

THE WIDE WORLD

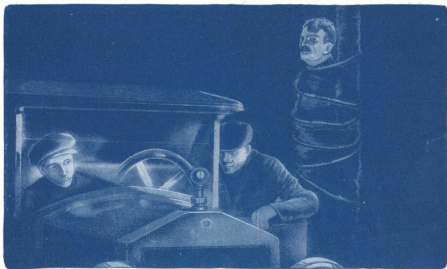


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SEPTEMBER, 1923

20
CENTS

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THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

Vol. LI.

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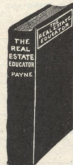
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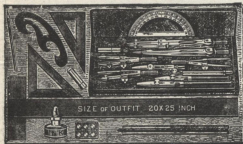
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"RUNNING TO THE FAT MEXICAN'S SIDE, HE YELLED 'GO!' AND KICKED THE HORSE WITH ALL HIS MIGHT."

(SEE PAGE 361.)

'TWIXT SUNSET AND SUNRISE



by
Hugh Thomason

ILLUSTRATED BY
ERNEST PRATER

BARTLE pulled up his horse and looked back over the trail, where the crimson *serape* of his servant flamed amid the dusk of the mesquite.

José was muffled deep in his blanket, and his great toppling sombrero was drawn low over his brow. He shadowed his master along the dimming trail in the fashion of an assassin.

"Man," said Bartle, in lame Mexican, as the servant drew near, "I want eat! I want sleep! Understand? Quickly! Understand?"

"Si, señor," said José, nodding. He stretched one arm out of his blanket, and pointed a yellow finger into the gloom.

"Over there, small village! Si, señor."

They rode forward again. Once the American's horse shied and quivered at something which he saw or imagined in the darkness, and the rider drew a steady, patient rein, and leaned over to speak tenderly to the animal, as if he were addressing a frightened woman. The sky had faded to white over the mountains, and the plain was a vast, pointless ocean of black.

Suddenly some low houses appeared squatting amid the bushes. The horsemen rode into a hollow until the houses rose against the sombre sundown sky, and then up a small hillock, causing the habitations to sink like boats in the sea of shadow.

A beam of red firelight fell across the trail. Bartle sat sleepily on his horse while the servant quarrelled with somebody—a mere voice in the gloom—over the price of bed and board. The houses about him were for the most part like tombs in their whiteness and silence, but there were scudding

black figures that seemed interested in his arrival.

José came at last to the horses' heads, and the American slid stiffly from his seat. He muttered a greeting as, with his spurred boots, he clicked into the adobe house that

confronted him. The brown, stolid face of a woman shone in the light of the fire. Bartle seated himself on the earthen floor and blinked drowsily at the blaze, vaguely aware that the woman was clinking earthenware and moving here and there preparing a meal. From a dark corner of the room there came the sound of two or three people's snores.

Presently the woman handed him a bowl of *tortillas*. She was a submissive-looking creature, timid and large-eyed. She gazed at his enormous silver spurs, his large and impressive Colt automatic, with interest and admiration. When he ate, she watched him from the gloom, her white teeth shining.

José entered, staggering under the load of two huge Mexican saddles. Bartle decided to smoke a cigarette and then changed his mind; it would be much better to go to sleep. His blanket hung over his left shoulder, rolled into a long pipe, according to a Mexican fashion. By doffing his sombrero and unfastening his spurs and his pistol belt, he made himself ready for the slow, blissful twist into the blanket. Like a cautious man, he lay close to the wall, and all his property was very near his hand.

The mesquite brush on the hearth burned low. José threw gigantic wings of shadow as he flapped his blanket about him—first across his chest under his arms, and then around his neck and across his chest again,

this time over his arms, with the end tossed on his right shoulder. A Mexican thus snugly enveloped can nevertheless free his fighting arm instantly, merely shrugging his shoulder as he grabs for the weapon at his belt. They always wear their *serapes* in this manner.

The firelight smothered the rays which, streaming from a moon as large as a drum-head, were struggling in at the open door. Bartle heard from the plain the fine, rhythmic trample of the hoofs of hurried horses. He went to sleep wondering who rode so fast and so late. In the deep silence, when the fire died down, the pale rays of the moon stole in until the room was flooded to its middle with a rectangle of silver light.

Bartle was awakened by the sound of a guitar, very badly played. A noise of shuffling feet accompanied the music. Sometimes laughter arose, and often the voices of men saying bitter things to each other; but always the guitar twanged on.

"Confound it! They're having a dance!" muttered Bartle, fretfully. He heard two men quarrelling in short, sharp words like pistol shots; they were calling each other dreadful names.

He wondered why the noise was so loud. Raising his head from his saddle pillow he saw, with the help of the moonbeams, a blanket hanging flat against the wall at the farther end of the room. Being of the opinion that it concealed a door, and remembering that Mexican liquor made men very drunk, he pulled his automatic closer to him and prepared for sudden disaster.

"Well, I will kill him, then!"

"No, you must not!"

"Yes, I will kill him! Listen! I will ask this American beast for his beautiful pistol and spurs and money and saddle, and if he will not give them—you will see!"

"But these Americans—they are a strange people. Look out, señor."

Then twenty voices took part in the discussion. They rose in quivering shrillness as from men badly drunk.

Bartle felt the skin draw tight around his mouth, and his knee-joints went limp. Slowly he came to a sitting posture, glaring at the motionless blanket at the far end of the room. The tumultuous emotions of his terror destroyed that slow and careful process of thought by means of which he understood Mexican. He could not follow the words, but he used his instinctive comprehension of the first and universal language—tone. Still, it is disheartening not to be able to understand the details of threats against one's life.

Suddenly the clamour of voices ceased. There was a silence—the silence of decision. The blanket was flung aside, and the red light of a torch flared into the room. It was held high by a fat, round-faced Mexican, whose snake-like little moustache was as black as

his eyes. He was insane with the wild rage of a man with liquor burning in his brain. Five or six of his friends crowded after him. The guitar, which had been thrummed doggedly during the dispute, now stopped suddenly.

Bartle and the intruder contemplated each other. Bartle sat very straight and still, his right hand lost in the folds of his blanket. The Mexicans jostled in the light of the torch, their eyes blinking and glittering.

The fat man posed in the manner of a grandee. Presently his hand dropped to his belt, and from his lips there shot an epithet—a hideous word which often fore-shadows knife-blows, a word peculiarly Mexican.

The American did not move. He was staring at the fat Mexican with a strange fixedness of gaze—not fearful, not dauntless, not anything that could be interpreted; he simply stared.

The fat Mexican must have been disconcerted, for he continued to pose as a grandee, with more and more sublimity, until it would have been easy for him to have fallen over backward. His companions were swaying in a very drunken manner. They still blinked their beady eyes at Bartle. Here was a mystery. At the approach of their menacing company, why did not this American cry out and turn pale, or run, or pray for mercy? The animal merely sat still, and stared, and waited for them to begin. Well, evidently he was a great fighter; or perhaps he was an idiot. Indeed, this was an embarrassing situation, for who was going to risk stepping forward to discover whether he was a great fighter or merely an idiot?

To Bartle, whose nerves were tingling and twitching like live wires, and whose heart hammered inside him, this pause was a long horror; and for these men who could so frighten him there began to swell in him a fierce hatred—a hatred that made him long to kill the lot of them. A 45-calibre Colt automatic can make a hole large enough for a woodpecker to build a nest in, and there was a certain fat Mexican, with a moustache like a snake, who came extremely near death merely because he frightened a man too much.

José had slept the first part of the night in his own fashion, his body hunched up into a heap, his legs crooked, his head touching his knees. Shadows had hitherto obscured him from the sight of the invaders. At this point, however, he arose, and began to prowl timidly over toward Bartle, as if he meant to hide behind him.

Suddenly the fat Mexican gave a howl of glee. José had come within the torch's circle of light. With roars of singular ferocity the whole group of Mexicans pounced on the American's servant.

He shrank away from them shuddering,

beseeching mercy by every device of word and gesture. Highly delighted, they pushed him this way and that, they struck him with their fists, they stung him with their curses. As he grovelled on his knees, the fat Mexican took him by the throat and cried: "I'm going to kill you!" And continually they turned their eyes to see if they were going to succeed in causing the American to make the first move.

Bartle looked on impassively. Under the blanket, however, his fingers were clenched as rigidly as iron upon the handle of his automatic.

Suddenly two brilliant clashing chords from the guitar were heard, and a woman's voice, full of laughter and confidence, cried from outside: "Hello! hello! Where are you?"

The lurching company of Mexicans instantly paused and looked at the ground. "It is the girls! They have come!" said one, as he stood with his legs wide apart in order to balance himself. He screamed an answer to the question of the woman: "Here!" Without waiting, he turned back to the blanket-covered door. One could now hear a number of female voices giggling and chattering.

"Yes, it is the girls! Yes!" said two others, and they also turned quietly away. Even the fat Mexican's ferocity seemed to be affected. He looked uncertainly at the still immovable American. Two of his friends grasped him gaily. "Come, the girls are here!" they cried. "Come!" He cast another scowl at Bartle. "But this—" he began. Laughing, his comrades hustled him towards the door. On its threshold, holding back the blanket with one hand, he turned his yellow face with a last challenging glare toward the American. José, wailing in little sobs of utter despair and woe, crept to Bartle and huddled near his knee. Then the cries of the Mexicans meeting the girls were heard, and the guitar burst out in joyous humming.

The moon clouded and but a faint oblong of light fell through the open door of the house. The fire had died down. Bartle did not change his position, but remained staring at the blanket which hid the door. At his knees José was arguing, in a low, aggrieved tone, with the saints. Outside, the Mexicans laughed and danced, and—as would appear from the sounds—drank deep and long.

In the stillness of the night Bartle sat wondering if some serpent-like Mexican was sliding toward him in the darkness, and if the first thing he knew of it would be the deadly sting of the knife. "Sssh!" he whispered to José; then he drew his pistol from under his blanket and held it on his leg.

The blanket over the door fascinated him. It was a vague form, black and unmoving. Through the opening it shielded was to come,

probably, menace and death. Sometimes he thought he saw it move.

Bartle longed to bolt, but in this threatening gloom his terror convinced him that a move on his part would be a signal for the pounce of death. José, crouching abjectly at his knee, occasionally mumbled. Slowly and ponderous as the stars the minutes went by.

Suddenly Bartle thrilled and started. While he nodded on the brink of sleep his nerveless fingers had allowed his pistol to fall and clang upon the hard floor. He grabbed it up hastily, and his glance swept apprehensively over the room.

The chill blue light of dawn was in the room. Every outline was slowly growing; detail was following detail. The dread blanket did not move. The riotous company had gone or become silent.

Bartle felt his nerve returning with the light. He touched José. "Come," he said. His servant lifted his lined, yellow face and comprehended. Bartle buckled on his spurs and stood up; José obediently lifted the two great saddles. Bartle held two bridles and a blanket on his left arm; in his right hand he gripped his pistol. They stole toward the door.

Bartle was inexpressibly shocked when he came to walk. The clinking of his spurs sounded like a pair of cymbals.

On the threshold Bartle looked back. In a corner, watching him with large eyes, he saw the Indian man and woman who had been his hosts. Throughout the night they had made no sign, and now they neither spoke nor moved. Yet Bartle thought he detected meek satisfaction at his departure.

The street outside was still and deserted. In the eastern sky there was a lemon-coloured patch.

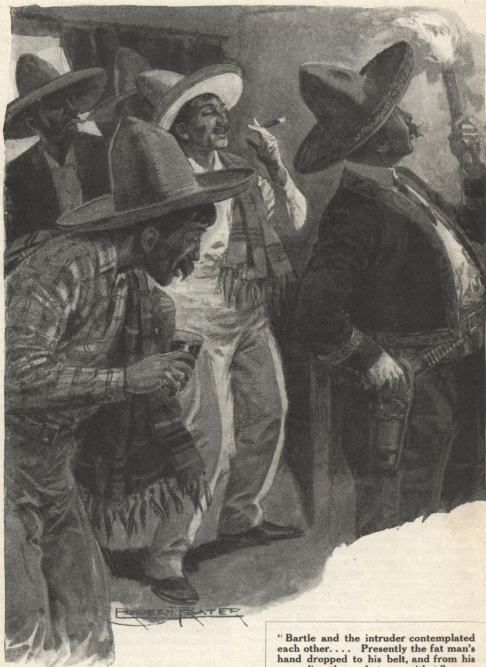
José had picketed the horses at the side of the house, and as the two men came round the corner, Bartle's animal set up a whinny of welcome. The little horse had evidently heard them coming. He stood facing them, his ears cocked forward, his eyes bright with welcome.

Bartle made a frantic gesture, but the horse, in his happiness at the appearance of his friends, whinnied again with enthusiasm.

At that moment the American felt he could have strangled his well-beloved steed! Upon the threshold of safety he was being betrayed by his horse! And yet, as he glanced wildly about him, he could see nothing stirring in the street, nor at the doors of the tomb-like houses.

José had his own saddle-girth and both bridles on in a moment, and he curled up the picket-ropes with a few sweeps of his arm. The fingers of Bartle, however, were shaking so that he could hardly tie the *latigo* strap of his *cincha*.

Presently he swung into the saddle, and as he did so his horse made a mad jump forward.



"Bartle and the intruder contemplated each other. . . . Presently the fat man's hand dropped to his belt, and from his lips there shot an epithet."

The spurs of José scratched the flanks of his great black animal, and side by side the pair raced down the village street. The American heard his horse breathe a quivering sigh of excitement.

The houses of the town glided past in a

moment, and the great, clear, silent plain appeared like a pale blue sea of mist and wet bushes. Above the mountains the colours of the sunrise began to flame.

The American looked down at his horse.

He felt in his heart the first thrill of confidence. The little animal, unurged and quite tranquil, moving his ears this way and that, was nevertheless bounding into the eye of the breaking day with

confronted them with apparent calmness, they would certainly take after him furiously now that he had run from them—now that he had confessed he was the weaker. Their valour would grow like weeds in spring, and



the speed of a frightened antelope. Bartle, looking down, saw the long, fine reach of fore limb as steady as steel machinery. As the ground reeled past, the long, dry grass hissed, and cactus-plants were dull blurs. A wind whirled the horse's mane over the rider's bridle-hand.

José's profile was lined against the pale sky. It was that of a man who swims alone in an ocean. His eyes glinted like metal, fastened on some unknown point ahead of him, some mystic place of safety. Occasionally his mouth puckered in a little unheard cry; and his legs, bent back, worked spasmodically as his spurred heels hammered the flanks of his charger.

Bartle consulted the gloom in the west for signs of a hard-riding, yelling cavalcade. He knew that whereas his friends the enemy had not attacked him when he had sat still and

upon discovering his escape they would ride forth dauntless warriors.

Sometimes he was sure he saw them, sometimes he was sure he heard them. Continually looking backward over his shoulder, he studied the purple expanses where the night was marching away. José rolled and shuddered in his saddle, persistently disturbing the stride of the black horse.

At last Bartle drew his mount carefully down to a walk. José wished to rush insanely on, but the American spoke to him sternly. As the two paced forward side by side, Bartle's little horse thrust out his soft nose and inquired into the black's condition.

Riding with José was like riding with a corpse. His face resembled a cast in lead. Sometimes he swung forward and almost pitched from his seat. Bartle was too

frightened himself to do anything but hate this man for his fear. Finally he issued a mandate which nearly caused José's eyes to slide out of his head.

"Ride behind me—about fifty paces," he commanded.

"Señor—" stuttered the servant.

"Go!" cried the American furiously. He glared at the other and laid his hand on his automatic. José looked at his master wildly. He made a piteous gesture. Then, slowly, he fell back, watching the hard face of the American for a sign of mercy.

Bartle had resolved in his rage that at any rate he was going to use the eyes and ears of extreme fear to detect the approach of danger; and so he established his servant as a sort of rear-guard.

As they proceeded he was obliged to watch sharply to see that the servant did not slink forward and join him. When José made beseeching circles in the air with his arm he replied by gripping his pistol.

José had a revolver; nevertheless it was very clear in his mind that the revolver was distinctly an American weapon. He had been educated in the Rio Grande country.

Bartle lost the trail once, but was recalled to it by the loud sobs of his servant.

Then, at last, José came clattering forward, gesticulating and wailing. The little horse sprang to the shoulder of the black. They were off.

Bartle, looking back, could see a slanting flare of dust on the whitening plain. He thought that he could detect small moving figures in it.

José's moans and cries amounted to a university course in theology. They broke continually from his quivering lips. He forced the black horse over the plain in great headlong leaps.

But under Bartle there was a little insignificant-looking rat-coloured beast that was running apparently without effort. As a matter of truth, the ground seemed merely something to be touched from time to time with hoofs that were as light as blown leaves. Occasionally Bartle lay back and pulled stoutly on his bridle to keep from abandoning his servant.

Crimson *serapes* now appeared in the distance, resembling drops of blood on the great cloth of the plain.

Bartle began to dream of the coming battle. Although quite a humane man, he did not once think of his servant. José being a Mexican, it was natural that he should be killed in Mexico; but for himself, a New Yorker—

From the rear now there could be heard yelling, and presently a volley of shots. The bullets came whining through the air overhead, and Bartle moaned as he looked back. He kept his hand on his automatic. He tried to imagine the brief tumult of his capture—the flurry of dust from the hoofs

of horses pulled suddenly to their haunches, the shrill biting curses of the men, the ring of the shots, his own last struggles. He wondered if he could not somehow manage to kill that fat Mexican, just to cure his abominable egotism.

It was José, the terror-stricken, who at last discovered safety. Suddenly he gave a howl of delight, astonishing his labouring horse into a new burst of speed. They were on a little ridge at the time, and the American, reaching the top of it, saw his servant gallop down the slope and into the arms, so to speak, of a small column of Obregon's cavalry, dressed in a uniform of grey and silver. In the dim light of early morning they were as vague as shadows, but Bartle knew them at once for a detachment of Rurales, that crack cavalry corps of the Mexican Army which polices the plains so zealously—a fierce and swift-moving body that knows little of prevention, but much of vengeance. They drew up suddenly, and the rows of great silver-trimmed sombreros bobbed in surprise.

Bartle saw José throw himself from his horse and begin to jabber at the leader of the party. When he arrived he found that his servant had already outlined the entire situation, and was engaged in describing him, Bartle, as an American señor of vast wealth, who was the friend of almost every governmental potentate within two hundred miles. This seemed to profoundly impress the officer. He bowed gravely to Bartle and smiled significantly at his men, who unslinging their carbines.

The little ridge hid the yelling pursuers from view, but the rapid thud of their horses' feet could be heard. Occasionally they called and shouted to one another.

Then at last they swept over the brow of the hill, a wild mob of almost fifty drunken horsemen. When they discerned the pale-uniformed Rurales they were sailing down the slope at top speed.

If toboggans halfway down a hill should suddenly make up their minds to turn around and go back, there would be an effect somewhat like that now produced on the drunken horsemen. Bartle saw the Rurales serenely swing their carbines forward, and, peculiar-minded person that he was, felt his heart leap into his throat at the prospective volley. But the officer rode forward alone.

It appeared that the man who owned the best horse in this astonished company was the fat Mexican with the snaky moustache, and, in consequence, this gentleman was quite a distance in the lead. He tried to pull up, wheel his horse, and scuttle back over the hill as some of his companions had done, but the officer called to him in a voice harsh with rage.

"Dog!" howled the officer. "This señor is my friend, the friend of my friends. Do

you dare pursue him, you ——! ——! ——! ——! ——!" These lines represent terrible names, unprintable names, used by the officer.

The fat Mexican simply grovelled on his

saddle. Nevertheless he was allowed to vanish in a cloud of yellow dust at the ridge-top.

José was exultant, defiant, and—now that the danger was over—bristling with



"Side by side the two horses raced down the village street."

horse's neck. His face was green; it could be seen that he expected death.

The officer stormed on with magnificent intensity.

Finally he sprang from his saddle, and, running to the fat Mexican's side, yelled: "Go!" and kicked the horse with all his might. The animal gave a mighty leap into the air, and the fat Mexican, with one wretched glance at the contemplative Rurales, aimed his terrified steed for the top of the ridge. Bartle gulped again in expectation of a volley. The fat Mexican also thought that he was to be killed while on the run, for he cringed fearfully in his

courage. The black horse was drooping sadly, his nose to the ground, but Bartle's little animal, with his ears bent forward, was staring at the horses of the Rurales as if studying them. Bartle longed for speech, but he could only bend forward and pat the shining, silken shoulders. The little horse turned his head and looked back gravely.

Only one thought occurred to Bartle. He was safe, but if this incident had happened in the days of Porfirio Diaz the Rurales would have shot the fat Mexican and all his companions. Evidently times had changed.

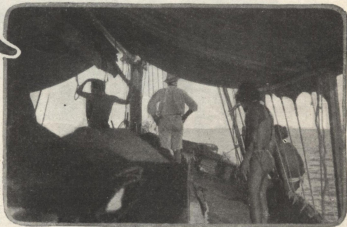




Mr. H. A. Markham,
whose isolated trading
station the Author
visited.

The CANNIBAL ISLANDS

By CLIFFORD W.
COLLINSON, F.R.G.S.



The first sight of the tops of the coconut palms on Ong-Tong-Java.

A series of articles which our readers will find particularly interesting. Mr. Collinson has spent several years in the Solomons, a strikingly beautiful group where, in the unexplored interior of the larger islands, cannibalism and head-hunting are still practised, and many tribes have never set eyes on a white man. In this instalment Mr. Collinson describes his visit to the little-known *atolls* of Ong-Tong-Java.

II.

THE Solomon Islands are sufficiently remote from civilization and regular lines of travel to satisfy the most earnest seeker after adventure and the keenest searcher for the wild and primitive. In comparison with some of the lonely *atolls* in the Pacific, however, they are fashionable places of resort.

During my voyage from Sydney to Tulagi,

the seat of Government of the Solomons, I made the acquaintance of Mr. Harold A. Markham, the story of whose life would furnish a volume full of action and romance. Originally a native of Kettering, he had been in turn a lumberman in Nova Scotia, a P. and O. quartermaster, a member of the Johannesburg Fire Brigade, and a trooper in the South African War. Now, in the prime of life, he owns plantations in the Solomons and lives, for a considerable part of the year, all alone on a tiny coral *atoll* two hundred miles from his nearest white neighbour. Markham and I became very friendly, and when he suggested that I should accompany him to his isolated trading station on a two months' visit, I at once accepted.

In my previous article I referred to the

sudden, breath-taking invitations that are such a delightful feature of life "down under"; but it is one thing to join a party of congenial companions and quite another to strike out alone "into the blue," with a fellow you have only known for a week, with the knowledge that for more than two months the pair of you will be entirely alone, cut off by hundreds of miles of ocean from other white men. I hesitated not a moment, however, having no fear of "temperamental incompatibility" and being only too eager to seize this exceptional opportunity of visiting a place and a people almost unknown and unvisited even by old-timers in the Solomons.

Behold me, then, in the pearly dawn, transferring my bags from the steamer, as she lay at anchor in Rendova Harbour, to Mr. Markham's fifteen-ton auxiliary ketch, *Lily*, as she curtsied and sidled at the foot of the accommodation ladder.

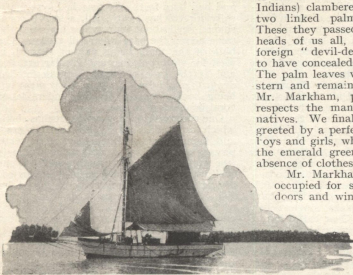
When we got away at last and breasted the great surges of the open Pacific the ketch appeared extraordinarily small to me, but nevertheless she "chug-chugged" gallantly away on her long northward trip Equatorwards across the open sea. Our objective was the ring of coral atolls named Ong-Tong-Java, which lie in latitude $3^{\circ} 29' 30''$ S., and longitude $159^{\circ} 42'$ E. These tiny atolls are connected by half-submerged coral reefs and form an oval ring enclosing a lagoon forty miles long and eighteen miles wide. Leueneua is the largest atoll, and it is on this island that Mr. Markham lives and trades in solitary grandeur. Some years ago, Houdini, of handcuff fame, chancing to hear of Mr. Markham's isolation, appealed to the American public to send periodicals

and newspapers to this ocean hermit. The result was that on his next visit to the comparative civilization of the Solomons, Mr. Markham was astonished to find no less than *eight bags* of mail awaiting him! Mr. Jackson, the overworked Postmaster at Tulagi, had emphatic views on the subject! Subsequent mails were no less prodigious, and though the incident happened a long time ago, Mr. Markham still keeps up correspondence with the more enduring of his unseen postal friends.

We passed that ocean death-trap, the terrible Roncador Reef, one starry midnight, and heard its breakers roaring menacingly. Thereafter we breathed more freely, for the currents that sweep up and down these uncharted sea-ways are so unaccountable that even the most careful navigator cannot pilot his course to within twenty miles with a small-powered boat. At dawn on the third day we sighted the tops of the coconut palms of Ong-Tong-Java and presently sailed into the great lagoon through one of the only two deep-water passages in its entire circumference. There is no land on any of these atolls more than about twenty feet above sea level.

As the *Lily* glided into the glass-calm waters of the lagoon great activity was manifest on the white coral beach of Leueneua, and when our anchor rumbled down in the shoal water and the gallant little engine slackened to a standstill after two days and three nights of continuous running, we were surrounded by flimsy outrigger canoes crowded with brown-skinned humanity. Before any ordinary native was permitted to board us, two local "devil-devil" priests (similar to the witch-doctors of Africa and the medicine men of the Indians) clambered over the stern, holding two linked palm leaves between them. These they passed over the decks and the heads of us all, in order to exorcise any foreign "devil-devils" that might chance to have concealed themselves on the vessel. The palm leaves were finally hung over the stern and remained there for many days. Mr. Markham, prudent fellow, carefully respects the many quaint customs of the natives. We finally rowed ashore and were greeted by a perfect swarm of naked brown boys and girls, who capered and laughed in the emerald green shallows with an equal absence of clothes and shyness.

Mr. Markham's house had been unoccupied for several weeks, but though doors and windows had been left open during the whole period, not a thing had been touched or disturbed, notwithstanding the fact that his bungalow is in the middle of the houses of the native village. That is one



Mr. Markham's cutter *Lily* at anchor in the lagoon.

of the charms of living in these "savage" places; petty theft is practically unknown. Makers of locks, bolts, and bars do not sell many of their wares in the Solomons.

It is impossible in the space of a short article to deal in any detail with the fascinating life and customs of this isolated and practically unknown ring of *atolls*. I shall have to be content with just a few vignettes, as it were, of incidents that occurred during the many weeks I spent on these idyllic isles.

Palau Island, a much smaller *atoll* than Leueneua, is situated at the north-western limit of the lagoon, and we reached it after a run of about thirty-six miles. The white surges of the Pacific were roaring on the outer side of the reefs, but inside the lagoon the water was perfectly unruffled.

Mr. Markham went ashore first in the dinghy with his boxes of "trade" goods, and then sent the boat back for me. I took the remainder of the goods ashore and joined him under the shade of the palms. Here I was introduced to King Pongovali, the local ruler, a stout, very consequential, and important personage clad in a white singlet and cotton *lava-lava*. Seats (on wooden cases) were provided for the king, Mr. Markham, and myself, and the trading began.

We were seated under a small group of coconut palms at the extreme end of the island. Between us and the village, the roofs of which could be seen amongst the palms covering the rest of the island, was a wide grassy clearing. This clearing was some three hundred yards in extent, and across it streamed the men and women, bearing on their shoulders or carrying in their arms strings of copra.

All the natives—the children as well—were wearing *lava-lavas*, some of them brilliant reds, yellows, and greens, and the effect against their velvet brown skins, with the background of vivid green palms, blue sky, blue sea, and creaming surf, was just a gorgeous feast of colour.

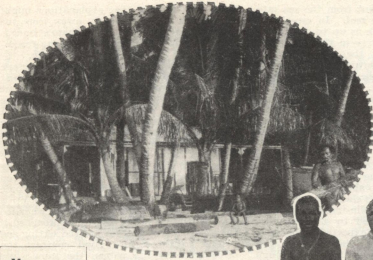
The Palau islanders, owing to the way in which they have absorbed all that is worst and failed to assimilate the best of civilized ideas, are the most deplorable in the whole group for rapacity and general turpitude. There were about two hundred and fifty of them assembled, and they gathered in a semi-circle, squatting on the grass. Mr. Markham proceeded to exhibit his goods—sticks of tobacco, wax vests, clay pipes, fish hooks, *lava-lavas*, whistles, penknives, bars of soap, diving goggles, pipes, singlets, fish lines, and other articles. Over half a ton of biscuits, which had been ordered by the king previously, were ferried ashore and traded for thirty thousand coconuts. I booked the number of coconuts received whilst Mr. Markham handed out the goods, and the pile of nuts steadily grew.

