidentally discovered that she was being duped, and came to London and laid her grievances before the Lord Mayor, the game was up, and the gang had to scatter and vanish. It was now time for the three bribed detectives to render services for payment received, and, doubtless realizing that the arrest of the Benson gang would also ruin them, they did their best to prevent Scotland Yard from identifying "Mr. Montgomery," the name Benson had passed under when dealing with the French countess and other dupes, and tracing his confederates. When Druscovich was told to proceed to the Isle of Wight to arrest Benson—by some means unknown to the suborned detectives the identities of all the swindlers had been ascertained—he sent a telegram warning him, and when his instructions to go to Shanklin were cancelled, and he was ordered to take the next train to Bridge of Allan and arrest Kurr, another telegram was dispatched to the latter preparing him for eventualities. Palmer and Meiklejohn were not idle either, and, in the circumstances, it is not surprising that no arrests were effected, and that the chiefs at Scotland Yard were puzzled and astounded at the mysterious manner in which office secrets leaked out. None of the detectives was suspected, and the general failure to capture Benson, the Kurrs, Murray, and Bale was ascribed to bad luck.

A mere accident brought things to a head. Superintendent Williamson received information that William Kurr was living in hiding in a certain house in London, and he had a warrant prepared at once for his arrest. This he would have entrusted to Druscovich had he been at hand, but as the chief-inspector was somewhere in the country it was given to a detective of the name of Littlechild, who later was to achieve fame as a shining light of the Criminal Investigation Department. Littlechild went at once to the address mentioned in the warrant, captured William Kurr, searched the house, and discovered certain papers which revealed the highly interesting fact that Benson, Frederick Kurr, and Bale were in Rotterdam, where Benson was passing under the name of George Washington Morton.

Williamson immediately sent for Druscovich, Scotland Yard's linguist and continental expert, and ordered him to proceed to Rotterdam with warrants for the arrest of all three men. The Superintendent added that he would journey there too, but that his special business would be to obtain the extradition of the three rogues.

Here was another dramatic situation, and one denied to the dramatist or novelist, because so wildly improbable. When Druscovich came face to face with Benson and the others, all he could do was to whisper that he was acting under the eye of his superior, and that he had really done his best to save his paymaster, and could do no more. An attempt to secure their premature release by a forged telegram sent by a solicitor to the Rotterdam police and purporting to be signed by Superintendent Williamson having failed, the swindlers were conducted to London and placed in cells.

Their trial lasted many days, and resulted in Benson getting fifteen years' penal servitude, the Kurrs and Bale ten years each, and Murray, a minor member of the gang, eighteen months' hard labour. So the league of rogues passed into prison, and Druscovich, Meiklejohn, and Palmer returned to their duties at Scotland Yard, doubtless praying that the convicts would not betray them. But Benson and Co. had no intention of allowing their confederates to escape, and they "gave the show away" within a few weeks, and the three detectives were arrested at Scotland Yard, and after a prolonged hearing at Bow Street were committed for trial at the Old Bailey, where they subsequently spent twenty days in the dock. As is usual with the policeman-criminal, the accused had provided the prosecution with ample evidence of their guilt. Druscovich had usually telegraphed to Meiklejohn when he wished to ask a question or impart information, and Palmer and the others had been



equally incautious until they had done enough to render the task of the prosecution the easiest imaginable. All the telegrams were produced, and also many of the bank-notes received from Benson, and the prolixity of the proceedings was due entirely to the desire of the Government to expose the whole system and to prove everything independently of the statements of Benson and the Kurrs, who gave evidence against the inspectors.

The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and each of the accused got two years' hard labour. A similar term was meted out to Froggatt, the solicitor who had sent the forged telegram to Rotterdam, whilst a fourth Scotland Yard officer was acquitted.