I took a few snapshots of groups of natives, including one of some young girls, among whom was an albino with skin as white as that of any European. I also photographed the king, his brother, and his Prime Minister.

Trade was very brisk, mostly for matches and tobacco; the king paid three thousand five hundred nuts for a fifteen-pound case of tobacco. Our boat-boys carted the copra to the dinghy and made several trips out to the *Lily* with it. In about three hours we had exchanged goods to the value of about fifteen thousand coconuts, all of which were paid over, leaving unpaid the thirty thousand for the biscuits. As the sun fell so the trade declined, and at ebb-tide we made our departure, wading out to the dinghy through ripples that gleamed like liquid opal beneath the gorgeous hues of the sunset. Soon the swift darkness fell and the *Lily* rocked sleepily on waters that reflected the blazing stars above, while from the beach came the faint sounds of village life and the intermittent flash of torches between the trees.

Awake at dawn, we set off to a coral reef on the south-western boundary of the lagoon, an hour's run—about five miles. We anchored close to the reef, part of which was already clear of the ebbing tide, the breakers of the Pacific smoking on the outer edge. It was a glorious cloudless day, already—at 7 a.m.—very hot. We rowed to the edge of the emerald-green shoal, jumped out into about two feet of water, and waded along to the dry portion over lumps and boulders of brown coral. We were clad in short knickers, open-necked shirts, and leather boots to save our feet from the sharp coral. The thirteen Kanakas with us were in their scanty loin-cloths and had bare feet. We searched systematically for trochas pearl-shell, a spiral, cone-shaped shell about four inches high and the same across the base when full grown. The bulk of the shell, being mother-of-pearl, is used for shirt buttons, and similar articles, and at the time of which I speak fetched about £120 per ton. They are fairly plentiful, being found mostly on the underside of coral boulders in a pool.

One constantly comes across trochas shells which are inhabited by the hermit crab and, being "dead shell," are not often worth picking up. As we walked along the reefs (the going being very rough), putting our shell into the bags which each of us carried, my attention was constantly attracted by the swarming life of the pools—tiny fishes of brilliant hues, black and white striped ones, and dark blue starfish, the sprawling arms of which measured over a foot across. There were also sea-snakes or eels of a transparent grey, flashing sinuously under the protection of a coral slab, and millions of little creatures of various types darting away at the first splash of my foot in the



Mr. Markham's bungalow in the shade of the palms.

and red lichens thread-like seaweed. Each pool was a wonderland of vivid colour and teeming tropical marine life.

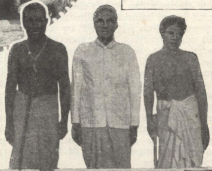
After two hours' search the fuller note of the surf and the steadily decreasing area

Native youngsters on the beach.

pools. The coral, too, was bewildering in its variety of colour—branching coral, mushroom coral, volcanic coral, grey and smooth, coral mottled with pink, purple and little pink bunches of

of submerged reef warned us that we must regain the *Lily* without further delay. We therefore deposited our catch on an adjacent *atoll*, drank the milk out

King Pongovali, the local ruler, with his brother and Prime Minister.



of a couple of coconuts—the tiny *atoll* being clad with palms—and then Mr. Markham and I set off to walk back towards the *Lily*, lying motionless on the blue lagoon water.

Our progress was a somewhat arduous and stumbling one through the rapidly-deepening water, which was now



A typical outrigger canoe.

running in a fast current from the sea into the lagoon across the reef. In crossing a deep channel that took us up to our thighs a sudden swirl and flurry in the streaming water revealed to us the sinuous brown form of a small shark which was hastening with the current into the lagoon. It turned towards Mr. Markham, but thought better of it, and flashed away again through the crystal water. We scrambled into the dinghy and were soon aboard the *Lily* again, smoking comfortably at our ease beneath the grateful shade of the awning.

On Leueneua, one moonlit night, sleep being quite impossible owing to the tremendous din of the dancing and the beating of the tom-toms, I got up about midnight and stole through the palms clad only in a *lava-lava*. From behind a palm-trunk I gazed on a scene seldom witnessed by a white man, and one that might be expected to be associated only with an elaborately-staged spectacular play. Squatting in a rough square were women, girls, and children, the nearest silhouetted black and stark against the concealed glow of the torches, while the other two sides and the one facing me were alternately revealed in high lights and then thrown into deep shadow by the flickering glimmer. Above them the drooping leaves and ringed trunks of the palm trees glowed orange.

In the middle of the square was a packed group of men dancing vigorously to the monotonous and unending two-note chant of the women, one of whom beat stridently on a native wooden drum. The dances were short ones, and followed each other almost without a break. First would come the chant of the women in fairly slow time, while the men advanced from one corner towards the centre. Then the music quickened and the tom-tom went at full speed, the dance increasing in rapidity in sympathy and the men giving vent to "Hi-hi's" in unison. With knees turned outwards they did a sliding movement in a mass across the ring—very quick steps on alternate feet, the body motionless—then back again, followed by swift stabbing motions to right and left with their spears. Quicker and quicker went the music and the clapping and the dance till it suddenly terminated with a shout and the dancers retired again, into the darkness. Almost immediately the slow chant was begun again, the tom-tom started beating, and they were at it once more.

I watched motionless for some time and two naked boys, not seeing me, came and stood close by. Unfortunately I raised my hand to look at my watch, the luminous dial of which shone green and ghostly in the darkness. One of the boys caught sight of this glowing circle floating upwards, and with a howl of dismay dashed off through the palms. The dance and the music stopped

dead, and thinking that explanations might be difficult, I crept silently away from the scene and regained Mr. Markham's bungalow. In a few moments the singing recommenced and they were dancing again.

We had beached the *Lily* in order to scrape and cleanse her coppered hull, and whilst this was in process word was brought that a shoal of Bhoma fish had been seen off the next island. With ten excited natives I got into the launch and went along to the place. We threw in a dynamite cartridge and immediately there was a great upheaval of water and fish. Overboard into the lagoon went the natives, and after collecting the stunned fish on the surface they dived through the crystal-clear water after those lying at the bottom. They picked up a hundred and fourteen fish and then we made for our landing place. As we approached it the almost horizontal rays of the setting sun behind us threw into vivid contrast the olive green of the palms, the snow-white beach, and the delicious brown colouring of the naked natives, who crowded down to the edge of the lagoon to meet us as we landed. Our share of the fish went into the frying pan, and we soon disposed of a couple each—delicious firm flesh, too. The natives made a fire in a little open space near the house, on the glowing embers of which they cooked the rest of the catch.

The marriage customs of the natives in Leueneua are especially interesting. In the case of the more important members of the community a boy and girl are pledged to each other in their infancy—sometimes even before they are born, the latter arrangement depending for its fulfilment, of course, upon the suitability of their sex when they arrive. When the boy reaches the age when he can go fishing all his catches go to his intended's parents, none to his own.

The pledged boy and girl are not permitted to associate in any way during adolescence. I have often seen a couple of youngsters catch sight of one another and immediately turn aside so as not to meet.

The girl is tattooed from the waist to the knees at about the age of thirteen or fourteen, and when a festival comes along she parades with the other young girls quite naked, covered with bright yellow paint and wearing leaf garlands. This happens for several festivals until she is deemed ready for marriage. A few days before the next festival she again parades, naked except for a thick coating of red and yellow paint, and makes for the "devil-devil" house. Here the young bachelors dash forward and scrape off portions of the paint with palm leaves to retain as souvenirs. That night her husband comes to her hut, where are gathered also the parents of both bride and bridegroom. Next day the bride again parades, but now she wears a *lava-lava*. The young couple do not set up house-

keeping together until the wife presents her husband with a baby; the bride continues to live in her parents' house, the husband only visiting her by stealth at night.

In the case of more humble people betrothals at an early age are not insisted upon. When a boy fancies a girl (or *vice versa*) he grasps her wrist in a special manner during the moonlight games on the beach and, if the other be agreeable, the marriage takes place in the bride's house without further delay. A man may have as many wives as he cares to provide for, but as the natives are incurably lazy monogamy is the rule.

Of the tattooing customs, the unique native graveyards with their carved coral headstones, the three years' mourning penance of bereaved widows, the quaint burial customs, and the still more remarkable "devil-devil" rites and observances, I have unfortunately no space to write. Nor can I describe the strutting and attitudinizing of the vain young bucks, with their mirrors and combs, the extraordinary eugenic marriage laws, the dances of the maidens on the moonlit beaches, and all the fascinating and romantic lure of this unknown Paradise of the South Seas. In all the world, however, there is, in my humble opinion, no place that merits more than Ong-Tong-Java the title of "The Isles of Enchantment."

In addition to their other attractions, they provide a useful source of income, for the *atolls* are thickly planted with coconuts and furnish a steady supply of copra, or dried nut, which the natives exchange for various articles of commerce that Mr. Markham brings periodically from the Solomons. Native trading throughout the Islands simply consists in this exchange of goods for copra—sometimes, as I described in regard to Palau, an actual "cash" transaction, but more frequently a "book debt." The natives themselves, of course, keep no written record of the state of their accounts, but it is extraordinary how accurately they remember debit and credit items extending over a period of years.

Though constant repetition has since bred familiarity, I still find it interesting to arrive in my launch, the cabin of which is surrounded by shelves bearing printed cotton goods, fish-hooks, axe-heads and handles, knives, fish-lines, tobacco, matches, jews' harps, beads and so forth—a miniature floating stores, in fact—and anchor off the shore opposite a native village, whose inhabitants promptly put forth in their flimsy canoes and cluster round the sides of the vessel.

My trading "beat" is a regular one, and the chiefs and headmen of all the villages are known to me by name. The chief men clamber aboard and squat around the sides

of the deck at a respectful distance, and there is usually an interchange of greetings and a prodigious exposure of betel-nut-stained teeth.

Casually then, as if it were an afterthought, I produce various goods—simply holding them up and putting them away again. Not a word of comment is made on either side, and the natives do not even appear to look at the articles, merely glancing once and then turning their eyes away. It is bad form to rush matters, and I have often wondered what they would think of our "bargain sale" counters!

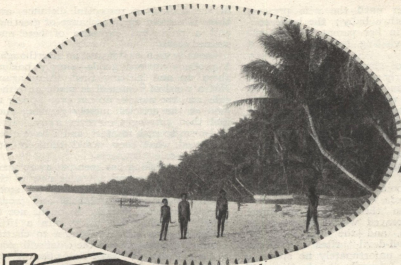
After everything has been put away again a silence ensues, and a trader new to the game would probably think that his stock must be entirely unsaleable and would gloomily wonder whether he ought not to throw the whole lot away. In a little while, however, the men begin to chatter amongst themselves and the chief will point to the pile of cotton waist-cloths (*lava-lavas*), one or two of which are handed to him and "booked" to his account. Thereafter, general business becomes brisk, and the canoes finally glide away shorewards with the acquisitions of the paddlers perched precariously on their bare knees to keep them dry.

A day or two afterwards my sailing cutter will call and pick up copra, or a proportion of it, in payment for the goods supplied. The native boy in charge of the boat keeps no books, but on his return reels off from memory a list of copra payments received—five hundred from Souganu, a hundred from Nuliwali, a hundred and twenty from Goropuku and so on, the figures representing the number of coconuts.

In districts where there is competition among white men for the trade of the natives, a close watch is kept by one's own boys on the native villages where copra is owing. On sighting the drifting plume of blue smoke above a village that denotes the cooking of copra by the inhabitants, the cutter is hurriedly sent to collect it, the first arrival, of course, getting the bulk of that particular cooking.

The Solomons are completely out of the track of hurricanes and typhoons, being within that charmed area, spreading on each side of the Equator, which is free from these terrible atmospheric disturbances. Small launches and sailing cutters can therefore venture far afield without too serious a risk being incurred, though the tide-races in some parts are dangerous and fierce squalls provide plenty of excitement at times.

The tide-race between the islands of Fauro and Choiseul, for instance, is a terrible one, the seas even on the calmest day piling themselves up in steep pyramids which fall solidly on to the deck of any small craft foolish enough to attempt to cross the disturbed area rather than skirt it. Even



The beach at
Leueneua.



The Author (left) on the desert
island.

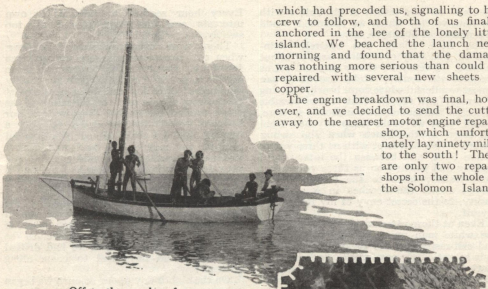
in less tumultuous races I have more than once steamed hard against the tide for hours only to find myself at last some miles farther back



A nasty
customer.

than when I started.

On leaving the Islands to come home to England I had a nasty experience. I allowed myself forty hours to cover the 'hiry sea miles between Tobosuntai and Gizo, the Sydney steamer's port of call. For thirty long hours I fought a losing battle with sail and engine against wind and current, finally landing in Gizo Harbour with a ripped foresail, torn mainsail, and only a pint of petrol in the tank, just in time to see the steamer leaving the wharf and sheering seawards through the blue waters of the anchorage! It was only owing to the great kindness of Captain Voy, her commander, that I caught the steamer at all, for he reversed his engines, lowered the gangway, and I scrambled aboard. Of the torrent of invective



Off to the coral reef.

with which he greeted me I will make no mention; the twinkle in his eye belied the fury of his words.

I mention this incident to show the uncertainties of island transport, and to Nature's moods must also, of course, be added the deficiencies of man's handiwork. Sometimes one's engine breaks down. One August I had a rather unusual experience arising out of such a mishap. A friend and myself had occasion to make a ninety-mile voyage across the open Pacific between two of the larger Islands of the Solomon Group and, having to take a small sailing cutter with us, we decided to tow it across the open sea during the hours of moonlit darkness.

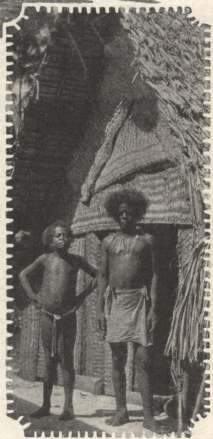
Setting forth during the afternoon, sunset found us just clearing the last of the foaming coral reefs that crowd those smiling but treacherous seas. A heavy squall was bearing swiftly down upon us, but in another moment we should have passed beyond danger when, with a tremendous uproar, a valve broke in the engine, and the launch began to drift helplessly towards the breakers! Before we could get sail up she was rasping her coppered sides on the coral ledges and heeling over at a dangerous angle. At the very last moment, however, her half-hoisted canvas filled and she drew slowly away from the death-trap—and immediately the squall swooped down upon her!

As she dashed away over the wind-tortured seas we dimly discerned through the driving rain and almost vanished daylight a little island right ahead of us, its score or so of palms whipping and thrashing in the gale. We raced past the cutter,

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which had preceded us, signalling to her crew to follow, and both of us finally anchored in the lee of the lonely little island. We beached the launch next morning and found that the damage was nothing more serious than could be repaired with several new sheets of copper.

The engine breakdown was final, however, and we decided to send the cutter away to the nearest motor engine repair-shop, which unfortunately lay ninety miles to the south! There are only two repair-shops in the whole of the Solomon Islands



Types of natives.

group—a chance for overcrowded motor-engineers in England! My friend and I set ourselves to wait with what patience

we could for the return of the cutter with the new valves, which we reckoned would be a matter of about six days.

The little island was entirely uninhabited, and only covered an area of about an acre. Twenty or thirty coconut palms occupied the centre, whilst around it ran a most wonderful white coral beach, shelving so steeply and rapidly that it was possible to anchor the launch close inshore—so close, indeed, that we could jump dryshod from the stern to the beach when she swung inwards. We had kept with us three young native boys, and between the intervals of cooking and waiting on us these youngsters went frankly back to the primitive and played about the beaches in a state of nudity, to the secret envy of my friend and myself.

Even at these uttermost ends of the earth the white man must maintain his dignity and self-respect in the presence of natives. It is so enticingly easy to get slack in these matters—and slackness is fatal, as anyone who has lived away from civilization will tell you. For this reason we always shave every day, bathing and changing into clean ducks for the evening meal, however soiled or scanty the raiment we may wear during the hours of daylight.

While we waited on our islet we lived a *dolce far niente* sort of life. For hour after hour I lay and watched the hermit crabs, whose borrowed homes of shell varied in size from a pinhead to that of an orange. I also investigated the habits of the great ants whose leaf houses—centres of ceaseless activity—hung pendent from the bushes. At other times we swam lazily in the milk-warm crystal-clear water (with a cautious eye for sharks and alligators) or paddled off in the dinghy to the coral reefs left exposed by the ebbing tide. Here we gathered the precious trochas pearl-shell, of which there was a considerable quantity, and sometimes shot one of the hawks that circled around. We never tired of watching the great butterflies that winged their way like birds from the mainland fifteen miles away, and sometimes we rigged up a sail on the little dinghy with a bedsheet and a couple of bamboos and scooted about the laughing blue seas in the vicinity of our "Desert Island" (unmarked even on the latest Admiralty Chart).

Every hour seemed to furnish its own interests and the days passed all too swiftly.

There were other occasions, however, when our circumstances were not quite so fortunate. One night, for instance, a fierce squall came up suddenly from a totally unexpected direction and we awoke, amidst the lashing of rain and the whistling of the wind, to find the anchor dragging and our helpless vessel drifting down towards a line of breakers that foamed over a coral reef at our rear! The reef was almost under our counter when the dragging anchor providentially held and checked us, and a spare anchor, hurriedly dropped, made things temporarily secure.

The next morning, after warping the launch back to her anchorage, we passed spare ropes ashore round the boles of palm trees and attached ourselves so securely to the islet that if we had drifted again it would have had to come along with us!

On the eighth day of our sojourn we began to scan the horizon rather anxiously for signs of the returning cutter, but there was no trace of her, and at the end of the thirteenth day things looked serious. Our food supplies were totally exhausted in spite of the rigid economies of the last few days, and it looked as if we were in for an unrelieved diet of coconuts and water. On the morning of the fourteenth day, however, a sudden shout proclaimed the sighting of a sail on the horizon, and an hour afterwards, by waving sheets and flashing mirrors, we succeeded in attracting the attention of a passing trader, who put in and generously supplied us with stores. The cutter—delayed and nearly wrecked more, than once by bad weather—arrived later the same day with the new valves and a plentiful supply of foodstuffs.

So everything ended happily, and now, as I sit with the roar of London traffic in my ears, I see again in fancy that lonely little islet in the South Seas, where the blue waters cream along the coral beaches and the palm leaves whisper in the wind. Before very long, I hope, I shall be back there again.

In my next article I shall describe a perilous journey I made into the unknown interior of one of the larger islands.

(To be concluded.)



The Disappearance of Annie Mooney

A narrative proving once again that truth is stranger than fiction. "This story," writes the Author, "is an authoritative account of an actual occurrence. Names of persons, places, and institutions are correctly given,

by
**ABRAHAM
HERSCHIN**

and there has been no deviation from fact from start to finish." Seldom, surely, has anyone been able to establish a lost identity and clear up a thirty-year-old mystery in such a strange and unlooked-for manner.

"ANNIE!"
No answer.
Again Mrs.

Mooney called, again and again. But in each instance there was no response. Then, with the parents in the lead, a party of willing volunteers began a search of the picnic grounds for the missing child.

All day the search proceeded. Not a bush, not a tree, not a building within the limits of the park escaped the closest scrutiny.

Day turned into night, and still there was no sign of Annie. Lanterns flashed in the darkness, here and there huge bonfires contributed to the illumination, and the search went on all night. Yet at dawn the child remained absent.

At last came the full glare of morning. It found the members of the search-party weary, bedraggled, and footsore, but still willing. Annie's mother was in a pitiful condition, the children swollen-eyed and exhausted from weeping for the sister who was lost, and the hair of the father had turned white overnight!

By this time all San Francisco had taken up the hunt, the police and citizens of that city joining eagerly with the authorities of Belmont, the suburban town where the picnic grounds from which Annie Mooney had disappeared were located.

Painstaking and thorough were the labours of those pledged to the recovery of the child. Operators of street cars, as well as railway men, drivers of vehicles, chance observers, and householders in the district were approached for information. But all in vain.

The activities of the searchers spread to the underworld. Ex-convicts and shady characters by the score were questioned or trailed in the hope of obtaining some clue as

ILLUSTRATED BY
CYRIL HOLLOWAY

to the whereabouts of the four-year-old child. But Annie was not to be found;

she had vanished as utterly as though she had been suddenly translated to another planet.

Week followed week in dreary succession, and still the search went on. From a purely local affair the case grew into one of national importance. In every State the hunt was taken up, but the results were invariably disappointing. A large reward was offered and a fortune was spent in inquiries. James Mooney, the father, once a prosperous and highly esteemed resident of San Francisco, became penniless, while the mother endured an agony of heart and mind appreciable only by those into whose life a similar tragedy has entered.

At the very outset expert opinion inclined to the theory of kidnapping for money as a motive for the deed, an alternative theory of revenge being promptly discarded when it was discovered that no man or woman, as far as could be ascertained, had ever suffered the slightest injury at the hands of the kindly Mooneys. Granted that the experts were correct, it was a curious fact that not once did the kidnapers put forth a demand for ransom, not once give an indication whether the child was alive or dead. Whoever they were they kept their secret well. In this connection the general impression was that the miscreants had been frightened off by the intensity of popular indignation. In the end the case took a position alongside that of Charlie Ross, and became the means by which parents could point out to their children the danger of talking to strangers or wandering away from their own neighbourhood.

The months lengthened into a year

marking the anniversary of Annie Mooney's disappearance. Shortly before this, however, a certain event took place, and it is mentioned in order to show how earnestly the police applied themselves to the search, and also as being illustrative of one of the many ingenious measures adopted to recover the child. On the Fourth of July, at the head of a parade held in celebration of the nation's birthday, there rode in a buggy a detective. In his lap sat little Ida Mooney, a sister of Annie.

In plain view of thousands of people the man and the child passed along, the object being to attract attention to the missing one, who, if she were present with her captors as a spectator of the parade, would doubtless raise an outcry at the sight of her sister. Once such a demonstration was made, policemen and other representatives of the law stationed all along the line of march would have instantly rushed to the spot. However, this clever bit of strategy was productive of nothing save proof of official activity, if indeed proof were needed.

The memorable day of Annie Mooney's disappearance, July 15th, 1883, witnessed many more anniversaries, and still the affair remained a baffling mystery. Decades, in fact, came and went; but always, even after public interest had subsided, Mrs. Mooney doggedly went on with the search. Life for her had no meaning, no significance, other than effort devoted to the discovery of her little daughter. Not until death supervened would she give over the quest for her youngest child. Always, too, she charged her other children never to cease similar endeavours. Even if she died without having achieved her life's ambition, she told them, they must continue the search, for she was certain Annie was still alive.

Thirty-one long years dragged by, and then, in 1915, at the time of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, the people of San Francisco learnt some startling tidings.

Annie Mooney had been found!

With a keen appreciation of what constituted news value, the press carried the story as a front-page feature; for notwithstanding the fact that a new generation had arisen and practically the entire city had been rebuilt from the ashes of 1906, Annie Mooney had never been forgotten.

Yes, Annie Mooney had been found—found as the result of an advertisement which someone had inserted in the *Examiner* in the department set aside for inquiries for missing people. This advertisement, appearing under the date of August 22nd, was observed by Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Arnold, the latter a sister of Annie Mooney. From the wording of the notice the Arnolds were strongly persuaded that it had a bearing upon the subject that was never far from their thoughts. They therefore replied to

it, requesting an interview with the advertiser. This was fixed up, and there came to the Arnolds Mrs. G. E. Karstadt of San Francisco.

The moment the Arnolds beheld their visitor they were startled by the striking resemblance she bore to the Mooneys. Convinced that they were face to face with the almost legendary Annie, a meeting of all interested parties was quickly arranged for the purpose of hearing in detail the extraordinary story that Mrs. Karstadt had already imparted to the Arnolds in its main outlines.

The meeting was convened at the home of Mr. Edward Mooney—an uncle of the missing child, who had been indefatigable in the long search. Among those in attendance were the brother and sisters of Annie Mooney, Frank Arnold, some friends of the family, police officers, and newspaper reporters. The parents, alas! were not present. The loving hearts that had come down the years burdened with grief were now still for ever.

In the midst of an impressive silence Mrs. Karstadt told her story. To begin with, she assured her audience, although she had no particular reason for claiming the identity of the missing Annie Mooney, her parentage was quite unknown to her, and she was extremely anxious to establish who she was. Her earliest recollections, she said, were associated with Chinese, whereas she herself was of purest Caucasian blood, and had two white children of her own to prove it further.

As to how she had come to be in the keeping of Orientals, Mrs. Karstadt had a distinct remembrance of wandering down a country road as a very young child and presently arriving at a resort known as the "Casino." From within emanated the strains of lively music, and, fascinated thereby, the little girl stopped to enjoy it. After a time, satisfied with the entertainment, she started off in a direction which she believed would lead her back to the picnic grounds. But she had chosen wrongly, and so, instead of reaching her proper destination, she eventually brought up on the shore of a stretch of marshland whereon was located a cluster of dilapidated shanties.

It was a Chinese settlement, a camp of shrimp-fishers and clam-diggers.

Now, in those days public opinion in the West was hostile to the Chinese, so much so that only the year before Congress had enacted a national exclusion law for the purpose of preventing the immigration of certain elements of the Asiatic races. Whether these clam-diggers, finding themselves innocently in the company of the child, feared reprisals if she were discovered with them, is, of course, a matter of conjecture. But at any rate, instead of bidding the little one begone, it appears that two of the Chinese took possession of her and kept her

in seclusion until a favourable opportunity presented itself for transferring her to San Francisco's Chinatown. Of the means whereby she was conveyed to that picturesque portion of the city Mrs. Karstadt could hazard only a guess; but in all probability it had been accomplished by a horse-drawn vehicle while she was asleep.

The next thing Mrs. Karstadt remembered was being brought to a place which she described as being occupied by a number of "strangely dressed men with long pigtails," engaged in the ironing of clothes.

There she was laid on a table and, despite her cries of pain, her ears were pierced for the subsequent reception of earrings. Following this operation she returned to the street with her captors and was soon lodged in a house where she entered upon a new phase of existence with a Chinese couple, husband and wife.

The dwelling wherein the little white child was to spend much of the future was an underground apartment. The small windows of what did duty for a front room were situated high up, near the ceiling; and in order that no outsider might look within, the blinds were always drawn. These blinds, she said, were a bright red, and she recalled with what childish delight she used to contemplate their gorgeous coloration when they were under illumination from the outside.

In reply to a question relative to the name the Chinese gave her, Mrs. Karstadt said:

"They called me Lin Wing, but not before I had given them my own name—my first name, that is. At least, I supposed it belonged to me, since it was the only one I ever knew. My family name I did not remember at all. So as long as I remained in Chinatown I had two names—'Lin Wing' and 'Annie.'"

As may be imagined this utterance created a sensation. Instantly there flashed into every mind the thought, "If this statement is capable of proof can there be any doubt as to Mrs. Karstadt's right to the identity of Annie Mooney?"

Continuing, Mrs. Karstadt went on to state that, so far as the male Chinese was concerned, she saw very little of him; but as for the woman,

the child was constantly in her company, and before long the woman conceived a genuine liking for her little white charge.

From the start Annie underwent a process of transformation. In the first place the garments in which she had entered upon her new life were removed and the raiment of the Orient substituted. Next the crown of her head was shaved and a queue affixed. At the places where her own fair hair betrayed the deception there was applied some jet-black dye. Her skin also received treatment, this consisting of a yellowish pigment worked in over the whole body.

Chinese was, of course, the language of the household; and in due time the little girl was able to converse quite intelligibly with her captors.

In so far as circumstances could make it possible, she at length became even more thoroughly disguised owing to the slight cast in her right eye becoming entirely concealed by an enlargement of the pupils, while a half-closed aspect was assumed by the lids—the consequence of existence in a place where semi-darkness prevailed all the time.

For two years the girl remained in this underground home. Then came a time when the doors crashed down before the onslaught of axes and sledge-hammers. The police had made a raid. The inmates had been suspected of unlawful practices, and the attacking party had apparently used force in order to surprise the suspects in the act.

Immediately on the first hint of danger little Lin Wing's "mother" grabbed her up, thrust her into a trunk, jammed down the lid, and awaited developments.

She had not long to wait, for the moment the child found herself in a dark and confined space, she set up a series of cries and pounded as hard as she could on the sides of the trunk.

The police, of course, soon discovered the source of the disturbance. The lid being opened, there emerged from concealment a weeping, dishevelled, and very much frightened little "Lin Wing."

The girl, immediately upon her release, addressed the policemen in English, which was quite enough to warrant

GIRL STOLEN. 31 YEARS AGO LOCATES KIN

Mrs. G. E. Kostadt Now Believes
She Is Annie Mooney, Who
Was Kidnaped by Chinese

San Francisco Family She Calls
Long Lost Relatives Firm in
Belief That Claim Is True

Mother and Father Died in
Vain Search; Reunion Is
Planned to Get All Facts

Has Annie Mooney been found?
Thirty-one years ago San Francisco was stirred in all its mother and father heart by the strange disappearance of the baby daughter of James Mooney at a carpenter's picnic at Belmont.

Her father and mother died seven years ago still mourning their lost babe. She became legendary in the family. That fairy house in the tree tops where all lost babies go to play with Peter Pan was unwilling to yield its secret.

Now, out of this dim past with something of the look of little Annie in her eyes, comes Mrs. G. E. Kostadt, 1559 Dolores street, convinced that she is Annie Mooney. Mrs. Kostadt's story, as she remembers it, parallels the disappearance of Annie Mooney.

KIDNAPPED BY CHINESE.

She was kidnaped by Chinese. She

A cutting from a San Francisco newspaper referring to the Annie Mooney case.

her removal to the Presbyterian Mission, there to be held for further examination.

There and then the little captive definitely relinquished her Chinese "Lin Wing" and gave to the authorities the name of "Annie," and as Annie she went down on the books. Other questions she also answered in English, for despite the lapse of time the child was still familiar with her mother tongue. The final result satisfied the Mission officials that they had in their custody a child of the white race who unfortunately was not at all clear as to her antecedents.

"Annie" was well cared for by her new friends, and after a few weeks was transferred to the Franklin Home, an orphanage. As at the Mission, so at the orphanage, her treatment was of the best. Her name went down as "Annie," to which was added a patronymic; so that the entry concerning her read somewhat as follows: "Annie Browning; colour, white; age, five years; mother and father dead."

Six months went by; then, at the end of the half-year, Annie passed into the keeping of a childless Portuguese couple, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Sequeira, who legally adopted her. In this transaction the child who had lately been "Lin Wing" acquired yet another name; this time Rhoda—Rhoda Sequeira.

The couple lived in Hayward, a town in Alameda County, beyond the east shore of San Francisco Bay. There they resided for a further two years, the father plying his trade of shoe-repairing, when a removal was decided upon. Presently, therefore, little "Rhoda" found herself in Berkeley, the site of the University of California.

Here, said Mrs. Karstadt, she well remembered how her roving proclivities involved her in an adventure. One day an itinerant showman came to her neighbourhood exhibiting a performing bear. Delighted with the unusual spectacle, the girl followed it about, all the time getting farther away from home. About sundown, finding she had strayed a long way, she had just decided to seek a sleeping place when she was recovered by her anxious guardians. That night she was the recipient of a good round scolding, and as an inducement to change her behaviour she was told the story of Annie Mooney.

That, said Mrs. Karstadt, was the first time she had ever heard anything about the missing girl. While it made a deep impression upon her, the tale was told in such a manner as to create the idea that it had all transpired ages ago—so long ago that by no stretch of the imagination could it have anything to do with the little girl who was called Rhoda Sequeira. Not even in the ensuing years, when a growing curiosity concerning her real identity impelled her to question her foster-parents, did she phrase her interrogations in a way to connect herself with the vanished girl whose name was identical with her own.

At eighteen Rhoda Sequeira became a bride. For the fourth time in her life she received a new name, this time that of her husband—Mr. G. E. Karstadt, of San Francisco.

With the birth of her first child Mrs. Karstadt began her self-questionings anew. Who *was* she? Where were her parents? Alive or dead? Over and over again she pondered the problem, always reaching the regretful conclusion that a solution was impossible. All that had happened since she had been removed from Chinatown was a matter of open record—set down in black and white for anyone to read—but prior to that everything was a blank, and seemed likely to remain so. Not even the frequent visits which Mrs. Karstadt paid to her Chinese "mother," with whom she had kept in touch, elicited an inkling of the truth. To the interpreter from the Presbyterian Mission who accompanied Mrs. Karstadt on these visits

the old woman always affirmed ignorance. Her husband had brought the child home—that was all she would say, except to add that he had fled from San Francisco and was probably now in China. The woman, by the way, had only become reconciled to the loss of her "Lin Wing" by being given the guardianship of a little Chinese waif.

Again Mrs. Karstadt became a mother, and again she made fruitless efforts to solve the mystery of her early life. Finally the year 1915 came, and then Mrs. Karstadt remembered a consultation she had once held with a fortune-teller whose assistance she had sought. The seer, said Mrs. Karstadt, had told her that with the advent of the



Annie Mooney at the time she was known as "Rhoda Sequeira."



"On the first hint of danger little Lin Wing's 'mother' grabbed her up and thrust her into a trunk."

Exposition there would come to San Francisco strangers from all over the world, and that among their number there might be one who could help her with her problem.

On the face of it it looked reasonable, yet Mrs. Karstadt was not particularly impressed. In fact for some time she gave no further heed to the suggestion. In the end,

however, everything else having failed, she determined to take an apparently hopeless chance and insert an advertisement in a prominent newspaper.

For her purpose she selected the San Francisco *Examiner*, but her faith was so scant in any possible good accruing that she allowed a whole week to elapse before going to the newspaper office to learn if there had been a reply. Indeed, she told her auditors that had she not been shopping in the near vicinity it is quite unlikely that she would have thought any more about what seemed to be an ill-advised action. When she *did* make inquiry, however, there, to her profound astonishment, was a letter. The result was public property—and she was present this evening to learn if anyone knew who she was, Annie Mooney or otherwise.

Such was the story Mrs. Karstadt told. There came now the work of checking up each detail of the narrative. Not much doubt existed as to the truth of the recital, since from her very first appearance there was observed a startling facial resemblance between Mrs. Karstadt and the Mooneys. But a lifetime of false leads and shattered hopes having inculcated in some of the family a tendency to proceed cautiously, it was thought advisable to withhold a verdict for the present. Moreover, it was deemed only fair to subject the whole matter to a careful and impartial investigation.

So, step by step, patiently and scrupulously, the experts worked their way back into the misty past; and step by step they met with corroboration of Mrs. Karstadt's every statement.

Thus there really had been a resort called the "Casino." Also, there had been a Chinese camp near Belmont—still in existence for that matter, though long since abandoned and falling into decay. Then there were the books of the Presbyterian Mission and the orphanage. They, too, supplied their share of confirmation. When it came to tracing down the Chinese "mother" it was learned that she had died just fourteen months before at Lane Hospital.

Finally there were the early photographs of Mrs. Karstadt and the Mooney girls. All had been taken about the same time, and one and all they tallied. Moreover, when it came to comparing the likenesses of Mrs. Karstadt and James Mooney, whom she resembled more than any other, the result was positively overwhelming. Every feature of the girl's face was the counterpart of the man's—the broad forehead, the nose, mouth and jaw, the powerful and well-formed chin.

It really seemed as if the case was complete; that neither Mrs. Karstadt nor the Mooneys need continue their investigations. At this juncture, however, there was submitted the additional testimony of Mrs. Mary O'Neill.

Mrs. O'Neill, a life-long friend of Mrs. Mooney, was a woman of seventy, but with a memory fresh and clear. Said Mrs. O'Neill, repeating a statement once made to her by the bereaved mother, "Mary, I shall always know my baby by the mark on her body, which only her nurse and I know is there."

This announcement induced Protective Officer Mrs. Katherine O'Connor, of the Police Department, to undertake an examination. The mark was found. Mrs. O'Connor also discovered that the second toe of Mrs. Karstadt's right foot projected beyond the great toe. Mrs. Karstadt's two-year-old daughter, Fern, had the same odd birthmark as her mother and an elongated toe on the right foot. Alone of all the Mooney children Mrs. Karstadt had inherited this peculiar characteristic from her father.

Now at last the case was complete, and Mrs. Karstadt was able to resume her rightful place in the Mooney family and face the world in her proper person.

Some strange facts were unearthed in the course of the investigation. For example, there was the part played by a certain school-teacher. This gentleman conducted a class in one of the San Francisco public schools, and numbered among his pupils some of the Mooney children. The school-master, who resided in Berkeley, an easy boat-ride from San Francisco, became acquainted with Annie Mooney's foster father. Both men being enthusiasts of the checker-board, they indulged in many a game in Sequeira's shoe-shop. And though little Annie was occasionally observed watching the play, never did the teacher dream that he held in his hands one end of the thread of the Mooney mystery.

Another point is worth mentioning. For thirteen years after her marriage to Mr. Karstadt,

Annie Mooney had been a resident of the Mission district of San Francisco, living only a few blocks away from her kinsmen; but never once did they meet. A strange world, indeed!

Years have passed now since the elucidation of the mystery of Annie Mooney's disappearance. In the interval Frank Arnold's wife died, and in time he married another of the Mooney girls—none other than the famous Annie herself. Both are still living in San Francisco, the happy parents of several beautiful children.



Mrs. Karstadt, the long-lost "Annie Mooney."



"It is an extraordinary sight to see them sitting at their desks, with snow all around them, doing their lessons."

THE MOST WONDERFUL SCHOOL IN THE WORLD

by David Masters

WHEN I arrived at Aigle, in Switzerland, I knew that my journey of close on a thousand miles to find the Most Wonderful School in the World was approaching its end. I stepped from the platform to the little mountain train which ran like a tram through the village street. The open market of Aigle was being held under the topped plane trees in a triangular open space, and all the peasants from the neighbouring farmsteads were there with baskets of potatoes and other vegetables set on

A description of a visit to a remarkable "sun-cure" establishment in the Swiss mountains where youngsters may be seen learning their lessons and romping about in the deep snow clad only in loin-cloths and boots! All these children, only a short time ago, were apparently hopeless cripples or bedridden invalids! Mr. Masters' account of the seeming miracles wrought by the discoverer of the "cure" will be found particularly interesting.

the snowy ground for sale—a quaint and homely scene.

We came now to the real beginning of the climb into the mountains and waited while the toothed gear of the engine was fitted to the cog-rail in the centre of the track. Then, slowly but surely, we made our way upward through most exquisite

scenery. The vineyards through which we passed in the early stages were most remarkable. They were built in terraces up the steep mountain-sides, the soil being kept in position by walls of stone and rock. Some of the vineyards were only a



A former helpless little cripple enjoys himself on ski.

its contours. Above and below were more vineyards, and still more; there seemed to be a never-ending vista of them. On the other side of the valley the giant peaks of the Dents du Midi stabbed the sunny sky. Below us lay the plain, with the village of Aigle.

So we mounted, skirting dizzy slopes, leaving the vineyards far behind us, and crawling through woodlands and upland pastures. Some of the gradients were so steep that they were like the roof of a house. When I finally jumped out of the mountain train at Leysin

village I was about a mile up in the air.

The first fall of snow, two or three days previously, had banished all wheels from Leysin until the spring. Sleighs

few feet wide, and wound a most serpentine course round the mountain, following all

met the train, to add their picturesque note to the scene and convey some of the visitors



A class on the way to a sheltered spot.

to their hotels. Two or three boys with their little toboggans, or *luge*, as they are called, also awaited our arrival in order to pick up expected packages. They put their packages aboard, sat on behind, and slid swiftly down the slope to the village, with many a laugh and shout.

I looked about me. Lovely views abounded on all sides. The sun was hot; the snow crisp and dry. Then I trudged off down the village street, with its old chalets, and babies sitting on tiny *luge* while their mothers were shopping in the village

and now the movement he started in the Alps at Leysin twenty years ago is spreading all over the earth.

Dr. Rollier calls his school "The School in the Sun," but I prefer to call it by the title of this article. Open-air schools are now fairly common; we have many in England, where the pupils may be seen in summer taking their lessons in the open air. The youngsters are of course clothed, and the only novelty is that they have the sky above them instead of the ceiling of a stuffy classroom. The Most Wonderful School in the

World, however, is very different. Instead of the children being clothed, they are quite naked except for triangular loin-cloths and boots.

It is an extraordinary sight to see them sitting at their little desks, with snow all around them, doing their lessons. They wear no



Skating in the sunshine, oblivious to the cold.

store, and so came at length to Les Frénes and Dr. Rollier.

Dr. Rollier is a fine-looking man, bronzed and busy. He is the apostle of light, the moving spirit of the "Most Wonderful School in the World." This man in the little village perched high in the Swiss Alps is the genius who first realized that light is life and darkness death; that sunlight will heal and cure where medicine and surgery fail. For many years he was too busy practising to find time to preach, but rumours of his remarkable work gradually filtered through to London, Paris, and New York,



Some of the "convalescents" practising winter sports.

clothes—the sun and air play freely on their naked bodies—and though it is the depth of winter, with a foot or so of snow on the ground, they do not feel the cold at all. This savours of a miracle, yet it is an actual everyday fact at Leysin.

Often the most astounding contrasts may be witnessed. A few favoured visitors, wrapped up in fur coats, with mufflers round their necks, fur gloves on their hands, and fur caps pulled down tightly over their ears, will stand watching the children at their studies. From time to time the onlookers shiver and stamp their feet in the snow to keep them warm, but the youngsters, with nothing on, sit there doing their lessons quite unconcerned. They do not shiver; on the contrary, they look and feel quite warm, despite their absence of clothing.

Sometimes, round about Christmas-time, you may see a class of boys starting out with

ski-ing or rushing down the hillside on toboggans and *luge*. Some don skates and skim about like swallows over the ice, cutting the most graceful figures and showing perfect command of their muscles and bodies.

I have seen these naked youngsters, sweeping down the slope on a *luge*, finish "all ends up" in the deep snow amid peals of laughter. They dig themselves out, set their *luge* on its runners again, and up the hill they go to enjoy another dizzy rush down. They do not seem to heed their tumbles in the snow. Apparently they do not notice any discomfort, and they seldom trouble to brush the snow off their naked bodies!

My lady who spends a fortune on clothes in Bond Street in order to go out to the winter sports does not enjoy herself half so much as these wonderful pupils in the Most Wonderful School in the World. Some of them



A tug-of-war on the mountain-side in summer time.

their master to some sunny slope on which to set up their portable desks and do their lessons. They have *skis* on their feet, and they carry slung over their shoulders the little desks and stools on which they sit and work. The master is clad like the boys—just in bathing-drawers and boots. And all of them set out gaily over the snow, enjoying the exercise and the fresh air and the sunshine.

They glide down a hillside, climb again, and come at last to a most beautiful open-air class-room, all carpeted with fresh snow, with the Alps in the background and never a harmful germ to be found anywhere. The place is a perfect sun-trap, nicely sheltered from any wind, and here they set up their desks, open their books, and develop their minds while their bodies acquire vigour from the beneficent rays of the sun.

When lessons are over they may be seen

can do the most amazing things on skis, and many skate with a natural grace and balance that the visitors who go to Switzerland in winter would envy.

The astounding thing is that these children, who disport themselves practically nude in the snow, were bedridden invalids when they went to Leysin. Some had diseased legs and hips; others had poor little bent backs with most terrible humps on them. Yet here they are with limbs healed and backs straightened enjoying vigorous life and health. Their skins are bronzed, and their sturdy bodies as well set-up as those of athletes.

I have often been asked how it is done, and how it is that they do not feel the cold while other people are compelled to don fur coats. The miracle, of course, is due solely to the sun—and Dr. Rollier. For months, perhaps, they have lain in their beds while



Another summer scene. Pupils of the "sun school" busy hay-making.

the sun's rays have bathed their afflicted bodies and gradually healed them. The sun's rays, says Dr. Rollier, are the greatest of all germicides; they mean death to disease if the "doses" are properly adminis-

tered. There is, however, terrible danger to anyone who tampers with sunlight in a haphazard way, and many a person has died as the result of undue exposure to the all-powerful rays.



'Midst Alpine flowers in all their beauty. A class of youngsters in ideal surroundings.

It is just as easy to die of too much sun as it is to die of too little, and nowhere is this recognized more than at Leysin. No one could commit a greater folly than suddenly to expose the chest, say, to the full glare of the sun; congestion of the lungs and death might easily ensue in a few hours. The sun, therefore, has to be administered, like any other medicine, in small doses at first, gradually strengthening the doses as the body becomes used to the changed conditions.

When a little child first goes to Leysin one foot will be exposed to the sun for five minutes; the next day both feet will be exposed. The result is carefully noted, to see how the child is standing the sun, and perhaps a week later one whole leg will be exposed, and then the other. These have to become acclimatized before first one thigh, and then the other, will be uncovered, and so on with the arms and upper parts of the body, until the whole organism gets used to the changed conditions and can stand the sun's rays for long stretches of time.

Throughout the whole treatment the greatest care has to be exercised. Some patients stand the sun-cure better than others. With the cure goes a rational diet, mainly of milk and fruit; very little meat is eaten, and it is never taken more than once a day.

It is well known that the muscles usually waste and the use of the limbs is largely lost after months of lying in bed. But the strange thing is that no such thing happens during this treatment. The body gets browner and browner day by day, and the muscles, instead of wasting owing to lack of use, actually develop under the healing rays of the sun. After a few months some of the children are so well developed that they look as if they have been taking a strenuous course of physical culture instead of lying still for week after week.

The sun-baths are not indulged in all day long. They are taken for a certain period—so many hours, perhaps—and then the patients rest. In summer, when the sun is very hot, the baths are taken first thing in the morning, to avoid the dangers arising from too-powerful rays.

The work that Dr. Rollier is doing at Leysin is quite extraordinary. Surgery has no place in his creed. The finest surgeon, he claims, is the sun; the finest medicine, the sun's rays. Little hunchbacks grow straight again, limbs that other doctors have advised should be amputated grow well and strong, and the day comes when patients who have been confined to their beds for long periods are able to get about. Then they go to the open-air school and learn their lessons and become hardy and active at the same time.

The children, owing to their long stay in Leysin, could not be allowed to go untaught. It was necessary that their general educa-

tion should not be neglected while they were being led along the road to health, so Dr. Rollier installed a teacher, and out of this departure the school has grown.

Many medical men scorned the idea that the sun could work such miracles. They refused to credit the evidence of photographs, and were so steeped in their own old theories that they simply could not believe that anything so simple as sunlight could accomplish more than the greatest surgeons and doctors living.

There was one little boy who was apparently doomed. The doctors said nothing could save him, and they decided to make a test case of him.

"Cure him with your sun treatment," they said to Dr. Rollier, "and we will believe there is something in it."

The genius of Leysin took them at their word. He treated the boy and achieved the seemingly impossible. To-day that so-called incurable is a hale and hearty lad, enjoying life to the full.

"What first gave you the idea?" I asked Dr. Rollier.

His eyes roved over the snowy roofs far below us. "When I first came to Leysin," he said, "over twenty years ago, I noticed that the people working in the woods often gave themselves terrible gashes, that their hands and fingers were sometimes badly injured. Yet they did nothing to their injuries, and in a short time the wounds were quite healed. I knew that if such injuries were neglected in the city, the results might prove fatal. I puzzled over the question as to why they should heal so easily up here in the mountains, and at last I was forced to the conclusion that the sunshine and the germ-free air were the healing factors. I studied the matter very carefully, and finally started to work out the methods of the sun-cure treatment. I took a patient or two down there in the old chalet, and that was the beginning of it."

I looked about me. Clinics, huge sanatoria, and big hotels dotted the mountain-side. Twenty years ago not one existed. Leysin was then just a tiny collection of chalets perched up in the mountains, unknown and unheard of. It might still be buried in the wilds of Central Africa for all the majority of people know of it, yet in this Swiss village, in an ancient chalet, there started one of the most important movements of modern times.

On the roof of the old chalet where Dr. Rollier began his work was built the first "solarium," or sun-bath, constructed in living memory, and here those who came to find health took their sun-baths and gradually got better. Now mighty palaces are erected, designed on the most scientific lines, in order that the sun may do its beneficent work. The rooms have double doors; there are vistas of polished floors, hygienic and

germ-free, corridors of spotless white enamel, theatres, cinemas, musical and dramatic entertainments, and restaurants with clever caterers who know how to satisfy the ravenous appetites that the open air creates.

I wondered why all the doorways were so wide, and then I learned that it was to allow beds to be wheeled in and out easily. There are no obstructions on the floor to interfere with the wheeling, and I noticed that the lifts are also big enough to hold a bed. Maybe someone taking the "sun cure" has a room on the first floor. It seems a long way to the "solarium" on the roof, but it is merely a question of opening the door, wheeling out the bed, putting it in the lift, and taking it up to the top—less effort than is required to drag the average bed across a room. Everything that science can devise in the interests of health is to be found at Leysin.

I saw little children and grown men lying on the balconies taking their sun-baths, and some of them were so sun-burned that they looked like negroes. All were smiling and cheerful; some were reading, one was tapping a typewriter, and several were making baskets and bags to pass away the time and to help pay their expenses. Dr. Rollier has over thirty clinics under his charge to-day, and every class of sun-cure establishment is to be found for every class of person. There are some where treatment is free, or almost so, and others where it is administered in sumptuous palaces.

Leysin is a lovely place, with a great rampart of wooded mountains behind it to protect it from cold winds. If ever there was "a place in the sun" it is here, for the sun shines summer and winter; and often in December, although the snow is a couple of feet thick on the ground, the sun temperature reaches 105 or more degrees. It is queer to see the naked brown youngsters disporting themselves in the snow and at the same time wearing sun-hats in order to protect themselves from sunstroke! They

never play or lie in the sun without protecting their heads and the nape of their necks. They do not feel cold because the sun has toned up their bodies and induced the pores of the skin to function as Nature intended, and instead of relying upon clothes for warmth, every little muscle in their bodies is acting like a tiny furnace and creating sufficient heat to keep them warm.

They are very hardy, these children, but even they cannot do everything with impunity. They dare not expose their bodies to a keen wind in winter even if the sun is shining, but as keen winds seldom visit Leysin there are not many days when the pupils of the Most Wonderful School in the World cannot disport them-

selves on their picturesque mountains.

Those who are lying on the balconies taking sun-baths do not sleep out all night. The temperature in Switzerland at that altitude drops thirty or forty degrees directly the sun goes down and may easily go below zero in the night.

I have seen many strange things in many places, but never anything so inspiring as the spectacle of these children of the sun—erstwhile hopeless cripples and invalids—

enjoying themselves on the snow-clad Swiss mountains, their brown bodies glowing with health and vigour and their light-hearted laughter betokening their happy minds. But for the sun these children would now be dead or else hobbling about on crutches minus legs and arms. It seemed almost unbelievable.

As I got into the little mountain train to drop down to Aigle the impression that was uppermost in my mind was that in this Alpine village there was a man who was helping to mould the world afresh. The same rumours that attracted me to Leysin take men there from all over the world to see Dr. Rollier and learn about his methods. It is worth travelling a long way to see the Most Wonderful School in the World.



Fun in the snow. The children do not seem to feel the cold at all.

OBYADA - BAD INDIAN

by
R.C. Hunter

ILLUSTRATED BY
STANLEY L. WOOD

ONE day in 1912 word reached the headquarters of the North-West Mounted Police, through some underground channel, that Obyada, an Indian of considerable notoriety, was on the rampage. He had got fighting drunk, had knifed a man, set things generally alight in the Red Deer district, and then decamped.

"He is a real bad egg," said the officer to Pluck, "and this time he has broken his own record."

Obyada was indeed a bad egg. He had been a source of anxiety to the Mounted Police for some considerable time, and they had been in doubt as to how to deal with him, because the Government had issued instructions that Indian troubles were to be "handled with gloves." A policy of conciliation had to be adopted by the police authorities, and anything likely to lead to trouble was discouraged.

Obyada — meaning, literally, "the screamer" — had ended up in prison on every previous occasion when he had succeeded in getting drunk. A mass of tingling nerves and undisciplined passions, always imagining insult when no insult was intended, he never hesitated to express his opinion of anyone, or to use knife or gun if he thought fit.

Twice he had escaped the gallows by the merest fluke, having on both occasions stabbed personal friends who happened to differ from him. If all accounts were true, however, he had now put these little affairs in the shade, for he had killed an Indian — an old man and a chief — appropriated his horse, and disappeared.

Pluck was delegated to investigate the case.

"You will need to be careful," the officer told him. "You understand, of course, that we are under special instructions about our dealings with Indians. Before we can put him to the limit of the law we must be particularly sure of our evidence."

Careful inquiry at the Indian Reservation, whither Pluck went first of all, resulted in the discovery that Obyada's old mother had also disappeared, leaving no message with anyone as to her destination — not even with her married daughter, who lived on the edge of the village. It was inferred from this circumstance that she had gone after her son and would probably be found in his company. The murder was not denied, several witnesses testifying freely to having seen the actual deed, but the cool manner in which the killing was accepted and even condoned by the majority of the Indians, and the perfunctory way in which they waved aside any reference to the criminal or his escape, were revelations to Pluck of the native's indifference to crime.

In due course Pluck returned to headquarters and reported that there was quite enough evidence to hang Obyada, but little hope of learning anything of his whereabouts from the Indians.

The officer smiled.

"The main thing at present," he said, "is to make certain of your witnesses. The rest can wait."

The officer knew that Obyada was not the man to seek shelter in the backwoods for any length of time, and he was justified in his

opinion by a series of events which presently stirred the township of Red Deer. A number of thefts occurred in the vicinity, and a detective who was sent out to investigate returned with the story that the depredations were committed by outsiders, possibly a gang. They had ridden into the town from some distance, according to the evidence, and money, blankets, food, and horses were the objects of their attention. All this pointed to Indian tactics; nobody but an Indian would take comparatively worthless articles and leave jewellery, plate, and other valuables alone.

The officer declared at once that the vanished Obyada was responsible for the thefts, and Pluck was deputed to bring him in, being allowed, as usual, a free hand as to his methods. In the course of his service Pluck had learnt that Indian strategy was not to be judged by what appeared on the surface, and he decided that his presence in Red Deer would be a distinct hindrance to success. Moreover, he had a "hunch" that, in spite of his previous failure, better results would be obtained by maintaining a quiet, unobtrusive watch upon the criminal's relatives at the Reservation. On his previous visit he had noticed a thick bluff of poplar a little way out on the prairie, and he made up his mind to take up his position there one night and await results, keeping carefully out of sight and watching the doings of the natives.

Arrived at the little wood, he searched it with the aid of his flashlight and presently discovered an old, deserted hut, rapidly falling into ruin, but exactly suited to his purpose. It is no use trying to "rush" Indians, and Pluck's plan was to lie low and watch, with the aid of a powerful field-glass, what occurred in the Reservation from day to day. He was convinced that sooner or later his patience would be rewarded and some clue come to light.

The supervisor of the Reservation, however, gave him no encouragement. He passed the bluff the first day Pluck took up his vigil, and the watcher revealed himself, exacting a promise of secrecy.

"I guess you are wasting time," said the supervisor, after hearing Pluck's story. "Indians are not caught so easily as all that. Not a man, woman, or child will reveal a secret by word or act even if it be common knowledge in the village."

"I'll give it a trial, anyhow," said Pluck.

With characteristic tenacity he held on to his purpose, till at last in a most casual and unexpected manner he uncovered a clue.

One day a little Indian maid, in pursuit of prairie roses, wandered in the direction of the bluff and penetrated into its shelter, where the flowers she sought grew abundantly. She gathered busily, arranging the blooms as she plucked them, humming a quaint, monotonous tune to herself the while.

Lifting her eyes from the posy, she presently perceived Pluck watching her, and though she may have been frightened, she showed nothing of it in her demeanour, but kept her solemn gaze steadily fixed on the policeman's face.

He knew that the Indian children were taught English in the Reservation schools and would, therefore, have no difficulty in understanding. So he asked with an ingratiating smile:—

"What you doin', missy?"

"Making flowers for grandma," she answered precisely, in the clipped accent of the Indian.

"And who is grandma?" he asked.

"Bright Moon," said the child.

Pluck straightened up with a jerk, for she had given the name of Obyada's mother, whom he was particularly anxious to meet.

"Is grandma ill, then?" he inquired.

"No, she is not ill, but she is far away," she told him, and now Pluck noticed the peculiarly sad inflection the Indian voice adopts on occasion.

"Where has she gone?"

He felt a bit mean questioning the child, but reconciled himself to it by the consideration that the urgency of the case justified him in using any practical means to gain his object.

"Away," she repeated vaguely.