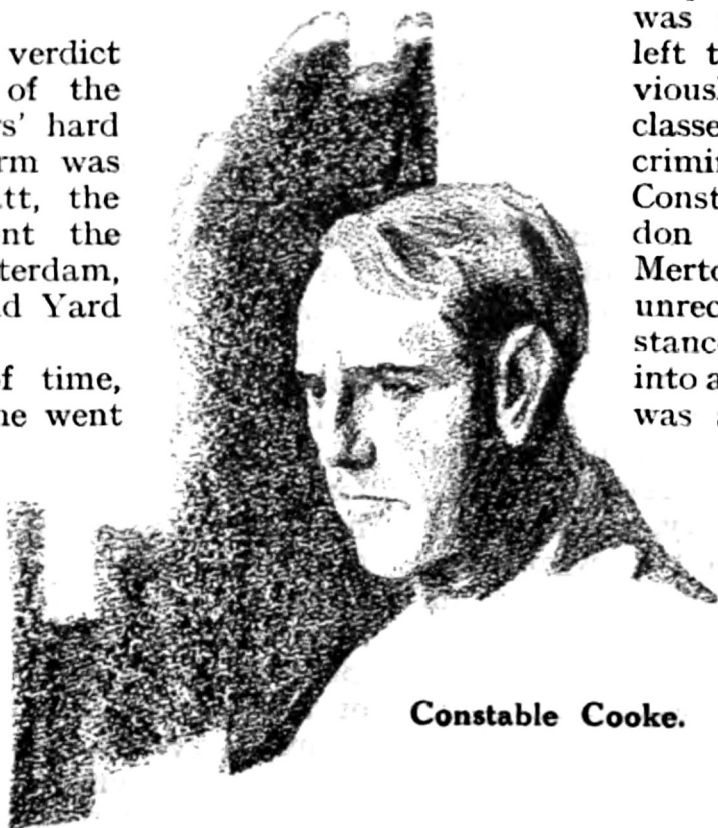
When, in course of time, Benson was released, he went to New York and perpetrated an ingenious swindle there. Dressed in the height of fashion, he managed to be the first aboard Mme. Patti's ship when it entered the harbour, and when he accosted the famous *prima donna* with a courtly bow, she, thinking he was the representative of the New York reception committee, took his arm and allowed him to lead her towards the genuine deputation when it appeared. The latter, beholding Benson arm in arm with the renowned singer, imagined he was her secretary or manager or intimate friend, and allotted him a prominent position at the subsequent public ceremony of welcome. Benson took advantage of his luck to forge tickets for a Patti concert, but he was detected and arrested, and while awaiting trial in the Tombs Prison he committed suicide by throwing himself from the top tier to the stone pavement below.

Major Frederick Beswick, Chief Constable of Birkenhead, who was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for forgery in 1869, was a soldier with an honourable record, whose downfall was due to living beyond his means. He was already involved when given the responsible post at Birkenhead, and when the forgeries by means of which he had disposed of certain stock belonging to a lady whose trustee he was were discovered, he endeavoured to use his official position to stave off ruin. His fellow-trustee came to him one day with a description of the person who had sold the stock, and who was suspected of being the forger. and Major

Beswick, recognizing the description as a poor one of himself, had it printed and circulated in the town of which he was Chief Constable! But it did not require any great skill to bring home his guilt to him, and he was arrested, and the head of the Birkenhead police was sent to penal servitude, eloquence and influence failing to save him.

When Mullins murdered Mrs. Elmsley, of

Stepney, sixty years ago, he was not a policeman, having left the force some time previously, and he is not to be classed with the policeman-criminal; but the crime of Constable Cooke, of the London force, who slew Maud Merton in 1893, cannot go unrecorded. It was an instance of a romance developing into a sordid tragedy, for Cooke was a young and handsome policeman patrolling a street in the West-end of London when he met Maud Merton, and tried to save her from herself. Maud was pretty, young, and temperamental, and Cooke fell in love with her, and, believing that she would go straight, he linked his fortunes



Constable Cooke.

with hers, looking forward to the day when he could marry her. But Maud soon grew tired of respectability, and when the constable ascertained the precise nature of the efforts she made to banish boredom, he informed her that they would have to be strangers in future. The girl, however, was not to be got rid of, and when Cooke persisted in holding aloof from her, she complained about him to the Superintendent at Bow Street, who, declining to be influenced by romance, transferred Cooke to the Notting Hill Division, and fined him a month's pay.

This was Maud Merton's revenge, and she ought to have been satisfied with it, but logic was not her strong point, and she could see no reason why Cooke should not love her. It is easy to anticipate what followed, especially when the triangle was completed by the appearance of a second woman, and Maud's fury became devilish. She forced an interview on Cooke, and confronting him when he was alone on his beat in the shadow of Wormwood Scrubs Prison, she screamed threats and insults until the man, losing control of himself, raised his truncheon and beat her to death. That was at about eleven at night, and seven hours later the body was discovered. The murderer had in

the meantime buried his bloodstained truncheon in the back garden of the house where he lodged, and when he was suspected and arrested, the first act of the detective in charge of the case was to dig up the back garden and recover the most damning piece of evidence against the accused. Cooke, however, confessed fully before he was committed for trial, and he quietly and submissively went to his death, while a howling mob outside Newgate caricatured human nature, and ridiculed civilization by rejoicing publicly over the doom of a man who might have made a success of life had he not been cursed with a romantic disposition.

A few months ago a sergeant and a constable of the London Metropolitan Police were sent to penal servitude for burglary, a rare crime amongst men in their calling, though the weak-minded must be tempted by their special knowledge of well-furnished houses on their beat which are unoccupied during the holiday season. Several officers have been convicted of perjury, but generally the motive has been to back up a weak case, and not to make money or to injure an enemy.