"And where is mother?" asked Pluck.

"Mother is in our house. Over there—" and the child pointed to the nearest shack.

"So near and yet so far," quoted Pluck, in an undertone, regarding the child with increased interest.

"And grandma is comin' home to-morrow, you say?" he said, suggestively.

"No; to-night," she corrected him.

"Well, don't wander far, little one," said Pluck, and he turned away satisfied with the information he had obtained.

The child resumed her occupation, speedily losing all interest in the stranger, who, had she known it, was already busy with a plan that would, if it succeeded, end in disaster to those she loved.

That night Pluck lay in hiding, having discovered a convenient dip near the Indian shack where, in the semi-darkness, he would be unobserved, and whence he commanded a view of the front of the dwelling, which was clearly defined in the light from the window. Towards midnight he was rewarded by hearing the hoof-beats of a horse, and the sudden illumination of the dwelling from within advised him that the old lady had arrived. It was evident that she did not intend to stay any time, for she dismounted and tethered her pony to a post. Pluck, determined not to lose sight of her, fetched his horse from the bluff and waited. The night, though moonless, was brilliantly starry, and moving objects could easily be distinguished. Pluck, mounted and ready,

"Springing over the parapet he confronted a levelled revolver held by the Indian, who lay wounded on the ground."



waited at some distance, keenly alert for the opening of the shack door and any movement that might follow.

At length the old lady emerged. She did not seem to be in any hurry, and as she

mounted her cayuse she did not attempt to lower her voice, possibly feeling secure in the loyalty and taciturnity of the tribe, and never suspecting that she was being watched.

Keeping at a considerable distance Pluck

had no difficulty in following her unobserved, for she was apparently obsessed by some engrossing thought and entirely unsuspecting. She travelled fast and straight without any effort to cover her trail. Pluck knitted his brows in perplexity, for he had learned to regard every action of the Indians with suspicion, and this open and urgent progress might, for all he knew, lead him into an ambushade or hidden danger of some kind.

The following night he lay at full length on a small plateau in the hillside, looking straight

being somewhat higher-placed than the cave, could see what was in progress, and he noticed that the criminal did not seem to welcome the presence of his mother, and even tried to force her out of his fortress by main strength. Though pushed out, however, she invariably returned, till at length, wearied by her persistence, Obyada let her enter in peace. This little by-play revealed to Pluck that there were other men behind the barricade. How many he could not determine, but he had certainly seen two heads, and had even heard their voices as they encouraged Obyada to persevere in his unnatural attitude. Evidently reinforcements would be necessary if the place had to be stormed. He therefore took careful note of the surroundings and then slipped quietly back to where his horse was concealed. Reaching Edmonton after a two-days' ride, he reported progress and asked for help in order to enable him to effect a capture.

"Three men could do it, sir," Pluck told his superior.

"You don't know Obyada," said the officer. "You'll want half-a-dozen at least."

Pluck looked surprised, showing his dissent by a shake of the head.



across a creek about a hundred yards wide, and watching the movements of the outlaw in his place of concealment. It was a natural cave in the side of the hill opposite, wide at the mouth and seemingly narrowing as it receded, the entrance being fortified by a strongly-constructed barricade of stones, man-high and loopholed. Pluck,

"Humph!" grunted the officer. "You know the Red man better than I do, no doubt. Believe me, he is 'some' fighter when on the rampage."

They compromised on a contingent of four, and very soon, fully armed with rifle and revolver, the little party took the trail for Obyada's stronghold, waiting for darkness

before they approached the place. Pluck took the opportunity of the period of waiting to instruct the men as to his plan of attack, assigning to each his position. They were not to advance or start shooting till they heard his rifle in action, for Pluck hoped to end the struggle by his own first shot. As it grew dark he left his assistants and sought his former place of vantage.

Reaching the plateau, he came to an abrupt halt. Seated on the point overlooking the creek he saw the figure of the old mother, wrapped in her blanket. Silhouetted against the sky-line, she sat motionless, sphinx-like, seemingly fast asleep.

Pluck hesitated. It seemed to him that the outlaw had effected his purpose and managed to drive the old lady from the protection of the cave. Moved by pity, he was stepping forward to warn her that her position was dangerous when she raised her head, saw him, and began to croon a song, her voice increasing in volume the nearer he came to her. Just in time Pluck realized that the chant was a warning signal to the beleaguered outlaws, and he dropped full length. Almost at the same instant a shot rang out, followed by two other reports in rapid succession, and the wind of the bullets, singing over his head, advised the trooper that he was the objective.

Pluck lay motionless awaiting developments, for now that a surprise was impossible he felt certain his men would begin operations on their own initiative. Meanwhile he watched the old lady narrowly. Her attention had been drawn from him by some movement on her right, and presently her weird song was resumed, the direction in which she was looking indicating to those in the cave the quarter from which the attack was coming. Suddenly the firing was repeated—one shot followed in quick time by two others. The old lady was obviously a danger to the success of the enterprise, and Pluck hesitated as to whether he should put her out of action or not. He drew a bead on her with his rifle, but could not bring himself to fire. Nevertheless it was exasperating to be circumvented by an old woman, and for a time Pluck writhed in impotence. At last an inspiration came to him. Taking careful aim at the old lady's headpiece, which was mostly blanket and feathers, he sent a shot into it. Then taking advantage of her confusion, he sprang to his feet and reached the edge of the plateau immediately behind her.

"Don't move or turn or I'll shoot," he whispered.

The old woman sat rigid, motionless as a graven image.

Only one shot, he noticed, was answering the outlaws' fire, and he wondered if his men were all right. Cautiously peering round Bright Moon's shoulder, he observed one of the Indians standing upright, success having

evidently made him incautious. Up went the trooper's rifle, he pressed the trigger, and the Red man pitched forward and lay motionless. Later on he got another who, leaning forward, was answering the fire of the policeman somewhere below him. So far as Pluck could judge Obyada alone now survived to carry on the struggle. Never doubting the issue, Pluck settled down patiently, his attention divided between the cave and the woman at his side, whose glittering eyes followed Pluck's every movement with bitter hatred in their depths.

"I won't harm you if you give no signal," he told her, but though she remained motionless she spoke no word.

Presently the policeman in the creek broke cover and dashed for the cave. The outlaw's rifle spoke, and the officer fell face downwards and lay still. Pluck immediately fired at the loophole. He saw the outlaw's rifle flung into the air and, inferring that his shot had got home, rushed down the face of the hill, crossed the creek, and mounted the hill opposite till he reached the cave. Springing over the parapet he confronted a levelled revolver held by the Indian, who lay wounded on the ground. Pluck's pistol spoke simultaneously with Obyada's; then the policeman dropped and both men lay very still.

Like a faint, far-away echo a sound gradually took shape in Pluck's consciousness. He recognized it as the crooning of the old woman, who now seemed to be singing a song of triumph. It was full daylight, and raising himself painfully on his elbow he cast a comprehensive look round. He saw the woman on the plateau, the policeman lying face downwards, and three Indians—all dead—sprawled in the cave close by him. He himself, he discovered, was badly wounded somewhere in the lower part of the body and unable to move his legs.

When night fell the crooning ceased, and through the long hours of darkness the awesome silence of the prairie hovered over the scene. Poor Pluck, tortured by the pain of his wound, hovered between wakefulness and unconsciousness.

Reinforcements, luckily, arrived with day-break. Two of Pluck's companions, it was discovered, were dead, shot through the head. The other, like himself, was seriously wounded, while the three outlaws were stone-dead. Up on the plateau they found the body of the old lady. There was no trace of a wound upon her; she had evidently died from exhaustion and heartbreak.

As speedily as possible the dead and wounded were conveyed to Edmonton. Pluck reaching the city feverish and unconscious. When, many days afterwards, he reported at headquarters, he was still lame from his wound, and to his great regret he was finally compelled to hand in his resignation, for the R.N.W.M.P. have no use for a crippled man.

The Rum-Runner

by
E. R. SPENCER

ILLUSTRATED BY
D. B. WATERS

Prohibition in the United States, as most of our readers know, has resulted in the formation of vast smuggling organizations, the members of which take all sorts of risks to deliver their contraband cargoes. Here is

the story of a sea-captain's first smuggling voyage, as told to the Author in a café in St. Pierre, the French island that is the headquarters of a fleet of ships engaged in the liquor-running business.

THE islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, constituting the only colony remaining to France in the Atlantic, are situated eleven miles off the coast of Newfoundland, and about two hundred miles from Canada. Long a bone of contention between the English and French, and later a centre for the French fishing fleet, the little colony has now attained notoriety through being used as a base by the rum-runners who range the three-mile limit of the American coast. It shares with Nassau, a port in the Bahamas, the dubious honour of being the principal rendezvous of hundreds of ships (mostly sailing vessels, but some steam) engaged in this enormous illicit trade.

From May to September, 1922, I was in close contact with St. Pierre and the men who are engaged in this illegal rum-running. Some of these men had been known to me for years, and naturally I soon got to know a great deal more about the business than it would have been wise to mention in speech or in writing.

The following story is one of many which I heard at leisure around the tables in Robierre's, the Café du Nord, and Chiaveri's. Every fact mentioned in it which deals with the extent and character of the liquor-smuggling trade I can vouch for as being correct, and I have no reason to suppose that the details of Captain McB—'s story are not as correct as the more important facts embodied in it. In fact, having known Captain McB— for years as the master of a Bank fishing vessel and a man of integrity and courage, I have no hesitation whatever in assuring the reader of the fidelity of this narrative. This also I know—that most of the experiences undergone by Captain McB— are common to many men who have smuggled liquor inside the three-mile limit of America.

The story was told to me by Captain McB— at the Café du Nord in St. Pierre, but the names of men and ships mentioned are, for obvious reasons, entirely fictitious.

I don't think I ever told you how I came to turn rum-runner, and what happened on my first trip. I've never cared to talk about it; there are some things about it I'd just as soon forget.

In the fall of 1920 I took the old *Dauntless* to St. Pierre to put her in dry dock. I'd had a poor year Bank fishing, and was beginning to wonder if it wasn't about time for me to cut loose from the game. I'd been at it for twenty years and still I wasn't exactly a millionaire. While I was feeling that way I happened to meet Lafroise, the broker chap, and we fell to drinking. The talk went from one thing to another, and soon I was cursing Bank fishing and grumbling about hard times.

"You know the American coast pretty well, don't you?" asked Lafroise, suddenly.

"Like a book," I told him.

"And you're a first-class sailor?"

"I'm reckoned as such by men who know," I admitted.

"Well, why don't you try smuggling liquor for a change?"

He laughed as he said it, but something in his eyes told me he was serious, and was testing me.

"Why not?" I said carelessly, "why not? But then I reckon it takes capital to start that business."

"Suppose you had capital?" he asked.

"Smuggling might seem more interesting then," I said.

"And a ship also," he went on.

"In that case I might turn my hand to it," I admitted.

"And a wage of three thousand francs a month, with a commission of a quarter

per cent. on all cargoes landed," he ended up.

"Make it American money," I said, for by that time I was wide awake.

"Well, two hundred and fifty dollars a month and commission."

"If I had a chance like that," I told him, "I'd say good-bye to Bank fishing to-morrow."

"Captain," said Lafroise gravely, "come to me in the spring." And not another word would he say.

I left St. Pierre a few days later, and I brooded over the proposition all the winter. Then, in March, I told the owners of the *Dawntless* that they'd have to find another skipper for her, and left for St. Pierre.

I arrived to find Lafroise absent in the States. When I heard that, I very nearly backed out. But I'd given up the *Dawntless* and had to find another berth of some kind, so I waited.

It was two weeks, and near the middle of April, before Lafroise got back. By that time I was getting uneasy. The second morning after he reached St. Pierre I bearded him in his office.

"I've called about that proposition you made last fall," I said, getting to business at once.

"Ah, yes. Sit down, Captain," he said, and smiled. "So you've decided in favour of it?"

"I have," I told him, "providing the terms are the same and that I'm satisfied with the ship."

"The terms are the same," he said; "and the ship is the *Waterwitch*."

"I couldn't wish for a better," I said enthusiastically. The *Waterwitch* was a rakish-rigged fore-and-aft schooner of about a hundred and fifty tons. She was known from Cape Race to Scataree and from there to Cape Cod as one of the smartest ships in the Bank fishing fleet. Seven years old only she was, and six of them had been spent on the Banks.

"But how long has she been in the trade?" I asked. "It's the first I've heard of it. And what's happened to Billy Waters, her skipper?"

"She's been in the trade a year," said Lafroise. "Captain Waters died on her last trip. Some trouble with his crew, we think, but we couldn't prove anything against them. He was buried at sea."

That sobered me for a while. Then I went ahead. "Let's get down to business," I said; and he drew up the papers.

I was to be responsible for ship and cargo, my name appearing as owner and master. That meant that if I was caught I stood to get a long stretch in jail, and perhaps worse. But I knew I couldn't get a job like that without taking the risks that go with it, so I signed.

"You'll clear for Nassau," he said. "The

ship's been ready these three weeks. You'll make for the New York coast and hang well off Montauk Point until the night of the twenty-first, when you'll run in to the three-mile limit. There you'll heave to and at ten o'clock show a flare once every five minutes for half an hour. At the end of that time a launch from the shore will signal you if all's well. Her green light will be higher than her red. If you don't pick her up the first time you signal, jog up and down off the coast and then run in again within an hour and repeat. If she still doesn't answer, slack sheet and make for sea as fast as you can, for there will be trouble waiting in that vicinity. When you pick up the launch's signals, run inside the limit until she boards you. The man in charge will then give you your orders. He'll be the representative of the men who own the cargo. Do you understand so far?"

"I do," I told him, "but to make sure just put it in writing."

He did so. "You'll sail in two days—on the sixteenth," he ordered.

"What about a crew?" I asked.

"The ship has a full crew, the same she had last year."

"Do you mean to say I've got to take over the men you suspect killed poor Waters?" I demanded.

"Yes," he said.

"I'm hanged if I can see the sense of that," I told him, feeling hot under the collar.

"Keep cool," advised Lafroise, "and listen to me. The crew are picked men. Scoundrels, I admit, but they know the trade from beginning to end. You're a green hand, and it won't hurt you to have men at the back of you who are experienced. If, when you've run a few cargoes, you still want to get rid of them, you can do so; but until then it's wiser to stick to them. You never know who you are getting in St. Pierre these days, and a new crew might lose you your command and your liberty on the very first trip."

"Looking at it that way, of course, there's something in it," I said, "but I don't like it."

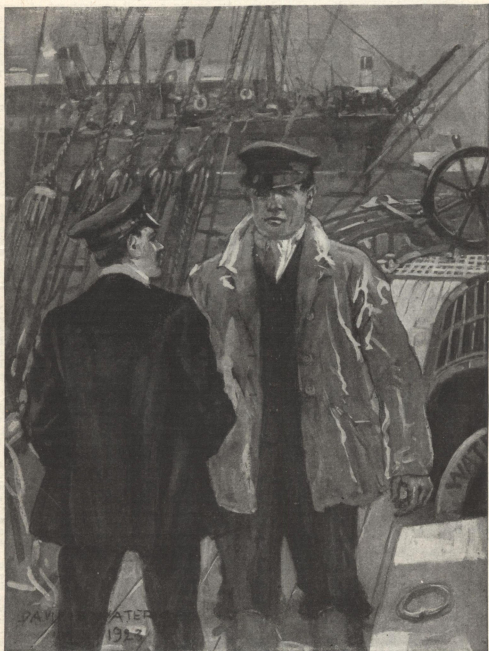
"You'll get used to it. And remember this—we can prove nothing. I'd advise you not to let them think you suspect anything. And I'd handle the mate gently at first. He's been expecting to take charge, and he'll be disappointed."

"There'll be trouble with him for certain."

"Well, I wouldn't have given you the ship if I hadn't thought you could handle the crew," he said, with a kind of sting in his words.

"As to that," I snapped, "I've handled a few tough crews before now."

"Exactly. And that's what makes me think you'll make good at the trade," he went on. "I'm banking on your knowledge of men and ships. The rest you'll soon pick



"'I take it you're the mate?' 'I am,' he answered, and he wasn't smiling."

up. But remember this—one lost cargo, and you're finished."

"I understand," I said; "and seeing I'm looking for a good commission, no cargo of mine will be lost easy."

"Good," he said. "That's all. Call for

your papers to-morrow morning. In the meantime, knock about the waterfront and cafés and meet some of the men in the business. Mention my name. They'll give you good tips."

I left him and made for the quay, where I

hauled a boat and had myself put aboard the *Waterwitch*.

When I climbed over her rail only two of the crew were on deck. I asked for the mate, and one of them stepped forward. A giant of a man he was, about six feet tall, a fathom wide, and as thick as a bullock.

"I'm your new skipper," I said. "I take it you're the mate?"

"I am," he answered, and he wasn't smiling.

"Beale, by name," I went on.

"Right," he answered.

"Very well, Beale," I said. "Muster the crew, and perhaps I'd better remind you at once that I'm used to being called 'sir' by my mate."

"Aye, aye, sir," he choked, and hurried forward.

It took the crew five minutes to get on deck. And what a crew! Six of them there were, including the mate, who was a Gloucester man. Two of them were Swedes, one a mulatto, the other two were north coast of Newfoundland men.

I'd never used a belaying-pin or a pair of knuckle-dusters on a man in my life—my fists are big enough—but when I looked over that crew I began to think I'd need nothing less than a six-foot bar of iron to whip them into shape.

I began by telling them I was their new skipper. Then I mentioned how slow they'd been in getting on deck.

"No doubt you're a little tired after laying up all winter," I said, "but I'll be expecting you to move quicker from this time on."

Then I went aft, and the mate followed. We arranged the watches, and I agreed to advance the crew money for the rest of the time we were in port.

Then I talked to Beale straight from the shoulder. I told him I was depending on him to get the best he knew how out of the crew, and that I'd have no man on board who didn't know how to jump at an order. I mentioned the date we were to sail, and indicated what I wanted done before that time.

He listened glumly to it all (I never saw him smile but once), but when I was through, he said "Aye, aye, sir," as smartly as you'd wish, and I went on shore feeling I'd made a good start.

Although I hadn't mentioned it to Lafoise, I'd been getting acquainted with the men in the game for two weeks. Tom Belbin, Bill Henry, and Jack Strang were fellows I'd known for years—Belbin as the master of a Bank fishing boat, and the other two as men engaged in the coastal coal and lumber trade. They introduced me to others, and in two weeks I'd picked up a great deal of information as to the right way to run a cargo. Belbin had lost one ship and been in jail, but was still money in pocket. Henry had been caught and fined

for having a small consignment of liquor on board; Strang had never been caught at all. He usually ran to Sydney and Glace Bay, taking small lots of liquor hid under the ballast in the hold and false floors in the forecabin and cabin. The others were in bigger business, such as I was going to attempt myself.

As soon as I got ashore I went to my boarding house, settled up a few scores, bought some tobacco and other things I needed, and sent my box on board. Later I went to Robierre's to meet Belbin and the rest of the bunch and let them know my luck. I found Henry and Strang in a little room on the second floor, and learned from them that Belbin had left unexpectedly. He had a load of "Martell" for the New Jersey coast.

Then I told them my news, and for the next three hours we spoke of signals and revenue cutters, and I listened to advice on unloading, keeping the crew "dry," and when to "make in," and how.

"That's the trick—making-in and unloading," said Henry. "The cutters are cute, and they'll be sure and pick up a signal if it's too obvious. That's the reason I always wait half an hour or so after I've picked up the launches' signals before I make inside the 'limit.' You'll soon get hold of the ropes. There's two things to remember: Never let daylight catch you inside the 'limit,' and never act suspicious when there's any kind of a ship in sight, but keep on a straight course."

We sailed on the morning of the sixteenth. I'd intended to leave at dawn, but the mate didn't get the crew aboard till late, and by the time we'd sobered the worst of them it was sun-up.

We ran through Hell's Mouth with as pretty a breeze behind us as one could wish for, and in less than forty-eight hours we logged over three hundred miles. Then, as there was no hurry, I slackened her pace a bit for the next day or two, sauntering along until the twentieth, when I headed for Long Island, heaving-to fifty miles off it that night.

Towards dusk next day we began to creep towards land, and at ten o'clock we picked up Montauk Point light. I rammed the schooner well in to the 'limit,' where I gave the order to heave to. It was a dirty night. There was a strong off-shore wind, with rain, and the tops were blowing off the waves. I sent two men to the mastheads and two more to the bows, while the mate got the flares ready.

Sharp on time we showed our signals, one of the crew timing them. Eleven o'clock came and no sign of the launch's answering signals. I was getting uneasy and about to slack sheet, when the mate sighted lights to windward. They bore down on us, and after a while we could see the form of a boat

with her green light higher than her red. Then a flare showed, and the mate came down, saying that was our signal.

We waited, and in a little while two launches slipped up alongside and hailed us. We gave the word and they came aboard. Ten men stepped on deck and the biggest of them asked for the captain. I made myself known to him, and he gave me the written order to unload.

"I'll take charge if you don't mind, Captain," he said.

"Go ahead," I told him. Rafferty was his name.

"All lights out," he ordered, and the lights on launches and ship were cloaked. In ten minutes the hatches were off and some of my crew and half-a-dozen other men were in the hold. I took the wheel, and two men went to the masthead to watch for cutters.

Then, in the pouring rain and darkness, with the wind howling miserably about us and the coast lights flaring in the distance, we began to unload the stuff. Case after case passed over the rail, and before long the launches were as deeply laden as was safe, with five hundred cases apiece on board.

"Keep jogging along just outside the limit, Captain," said Rafferty. "We'll try and make two trips to-night, for it's a wild one and there are not likely to be any cutters about."

Then they cast off, and I kept the *Waterwitch* just outside the line. The wind stiffened a bit an hour later, and I doubted if the launches would be able to come out again. However, I held on, thinking they might appear. But when two o'clock struck and there was no sign of them, I began to get uneasy, and when the first bit of light showed under the edge of the sky I gave word to slack the sheets and swung the ship off before the wind, not heaving to till we were well out of sight of the coast.

There we hung about until the next night, when we made in again, this time with pleasant weather, although the wind was still off-shore and gusty. We picked up the launches without any trouble, and Rafferty came aboard again. As I thought, there had been too much sea the night before to risk the second trip. But we made two trips of it that night, and I headed the *Waterwitch* out to sea, feeling happy. We'd had no trouble at all so far. Everything had gone like clockwork—signals, launches, discharging and all—and I was beginning to think we'd make a mighty quick trip of it. And so we should have done if the weather hadn't turned on us. In the afternoon the wind freshened, and just before night it came down a living gale, and we had to heave the schooner to, and tear the sails off her. She rode it out well until morning; then the seas coming over her bows threatened to sink her, and to save her we had to turn tail and run before it. That gale blew us

four hundred miles out to sea before it eased up, and when we hove to to try and get back it died away until it was nearly a flat calm. That was the first of my troubles, and no light one, for the longer we were unloading, the greater the risk. And we had the bulk of our cargo untouched.

It was about this time that I noticed the mate was getting a little too free in his manner, and the crew often went to him for orders when they should have come to me. I didn't say anything, although I had to knock a grin off the mouth of one of the Swedes one day when I cancelled an order the mate had given him.

Then, on the second day we were beating back to the land, the same man answered me back when I found fault with his work.

"You've been drinking," I told him, after I'd knocked him down, "and you know my orders about no drinking at sea."

I gave the wheel to the mate and went for'ard. If the crew had whisky in the forecabin it meant trouble, and the sooner the stuff was out of it the better.

I got down for'ard, and there in the half-darkness I found the mulatto and the other Swede drunk. I ordered the cook to light a lamp so that I could see their faces. Then I went ahead and beat them sober. I didn't mind taking advantage of their being drunk; they weren't that kind of men. As it was, they made it hot for me for a while, but I managed them, and when we'd put them in their bunks I ordered the cook to fetch out any whisky that was left. There were two bottles of it, and I carried them aft.

"I don't think there'll be any more trouble of that kind," I told the mate as I took the wheel from him.

He didn't answer for a minute, but if ever a man's eyes turned green with hate his did.

"Waters didn't mind us having a drink now and then," he growled.

"Yes, and he's dead," I answered. He turned on me in a flash, and just stopped his hand in time as it went to his sheath-knife.

"What do you mean?" he asked, his breath coming quickly.

"I mean what I said," I told him. "Waters is dead, and I'm master of this ship. And if any cross-eyed son of a sea-cook begins to think different there's going to be trouble!"

He slouched for'ard without a word. But from that moment I was on my guard. I didn't trust the man and I wasn't sure of the crew.

We made in to land three nights later and picked up the launches the second time of signalling. Rafferty was in a terrible state when he came aboard. He had thought we must have gone down in the storm. And, to make things worse, he'd heard of a coming raid on that part of the coast within a week or ten days.

That made us sweat, for we wanted to

be unloaded by that time. We landed fifteen hundred cases that night, and when he left, Rafferty told me to make in and pick up the launches every night from that time on, if it was humanly possible. I was as eager as he to do that, so, although the next two nights were muggy and wet, we ran in and continued to unload.

It was wearying work for the nerves, and I aged years every time we sighted a suspicious-looking ship. But we were lucky and never sighted even the smoke of a cutter.

Then came the night when we'd only twenty-five hundred cases left, and Rafferty wanted to make an end of it. We ran in a little earlier than usual and got the first loads off quickly. Then the sea began to get a little choppy and the sky hung low, bringing the wind on top of us. The launches got back all right, however, and though they chewed up every fender we had on board while we were doing it, we loaded them and cast off.

"Stick inside," shouted Rafferty as he was leaving; "we'll send another boat to you before daylight, and you can finish it." There were only two hundred and fifty cases left in the hold.

I wanted to make an end of it myself, so, although it was a big risk, I kept the *Waterwitch* jogging. When an hour went by and there was no sign of a boat, I began to get uneasy. Dawn would break in less than another six'y minutes.



"The mulatto took him by the throat before he could say more."

I should have left then, but I didn't; I hung on. Finally the crew began to fidget and the mate came aft.

"I'd leave if I was you, skipper," he said. "If daylight finds us in these waters we're done for."

"I'll wait for Rafferty," I said, and a stubborn streak in me kept me doing that foolish thing.

The mate went for'ard and the crew



gathered in a bunch. I didn't like the looks of that, so I ordered one man to the masthead and another to the bow. The mate I called aft. None of them moved for a minute; then I saw the mate nod his head to them, and they came aft on the run.

"Mutiny!" I shouted, and put my hand to my coat pocket, where I'd carried a gun for days.

What happened came with a rush. I shouted out to them to get for'ard, but

hard to say. But dawn had crept on us unawares, and one of the crew—perhaps with the thought of some such thing in his mind—suddenly spied a streak of smoke to windward.

"A cutter!" he shouted—and the crew forgot their mutiny.

I seized the moment.

"Station your staves," I shouted, and every man leapt to his post.

We slacked off our sheets and the *Water-*

they only jeered at me and brandished belying pins in the air. The mate led them, and when I saw they meant business I drew the gun, although Heaven knows I didn't want to. They stopped when they saw that. Then the mate cursed them for cowards and rushed me, the rest following. I shot him dead.

That shot sounded like a cannon, and the crew shrank back, hesitating.

I knew the position was ticklish; I'd only two shots left. I raised the gun again to try and keep them in check. As it happened, the muzzle was pointing straight for the cook. He turned white and drew back. "Don't shoot, skipper, for Heaven's sake," he begged. "I can tell you——"

The mulatto took him by the throat before he could say more. But the cook was crazy with fear. He tore the negro's hands away. "The mate—Waters," he gasped. Then someone stunned him.

What would have happened then if nothing had intervened is

witch ran out to sea "with a bone in her teeth." There was plenty of wind, thank goodness, but even so the cutter's hull soon appeared and she began to gain on us. She signalled us to heave to. For answer we piled on sail till the spars threatened to blow out of the ship, but despite all our efforts the cutter gained. I was nearly wild to think I'd been such a fool as to allow daylight to catch me in those waters. Presently the foresail blew off her, but I refused to take in any more sail. If we were going to be captured we'd have a run for our money.

All things must come to an end, and it looked as though we were done for when a miracle happened. We sighted a bank of fog rolling in to the land. It was a race then, and we just made it. We reached the fog, and the cutter faded away behind. Then we altered our course and never slackened sheet for ten hours.

When I thought the danger was past, I hove the ship to and called the crew aft.

"I've got evidence enough to hang the lot of you," I told them. "There's no doubt in my mind that you killed poor Waters. The words of the cook prove it."

"You're wrong, skipper," said the mulatto.

"'Twas the mate," put in the cook, and the others cursed him for a yellow dog.

"Maybe it was," I said, "but you all had a hand in it. And then there's mutiny. You all know what that means. Hang or go to jail, it's all one to me. You'll do one or both if I give the word. But I'm willing to overlook everything on one condition. I killed the mate because he mutinied, and I should be cleared of blame in any court. But you know, and I know, the reasons why I don't want to go to court. It wouldn't be healthy for any of us. So I'm going to enter in the log that the mate was knocked overboard by the main-boom. And my condition for keeping my own mouth shut and not logging the lot of you is that you keep yours shut, too. You can back up my statement about the mate or you can tell the truth. Then I'll find occasion to say a few words myself. Take your choice."

They consulted among themselves.

"That's fair enough," said the mulatto, who was their spokesman. "Mum's the word."

"You've chose wisely," I said. "And now listen to me. The first man I suspect of mutiny in any form I'll shoot at sight. I'll have no double dealing aboard my ship."

That ended the trouble. We buried the mate a little later with a piece of pig iron tied to his feet and a double roll of four-ounce duck about his body. And when I thought of Billy Waters, one of the best men who ever walked a quarterdeck, I had no regrets.

"Life for life," I thought, and no court of justice could make it fairer.

We didn't attempt to land the little whisky we had left. It was a small lot, and as I suspected that part of the coast would be closely watched for awhile, I decided it would pay me and the owners if I made for port. So I did.

When I got back to St. Pierre I told Lafoise everything.

"You're well out of that," he said. "And you did the right thing. There would be little use in trying to prove anything against the crew in the case of poor Waters, even if we dared. He's dead, anyhow, and the matter might as well rest there. There's one satisfaction—the man who killed him paid for it. As to the whisky left, we can let that go in with the next cargo. But what are you going to do about the crew?"

"I'll discharge the cook," I said. "He's yellow. And I'll sign on two good men of my own choosing. With a cook in the fore-castle I can trust, and a mate I can rely on, there'll be little need to worry about the rest of them."

"I don't think so either," said Lafoise. Then he took up a pen and wrote me out a cheque for my wages and commission on the trip.

And what the risks of the business hadn't done, that cheque did. The spirit of the thing entered into my blood, and I knew that while there was such money to be made there would be one man at least ready to take the risks that go with it. I've been at the game ever since—and shall be till I'm caught, or sunk, or smuggling goes out of fashion.



SOLIMAN THE SEER



The Author vouches absolutely for the truth of this curious story. It would be interesting to know if any of our readers who have visited Egypt have come across the mysterious fortune-teller of the Pyramid of Cheops.

by *Oliver Read*

ILLUSTRATED BY
W. C. NICOLSON

"TALKING of King Tutankhamea's tomb reminds me of that amazing adventure we had in the tomb in the Great Pyramid," said Neville.

"Do you remember?"

"When that old Pharaoh fellow told our fortunes?" I inquired.

"Yes," replied Neville; "a chap could write a book about that."

I agreed. I can't write a book, but here is the adventure, set down just as it happened to us.

Early in 1918, my friend Neville and I were at the Flying School in Heliopolis, Cairo. One Sunday we decided to go to Gizeh to see the Pyramids. We had long looked forward to the opportunity.

"Let's hire a gharry and drive out in style," proposed Neville.

"Well, let's wait till to-night," said I.

"There'll be a fine moon."

"Splendid!" assented Neville.

Knowing him well, I added: "By the way, have you got any money?"

Neville hadn't any money. He never had. So I must confess that we travelled to the Pyramids by tramcar!

Arrived at Gizeh, we dodged the leech-like attentions of the horde of so-called guides and other *backsheesh* rascals by avoiding the main track and making a detour to the Pyramids. When we came to the Sphinx, therefore, smiling serenely in her sandy depression, the tide of trippers, photographers, native pedlars, and profiteers was at the ebb, and we could pay our respects to the imperishable monuments of Egypt's kings in comparative silence and dignity.

Neville said it was "too much fag" to walk up the face of the Pyramids; he was a fellow who always wanted to see the "inside" of things. We had kept up our fierce attitude towards the impudent guides, but were touched at last by the persistent appeals of one bright-eyed blackamoor, clad

only in a pair of puttees and a shirt. In wonderful English this child beseeched us to "do him the honour to permit him to conduct us into the inside of Cheops."

"Me very good guide, oh yes, *bimbashi*," he urged. "My farder him guide; his farder him guide; always we been very good guides, *bimbashi*. Tell everything!"

"It seems to run in your family," said Neville. "Who pushed the nose off the Sphinx? Can you tell us that, Abdullah?"

For some reason this question caused the black imp to double up with laughter. "Who knocked him nose off Sphinx? Sphinx him neber did hab nose, I tink! Allah knows!"

"You're the first fellow I've met who didn't blame it on Napoleon," said Neville, pleased. "Tell me," he went on, perching himself on one of the huge blocks of stone at the base of the Great Pyramid; "how did Cheops manage to build this family vault?"

When Abdullah grasped the meaning of this question, he laughed loudly again. Apart from his profound store of hereditary knowledge, it was his sharp sense of humour that attracted us. "Pyramid no built for bury him," explained the boy. "Pyramid built for tell the time. Pyramid make big, big shadow. Pyramid say: it time to dig ground; pyramid say: it time to put him seed in ground. Pyramid made for tell the time."

Had Abdullah worn a fez and a flowing robe in place of the puttees and shirt, we could not have regarded him with greater respect. "Give him a piastre," Neville instructed me, "and he shall show us wonderful things!"

So Abdullah became our guide. Following his fluttering shirt, we soon found ourselves penetrating into the Great Pyramid through a sort of fissure in the outer wall. The imp whispered to us that it was a secret way in.

"Give him another piastre," said Neville; "it's worth it."

The daylight failed fast as we advanced, until finally we stood—or rather crouched—in the narrow passage, feeling for each other in utter darkness. So slippery was the stone floor that we clung to the rough-hewn walls and groped our way onward foot by foot. Soon the roof sloped so low that we were forced to our knees. At this point Abdullah sprang a surprise. We heard the striking of a match and an instant later we saw everything sharply outlined in a blinding flare.

"Magnesium ribbon!" said Neville, as the light expired, plunging us into profound blackness. "Light up another bit, Abdullah."

The child informed us that his supply was small and cost much money—five millimes an inch. "Give him another piastre," said Neville, "or we shall never get out of the place alive."

On we crawled with Abdullah ahead. All at once our tunnel, or rat-hole, as Neville called it, widened into a kind of apartment, filled with a faint light that appeared to filter through the stone corridors dimly discerned. Very cautiously and thankfully we got up and rubbed our knees; then moved forward with growing confidence—"ready for anything," as Neville put it.

"Who's that merchant shadowing us?" he asked suddenly.

I, too, felt there was a fourth person hovering about in the shrouded surroundings. Abdullah answered our question with another:—

"*Bimbashi* like hear Soliman tell all what happen *bimbashi* to-morrow, next day, oh yes?"

As the boy spoke, a robed figure became visible before us, like a picture on a screen. This apparition had two live coals for eyes, set in a mummified face. While he gazed at us we stood transfixed. Then, without a sound, he seemed to melt away in the mysterious gloom.

"Rummy beggar!" exclaimed Neville. "And what eyes! Is that the fortune-teller? I feel he knows all about my dreadful past. Let's get him to peer into our brilliant future!"

Soliman, it soon transpired, had his office, furnished severely with a couple of sandbags and a candle, in an empty tomb! By the look of him he ate his rice, smoked his bubbly pipe, and slept there as well. Encouraged by Abdullah, we dropped down into the shallow excavation and took our seats in trembling state on the sandbags. At the other end squatted the seer, like a graven image; his face was in shadow and his peering eyes were downturned, fixed on the little space that separated us. Abdullah stood solemn and reverent throughout the weird proceedings. For my part, I no longer felt inclined to laugh; the attitude of the mummy-like

Soliman was so awesome and the whole atmosphere so uncanny.

With his long pointed finger-nail our prophet drew a circle in the dust of the tomb; then he resumed his statuesque posture.

"*Bimbashi* put him one money in the ring," prompted Abdullah.

"Read, old man, a bit of palm silver," said Neville.

When I placed a five-piastre piece in the centre of the ring, Soliman instantly stirred into life. His finger began to draw lines or rays from the circle, at equal distances, spoke fashion, seven in all. Over these rays he made a few passes and murmured an incantation; then once more he became immovable, with his inscrutable eyes fixed on his cabalistic design.

"*Backsheesh*," whispered Abdullah.

To my surprise—and relief—Neville himself pulled out a coin and laid it at the end of the ray that pointed towards him.

Again Soliman returned to life. After a little mumbling, maybe at the size of the coin, he drew around it a tiny ring. Then he went counting with his claw-like finger, gibbering to himself meanwhile, around the circle, from one ray to the next, stopping at the fifth. In a clear English that startled us he pronounced:—

"Fear not, *effendi*. In what you wish, you have success."

"He must mean you," said Neville. "You put the five piastres down. And for me, O Soliman, what do you see?"

Once more the old ancient went counting and mumbling round the circle; to stop finally and announce:—

"A woman. I see a woman. Fair. Fair."

I felt Neville give a little jump. He grunted, pulled out a second coin, and placed it in the circle with the question: "When shall I see her again?"

Still gazing intently at his drawings in the sand, Soliman rose majestically to his sandalled feet.

"Three months and twenty-five days," he droned. "The *effendi* will be home in three months and twenty-five days."

Neville laughed, though in a strained sort of way. The spell was broken. We scrambled up out of the tomb.

"Three months and—Why, that will be about May," reckoned Neville, as we followed Abdullah to the exit. "Stop! I want to ask the old Johnny one more question!"

Swiftly though we turned back, there was no sign of Soliman. The tomb was quite bare; the soil at the bottom was without a trace of the mystic symbols described there only a few moments since by the fortune-teller.

On the way back to Heliopolis, Neville was uncommonly quiet. Only one comment escaped him on our experience in the tomb.

"I wonder," he said, as if merely amused,

"whether the old Johnny meant calendar months or lunar months?"

"These things are generally reckoned by the moon," I answered. "We shall see."

A few days later Neville came to me jubilant with the news that he had been "passed out" at the School and was to begin actual flying at the near-by aerodrome. His happiness was short-lived, however, for the English mail brought him news that his father lay seriously ill.

"I ought to put in an application for home leave," said Neville; "though no leave is being granted just now. I have a feeling I should get it."

I looked at him in surprise, and he nodded. "Yes," he admitted, "I have a feeling there is some truth in what the fortune-teller told us. Isn't it ridiculous? Let's go and see him again."

On the Sunday, therefore, a way we went once more to the Great Pyramid.

In the absence of Abdullah we began to despair of finding the seer. Our entrance appeared to me to be by a different and more direct passage, though Neville declared it was the same. Certainly we failed to find the shallow empty tomb, the haunt of Soliman, but at last we got a glimpse of his shadowy figure. Before we had touched him or spoken, he turned on us abruptly and drew us aside into a niche or recess in the wall.

"Soliman is all wise," greeted Neville, placing a gift in his shrivelled palm.

"The *effendi* would ask a question," Soliman replied; and I thought he smiled. Looking Neville between the eyes, with an

intentness that held him silent, he presently announced:—

"I see death."

Neville's lips moved, as if repeating the words, but he made no sound.

"I see death," repeated the seer, still facing us and moving slowly backwards. "And I see life. Death is life."

With a visible effort my friend turned his face from the fortune-teller's gaze and stared at me. When we looked for Soliman he had vanished.

"Phew!" gasped Neville. "It's jolly hot in here! Let's go along and get some tea."

Neville was very proud when, some days later, he announced to me that his first solo flight was to be made early the following morning. In spite of my eagerness to witness his performance, it was late when I arrived at the hangars. All the machines were "out."

While I was following the course of the low-flying planes and trying vainly to distinguish Neville, suddenly, to my horror, there was a burst of flame, a swift trail of fire and smoke rushing earthward across the blue of the sky, and, almost in the same instant, a twisted mangled heap was all that remained of one of the beautiful machines.

As I sped, with others, across the 'drome to the scene of the tragedy, I heard the name "Neville." My heart turned cold. My friend Neville! "I see death," the seer had said. "Death!" Then, with a thrill of hope, I recalled Soliman's first words: "You will be home in three months and twenty-five days." No, I told myself, as I reached the spot, it was not, it *could* not be Neville



"'Me very good guide, oh yes,'
he urged."



"I turned furiously to face—Neville himself!"

whom they would find there tangled with the smouldering wreckage!

The words ran mockingly in my brain, "Home in three months and twenty-five days," and I was pushing my way frantically through the helpless group around the charred ruin, when a hand clutched at me. I turned furiously to face—Neville himself!

He had overslept—he always overslept; was too late for his flight and another man had taken his turn in the machine!

"Ah, well, if it had been me," said Neville later, "I should not have crashed. I'm to be home in three months and twenty-five days."

"I wouldn't joke about it," said I.

"I wasn't joking," returned Neville. "I was going to tell you that my application for leave has gone through. The trouble is ships are so scarce that very few passages are being granted just now. I have to wait my turn; may be weeks—or months. Three months and twenty-five days! It would be a strange coincidence, wouldn't it?"

A cablegram awaited Neville at the orderly room. His father was dead.

"I see death," murmured Neville, as he handed me the message. "Strange!"

"And death is life," I added.

Neville heard no more of his home leave, and after a hopeful interval, he received orders to proceed to Palestine.

"Well, good-bye, old boy," he said, on the eve of his departure. "It was an odd coincidence, that's all. It's me for the desert. Good-bye!"

"You've two months to go yet," was all I said.

He laughed and went on packing his kit.

But my friend never went to Palestine. There he was next day seated calmly at the mess table.

"I got a last moment reprieve," he grinned. "I'm for France. Mud instead of sand!"

A happy Neville wished me good-bye as I helped him with his kit into the train for Alexandria, there to embark for France—*via* England.

"I'll be home long before May," cried Neville, "but thank Soliman for me all the same!"

As the train started: "Send me word when you sail!" I cried.

"Not allowed!" he called back. "But I'll let you know somehow. Good-bye!"

A week passed, and another. Neville, I gathered from his censored letters, waited and waited at "Alex." for a passage. He spoke no more of being home "before the time."

At last I received an innocent picture postcard. There was not a word on it, but I understood. Neville had sailed, homeward bound. The postcard bore a picture of the Pyramid!

It was in May that I heard of the death by drowning of my friend Neville. The official routine report simply stated: "Missing." Unofficially it was understood that one more vessel had been torpedoed. Neville was among those whose names were on the passenger list and who had failed to answer the roll-call of survivors.

Yet, deep in my heart, I could not believe him dead, and this feeling grew. I thought of writing to him. He lived at Cambridge—so much I knew—but before I could obtain his full address I left Egypt for Italy.

Time is a great test of faith—and friendship—and I must confess that I had almost forgotten the very name of Neville, when one day—long, long after our experience in the Pyramid—I ran into Neville himself. He was just going down into an Underground station in London.

"Man alive!" I cried. "But you are dead!"

How he laughed! Certainly he was very much alive. Though I was on my way to keep an appointment, I was quite unable to resist him. "Here's our train!" he said, keeping a vice-like grip on my arm. "You've got to come right home with me and meet my— But I'll tell you all about it as we go along."

Yes, Neville *had* been drowned, he explained—"officially" drowned. Actually his name was on the nominal roll of the ill-fated vessel, but he himself was not aboard. At the moment when Neville should have embarked—he almost had his foot on the gangway—a native boy had tumbled into the dock, and Neville, in his impetuous way, had made an effort to save him. Through this delay Neville had had to find a place aboard one of the other vessels forming the convoy. The ship that carried him "officially" was lost by enemy action on the very first night of the homeward voyage.

"So you see," concluded Neville, "everything panned out according to Soliman's schedule. From the date of our visit to the Pyramid to the happy day I set foot once more in England was exactly three months and twenty-five days!"

"And the fair woman?" I asked.

"Yes, and the fair woman," said Neville, with a tenderness that I had not known in him.

"We've a boy," he added shyly, and proudly. "It's all so strange. You see, the boy is exactly like his grandfather," Neville went on. "Exactly like my father who died, you remember, while I was in Egypt. Put the picture of our boy beside the picture of my father in the old family album—taken when he was quite a child; and the features of the one—especially the remarkable expression of the eyes—are the features of the other! Isn't it odd?"



A Mongol milkmaid.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WILDERNESS

The Authoress needs no introduction to THE WIDE WORLD readers. In these articles she describes her visit to the picturesque nomads of Mongolia—

II.—(Conclusion).

OUR excursion to the ruined city of Shang-tu proved most interesting, not because there was much to see beyond a few crumbling walls, but for the sake of the historical associations connected with the place. Ruins in Mongolia are extremely rare, as the Mongols have built little that can go to ruin. Still it is curious that what was once the summer capital of Kublai Khan—a world-famous city praised by travellers and sung by poets—should be so utterly desolate. Not a trace

A journey in
little known
Mongolia

by

**JULIET
BREDON**

a race of steppe-dwellers with their own peculiar manners and customs—and gives a fascinating account of the Devil Dance and the strange "Festival of the Burning of Sins."

remains of the palaces or pleasure parks, and all the magnificence and luxury of the Mongol Court, which would be remarkable even in our time, have vanished. We must go to the dusty pages of Marco

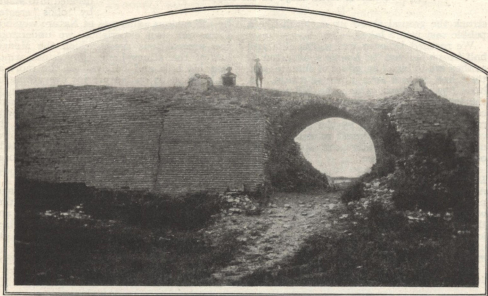
Polo for pictures of the mighty hunting expeditions that Kublai organized at Shang-tu—the days when ten thousand beaters drove in the game, when the great Khan, accompanied by ten thousand falconers, travelled to the hunting grounds in a palanquin, lined with gold and covered with lion-skins, carried

by four elephants. Ten thousand tents formed his camp, and the Imperial reception tent accommodated one thousand persons who feasted within walls hung with sable and ermine. On festival days five thousand elephants, "caparisoned with bright coloured cloth on which birds and beasts were represented," bore caskets containing the Emperor's plate and furniture, and were followed by camels laden with choice viands.

Nowadays the only living human beings who remain on the site of all this splendour are the community of monks in the Monastery of the "Hundred and Eight Wells," belonging to a living Buddha, the spiritual lord of the Buriats of Siberia. Their abbot, a cultivated man in whom the soul of romance is not dead, believes that before Kublai made Shang-tu famous, it was historically interesting as one of the halting-places of the princes who bore home the body of their mighty leader Genghis Khan. The return of the dead hero was a triumphant procession across the mountains and deserts

steppe. This was apparently a fragment of a bas-relief dating from one of the Liao or Khitan cities which existed near Shang-tu. Standing solitary on the plain, it appeared, in its rough-hewn presentation of a human figure, like the "babas," or stone women, which are found in South Russia and Central Asia. Experts suggest that they were funereal monuments erected by some half-forgotten race which preceded the Scythians. The image we saw had its mouth smeared with butter—a survival, perhaps, of some ancient rite of sacrifice or propitiation.

Returning to Dolonor, we were struck by the similarity of the country in these parts to the North-West Territory of Canada with its far-stretching rolling grasslands, its small lagoons, and herds of grazing stock. While on the plains we were caught in a terrific electric storm. All the morning a soft south wind had been blowing. Suddenly a small cloud shot out from among those that had been slowly banking up and discharged a signal peal of thunder. This was soon followed by the savage roar of salvos



The walls of the ruined city of Shang-tu.

with all the pomp and state accorded to a living sovereign. The splendid funeral car had an immense bodyguard of devoted followers, who killed all strangers on sight lest they should betray the death of the Conqueror, which for the time was to be carefully hidden.

On the advice of Mongol friends, one of whom—dressed in a suit of American ready-made clothes, of which he was inordinately proud—agreed to guide us, we made a detour to see a curious stone image on the

of artillery crashing over the distant hills. The lightning ran along the ground, criss-crossing in every direction, until the plain was covered with a network of blue flames from the meshes of which escape seemed impossible. Our horses shivered with fear, breaking out in a white lather of sweat. At first they stood stock still, and then they bolted madly away—fortunately in the right direction. Presently the rain descended in torrents and the wind turned icy cold. Next hail began to fall, and every hailstone as it



A curious stone image on the steppe.

struck the ground threw up a splash like a pebble cast into a lake.

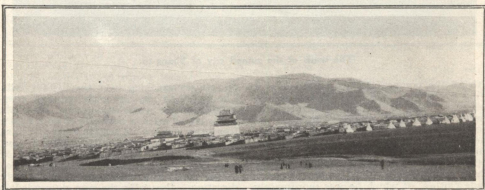
We reached Dolonor wet to the skin and half frozen. Even the Mongols, accustomed as they are to bitter surprises of climate, said they had seldom seen a worse storm. A little farther north, where the full force of the hurricane broke, many *yurts* had been carried away; two men were killed by stones raised from the ground by the terrific force of the wind, and the most unusual phenomenon of a large waterspout appeared on one of the inland lakes.

We felt no temptation to linger again in Dolonor, but started on next day for Urga. After traversing about twenty miles of sandy plain, the road became very picturesque, with deep ravines and mountain streams, for this immense country of Mongolia has many kinds of scenery and is not, as commonly

by the zealous adherents of Nature worship. From our own experience, we understood the superstitious dread which the Mongol has of the atmospheric convulsions which tear his hills and valleys—all the more so as he depends on Nature for everything he needs. The Lama priests have cunningly adopted this cult of fear into their own faith, and they preside at the ceremonies around the "obos" though they have modified the ancient custom of living sacrifices. Nowadays a fine pony, without blemish, is dedicated to the Spirit and then allowed to go free and never afterwards mounted by human rider.

As one male member of each Mongol family becomes a priest, it is no wonder that the steppes are dotted with temples and monasteries. We stopped at several of these establishments, but nowhere did we find the

supposed, all flat and treeless or all desert. Often in the distance we saw "obos," those strange stone cairns decorated with branches of trees and prayer flags which are a survival of a very primitive form of Nature worship borrowed from Shamanism, the Black Faith. They generally mark some danger in the traveller's path such as a ford or a mountain pass—in short, any natural difficulty. Even a desert waste is sometimes divided into stages by "obos" erected



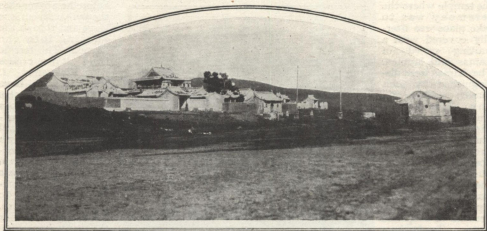
The holy city of Urga, showing the Ganden temple.

monks exerting themselves in any way. All were droning and drowsing away their lives; the only pursuit for which they showed any enthusiasm was begging. Truly the monastic system is the curse of Mongolia. When thirty per cent. of the male population, freed by law from taxes and public service, is supported in idleness by the rest and allowed, like parasites, to suck the life-blood of the community, how can the population increase or progress fail to be retarded?

Unfortunately the priests hold the people in a paralyzing grip, and there is not a single step in life which a Mongol dares take without first consulting his spiritual advisers, who proceed to oppress him by their exactions. Practically the whole life of the

blind before this shrine was erected as an offering to appease the wrath of the gods, but the prayers and supplications made therein, according to the Mongols, proved efficacious. At any rate, it is curious to note that he *did* partially recover his vision. The chief treasure of the Ganden is a magnificent bronze Buddha over eighty feet high, standing on a huge pedestal of lotus petals. His altar is covered with brilliant silks and crowded with food offerings and lighted candles in huge brass candlesticks, while the walls of his sanctuary are decorated with Tibetan inscriptions in gold leaf on a blue ground, giving it a very ornate appearance.

Urga itself is more like an encampment than a city, for most of its inhabitants—even



A monastery on the steppes.

"Children of the Wilderness" revolves around their church. Its threats hold them in awe, its commands sway every action of their daily lives. On the other hand, its festivals provide their only amusements.

We saw a good example of this when, after a week's travel, we reached Urga and found what numbers of visitors were pouring into the city for the "Feast of the Burning of Sins." Many faces we recognized from Dolonor, thus proving that the Mongols are natural pilgrims and how cunningly the Lamas take advantage of this, keeping them on the move from one temple to another and gathering in offerings each time.

Urga is the great religious centre of north Mongolia and the seat of the third "Living Buddha" in the Lamaist hierarchy. It is a city of temples, all with the characteristic Chinese roofs, all painted in bright colours, and all, from a distance, very imposing-looking. The most prominent landmark is the high Ganden Temple, begun a few years ago when the "Living Buddha" was suffering from an eye disease. He nearly went

the officials, who might have Chinese houses if they chose—prefer the native felt tents, which are warmer, especially when surrounded by wooden palisades. Its historical associations all centre in the sacred mountain of "Bogdo Ula," where Genghis Khan was born, from the tribes of the Wolf and the White Doe, with a clot of blood in his hand symbolical of his mighty destiny. As his birthplace and the site of the earliest struggles for the independence of his clan, this tree-covered hill is set apart as a holy enclosure forbidden to the public and preserved as a hunting park for the great Captain when he returns to this world.

Under its shadow stands the palace of the "Living Buddha," with a magnificent view of the bare northern hills and the sparkling waters of the river Tola, which flows along in full sight for several miles before it escapes through a pass in the mountains to the west. The "Festival of the Burning of Sins" attracted such crowds that we found sight-seeing difficult. The market-place was especially animated. As long as the light lasted

Mongols and Chinese were busy bargaining, while the steppe eagles, or *berkuts*, wheeled above the crowd watching their chance to swoop down on a piece of meat carried in the hand of a returning purchaser whose other hand was busy with his rosary. In among the tents and stalls were more of the prayer-wheels such as we saw in Dolonor. These cylinders were seldom at rest while we were in Urga, and the creaking of the rusty spindles as they turned in their unoiled sockets was a characteristic sound of this Mongol Rome. And no wonder, when every man or woman passing along the streets laid hold of the inviting handle and gave a turn to each machine they found in their way!

From early morning on the feast day the open space around the temple where the ceremony was to take place was literally covered with a waiting crowd of Lamas and laymen. The Lamas were distinguished by their shaven scalps and the laymen—of sturdier physique, bigger and more muscular, with broad faces, small squat noses and prominent cheek bones—by their queues. Neither class appeared to appreciate the benefits of soap and water. To do them justice, their climate is not suitable for washing, which, they themselves say with a certain amount of truth, brings skin diseases and rheumatism, owing to the extremes of heat and cold weather and their draughty habitations.

Inside the temple the priests were preparing the "Sor," a curious offering in the shape of a triangular pyramid of dough painted red, ornamented with flame and flower designs, and topped by a dough model of a human skull. When all was in readiness, the doors were thrown open and the "Sor" exposed

on a high wooden frame surrounded by thousands of butter lamps. We noticed that many pilgrims made a point of passing under the pyramid, as this act of piety is supposed to avert disaster for the year. Meanwhile an impressive service, with very fine chanting, was being held and certain magic formulas recited which empower the "Sor" to destroy the enemies of the faith. After the service the offering was carried to a pyre prepared in an open place beyond the temple precincts, followed by a solemn procession of monks in magnificent ceremonial costumes led by the abbot of the monastery. Here the high priest takes the "Sor" into his own hands and raises it above his head while the monks chant. Three times he

repeats this gesture before he approaches the pyre with curious leaps and throws the offering into the flames. The terrific invocation closes with the verse, "I, the Yogatsari, have thrown the terrible Sor. Thus shall our enemies be confounded. Thus shall our sins be thrown down." The attendant Lamas then gather round their chief and offer congratulations, to which he replies, "It is fortunate for the many," meaning that thus vicariously the people are freed from their sins, their enemies, and evil spirits.

The festival concludes with racing—a favourite sport in Mongolia. One of the most picturesque features of Mongol life is the horsemanship. In their great days of conquest, the Mongols used to say that they had no country—their homes were their horses' backs—and the saying remains true to this day. No wonder then that racing is a popular pastime—how popular we judged from the fact that Mongol travellers often rode up to us on the



The Abbot of the monastery. The "Living Buddha" is seen on the right.

steppe and, looking critically over our ponies, challenged us to a race then and there. The regular Mongol race meetings, however, are conducted very differently from ours. In the first place, all the jockeys are children, often not more than eight years old. They are not allowed saddles, and it is remarkable how they keep

The "Living Buddha" system of Mongolia is very curious. The "Hutukhtus," as they are called, are supposed to be re-incarnations of Lamas celebrated for their good works. When such men die they take a new birth, remember their former state, and prove their identity by using phrases characteristic of the former Buddha and



A camel-caravan crossing the dreaded Gobi Desert.

their seats on a slippery saddle-cloth only. A light rope bridle serves to guide the mounts, a heavy whip, like a policeman's baton, urges them on, and a cloth is given each rider so he may lean over and wipe the dust from the eyes and nostrils of the pony lest it injure his sight.