The founder of the first regular detective force was a notorious criminal, and when Eugene Vidocq was chosen by the Paris Chief of Police to organize a band of detectives for the protection of life and property, and the capture of offenders, he naturally enough decided that the most efficient method would be to set thieves to catch thieves. As a result he gathered around him the scum of the French underworld, and the zealous "detectives" anxious for "results" acted as *agents-provocateurs*, and when they failed as tempters, denounced innocent persons, and were never without funds, because the chief paid by results, and there was a fee for each arrest. It was a loathsome system, which speedily killed itself, yet when Canler, who came after Vidocq, began to reform the force and eliminate the criminal element, he was subjected to much abusive criticism.

The Vidocq method had been out of favour in England since the time of Jonathan Wild, but when the Frenchman was flourishing there was a London police officer, George Vaughan, who arranged numerous "burglaries" with confederates, and induced youthful crooks to break into the selected houses. The burglars were ignorant of Vaughan's identity, and when the redoubtable sleuth appeared on the scene at the psychological moment and captured them, they did not suspect that he had been the influence that had tempted them to disaster.

However, Vaughan overdid his villainy, was discovered, and transported for life.

Germany and Austria have had the policeman-criminal in their midst, and generally he has been a high official. In 1913 three Berlin detectives were convicted of blackmail, and in 1914 the Police President of Cologne retired from office hurriedly to avoid prosecution for a serious offence. The German authorities have generally shrunk from exposing the delinquencies of their police, and retirement has been regarded as a sufficient punishment for breaches of the law. Of course, savagely assaulting civilians was never considered a crime, and the sergeant of police who in 1914 cut off a man's hand from the wrist without having received the slightest provocation was not even censured. Vienna and Budapest also have been compelled to deal with policemen who have fallen from grace.

There is no need to dwell on the iniquities of the old Russian police, who were infamous for criminality. They practically standardized bribery, regulation fees being payable to all from the highest to the lowest, the easy-going Slav regarding bribery as almost a legitimate tax and scarcely objecting to it. But what he did resent was the cold brutality of the secret police, the manufacturing of criminals by the detectives, and the tortures inflicted in prisons where the police held sway and acknowledged no superior authority. The Russian Secret Police helped unwittingly to bring about the revolution, and it is not surprising that thousands of them enlisted in the service of the Bolsheviks, for cruelty knows no boundaries or principles.

Looking back on the last hundred years and taking into consideration the type of man who has formed the backbone of the British police forces and the wages paid, it can be said that the public have no reason to complain of their bargain. When Sir Robert Peel established the Metropolitan Police Force in 1829 he fixed the pay of constables at twenty-one shillings a week, and in a letter to Croker, who had suggested five shillings a day, he declared that the weekly guinea was sufficient. "No doubt three shillings a day will not give me all the virtues under heaven, but I do not want them," he wrote. "Angels would be far above my work." It is this question of pay which has been at the bottom of most of the trouble, however, and the wonder is that more policemen have not succumbed to the monetary inducements held out to them by criminals. Until recently the police were scandalously underpaid, and it is to their credit that so few of them have betrayed their trust.



# THE RECTOR'S STORY.

By "NEMO."

ILLUSTRATED BY G. SOPER.

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The tragi-comical dilemma in which a South African clergyman found himself placed. For obvious reasons the reverend gentleman's name has been suppressed.

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AT the time this little adventure happened, it was my custom to hold service once a month at a small country church, some thirty miles distant from the village in South Africa of which I was rector. The roads were indescribably muddy, and it was no uncommon sight to see a motor being towed along by a span of oxen. The state of the roads, however, did not cause me undue distress, for I was the owner of a sturdy little Basuto pony, which was very sure-footed and reliable.

I left home at the first sign of dawn on the day when my experience occurred, breathing a prayer that the weather would improve as the day wore on, for the heavy drizzle boded ill for the prospect of a large congregation. I noticed that the few *spruits* I passed had been changed into small rivers by the heavy rainfall, and began to dread the river which I had to ford four miles before I reached my destination.

My fears were well-grounded, for when I reached it I found the river a raging torrent, and, as I stood gazing at the rushing waters, I felt inclined to turn back, and began trying to soothe my conscience by the thought that few of the farmers would venture out to church on such a day. However, this feeling did not last long, and I quickly undressed, made my clothes up into a bundle, and fastened them securely to the saddle, retaining only my helmet and spectacles. My spectacles I kept because I was as blind as a bat without them, and my helmet because it was awkward to fasten on.

Then I proceeded to swim the river,

holding the reins in my hand. As I swam, I must confess, the anathemas breathed by the farmers on the Government for not erecting bridges over the rivers did not seem quite so shocking to me as they had hitherto.