The Mongol racecourse is never circular like ours. At Urga it is a straight run over a stretch of very uneven and stony ground several miles in length. Endurance is scarcely less prized than speed; in fact, we were told that some of the races held out on the steppe are ten, twenty, and even fifty miles long. The little horses go at top speed all the way, and owners and spectators, among whom are the highest dignitaries of the Lama Church, ride out to meet the contestants and cheer or whip them along. Sometimes it happens that two ponies will reach the finish leaning against one another at full gallop, both so weary that if suddenly separated they would fall. At Urga the winner, often valued at thousands of dollars, is generally presented to the "Living Buddha."

We were curious to meet this sacred ruler, whom we had seen taking part in the festival of the "Sor," and hoped through friends to do so. But he sent word politely that he could not receive us, as he was seeing no visitors at the time. We were told privately that this was owing to the political situation, which obliged him to refuse audiences to certain people and made it bad policy to grant them to others. He therefore retired immediately after the ceremonies to his Mongol tent outside his regular palace.

selecting articles belonging to him from a heap of things that were not his. Great parade is made of testing the candidate, but the Lamas, of course, arrange everything beforehand and coach him, though the people and even many of the priests (carefully kept in ignorance of the fraud) believe the hoax implicitly. The present "Living Buddha" of Urga appears to be an unusually intelligent specimen of his class. Like all the higher pontiffs of the Lama Church in Mongolia, he is a Tibetan and not prepossessing in appearance, being of medium size, very dark, and cross-eyed. But he showed strong character when he refused to sign the cancellation of his country's autonomy by the Chinese, and his wife, a most superior woman, is supposed to help him considerably. Why the head of a monastic church should be allowed to have an official wife is a curious anomaly explained by the fact that he is a "bad incarnation," which does not mean that he is considered a bad man. Both "good" and "bad" incarnations of the Buddha are recognized, and the latter does not debar a candidate from filling the position of Hutukhtu if he is otherwise suitable. The clan that selects him can always control him, omnipotent though he be theoretically, for if he grows refractory he is quietly poisoned and his body laid with great ceremony among the little group of Lama tombs near the Ganden temple.

This is an unusual distinction, for a tomb in Mongolia is a great rarity. The bodies of the dead are generally laid out on the steppes at some spot designated by the priests.

Sometimes a corpse is placed on an ox-cart, and the driver urges the oxen as fast as they can go, so that, with the jolting of the uneven ground, it falls off. The driver must not look round to see where it falls, lest he anger the spirit following the corpse and thus bring ill-luck on himself and his family. Wolves, dogs, and birds of prey soon devour the corpses, leaving nothing but the bones and skulls whitening on the plain.

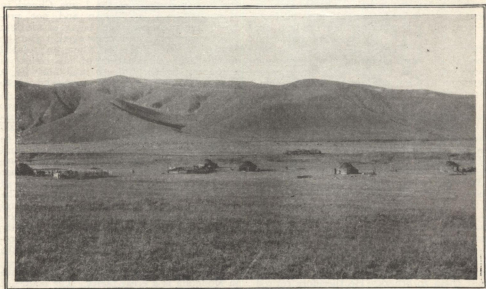
We were sorry to leave picturesque Urga and start back across the desert for Kalgan. Though sometimes monotonous, the desert is never dull; neither is it altogether lonely. The first day out we met a number of camel trains carrying brick tea, their drivers clothed in dirty old sheepskin coats or huddled in wadded clothes with only their heads sticking out. Their animals were not looking well, as their winter wool was beginning to fall off in patches and their humps were thin and flabby after the cold weather, when pasturage is scanty. We were told that these beasts were doing their last trip of the season, and would be turned out to pasture for July, August, and September in order to be fit for the hard winter caravan trade from Kalgan to Kiachta again. This journey takes a month, and even the camels suffer from the hardships of very little food and water.

We had heard a great deal in Peking about the famous Mongolian trotting camels, but they seemed to be very rare. A quick pace soon ruins the "ship of the desert," and in a caravan he usually does about two miles an hour for fifteen hours at a stretch. The long caravans of camels, marching in single file, are kept together by a rope attached to

a wooden pin inserted in the pierced cartilage of each animal's nose and passed under the binding rope of the load of the one in front in such a way that a moderate pull loosens it without injuring the beast. The saddles consist of two felts folded round each hump with one piece between and two wooden slats outside—very curious, but very practical, and equally suitable for freight or for riders who can stand the gait, which is very fatiguing and generally makes a foreigner sea-sick.

In crossing the dreaded Gobi we met with only one untoward incident, though we made the journey under particularly disadvantageous conditions. There had been little snow and no rain for many weeks. Consequently the stunted bushes had no leaves and there was not a blade of grass anywhere—nothing but stones and sand and the famous rocks of many colours. Long stretches of the country had no wells, no tents, no inhabitants. Once our guide had great difficulty in finding the way because the high wind had shifted the sand and obliterated all caravan tracks. He finally got his bearings again in rather a curious way. After carefully examining the ground for some time, he explained that he had seen faint marks like scratches. Thus he knew that camels whose footprints were no longer visible must have passed this way, carrying bamboo rods for the horse-catchers, the ends making the "scratches."

There is something weird and depressing about travelling across the Gobi desert, where the mirages play queer tricks with one's eyes, people fade into thin air when one rides up to them, and the howl of a lonely wolf is



A Mongol encampment.



Guests arriving for the wedding.

the only sound that breaks the awful silence. Though our guide assured us that wolves in Mongolia never attack man and are only dangerous to sheep and cattle, being of such a cowardly species that even a child who shows a bold front to them can easily scare them away, we felt more secure and cheerful when we reached the bounds of the desert country and found ourselves in sight of an "ail," or group of *yurts*.

It is a rule of the plains that any traveller is at liberty to alight at any tent he pleases and demand admittance. A host who did not immediately offer the stranger tea would be considered outside the pale. The habit originated from the fact that Mongolia has few inns, and travellers are dependent on private individuals for shelter and refreshment. At first it seems impertinent to dismount from your horse and expect tea to be prepared and offered you free, but you must remember that the master of the tent where you have dismounted is probably likewise refreshing himself in some other man's tent miles away. Thus the hospitality received by Mongols when travelling compensates for the hospitality shown to travellers. Moreover, as communications on the steppes are rare and difficult and mostly carried by word of mouth (except along the routes covered by the messengers of the regular pony post) a chance traveller may convey important news from one *ail* to another. Thus he is welcome everywhere, being in some sense a newspaper and a postman. As most people are constantly moving about the country this system of private messages spreads news over Mongolia at great speed.

When we approached the *yurts* dogs began to bark and tent doors opened. Our guide then warned us to keep in the background while he approached and shouted "Check

the dogs!" This is a warning to the villagers to come out and call off the animals, who rush at the visitor with savage growls. Every Mongol habitation has its complement of dogs, kept for guarding the herds and the *yurt*. The fiercer they are and the more dangerous to strangers the more their owners appreciate them. Mongols told me that a litter of new-born puppies will be shut up for weeks in a hole in the ground, where the strongest eats all his brothers and sisters. The surviving cannibal is then released and considered a prize animal. But for the fact that their law requires the inmates of a tent to rush out immediately when "*Nohoi*" (dogs) is called, and protect the visitors by beating off the wolfish beasts with whips, there would be serious accidents.

We were most hospitably entertained by the people of the steppes. While one daughter boiled tea for us, another went out to milk the cow, squatting on what we consider the wrong side of the animal for the purpose. We were really a godsend to these villagers, breaking the dull monotony of their lives. "You have just come in time for a wedding," said our hostess, and urged us to stay over a day and see the ceremony. We were glad to do so, and evidently the Mongols were equally pleased to have such an unusual attraction at their festivities.

While we dined they all gossiped merrily about the coming match, the presents, the feasting, and the bride and groom. The former appeared to be the daughter of a wealthy man whose flocks and herds had prospered so exceedingly that he was providing her with a handsome dowry and a head dress and gown which plainly filled the heart of our hostess with envy. The "click click" of the tools of the travelling silversmith invited for the occasion to make the ornaments sounded till late in the night, and

we won all hearts by presenting a few silver dollars, which were promptly made into buttons for the bridal trousseau.

In olden times a maiden was seized unexpectedly and carried off by the man who desired her, and it still remains the custom for a girl to pretend she does not know she is to be married even though she sews her own wedding clothes. She should shut her eyes to the arrival of provisions and of the wedding guests, which must be rather difficult when they arrive in a carriage and pair, as some did on this occasion. The bridegroom's family appeared first in an old Russian *tarantass*, followed by more distant relatives in picturesque carts.

Then the feasting began. It was rather astonishing how the fashionable ladies managed to drink and eat through the bead curtains that almost covered their faces. But *richesse oblige*, and doubtless they were repaid by the comments of their poorer sisters who could be heard whispering to one another, "Don't you think Mrs. So-and-So is worth the price of thirty oxen?"

The bridegroom only arrived late in the day, as the soothsayers, calculating the year the bride was born and the stellar influences governing her life, announced that the hour for her departure for a new home must be no other than midnight. This, of course, would be very inconvenient for travelling, but the difficulty was got over by making a start at the appointed time, going a few yards only, and then stopping at another tent to resume the trip at a more suitable hour.

The bridegroom and his friends came riding their best horses, like young Lochinvar out of the west. The young men looked very picturesque with their best and brightest robes and arrow cases slung over their shoulders, bearing down upon the

bride's tent at full gallop." A short distance away they dismounted, tying their ponies to a rope stretched between two poles for the purpose. Bearing gifts, they approached the *yurt* on foot. The bride's eldest brother then appeared in the doorway and demanded what they wanted, to which they replied that they desired to enter.

"Then you must fight for admittance," was the reply. The host thereupon called out reinforcements, and both sides began a scuffle. This was simply another yestige of the old custom of marriage by capture, but the sham fight lasted only a few minutes, and good care was taken that nobody got hurt before the defenders of the tent gave in and invited the assailants to enter.

As the crowd was already great and the air inside suffocating we did not follow them. The ceremony, we were told, consisted of the signing of a simple contract between the families, sealed with much *airak*. How many of the participants managed to mount and ride after all the liquor they consumed was a mystery. As a matter of fact, they rode only a short distance, to some nearby *yurts*, where they spent the afternoon sleeping off the effects of the feasting.

When the hour approached for the bride to leave her home, she was led out of her tent by several women, newly adorned in her matron's ornaments, and at last allowed to show a knowledge of what all these pre-

parations meant. Custom now required her to howl most piteously, and she continued howling while she was placed in state in the wedding *yurt*, where all the women of the village joined in a chorus of lamentations. She was finally taken out again by a young man who, at her father's command, picked her up under his arm like a bundle of faggots and hoisted her on to the saddle of a quiet horse, where she sat motionless, her hands



The bride in her matron's costume.

over her face, so limp that she would certainly have rolled off had her attendants not held her on. Then the horse was led away in the direction prescribed by the soothsayers and she disappeared into the darkness of the steppe, still howling dismally.

Early next morning we took leave of our hospitable hosts, most of whom were distinctly the worse for wear, and resumed our journey to Kalgan. The descent to Kalgan is very grand and the views much more extensive going down than coming up the pass, as we had the advantage of looking on the panorama of plain and mountain ranges from the higher ground. All the way to the north we could see as far as the distant snow-capped summits of the Khingan chain, stretching away to distant Kamschatka. To the south we saw the ruins of the Great Wall, wandering away for hundreds of miles to Turkestan. Behind us stretched the vast grassy tableland bathed in an atmosphere so clear that we could distinguish landmarks which we knew to be from one to two hundred miles distant, while before us a series of hills and valleys descended to the fertile plains of China, reaching to a far horizon.

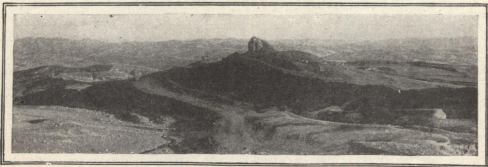
Except the view of the Grand Canyon of Arizona there is perhaps none other in the world so impressive as this, and it has the advantage of greater historical associations.



The tent where the marriage contract was signed.

From the point where we paused, stunned by the immensity of the panorama, the Mongols covetously gazed down on the fruitful lands of the Middle Kingdom before their great invasion. Sermons in stones, indeed, we read standing at the head of this pass on the very spot which had once been a great thoroughfare, where Genghis Khan and his followers had once passed. But if the Great Captain were to come to life again, as the prophets promise, he would still find himself at home among his people. His laws are still obeyed, his clothes are still in fashion and—but for the paralyzing influence of the Lama Church—his people would show the same qualities of military prowess which he used with such tremendous effect. Some say that his spirit has already returned and leads his countrymen to a new and more legitimate conquest, the achievement of their own independence from foreign domination.

THE END.



Looking down from the top of the Kalgan Pass.

Short Stories

A WILDFOWLING ADVENTURE.

By ERNEST A. LITTEN.

Illustrated by T. H. ROBINSON.

THESE are probably few forms of sport that put all one's powers of endurance to the test, but wildfowling gets very near to it. The pursuit of wildfowl, more especially ducks and geese, makes it necessary for the sportsman to operate on the loneliest and most dangerous parts of the coast. Sandbanks, mudflats, tidal creeks, and the estuaries of rivers form the main feeding and resting-places of the birds, and here they have to be sought. They have learnt, moreover, that it is safer to feed by night, so that they must be pursued, as a rule, in the rapidly-fading light of a winter's evening, and nightfall finds the fowler far from home with danger all around him. The wilder the weather the tamer the birds, and the greater the chances of making a good "bag." With these few main facts in mind it will be easier for the reader to appreciate the following little adventure which happened to the writer a few years ago.

November, 19—, was by no means ideal, but having a short vacation due to me I elected to spend it wildfowling on the Solway Firth. A long night's journey landed me at my destination in time for breakfast, after which my friend and I started out.

Usually my companion can easily take a party of friends across the river in his boat single-handed, but with a "fresh" in the river and both wind and tide against us, it took our united efforts to cross the few hundred yards of water to our landing-place. Not being in practice I found the exertion very trying and began to wonder whether my oar or my back would break first.

After being swept past the steps several times owing to the rush of the current we eventually effected a landing. Wading and struggling up the steep slippery bank was no joke, as at every step one's top-boots went in half way up the leg, and getting them out again was a work of art.

Owing to the nature of the sport, the wildfowler occasionally finds himself "up against it." Here is the story of a nasty little experience on the Solway Firth.

The grapnel was made fast and the boat allowed to swing with the current. A long walk over the hills brought us to a favourite bay which were favourable, afforded good sport. Widgeon, mallard, oyster-catchers, redshanks, and other birds were seen and stalked, but with little success, as cover was scarce and the birds wary and well able to look after themselves.

Daylight was all too short, and ere long we retraced our steps over the hill and down into another bay, where we hoped to get a few shots at "flying" duck about dusk. My companion took his stand at one side of the bay, I took mine at the other. Luck still did not favour me, and although the weather had improved slightly during the day it was now pouring hard. In spite of oilskins and warm clothes I was by this time fairly wet and feeling very cold and uncomfortable. Although a keen wildfowler I must confess that just then the warm fireside appealed to me more than the open bay with a full gale on and the night so black that it was impossible to see a foot ahead. Needless to say the whistle from my companion, which was the prearranged signal for joining him, was most welcome.

I duly started for the head of the bay, but how to find my friend I did not know. Luck, which seemed to have deserted me so far, now did me a good turn, for ere long we actually collided with one another.

X—, I discovered, had managed to secure a couple of mallard, but nevertheless was quite ready for home.

Hailstones of a large size now started to bombard us, and the darkness was so intense that we had literally to "feel" our way, and had I been alone I should have been obliged to remain where I was until daylight, as dangers are numerous on this marsh, which is intersected with deep creeks and holes.

Foot by foot we progressed until, after

several narrow escapes from falls, we eventually reached the bank of the river, which was also the edge of the marsh. Following the bank we found our grapnel rope through one of us tripping over it.

Our troubles were by no means over, however. Putting down our bags and guns, we cautiously clambered down the steep mud banks to the edge of the stream and hauled in the boat. She came unwillingly and heavily, and to our horror we found that she was half full of water. Evidently she had not settled down properly when the tide left her, and before lifting on the flood had half filled. Fortunately the oars were safe, as they had been wedged under the seats, but the "bailer" was gone.

What was to be done? The steep banks made it impossible to draw her up and empty the water out, and she would not carry us safely in her present condition. It was no use trying to get help from across the river, as our voices would not carry a dozen yards in the gale that was now raging. Nevertheless we must get back somehow, if possible, as otherwise our friends would think we had been drowned.

Having noticed a schooner anchored farther down the river when we crossed in the morning, we decided to try and locate her and, if she was not already afloat, wade out to her and try to borrow a bucket or bailer. Turning our faces seawards, we started down the river, my friend leading. Naturally our progress was slow, although time was precious on account of the rising tide. No light could be seen, and we could only guess at the schooner's location.

Soon the hard mud gave place to softer going, and each step was more difficult as we waded out seawards to where we thought the vessel lay. Getting tired, I unconsciously dropped a step or two behind, and when I called to my companion

suddenly discovered that he was out of ear-shot and I was alone. I tried to hurry forward and catch him up, but the mud seemed like quicksand, and I sank nearly to the tops of my boots at every step. Sideways was no better, for I had apparently struck a soft patch. I was now beginning to get a bit anxious, so I turned back and then tried forward again, only to find myself sinking deeper and deeper at each step. While endeavouring to find a better footing I must have turned round once or twice, for presently I realized that I had completely lost my bearings and had no idea of the proper direction!

Here was a predicament indeed!—alone on a mudbank that was being rapidly covered by the rising tide, a full gale raging, not a glimmer of light anywhere, and no knowledge of which way to go for safety, whilst all around the mud seemed anxious to engulf me! However, it was no good losing my head, so I made a few more plunges and fortunately struck a harder bed of mud. Then, not knowing a better plan, I stood



"We eventually effected a landing."

still and awaited developments. In the black darkness, with the roar of the gale and the returning tide in my ears, I felt about as cheerful as a man awaiting execution.

Meanwhile, as I learnt later, my friend, thinking that I was close behind him, plodded on steadily, and succeeded in locating the schooner before the tide reached her. Repeated shouts produced no result, which was no wonder considering the weather. Finally he clambered up the anchor chain and made his way to the fore-castle, where he nearly frightened out of his wits the single sailor left in charge. After assuring the man that he was not a ghost, X—— made him understand his wants and quickly got the loan of a bucket.

Climbing down to the mud again, he quite thought that he would find me there waiting for him, and when he failed to do so, or to

get any reply to his call, he confessed that he had a very bad ten minutes. Carefully retracing his steps, he shouted again and again, and presently I heard him and answered. Which of us was the more thankful it would be difficult to decide.

The worst of our troubles were now over, for we soon found our boat again and bailed her out. Then, collecting our guns and gear, we got aboard and started a strenuous pull for home. The tide was against us again, and we were not as fresh as when we started out in the morning; the huge hail-stones driven by the wind were also positively painful. At long last, however, we got across the river. It was impossible to reach the small pier or jetty from which we had started, so we landed in a creek about a quarter of a mile higher up the river. Never in my life have I been more thankful to finish up a day's wildfowling!

FISHING FOR CROCODILES.

By CAPTAIN S. JEPSON.

Illustrated by F. E. HILEY.

An officer's amusing account of an experiment in fishing for "crocs" with something special in the way of hook and line.

"FISHING for crocodiles?" I can imagine the reader echoing, "Can it be done?"

Yes; it can. I will tell you all about it, and then, perchance, you will go down to the murky waters of some tropical stream to try and hook some monster twenty-footer. As to landing him—well, that is a different story.

Picture, reader, a whitewashed, broad-verandaed bungalow on the banks of the great Mother Ganges in India. Glistening yellow sand-banks rise here and there from the sacred river; and away from the noise of the cantonment ugly old crocodiles bask in the winter sunshine. Your subaltern friend from the East has probably told you how he has shot them and had their skins turned into smart suit-cases.

This was the scene of the little incident I am about to relate. It was in the hot summer months, when the flood waters raced over the sand-banks, and the crocodiles appeared no more, though they were still somewhere there.

However, we had a brilliant idea, and fished for them from the veranda. Our tackle was certainly original. The line was a double length of field telephone wire; the float, a thick branch of a tree; the hook, a long iron link ending in a formidable three-pointed arrangement resembling a balloonist's grapnel rather than a fishing hook.

The bait—well, the bait was produced by the cantonment pariah-dog killer at annas eight per week.

For days and days we fished with never a bite at the bait, until my once enthusiastic orderly, supposed to watch the float from under a tree in the garden, slumbered quietly at his post. So did the young *sahib*, to whose "long chair" on the veranda the double line was tied.

And then something happened!

The float dipped—and dipped again, but the orderly slept on quietly. The *sahib*, therefore, knew nothing about it until the next minute he was jerked rudely out of his "long chair" on to the hard stone floor. That beautiful chair would undoubtedly have been towed down the river by a crocodile had our line not been anchored to a stout tree trunk. As it was, the line tightened and the chair rose into mid-air, while the young *sahib* shouted wildly for his orderly.

The orderly, asked for his opinion, thought we should not be strong enough to land the crocodile alone. Watching the quivering line—now sweeping across the lawn and knocking over flower-pots and other obstructions, now bending the tree trunk to strange angles—I heartily agreed!

"The Company tug-o'-war team!" cried the sepoy suddenly, and sprinted off to the Regimental lines.

The members of the tug-o'-war team



"Next minute he was jerked rudely out of his 'long chair.'"

arrived one by one, and having finally mustered twelve stout fellows, we heaved on the line, which began to come in handsomely.

Then some clever individual thought he would tie the end of the line around his waist, in approved tug-o'-war style. Accordingly he severed it from the tree with an axe. Next moment he was yelling for help, and our prize tug-o'-war team, victors in a hundred contests, found themselves being dragged slowly but surely towards the river.

Puffing and shouting alternately, the leading man steered for another tree. Around this the line was being deftly manœuvred when—*Crack!*

Thereupon, as one man, the whole team sat down violently. The strain relaxed, and we pulled out of Mother Ganges—not a vicious jumping crocodile, but a crumpled iron link and hook.

That is the whole story. It only remains to add a word of advice. If you are anxious to go fishing for crocodiles, first get ready a well-trained elephant or a steam windlass.

ON PATROL.

By "HAWAI JEHAZ."

Illustrated by A. SINDALL.

A quaint little experience related by a flying officer of the Royal Air Force.

WHILE flying on the North-west Frontier of India I had the misfortune to be forced to land, owing to engine trouble, at an isolated fort beyond the Administrative Border. This post was held by what are called Khassadars, or levies, drawn from the local Wazir tribesmen. These men are

paid by the Indian Government to "keep the flag flying," and are, of course, entirely undisciplined and often of very doubtful reliability.

As soon as I landed my machine was at once surrounded by about a hundred of these gentry—and a more villainous-looking collection of cut-throats it has never

been my ill-luck to behold. Dressed for the most part in filthy white baggy trousers and embroidered waistcoats, with ragged black or brown *puggis* on their heads from beneath which their oily black hair hung in greasy ringlets, every man carried a rifle and bandolier and most of them a knife or two. Their rifles were of various makes, from old percussion-cap muzzle-loaders and Afridi-made Martinis to good Lee-Enfields, while their knives were mostly of the triangular-bladed silver-mounted type made in the factories in Afghanistan.

After examining my machine I came to the conclusion that it was useless to attempt to return home that evening, so there was nothing for it but to resign myself to a night in the fort. With the assistance of the Khassadars I wheeled the aeroplane round under the shelter of the walls of the fort, and pegged it down securely, first removing the Lewis gun and ammunition drums. Then, attended by the English-speaking *Naib Tahsildar*, the sort of C.O. of the place, a stout-hearted and loyal Hazara from the Abbottabad country, I entered the tiny courtyard of the little post. The massive doors shut behind me with a clang, and I knew that for the night, at any rate, all communication with the outside world was cut off.

In one corner of the fort was a room in which the Political Agent from down-country was wont to stay when on tour,

The whole affair had a distinct flavour of Drury Lane melodrama—the ill-lit room, the squatting figures of the Wazirs, and, through the square window, the dark silhouette of a sentry, rifle in hand, leaning over the battlements. Then, in complete accordance with the tradition of melodrama, came "Crack . . . phut!" and a bullet struck the mud wall of the fort.

("Tumult and alarum" off!) From the courtyard below came the roll of a drum, followed at once by the pattering of bare feet. The gallant defenders manning the ramparts!

Then followed a delightful set-to. As far as I could gather every man of the Khassadars blazed off madly in any and every direction, while the enemy amused themselves by discharging their pieces at the unoffending fort walls. I took hold of my Lewis gun with the purpose of joining in the fray, but was restrained by the *Naib Tahsildar*.

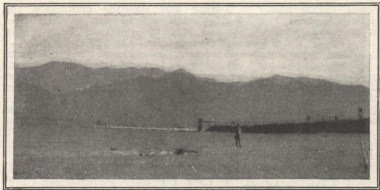
"Nay, Sahib, waste not your bullets to-night, when all is dark," he said. "Perchance the enemy may make an attack in force in the morning; then the machine-gun will be really needed."

After about five minutes the firing died away, and all was quiet. Nobody was hurt on either side. It was the evening hymn of hate as sung in the Wazir country—either that or the whole thing was a "put-up

job" arranged for my special benefit. Barring the fact that I was not the sole occupant of the blankets which I had been lent, the rest of the night passed in peace and quiet.

Next morning I had breakfast in the *Naib Tahsildar's* room and witnessed rather an amusing sequel to the night's affray. One after the other the Khassadars filed in and produced the empty

cartridge cases which they had discharged in their nocturnal shooting match. These were carefully counted and the number entered against their names in a ledger by the *Tahsildar*. The Government, it appears, pays each man the sum of annas eight per round discharged in its defence, and with an eye to business several wily knaves handed in cartridge-cases which had obviously been fired off some weeks before. However, the *Tahsildar* was too clever for them, and after sniffing at the suspicious ones refused to credit them,



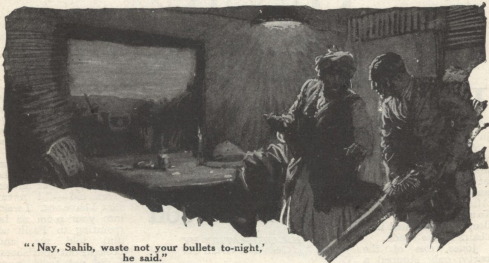
A typical North-west Frontier fort.

and in this I was accommodated. I discovered that the P.A.—thoughtful fellow!—had laid in a good stock of tinned stuffs, sardines, and what not, also a goodly store of beer, and off these I made a hearty supper. The *Naib Tahsildar* sat with me while I supped. From time to time the armed brigand on guard outside the door would admit sheepish-looking tribesmen who conferred in whispered Pushtu with the N.T. These men, I learnt later, were spies, and the conference always ended with a clinking of silver.

despite the injured protestations of the owners!

Breakfast being over, the *Tahsildar* said to me: "Touching the matter of the fort well, Sahib. It is out of order. Doubtless your honour, being a skilled mechanic, will be able to mend it for us."

by half-a-dozen Khassadars to carry down the eight drums of ammunition which I had left in my room. One of the tribesmen, a jolly-faced rogue in a brown *puggri*, kept on pointing to his empty bandolier and saying that I was his friend, and would I let him have "just five rounds for luck!"



"Nay, Sahib, waste not your bullets to-night," he said."

Professing my willingness to do what I could, I was taken into the courtyard and shown a ponderous piece of machinery, all cogs and spindles, which drew the string of buckets up from the well. Having with considerable difficulty and the assistance of the Khassadars taken the whole thing to bits, I proceeded to put it together again. When I had finished, it worked rather worse than before, but it was evident that my brigands were duly impressed.

As there was no sign of the enemy of the previous night returning, I had my aeroplane wheeled out on to the landing ground, and sat down to await the arrival of a relief machine from the nearest aerodrome. All around me in a circle sat the Khassadars, and the more I examined them, the more evil-looking did they appear. After a while, wearying of inaction, several of them began to load the magazines of their rifles and click the bolts in a highly suggestive manner. I thereupon got down my Lewis gun and made show of cleaning it, at the same time keeping a drum near to hand just in case one of my friends should discharge his rifle—by a mistake.

About noon another machine came over and we set to work trying to repair mine, but were at length compelled to give it up, the pilot agreeing to fly me away. Accordingly I went back to the fort, accompanied

I replied that I was not "an ammunition sort of friend!"

After I had placed the drums in the back seat of the machine, I proceeded to check them over and could only find seven.

"Oh, *Tahsildar-jee*," said I, "somebody has stolen a drum of ammunition. I expect it is that fellow over there with the brown *puggri*."

There followed much heated argument and vehement denials on all sides, during which time I discovered the missing drum hidden away on the floor of the cockpit. When I told the *Tahsildar* that it was all right, my brown-turbaned friend turned to me with a broad grin.

"Ah, ha! Sahib; you thought I was a robber, didn't you?" he chuckled. "You thought I'd stolen your drum of ammunition! But that's just where you're wrong, Sahib. I didn't have a chance!"

Obviously a fellow with a sense of humour!

After this we started up the machine and flew back in safety to an aerodrome within the borders of British India. My own machine we left at the fort, whence the engine was removed some months later. The fuselage and planes were found to be past salving, the Khassadars having apparently used them as targets for rifle practice—at annas eight per shot, I suppose!—in the interim!

The MISSING LINKS

by
F.F. Shearwood

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN DE WALTON

IT was one of those depressing days at the beginning of the hot weather in India.

All day long the hot wind had been blowing, and the game of tennis at the Club had been an irritating affair. After an hour of it, the four players had dropped exhausted into chairs in the shade.

Jones, one of the party, only stopped a few minutes, as it was mail night, and he wanted to get back to his bungalow to write his letters. As soon as he entered the compound he saw that something was wrong.

All the servants were gathered together in the front veranda quarrelling amongst themselves in loud, angry voices. The *masalchi* was weeping, and the bearer, a big bearded Moslem, was abusing him. "Well then, I shall tell the Sahib," Jones heard him say.

It was no unusual matter for the servants to quarrel, and rather wearily Jones told them to go away. They were beginning to obey, and Jones was about to enter the house, when the bearer, one Fasih ud din, stopped him.

"Huzoor," he said, salaaming, "I have some very bad news to report to you." He paused dramatically, and Jones impatiently told him to go on.

"Huzoor," he repeated, "when you changed into your tennis clothes, you left your other clothes lying on the bed. About half an hour after you had gone I sent this rascal (pointing to the *masalchi*) into your room to get your shoes for cleaning. When he was there he must have stolen your gold cuff-links, for, when I went to tidy up the room, I found that the links had gone."

"My links gone!" exclaimed Jones. "My word! I have had enough of this. For the

last four months there has been systematic stealing going on. Have you got them?" and he turned angrily to the *masalchi*.

"No, Huzoor," exclaimed the boy—he was only about fifteen years old—"I swear that I have not. I went into your room as he (pointing to Fasih ud din) told me, and brought out your shoes. I did not touch your clothes," and he broke out weeping afresh.

Jones was now thoroughly angry. Petty stealing had been going on for several months—small things that did not particu-

larly matter, but these links were different. They had been given to him years ago by his mother, and he valued them for sentimental reasons.

Going into his office, he called Fasih ud din and told him to bring all the servants.

When they came—the *khansamah*, the bearer, the *masalchi*, the *bhisti*, the *sais*, the *dhobi*, and the sweeper—he made them stand in a line in front of him.

"Now look here," he said, "I am going to get to the bottom of this," and he proceeded to cross-examine them, one after the other.

But it was quite useless. The *masalchi* stuck to his story. The Sahib was his father and mother. Why should he steal from him?

After half an hour's questioning Jones dismissed them and, after a bath and change, returned to his office and rang up the police station, asking them to send a man to investigate.

Within half an hour a sub-inspector and a constable arrived, and Jones told them the story.

Then began the usual police examination.

A quaint little story from India, showing how a native magician discovered a thief when the police had failed.

The sub-inspector called the servants one by one, wrote down their statements and, after reading out what he had written, made them sign or put their thumb-prints at the bottom of each page.

At the end of the inquiry he came to Jones.

"I would suggest, Sahib," he said, "that you tell all the servants that you are going out for half an hour, and that if, before you return, the links are replaced, you will forgive them, but that if they are not you will cut half the salary of each at the end of this month. If you do it like this none of them will know who has replaced the links."

Jones agreed and the sub-inspector again called all the servants.

"The Sahib is going out for half an hour," he told them. "You will go, one by one, into the room. You will each remain two minutes there, and the thief—for it must be one of you—can put the links under the mattress. If they are not there when the Sahib comes back, then I can tell you that it will be hard for you all! Now each of you go to your own house for five minutes, and then come back, one by one."

The melancholy procession went slowly back to the servants' quarters, and Jones set out for his half-hour's walk. When he returned he found the servants squatting in a line opposite their quarters, whilst the sub-inspector, sitting on a chair in front of them, was dilating on the horrors of what would happen to them all if the thief did not own up. He sprang to his feet as Jones approached and told him that the links had not been returned.

"But we will get them, Sahib," he went on. "If you will let me deal with these men exactly as I like, I promise that you shall have them back within two days."

"All right; do as you like," Jones told him, and the sub-inspector then proceeded to search each man's house.

Everything was turned upside down. None of the servants had their wives with them, so there was no fear of breaking *pardah*. All sorts of strange things came to light as the boxes were opened—old shirts that Jones dimly recognized, but, being a bachelor, was not quite sure of, and a few odd things which he remembered to have thrown away.

The search proved fruitless. No trace of the links was found, and finally Jones and the sub-inspector returned to the bungalow.

"What do you think, Inspector Sahib?" asked Jones.

"Sahib," replied the man, "I think that the *masalchi* has stolen them. With your permission I will take him back to the police station. I can question him better there." He smiled knowingly.

"Very well," replied Jones. "But don't be too hard on the boy."

The *masalchi* was called and, when he heard that he was to be taken to the police station, flung himself weeping at Jones's feet.

"Huzoor," he exclaimed, "don't let them take me away! They will beat me! I swear by Allah that I have never taken the links! They will kill me!"

Jones felt sorry for the boy, but felt that he must let the matter take its course. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I am very sorry," he said, "but what can I do? One of you has taken them, and you are the only person who was in the room. Don't beat him," he added, turning to the sub-inspector.

"Beat him?" exclaimed the latter! "No, certainly not! If he tells the truth he has nothing to fear whatever."

"*Sahib-ji*," exclaimed the boy, almost screaming in his fear, "don't let them take me! The bearer was in your room, too!"

"True," replied the sub-inspector, "and we haven't finished with him yet, either. But we are going to try you first. Have we permission to go, *Huzoor*?"

He saluted, and he and the constable went off, leading the sobbing *masalchi* between them.

The next morning the first person whom Jones saw when he went out of the house was the sub-inspector waiting on the veranda wearing a triumphant grin on his face.

"*Huzoor*," he said, in tones of great satisfaction, "the *masalchi* has confessed that he stole the links."

"Oh," replied Jones. He felt disappointed because the *masalchi* was a bright, clean kind of boy, and he had always liked him. "Have you got the links?"

"Not yet, *Huzoor*. He won't confess where he has put them. But he will before the day is up."

"I will come round to the station and see him," said Jones thoughtfully.

The sub-inspector did not reply for a moment. Then he said:—

"It would be better for you not to come yet, *Huzoor*. The boy will tell us before the evening, but if you come he may only become more stubborn."

Jones did not reply, and the sub-inspector went away. That afternoon, after his tiffin, instead of the usual game of tennis, he walked round to the police station. Inside the porch stood the sub-inspector, and Jones noticed that his face fell when he caught sight of him.

"He has not yet confessed," the man said.

"May I see him?" asked Jones.

"If you wish to," replied the other reluctantly, and Jones followed him round to the back of the station where, in a kind of cage, together with three other male prisoners, he saw his *masalchi* sitting on the ground,

dirty and miserable, with the tear-marks still on his cheeks.

Directly the boy saw Jones he sprang to his feet, and began to weep anew, and Jones's heart smote him. He hardened his heart, however, and speaking sternly, said: "I hear that you have confessed that you stole the links. It was too bad of you. I have always been kind to you. Why don't you confess the whole thing, and tell me where you have hidden them?"

The boy's whole body was shaking with sobs. With difficulty he restrained himself and, gripping the bars in front of him with both hands, exclaimed, "I swear that I have not taken them, *Sahib-ji*."

"But you confessed that you had," returned Jones. "Didn't he tell you that he had stolen them?" he added, turning to the sub-inspector.

"He did, *Huzoor*."

"Oh, *Sahib*," exclaimed the boy. "I had to confess something! They made me. That man," pointing through the bars to the sub-inspector, "took me away to another room by myself, and started twisting my arm. He almost broke it, *Sahib-ji*. Look, it is still swollen. I thought it would break. He told me that he would twist the bones right round until I confessed, so I had to. But, oh, *Sahib*, believe me. I have eaten your salt. I have never stolen from you. I swear it! Oh, *Sahib*, take me away from here. That man will kill me. Indeed, he will!"

He became quite inarticulate in his grief and terror. Jones turned angrily to the sub-inspector.

"Have you been torturing him?" he demanded.

The man indignantly denied it.

"How do you account for his swollen arm, then?"

"It must have been like that before," replied the sub-inspector sulkily.

Jones thought rapidly for a moment. As far as he knew there had been nothing wrong with the boy's arm yesterday. He would almost certainly have come to him for some embrocation if there had been, and yet, undoubtedly, it was swollen and painful now.

"Very well, then," he said at last. "I am going to give you another chance. Only for Heaven's sake, do try to be honest!"

He turned to the sub-inspector. "I withdraw the case," he said. "Let him out."

"Very good, *Huzoor*," replied the man. "Only," he added, half under his breath, "you can't expect the police to find your thieves if you won't help us."

"Won't help you!" exclaimed Jones, now thoroughly angry. "I certainly won't help you in brutality! No wonder the people are terrified of you! It's lucky for you that I have got no proof, or I would take

the whole matter to the Superintendent of Police. Let the boy out at once!"

He went with the sub-inspector to the office, and there, having signed the necessary papers to the effect that he had withdrawn the case, stalked back to his bungalow, followed by the still weeping *masalchi*.

He had all the servants into his office, and there told them that if any further case of stealing occurred he would dismiss the whole lot of them and go and live at the Club.

And there, he thought, the whole entirely unsatisfactory matter ended.

That night, after dinner, Jones went round to the Club, and, after a game of billiards, told the story to his opponent, the Chaplain of the Station.

"What am I to do, *Padre*?" he asked.

"It is horrible living in an atmosphere of suspicion. One of my servants is a thief. It *must* be one of them, and yet I don't want to sack the whole lot. They are a good enough crowd as servants go. What am I to do?"

The *padre* thought for a minute.

"I'll tell you what I will do," he said. "Tomorrow, if you like, I will send round an Indian thief-catcher. I won't come myself, as his methods are certainly not Christian, and your servants might wonder at my being there. But I have seen this man work before, and if anyone can catch your thief, he will."

The thief-catcher duly arrived the following evening, bringing with him a letter of introduction from the *padre*.

He was certainly an awe-inspiring object. An old Mussulman, his beard dyed scarlet in honour of the Prophet, and wearing the green turban of a *hajji*, and the long robes of a *mullah*, his figure tall and stately, he at once struck Jones as a man of exceptionally strong personality.

The newcomer followed the white man into the office and there listened quietly to all that Jones was able to tell him about the theft.

"*Sahib*," he said gravely, when the recital was finished, "if you will let me have a spare unfurnished room—a bathroom will do—and you do not interfere at all, by to-night or to-morrow I shall have discovered the thief."

"You can certainly have a room," replied Jones, "but won't you tell me what you intend to do?"

"No, *Sahib*, I cannot do that, but you can watch if you like from outside. Will you show me the room now—one, if possible, visible from the servants' quarters?"

Jones took him round to a small bathroom at the back of the house, and then, calling his servants, made them move all the furniture out of it.

It was a small room, about six or seven

all, and Jones, looking in the direction of the servants, saw them watching, their eyes distended with horror.

"Allah!" gasped one, "he is working *jadu* (magic)."

Again and again, going on for over an hour, the *mullah* repeated the same formula, and then, with a suddenness that made the watchers jump, there was a flash of light at his feet, a loud report, and dense clouds of smoke rose from the floor.

There was an exclamation of dismay from the watchers, and even Jones, although he told himself that it must be some trick—probably some kind of firework—felt his scalp tingling.

"The Jinns have come!" he heard the trembling *Khansamah* gasp. "O Sahib!" the man added, "send this magician away, or we shall all perish. Our wives and our children—all will be consumed by the Jinns."

Jones motioned to him to be silent, and to watch what was happening in the bathroom.

Clouds of smoke continued to roll out from the door, but there was no sound from within.

Then, suddenly, there came another explosion, so sudden and abrupt that it brought an exclamation from Jones, and caused the *bhisti* to jump so violently that his turban fell from his head.

Again, for a few minutes, there was silence; then, through the smoke came the sound of the *mullah* gasping for breath. Raising his voice, he shouted: "O Thou! Risen from the depths of Hades, who art Thou?"

The reply, meaningless to Jones and the servants, sounded like the rumble of low thunder.

Then again came the *mullah's* voice: "Bahaqq-i-Shatkisi, if it be truly Thou, I conjure Thee by the Great Seal of King Suliman (on whom be peace!) that Thou, through Thy magic, show which is the thief!"

Again came the rumbling reply, followed by a long silence. Gradually the smoke cleared away, and then Jones, approaching the door—none of the servants would go any nearer—saw, through the dimming clouds, the *mullah* lying prostrate on the floor.

He beckoned to the servants, and unwillingly enough they came a little nearer.

As they watched, the *mullah* seemed to revive, and, sitting up on the floor, lit a little lamp, for the daylight was now fading fast.

He called them inside, and Jones pushed the frightened men through the door into the room.

It was indeed a gruesome sight which met their eyes.

On the floor squatted the *mullah*, his face streaked with some kind of green paint. Around him were scattered ashes and cinders, and on each side was a human skull fashioned

into a kind of cup, while in front of him was a mud figure, some two feet high, representing a jinn (spirit). The room was still full of the fumes of the smoke and, by the dim, flickering light of the little lamp, Jones saw that sprinkled over the skulls and ashes, and over the clothes of the *mullah*, was what looked like blood.

The *mullah* waved the watchers to stand in a line by the wall, and then, in a gruff, unnatural voice, and apparently still in some kind of trance, he began to speak.

"O mortals, ye do well to tremble," he said, "for in this frail human body, I, the mighty jinn Shatkisi, have taken up my abode. Amongst you is a thief. He is known to me. I call upon him to stand forth before a mighty evil overtakes him. Stand forth—wretch!"

No one replied, and Jones, looking round the line of terrified servants, saw the perspiration rolling down their faces.

"So be it, then," continued the *mullah*. "If you will not confess, then by the power of my magic you shall stand condemned. Look ye there," and he waved a hand dramatically towards the mud figure standing in the middle of the room. Jones turned his eyes towards it and saw that there were a number of pieces of wood, about the diameter of pencils, sticking out from it.

"In my image," continued the magician, "there are sticking seven pieces of magic wood. All are of an equal size. See!" He withdrew them and, holding them together, showed that they were all of the same length.

"On each is a number. Do you take Number One," and he handed one piece to the *khansamah*, who took it tremblingly. "Number Two for you," and he handed another to the bearer. "Three for you," to the *masalchi*, and so on till all the seven had been distributed, one to each.

"Take them away with you to your houses," he went on. "Go each of you into his own house, speaking to none on the way, and, in ten minutes come back. The stick of him who is the thief will have grown longer than any of the others. Go!"

The men filed out of the room and silently went to their houses, whilst Jones was left alone with the *mullah*.

"Sahib," whispered the latter, looking up with a smile, "the plot thickens! The men are thoroughly frightened."

"Yes, indeed they are," replied Jones. "But what next? The wood cannot really grow."

"No," replied the *mullah*, "but mark my words. The thief will be so frightened, that fearing his stick may have grown longer, he will cut a piece off it. The thief will be, not the owner of the longest stick, but of the shortest! Do you collect the sticks, and, without saying anything, even although you may notice that one is shorter, hand



"So be it, then," continued the mullah. "By the power of my magic you shall stand condemned."

them all back to me. Hush! here they come."

Whilst he had been speaking he had rapidly taken seven small glasses out of his bag. Six of these he filled with water from the tap, but the seventh with a colourless liquid from a bottle which he also produced from his bag. Beside them he placed an ordinary chicken's egg, on the shell of which Jones saw that something was written. He then resumed his pretended trance, and the men, each suspiciously and furtively watching the others, filed back into the room.

Jones, full of excitement, collected the sticks, and at once felt that one of them—No. 2, belonging to the bearer—was a good inch shorter than the others! He said nothing but silently handed them to the *mullah*. The latter rapidly examined them, and a smile of triumph lit up his face.

"Ah, you thief!" he exclaimed. "Your stick has grown an inch! Stand forth and confess your shame!"

He looked round at the group, but again there was no reply.

"What! Do you still think to hide your crime?" he cried. "Do you still doubt my magic? See here," and he held up the egg. "This is a magic egg. Hear what is written on it," and he read out, "Ya Buddha! Grant that the stomach of him who has stolen may swell under the influence of this charm."

"Sahib," he continued, turning to Jones, "please take this egg outside and bury it in the earth."

Jones took it and did as the *mullah* had asked, dropping it down an old snake's hole near the bathroom door, and covering it with loose earth.

He returned to find the *mullah* still squatting, muttering to himself before the servants. "Woe, woe to the thief! Now, see my magic. Do each of you drink a glass of this water. This for you," and he handed one of the glasses of water to the *khansamah*. "This for you," as he gave the glass which Jones knew had been filled from the bottle, to the bearer, and which seemed to have no taste or smell. "For you, for you," until each of the seven held one in his hand.

"Now drink."

They obeyed, the glasses rattling against their teeth.

"Put the glasses down and sit on the floor."

Once more they obeyed and squatted on the ground in front of him.

For a moment there was silence in the room, and then the *mullah* began to sway to and fro, first muttering to himself, and then calling, louder and louder, the in-

vocation which he had used earlier in the evening.

"Amwakilu," he shrieked. "O Eternal Ones," he chanted, "grant that as this egg has been buried in the earth, so may my magic be sown in the body of the thief! Grant, O Eternal Ones, that unless he returns the stolen goods within an hour, the curse may swell in him!"

"Go now," he said at last, "to your houses. Within an hour my charm will work, and then, unless the thief at once returns the links, neither my magic, nor anything else can save him. Go!"

The servants, like chaff before an angry wind, rushed out of the room, and Jones heard their footsteps retreating towards their quarters.

"Now, *Sahib-ji*," said the *mullah*, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, "we can but wait," and he started to pack his apparatus into his bag.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "My magic works quicker than I had thought. Listen, *Sahib*!"

Sure enough, from the servants' quarters there came the sound of a loud groan. Almost immediately they heard someone running rapidly towards the bathroom. It was the *masalchi*.

"*Sahib-ji*," he gasped, his eyes ablaze with excitement, "the bearer is groaning because of a pain in his stomach. He must have taken the links! Do you doubt me now, *Sahib*?"

"No, my boy, of course not. Great Scott! What's that?" for a sudden apparition had appeared before the bathroom door. It was the bearer, his turban fallen from his head, his long coat torn open, clutching his stomach and writhing in pain. For a moment he stood moaning to himself; then, with a cry of, "I die, I die!" he flung the missing cuff-links at Jones's feet, and rushed away.

Jones stooped down and picked them up. "You are wonderful," he exclaimed, grasping the *mullah's* hand. "I can never thank you enough."

"It is your kindness," replied the old man.

"That man won't die though, will he!" Jones asked, rather anxiously.

"Die? No, *Sahib*. He will be quite all right after half an hour. Where has he gone?"

But that was a question that even the "magic" of the *mullah* was unable to answer, for the bearer had disappeared. They heard his groans growing fainter and fainter in the distance, and although Jones sent out several of the other servants to look they could find no trace of him. He never came back for his belongings, never claimed his last month's salary, and Jones never saw him again.



The Author in cow-puncher costume.

ROUND THE WORLD WITH A LASSO

by
Captain George Ash

IT was in the spring of 1919 that I was first asked by the military authorities to give cowboy exhibitions to the native troops in India. Having nothing better to do, I accepted the commission, and since then I have been engaged off and on by the War Office in the combined rôle of instructor and entertainer to the Imperial forces.

How the War Office came to engage me is an interesting story.

The Author of this absorbing article, who is now giving lassoing and shooting displays to the British Army, was born in Canada, and earned his rank with the famous Texas Rangers, hunting down bandits and cattle-thieves. Since then he has toured the world giving exhibitions of his skill, and has latterly been employed by the War Office in initiating troops into the uses of the lasso. Few living men have met with such remarkable and varied experiences as Captain Ash.

On the morning of Saturday, April 12th, I was walking along Strand Road, one of Calcutta's principal thoroughfares, when I saw a huge crowd of natives shouting, yelling, and brandishing fire-arms and sticks. As I got nearer, I saw they had surrounded a wagon coming from the Mint—loaded, as

I afterwards discovered, with silver. The driver and escort were in a bad way, for as there seemed to be no police or soldiers about they were at the mercy of the mob.

I had my revolver with me, and pushing my way through the excited crowd, I jumped on to the wagon, getting a good many hard blows from cudgels as I did so. Once on the vehicle I drew my revolver and levelled it at the crowd. They made a rush in my direction, but pulled up when they saw I meant business. Then I made my way to the back of the wagon, telling the driver to get back to the Mint as quickly as he could.

As soon as the mob saw they were going to be outwitted they rushed forward once more. This time I fired, for I recognized that the slightest sign of weakness on my part would mean that I should be torn to pieces.

Three fellows went down with the three shots I fired and this scared the rioters somewhat, though they still followed the wagon shouting threats. They made several more rushes, and at last I was forced to fire again. The crowd then pulled up and I shouted to the driver to go as fast as he could. A few minutes more and the wagon was safely back in the Mint.

When I discovered that I had saved a cargo of silver I certainly expected the Government would acknowledge my services in some practical way, but all I received was a bare "Thank you!"

The military authorities, however, congratulated me most enthusiastically, and suggested that I should stay in India and give lassoing, shooting, and riding exhibitions to the troops.

I had only just come from Japan, China, and the Malay States, where I had been giving cowboy shows, and I suppose my reputation with the rope and revolver had preceded me. Anyhow, I accepted the offer, and have been virtually in Government employ ever since.

What is more, I have not only been called upon to give displays, but to actually instruct troops in the use of the lasso. Thousands of our black soldiers can now handle this Western weapon with dexterity, and I know they will find it useful.

I toured India fairly thoroughly, going right across from Calcutta to Bombay, visiting some of the native states, where the ruling princes received me very graciously, and so on to Peshawar and the Khyber Pass.

I had many quaint experiences before I reached the Afghan border, where a bullet nearly put "paid" to my account. Everywhere I was assisted and encouraged by the British officers, whom I found to be fine fellows and good sportsmen.

MY PIG-HUNT.

On one occasion I was invited by several officers of the Indian Lancers to accompany them on a wild-pig hunt. I told them I had never hunted pigs before with a lance, but was willing to try my luck. They impressed

upon me that it was an ideal sport, but by the rules of the game the quarry could only be killed with the lance. We duly started off, but there was no sign of pig or any other quarry.

I said I would scout round on my own and see if I could scare anything up, to which the officers agreed. Inwardly I was hoping to run across a pig which would enable me to get the knack of using the lance, a weapon I certainly was not accustomed to.

I had not travelled far when I espied a pig. As soon as he saw me down went his head and he charged in my direction. I quickly recognized that a wild pig is no mean foe. Lowering my lance I also charged; but that pig knew something. He ran right under the forelegs of my horse and the next moment my mount was thrown. In trying to save myself I lost my lance, and before I could rise from the ground the pig had turned and was again charging me. Instantly I drew my revolver and shot the animal clean through the eyes.

The report of the pistol quickly brought my friends on the scene. On seeing me covered with dust and dirt, the broken lance, and the dead pig, one of them exclaimed:—"Why, Captain, I thought you were a sport!"

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Well, it's against the rules to shoot a pig; you must stick him."

"That's all right," I answered. "It was the pig or me, and I was not going to take any chances."

A MYSTERY OF THE NIGHT.

Whilst travelling up country I put up one night at a Duk bungalow, a hut run by the Government for the use of officers and European travellers. I was the only person staying there. As I was lying in my bunk the door of my room suddenly opened. I thought it rather strange, but simply got up and closed it. A few minutes later the door again opened, and I then began to have suspicions that all was not right. Closing the door once more I crept into bed, felt for my revolver, which I always kept under my pillow, and waited. There was no wind blowing and I suspected that the door was being opened by some human agency.

Presently it opened again and instantly I fired four shots through it with my revolver. Jumping out of bed I ran to the door and flung it wide open, but could discern nothing. Hastily pulling on some clothes I called the caretaker and, receiving no answer, went round to the cook-house at the back of the bungalow. Here I found the caretaker shaking with fear. He had heard my revolver shots, he said, and guessed that something had happened. I questioned him as to who was prowling around at such a time of the night, but received no satisfactory reply. Examination revealed no signs of foot-



"The next moment my mount was thrown."

prints, so I went back to bed again. Nothing happened during the remainder of the night and in the morning I took my departure.

A few days later a British officer who stayed at the bungalow was found murdered in his bed. The caretaker, who made the discovery, at once notified the nearest military camp, where I happened to be

staying. We hastened to the bungalow, where we found the officer, Lieut. Smith, lying on the bed covered with blood, his pistol grasped firmly in his hand. Two shots had been fired from the weapon. We discovered a thick trail of blood, so it was obvious that Lieut. Smith had wounded his assassin, whoever he might be. A search

was at once instituted and the villain—a prowling thief—was finally run to earth, found guilty, and hanged.

The ruling princes received me most kindly, and His Highness the Nizam of Secunderabad presented me with a beautiful black mare, one of the finest horses I have ever ridden. The British officers at the military posts in the Khyber Pass gave me a hearty welcome and arranged quite an elaborate programme. The country at that time was by no means settled, and sniping was the rule beyond the border. I was touring round with some officers one morning when we were unexpectedly greeted by a volley of shots. We had been fired upon by some unseen foe from behind some rocks on the other side of a chasm. We took cover and returned the fire, while an orderly was dispatched for assistance.

Before we reached shelter one of our party fell mortally wounded, and a moment later I was hit myself. I remembered nothing more till some days later. I had been shot in the mouth, the bullet slightly splintering the lower part of my jaw and displacing one of my teeth.

When I was convalescent I begged permission to go after the snipers, but as this would have meant crossing the Afghan border, which was forbidden ground, I had to give up the idea. I had chased outlaws in China, the Malay States, the West Indies, and in other countries, and nothing would have pleased me better than to have hunted down the tribesmen who so nearly "got" me.

I found the natives in the East very much interested in cowboy shows, and I gave several performances in decidedly strange places and under novel conditions. In Shanghai I worked in conjunction with the American Red Cross. They placed a couple of young Chinese who could speak English at my disposal, and we travelled many miles into the interior of China giving displays.

Chinese cities are very congested, so the exhibitions were invariably given on waste ground near the city walls. We would first erect a temporary fence, high enough to prevent people looking over it, place a ticket-box at the entrance, placard the fencing

with flaming posters, and then await the audience. I had only to stand at the entrance in full cowboy-rig and whirl my lasso over my head to attract a crowd, but what we wanted to do was to get them to pay their money and come inside.

CHINESE AUDIENCES.

Your Chinaman, however, is a very wily customer and does not believe in paying if by hook or by crook he can see a show for nothing. They would wait for the performance to begin and then climb the fence and view the spectacle from the top. They also cut peep-holes in the palisade, and on more than one occasion pulled it down and literally broke through in a mob.

Little notice was taken of the men I stationed round our enclosure to stop these tricks, and finally I had to take the law into my own hands. When I heard anyone tampering with the fence I would quietly crawl up and drop my lasso over him. Then I would truss him up, carry him to the entrance, and leave him there as a warning to others as to what they might expect if they attempted similar tactics.

The Chinese regarded the lasso with some awe. They looked upon the rope as bewitched, and every time I used it those sitting nearest to me would edge back and look anxiously towards the exit.

On one occasion, I remember, we had a distinguished visitor in the person of the governor of the province. During the exhibition I offered, through my interpreter, to demonstrate how I could tie a man up with the lasso if someone would step forward. No one appeared anxious to volunteer, so my assistant spoke to the governor. He

evidently called upon someone, for a man near him stood up, looked at me, then at the rope, and bolted for the door as if he had been shot. Undismayed, the governor called upon a second man, but he also fled, as did two others. I could see the audience were getting frightened, so I went on with the programme.