As we neared the opposite bank my horse plunged forward and wrenched the reins from my grasp. I swam steadily on, thinking he would begin to graze when he reached the bank, and I did not for a moment doubt that I could catch him easily.

To my horror, however, directly he reached the solid ground he trotted serenely off in the direction of the church! I called and whistled, but all to no avail, for, like John Gilpin's famous steed, "the trot became a gallop soon." My sturdy little pony seemed to have forgotten his long journey; his one idea now was to get to the stable, where he knew a good feed would be awaiting him.

For a few minutes, as I tore wildly along after him, I did not realize the terrible position I was in, but although it was summer time the drizzle on my bare skin soon chilled me, and it gradually dawned on me that here I was, stranded in the veld, garbed only in helmet and spectacles, and with the prospect of my congregation passing me on the road!

Very earnestly did my desire for a large attendance evaporate; instead, I hoped with all my heart that the people would think it far too wet to venture out.

Suddenly the sound of hoofs rang out and I thought it was my horse returning. But, no; it did not come from that direction, and there were a couple of horses.



"Here I was, stranded in the veld, garbed only in helmet and spectacles,

Quick as lightning I dropped down among the tall tambooti grass! Not a moment too soon, for there came into view a carriage, and as it drew nearer I lay almost paralyzed with despair, for it contained three ladies, and the help I had been hoping for was as far away as ever.

What on earth was I to do? It was impossible to go on to service, for although a minister's garb is not picturesque, it is not startling, and I would have given much for the possession of even one of my garments.

My glasses were still perched airily on my nose, and my helmet had not forsaken me, but, alas! I could not hide behind a helmet.

If it were impossible to go on to service, it was equally impossible to return home. While I was racking my brains for a solution of my dilemma I again heard the sound of

hoofs. These people were riding leisurely along, and it was necessary for me to crawl on hands and knees for some time in order to escape detection.

Suddenly the humour of the situation struck me, and an irresistible desire to yell with laughter seized me. What *would* my solemn churchwardens and sidesmen say could they see me in my birthday suit, plus my helmet and spectacles, creeping along in the tall tambooti grass like some weird prehistoric animal?

It was no joke, however, and just as I was feeling almost inclined to indulge in the relief of tears, a native boy came along with a blanket thrown gracefully over his shoulder. I nearly embraced him when I saw him, and he very generously agreed to part with the blanket for twice its value.





and with the prospect of my congregation passing me on the road!"

Now anyone who has been in South Africa knows that a Kaffir blanket is not redolent of eau-de-Cologne, nor is its vivid colouring suggestive of a parson's usual garb; but that blanket, with its blue and yellow stripes, its gorgeous red and green circles, and its purple cubes, seemed to me just then the most delightful thing I had seen for years.

In the meantime my errant horse had arrived at the church, and great was the consternation of my friends, who felt convinced that some serious accident had befallen me.

The whole congregation promptly set out to search for me. I saw them coming, and hoped to hide until they had passed, and then hurry on and secure my clothing. But they stopped to speak to the native boy—who was afraid to leave me till he had

received payment for his blanket—and someone caught sight of my helmet. I was immediately surrounded and had to tell my story amid roars of laughter.

Never do I wish to go through such a service again as the one I held that day! In the middle of a serious passage there would be a titter or suppressed chuckle, and before long the whole congregation would be convulsed with laughter again.

The Kaffirs nicknamed me "Mfundisa Ebij" (Rev. Blanket), and many were the offers I had from natives who wished to sell me their blankets at the price I had given for the one that day.

Sometimes even now, in my dreams, I imagine the congregation meeting me—before I had been able to purchase that blanket!

# ODDS AND ENDS.



"Music hath charms." An Arizona "Gila monster" listening to a phonograph.



A Japanese fencing-bout in progress.

**A** CCEPTING the premise that "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," the young lady shown in the accompanying photograph tried to "make friends" with an Arizona "Gila monster"—one of the most sluggish and deadly of all living things—by turning upon it the strains from a phonograph. The monster lay motionless for possibly fifteen minutes, evincing not the slightest interest or attention, but suddenly, when a lively selection was played, he raised himself up on his front feet, lifted his head, and came as near smiling as a creature of this sort can. Gradually he moved nearer the machine, and after many days of experimenting he apparently became fond of the music and songs. Alas! for scientific progress, however. One day the music-loving lizard rambled into a driveway to sun himself—and a swift motor-car did the rest!

The picture herewith shows two young Japanese engaged in a fencing-bout. This particular sport is as popular in Japan as football is with the Britisher. The young men of Japan are trained to it from a very early age, and great interest is manifested by the general public in the periodical displays.