While on this tour in China I was called upon to do some bandit-hunting. I was approached by the Shanghai police, who informed me



Captain Ash in Palestine.



Explaining the use of the lasso to Indian troops.

they were having a lot of trouble with a couple of outlaws who had been robbing missionaries near Hangchow. Two Chinese detectives, who spoke very fair English and knew the history of the robbers, were placed at my disposal and we hastened to Hangchow. Here the detectives learnt that the outlaws were hiding in a small town not far away. We went there, and after making inquiries discovered the robbers' rendezvous, a dirty little shanty in a very narrow alley.

To my surprise the detectives were afraid to arrest them; they declared that if we attempted to do so we should all be murdered, as the outlaws had many friends. But I was in no mood for delay. For over a week I had been living in dirty, stuffy, and insanitary inns, eating only Chinese food, and I was sick of the whole business.

"Look here," I said, "we'll rush them right away, so come along and get busy." We placed a couple of rickshaws at the end of the alley, and then ventured down to the place where the robbers were. The detectives knew them, and, quietly drawing me on one side, pointed to a couple of men sitting down, Indian fashion, eating rice with chopsticks.

"Quick!" I shouted, and I sprang forward, revolver in hand.

I gave the nearest fellow a tap on the head with the butt end of the weapon, silencing him for a time, and then covered the other while one of the detectives slipped a pair of handcuffs over his wrist. Meanwhile my other assistant had handcuffed the first man. We then gagged them, so they could not shout for help, and hurried them off to the waiting rickshaws. A few minutes

later we were on our way to the station. Here we placed them in a private compartment and took them to Shanghai.

In the Malay States, at the request of some of the large rubber planters, I gave entertainments to their workers. These shows were invariably given at night, when some five hundred plantation hands, with their wives and half-naked children, squatted round in a semi-circle and followed all my actions intently.

The illumination was supplied by improvised flares. Behind me would be a semi-circle of twenty men, who held aloft long poles on the top of which were coconuts. These latter were stuffed with waste saturated with oil, which, when lit, gave me all the light I required.

MURDER!

At Taiping I got quite friendly with the police inspector, and, as a result, had the pleasure of helping his men in a bandit hunt. I was at the station one morning, chatting with the officers, when we heard a sudden commotion. On going out to see what was the matter we found a couple of Sikh policemen carrying a stretcher on which lay the dead body of a white man, the "boss" of a small tin mine. The poor fellow had been foully done to death; his head was battered in and he was covered with blood.

Matthews, the inspector, at once instituted inquiries, and it transpired that the murder was the work of Lung Fung, a desperate Chinaman who had been seen in the neighbourhood of the mine and had threatened

to do away with its white "boss." Lung Fung and another outlaw were now in hiding in the mountains near the mine, and had given it out that the white policeman would not dare to take them.

Matthews determined to go after the murderers and asked me if I would come with him, to which I readily agreed. We took two Sikh policemen with us, both of whom knew Lung Fung by sight, and when we reached the mine we started scouting. At last we came upon some tracks, but they were difficult to follow as the ground was hard and the outlaws wore no boots. We kept on, however, and in due course struck their camp, a disused mining shanty in the hills. Creeping cautiously up, we took shelter behind the building, crawled to the corner, and peeped round. A few yards away I saw our Chinamen, one of whom was an oldish man with a brutal-looking face—Lung Fung himself. I itched to cover him with my gun, but Matthews told me that the others were dangerous characters, wanted by the police, and he was anxious to take them all alive.

The Chinamen were seated on the ground, talking as if quite at their ease, which was encouraging. We agreed to rush them, Matthews and one Sikh bursting upon them from one side of the building, and the second Sikh and I from the other side. We were to fire our revolvers once in the air as we did so and call upon them to surrender. If they

too quick, and shot him dead. The other two surrendered quietly.

One of the Sikhs was then dispatched for a bullock cart, and when the vehicle arrived we placed the dead Chinaman in it and also Lung Fung, whom we discovered was badly wounded. He died two days afterwards. The two remaining prisoners received five and ten years' imprisonment respectively for robberies.

EXPERIENCES IN PALESTINE.

When I was in Egypt I was called upon to take some troops up to Jerusalem, and on my arrival there Major Saunders, head of the Palestine Police Force, approached me, saying they were short of European officers. Would I accept a temporary commission in the force? They were having a lot of trouble with the Bedouins, he told me, and were in need of someone used to scouting in wild places and capable of handling rebels. I therefore agreed to stay, and remained in the force a year, meeting with some exciting experiences.

Shortly afterwards I was selected to escort Sir Herbert Samuel, the High Commissioner, and his staff, to the Mosque of Neby Mousa, a shrine that marks the alleged burial-place of Moses, in the desert, not far from Jericho. It was the annual festival, when thousands of Moslems gather at the shrine and spend their time in religious



Captain Ash lassoing a galloping Bedouin in the presence of the High Commissioner, Sir H. Samuel.

showed fight we were to fire without hesitation.

Our sudden appearance and the firing proved a dramatic surprise. The Chinamen scrambled to their feet in alarm, and I noticed Lung Fung's hand go down to his gun. Instantly my revolver barked and he fell over. The others drew their knives, but we were now right upon them. One raised his knife and was about to plunge it into one of the Sikhs, but Matthews was

exercising, feasting, and making merry. It was suggested that a typical cowboy show might impress these sons of the desert.

After the pilgrims had shown us what they could do in the way of dancing, sword-play, and horse-racing, I was called upon to take the field. The Arabs had never seen a cowboy before, and they were surprised at my shooting, but still more astonished at the manner in which I used the lasso. They could not understand how I could stop and



The Author and some of his military police at Jerusalem.

hold a semi-wild horse by means of a rope, and also catch a running man. They crowded round me, felt the rope, and then challenged me to take up a standing position and stop them as they rode past. They only laughed at the jerks of the rope and the tumbles that ensued. I am sorry to say that one deter-

mined old sheikh broke his arm in a fall from his horse. I stopped him right enough, but he refused to give in, so he had to come off, but he took it all in good part. The impression my exhibition created among these fierce sons of the desert greatly pleased my superior officers.

Next month Captain Ash will describe his remarkable adventures in Mexico, and his experiences while bandit-hunting in the West Indies.



A KANSAS CYCLONE.

THE State of Kansas has long been noted for the terrific cyclones, or circular storms, which periodically sweep across the country, leaving death and devastation in their wake. Here is a very striking photograph of a cyclone approaching the town of Ellis, Kansas, the funnel-like formation of the vortex of the disturbance being clearly marked. This particular cyclone did a great deal of damage in the neighbourhood of Ellis.



The STRANGEST MUTINY ON RECORD

by
Rodney Thane

ILLUSTRATED BY
W.G. WHITAKER

MUTINY on the high seas is by no means a thing of the past, as some landsmen are apt to assume. As a matter of fact, what is probably the most remarkable mutiny ever recorded took place as recently as 1910. The story is so extraordinary that I have put it together in full detail, from the records still available at New Bedford, and here present it to the readers of THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Among the smaller whaling vessels that still plied their trade in the Atlantic at that date was the schooner *Pedro Varela*, one of the fleet of Portuguese vessels that claimed New Bedford, Massachusetts, as their home port and confined their operations to the temperate and tropical Atlantic and the Caribbean.

One pleasant summer's day in 1910 the *Pedro Varela* set sail from New Bedford bound on a cruise after sperm whales. A little schooner was the *Varela*, a tiny ship compared to the huge square-riggers that, in years gone by, scoured the seven seas in their world-wide search for whales. With the price of sperm oil dropping from nearly a dollar to a few cents a gallon, however, the big ships and barques had been withdrawn one by one, for owners could not make expenses.

But whales there were in plenty, and the thrifty Cape Verde Portuguese could make good profits where Yankees could not, and in their little schooners they still searched the ocean for whales and brought goodly cargoes of oil and spermaceti into port. They certainly confined their operations to waters comparatively near home—the temperate and tropical Atlantic—and were gone only

Mutiny on the high seas has an ugly sound, and is usually a pretty ugly business, often accompanied by bloodshed. Here, however, is the story of something quite unique in the way of mutinies—a story that is still told with much laughter in whaling circles. "The narrative is quite true," writes the Author. "I have culled the details from the official records at New Bedford, Mass., U.S.A."

a few months, but many of the old-time whaling customs and ways still survived.

The *Varela*, though Portuguese-owned—despite the fact that she was under the American flag—and Portuguese-officered, nevertheless carried an "all American" crew, though it is doubtful if one of the men was American-born. In whaling parlance, however, an "American" crew signifies a choice assortment of tramps, ex-convicts, criminals, fugitives from justice, and human derelicts, with a leavening of country lads, mill-hands, and

the ne'er-do-wells of good families.

There were, of course, a few sailors—just enough experienced men to handle the little vessel. Apart from the swarthy skipper and his two mates there were the cooper, a carpenter, two boatsteerers, the steward, and three seamen.

In tow of a fussy tug the *Varela* was pulled from the dock into the stream, the wind being light, the tow-boat swung the schooner round, pointed her stubby nose towards the harbour entrance, and snorted off towards the sea.

As the few real seamen hoisted sail the mate paced the after-deck and glanced contemptuously at the unkempt crew forward. Although a Portuguese he was, like the skipper, American-born, and spoke English with no trace of accent.

"Worst crowd I've seen in a long spell," he observed to the captain. "I shall love to knock a bit of seamanship into their skulls."

The skipper chuckled. "You have my leave, Manuel," he replied; "only don't go too far. Times ain't what they used to be,

and we don't want to stir up a hornets' nest among the Sailors' Aid Societies and the rest of the folks that mollycoddle these wharf-rats nowadays."

And so, when the low shores of Martha's Vineyard were a cloud on the horizon and Gay Head light had sunk from sight, the mate proceeded to "break in" the "greenies" who had been so unfortunate as to ship as "seamen" on the *Pedro Varela*.

The schooner was under easy sail, the breeze light, and she was on an almost even keel, curtsying gently to the long ocean swell. Standing at the break of the deck, the second mate bawled at the seasick men huddled forward, and with a curse ordered them into the rigging. Wild-eyed, hardly knowing if they had heard aright, the men stared at the burly mate. With a still more expressive oath, he seized a rope's-end in one hand and a belaying-pin in the other and strode forward, with the chief mate by his side.

For an instant the men hesitated, glancing up at the soaring mastheads and utterly terrified at the mere thought of climbing the ratlines to those dizzy heights. But the grim-faced officers were even more awe-inspiring than the rigging, and before the mates were within striking distance, the cowed men were fleeing to the shrouds, glad of any refuge from the swishing rope's-end, the threatening belaying-pin.

Holding for their lives to the rigging, the fellows strove to crawl up, but as they glanced back at the heaving sea beneath, their nerves failed and, like limpets on a rock, they flattened themselves against the shrouds and clung there desperately. With a bound, the mates were below them, and with a yell of pain and terror the nearest men clawed frantically out of reach as the rope and belaying-pin whacked upon legs and bodies.

Needs must when the devil drives, and the two mates of the *Varela* were as near devils as the luckless crew wished to see, and slowly, painfully, with white faces and shaking limbs, they crawled up the shrouds.

An hour of this and the men, faint, deathly sick, and covered with bruises, were ordered back to deck, and the schooner was brought into the wind and hove-to. Then the big thirty-foot whaleboats were lowered, the men were ordered in, and the mates set about teaching them to handle the ponderous ash oars. Compared to going aloft, however, this was child's play. To be sure, the "greenies'" first attempts at pulling the sweeps were dismal failures, but their efforts were evidently earnest; and as they "caught crabs," became inextricably mixed, got in one another's way, and splashed the water, their actions were more ludicrous than exasperating, and even the scowling first mate was forced to smile.

Day after day the mates herded the men

into the rigging, and each day, when the sea was calm enough to permit, they were taught to handle the boats, until, at the end of a fortnight, they could fairly lift the craft through the indigo sea, and thoroughly enjoyed racing one boat against another. Meanwhile, too, the majority of them had overcome their terror of going aloft, and were able to clamber to the mastheads, and knew the ropes and rigging well enough to obey orders. But some, despite the bulldosing and endless blows of the mates, could not get more than a few feet above the decks and clung there, submitting to any amount of punishment rather than go farther. Finding it useless to attempt to force them, the mates abandoned their efforts and put these fellows at deck work.

With indifferent success the *Varela* sailed backwards and forwards, tacking and reaching, cruising in great circles, with men constantly aloft on watch for the tell-tale puff of spray from a blowing whale. A few were sighted and taken, but there was little excitement in the chase—none of the old-time thrill.

No; the *Pedro Varela* was an up-to-date ship in methods, if nothing else. Darting guns had taken the place of the old-fashioned harpoons, and bomb-lances made the death of the whale a safe and simple matter. But the "cutting-in" and boiling were as irksome and as filthy as ever, and the men, though afraid to express themselves openly, grumbled among themselves in the fore-castle.

They had been lured by attractive advertisements, glaring posters, and cleverly-worded handbills painting vivid word-pictures of the jolly life of a whaleman, of the strange lands to be seen, of the fortunes to be won from their "lays" of the catch. They had been given an advance of seventy-five dollars each, an outfit of clothes, and board and lodging until aboard the schooner.

Now they realized that they had been hoodwinked. Against the advance was debited all the cost of their outfit, their board, and the commission paid by the owners to the "sharks" who recruited them. They could see that even if the *Varela* sailed home with a full cargo they would not have a red cent coming to them, but would be, if anything, in debt, for every item they drew from the ship's slop-chest was charged against them. They realized, too, that they were little better than slaves, that ceaseless toil, blows, and curses were their lot, and they became gloomy and disgruntled indeed.

"Hully gee!" exclaimed a thick-necked ruffian, whose broken nose and projecting lower jaw bespoke an ex-pugilist. "You guys ain't got no nerve. If I had me gang here I'd mop the decks with them mates. Always cussin' an' knockin' us guys about, an' we workin' like niggers cuttin' in an' b'ilin' to fill their pockets with dough!"

"Shure now, an' would you?" said a red-headed Irishman, sarcastically. "An' after you'd done with them what would you be doin' next? Sailin' the schooner into port? B'gob! 'tis a dog's life we're gettin', but by the saints 'tis a mighty sight better than sittin' behind a barred door with the hangman waitin' for you!"

"No mutiny for me, old skate," declared another. "As Paddy says, bad as 'tis, it's a heap sight better'n gettin' pinched fer mut'n'y on the high seas, and twiddlin' yer toes waitin' fer the rope or the electric chair."

And so, being all too familiar with the insides of jails, and fearing the law ashore even more than they hated the life at sea, the crew continued at their duties as the weeks and months wore on. But their discontent increased.

They were not, however, the stuff of which desperate mutineers are made. They thought murder and brooded on violence, but were too much afraid of the officers and too fearful of consequences to resort to drastic measures.

Then, one night, a little weasel-faced Hebrew spoke up.

"Cripes! I've got an idea!" he exclaimed. In low tones he outlined his plan while the others listened, and as he ended a roar of approbation echoed through the forecabin.

"Ye clever little beggar!" cried one admiringly. "Ye've got brains in yer head, blowed if ye ain't!"

In the dark watches of that very same night the hitherto disheartened and dispirited men proceeded to put their comrade's plan into execution. As they paced the deck, the hands on watch glanced furtively about. Against the faint glow of the binnacle light aft they could see the bulky outline of the mate and the dim figure of the helmsman, but on deck it was black as pitch. The sails and boats cast impenetrable shadows, and the men were, they knew, quite invisible from the after-deck. Passing close to one of the whaleboats, a man stopped, reached over the boat's side, and cautiously drew out the darting gun and a bomb-lance. A moment later a tiny splash came from the water alongside as the weapons sank to the bottom of the Atlantic. On the other side of the ship a second man had done the same, and at each turn of their walk along the decks some other implement, utensil, or weapon was dropped into the sea.

By the time day broke over the ocean and the sun rose above the shimmering horizon not a harpoon, lance, boat-spade, or boarding knife remained in the boats, and the men chuckled to themselves at their night's work.

Fortunately for their plans, no whale was sighted that day, and once more, during the velvet-black tropic night, the ocean received implements, tools, and weapons most essen-

tial to the chase, the "cutting in" and the boiling of whales. Luck was still with the men, for a second day passed with no hail of "She blows!" from aloft. That night, blubber-hooks, fluke-chains, tackle, and blubber-spades followed the other articles into the depths, and even the carpenter's and cooper's tool-chests were emptied over the schooner's side. Then, to make a clean job of it, the handspikes of the windlass and the ship's grindstone plumped overboard, and the men felt the day was won.

Without the necessary equipment no whales could be caught, no blubber hoisted aboard, no oil tried out. To continue at sea without being able to accomplish anything would, the men reasoned, be a waste of time and money, and they felt certain that, when the loss was discovered, the captain would make for port, where they could one and all desert.

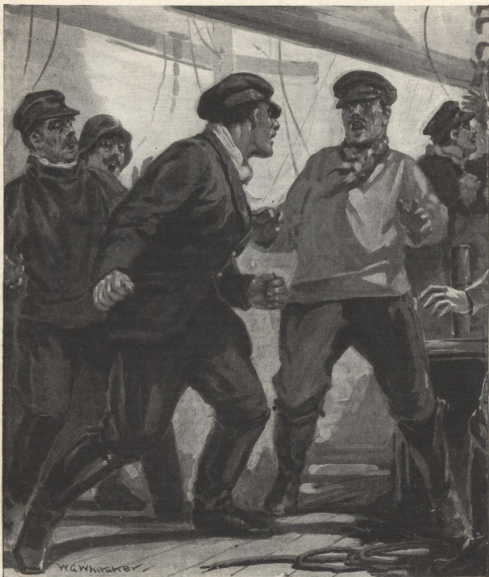
Best of all, to their minds, was the fact that it would be impossible to prove who had disposed of the articles. The things were gone; of course the officers would know that the men were responsible, but they could not single out any member or members of the company as the guilty ones.

Things came to a pass very much as the little Hebrew had foreseen. At midday, the cry "She blows!" rang out, and the men, as usual, rushed to the boats. As the officers leaped in and glanced about to see that all was in readiness, however, there came a volley of curses that might well have shrivelled the paint on the schooner's sides.

With gritted teeth and gleaming eyes the mates swung on the men with clenched fists, but the crew, gaping as if in surprise, and with wonderful expressions of innocence upon their faces, seemed as amazed as their officers. It was hopeless to "lower away," and the captain and his mates paced the deck, swearing, storming, fuming, as they saw the huge cetacean rolling lazily a short distance away as if in mockery of their helplessness. Then, with a yell of triumph, the second mate dashed to his cabin, to return carrying a darting gun and an old-fashioned hand-lance. They were his own property and had been in his cabin, and so had escaped the fate of the other weapons.

Ordering the men into his boat, the officer shoved clear, and the men, rather annoyed, but still realizing they held the trump cards, pulled like mad towards the whale. Half an hour later the whale was "fin up" and the *Varela* bore down towards the victorious mate's boat and the stupendous carcass.

But the whale had been sacrificed for nothing. If the mats and the skipper had been furious before, they were now actually maniacal with rage. There floated the body of an eighty-barrel whale, and yet not a pound of blubber could be stripped from it, not a gallon of oil boiled down. There was



"With gritted teeth and gleaming eyes the mates swung on the men with clenched fists."

not a fluke-chain, a blubber-hook, a spade, or even a boiling kettle on the *Pedro Varela*!

Purple with rage, ready to explode with pent-up anger, the skipper at last gave orders to hoist in the boat and sail away. Then, unable to contain himself longer, he fell upon the mates, cursed them for not preventing the jettisoning of the implements, and ended by ordering every member of the crew to be put into irons except the carpenter, steward, blacksmith, and boat-steerers.

The men offered no resistance. In the first place, the mates, with their "trusties," were armed with revolvers and marlin-spikes; and moreover, it made little difference to the conspirators whether they were ironed or not. In fact, it was, if anything, preferable to their accustomed drudgery.

Then, with his men shackled, the captain set a course for the Azores.

As the rich green islands rose above the sparkling blue sea, and the picturesque town

of Fayal opened before the plunging *Varela*, the captain gave a grunt of satisfaction. He had had time to give the matter some thought, and he had foreseen that there might be difficulties in getting the Portuguese authorities to take action in his unique case. But now his mind was at ease. Swinging to her anchors in the harbour was an American cruiser, her lattice-work masts like floating Eiffel Towers against the azure sky, and quickly to the *Varela's* peak ran the string of gay bunting telling of mutiny aboard and asking for assistance.

Before the schooner came to anchor, a grey cutter was speeding towards her from the warship, its thwarts crowded with white-clad, armed bluejackets, and a spick-and-span lieutenant in the stern.

Quickly they came alongside the *Varela*, and as one man the score of Jackies leaped over the bulwarks with the lieutenant, revolver at his belt, in the lead.

In a few words the schooner's captain told his story, and as he did so, the boyish naval officer bit his lips and choked his efforts to restrain his laughter. But he had the dignity of his uniform and the United States Navy to uphold, and, recovering himself, he ordered the captain to bring the men aft.

They were a mild-looking crowd for mutineers, a most harmless and innocent-appearing lot, and after a few questions the lieutenant shook his head.

"I think I'll take 'em all aboard the cruiser," he declared at last. "It beats me. I'll let the Commander settle the case."

So, bundled into the naval cutter among the grinning bluejackets, the mutineers of the *Pedro Varela* went speeding towards the big grey warship with heartfelt thanks that they had seen the last of the schooner.

Then followed a long and exhaustive examination—cross-questioning, brow-beating, threatening and coaxing. But all to no avail. Each and every man was equally guilty, consequently each and every one swore he was innocent and that he knew absolutely nothing of the matter. The case seemed hopeless. The grizzled commander of the cruiser was in a quandary. He could not sentence the men; his authority only permitted him to detain the guilty ones and transport them to the States for trial and despite his utmost endeavours he could not determine who was guilty. There was only one thing to be done, and the Commander very wisely proceeded to do it. He placed the men under guard, hoisted his anchor, and steamed out of Fayal for the States.

To the whalemén this was an excursion, a picnic, a time of sheer delight. They were served with the best of food, they slept in clean and comfortable quarters, and, although prisoners, their lot was luxurious compared to what it had been on the *Varela*. Word of

their unique "mutiny" had spread among the crew of the war-vessel, and the Jackies looked upon it as a huge joke and treated the mutineers right royally, while—best of all—the men were being carried to their native land at Uncle Sam's expense. Their plans had fallen out far better than they had dared to dream, and what the future held in store troubled them not a bit.

In due course the ship arrived in port, and the mutineers were landed, lodged in jail, and the date of their trial set. And then came the most laughable and remarkable part of this most marvellous and humorous mutiny.

Gravely the Judge listened to the charges and to the depositions of the skipper and mates of the *Varela*, and as he listened a puzzled expression came over his face. When the prosecuting attorney finished, His Honour sat deep in thought. At last he spoke.

"I can find no precedent for the procedure of the Court in this case," he announced. "The prosecution has named no defendant, but brings a charge of mutiny on the high seas against a number of men collectively. There is no evidence produced or offered to show, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that any one or all of the defendants were guilty of the alleged acts. No one can swear or has sworn that they were seen committing the act or acts, and there is merely a presumption that they *did* commit them. Moreover, I can find no evidence or allegations in the complaint tending to bear out the extremely serious charge of mutiny on the high seas. Mutiny, according to all our laws and precedents, consists of acts of violence against masters or officers, refusal to obey commands or to carry on the necessary and customary duties of seamen, the seizure of vessels, or insolence or threats to officers or masters.

"The plaintiffs in this case do not allege or even claim that the defendants threatened, were insolent, used violence, or refused to obey orders; on the contrary, it is admitted that they pursued a whale willingly and without hesitation after the loss of the various utensils was discovered and the alleged mutiny had taken place. The Court, therefore, dismisses the charge of mutiny against the defendants. But"—the Judge hesitated and glanced severely at the group of surprised men, although the corners of his mouth twitched—"but," he continued, "the Court is of the opinion that the defendants should be disciplined. The Court therefore finds the defendants guilty of vagrancy and imposes a sentence of ten days in jail!"

Rising, His Honour hurried from the courtroom to his chambers and, had anyone been listening, they would have heard most remarkable and undignified sounds coming from the Judge's sanctum.

SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND FRANCS

BY

John G. Rowe

Illustrated by H. E. Elcock.

The story of what is believed to be one of the most audacious jewel robberies ever perpetrated. For obvious reasons fictitious names have been used, but the narrative is absolutely true.

THE brougham drove slowly down the Rue de la Paix, one of the most fashionable streets in Paris, and pulled up outside a jeweller's establishment. A middle-aged lady, superbly gowned, got out and entered the shop.

The proprietor himself came forward.

"How may I serve madame?"

"I am the wife of Dr. Leroux, the specialist in mental cases, and the proprietor of St. Sylvestre's Home for the mentally afflicted in the Rue de la Concorde. You will have heard of him, as also, possibly, that our daughter is to be married within the week?"

"But yes, madame. It is in all the papers"—and the jeweller bowed and smiled, the while, figuratively, rubbing his hands in anticipation of a handsome order.

As he had said, the forthcoming marriage of Mlle. Marie Leroux, the eminent lunacy doctor's only child, with the Count Pierre St. Croix, a well-known member of France's disappearing nobility, was the one absorbing topic in the Parisian *beau monde* at the time. The newspapers were full of it, describing her trousseau in detail, the bridegroom's ancestry, and so on.

"My husband and I wish to make our child a wedding present in the shape of a diamond necklace. Will you kindly show me some diamond necklaces, therefore—the best you have in stock?"

"With pleasure, madame. Will you be seated?"

The costliest of diamond necklaces were promptly placed before the lady, and she selected the highest-priced of all.

"That one is six hundred thousand francs, madame."

"I will take it. Of course, I have not brought so much money with me, but if you will be so good as to send one of your assistants with me in the brougham outside, my husband will pay him."

"Certainly, madame."

The delighted jeweller told his manager to accompany the lady and receive payment, and the man, carrying the necklace, drove

off with her in the brougham. Madame Leroux was condescendingly affable and engaged in a desultory conversation with the jeweller's manager on the journey, which was not a long one. The brougham stopped at St. Sylvestre's Home in the Rue de la Concorde, and its occupants alighted, rang the bell, and were promptly admitted by a man-servant, who obsequiously ushered them into the drawing-room—a splendidly appointed apartment indeed, as befitting the home of so eminent and wealthy a specialist as Dr. Augustin Leroux.

"If you will wait here, I will show the necklace to my husband," said the lady. "I will be back in a few minutes."

The jeweller's manager unsuspectingly handed over the necklace. How could he entertain the slightest doubt? He knew that he was under the roof of the great Dr. Leroux, and everything appeared to be in order.

The lady left the drawing-room, and the man sat waiting patiently while the minutes went by. When a quarter of an hour had elapsed and no one had come near him, however, he began to fidget and feel vaguely perturbed.

"It must be all right," he muttered. "This is Dr. Leroux's house, I know. There can be no doubt about that. And the lady must be Madame Leroux, so there can't possibly be anything to worry about."

He controlled his impatience and uneasiness for a little longer, and then, as no one came, he rang the bell. Still no one appeared. Considerably perplexed, he went to the door and turned the handle.

The door was locked, yet he had not heard any key turned in it!

Now startled and alarmed, the manager hammered upon the door with his fist, and almost immediately he heard a footstep outside, a key turned in the door, the door opened, and a middle-aged gentleman stood before him.

"Dr. Leroux?" gasped the jeweller's manager, falling back a step.

"I am. Pray be seated!" And the gentleman, taking him gently by the arm, conducted him to the couch in the room.

"I rang the bell, but no one answered it," stammered the visitor in some confusion; "and when I tried to open the door I found it locked."

"Quite so. I know all about it," replied the doctor, soothingly. "Your mother has gone, but she explained everything to me. You are suffering from the delusion that you have been robbed by a lady of a valuable diamond necklace. With the care and attention you will receive here, you will soon get over your trouble. I hope you will put yourself entirely in my hands, be tractable in every way, and carry out my orders. Otherwise, of course—"

The manager's eyes were nearly starting out of his head in wild surprise.

"What—whatever do you mean, Monsieur?" he interrupted at last. "I am suffering from no delusion! I accompanied your wife here from Leon Vidal et Cie., the jewellers, in the Rue de la Paix, with a diamond necklace she wished to purchase—"

"Exactly, *mon ami*. We always come round to it in time." The doctor smiled complacently and spread his hands, palms outmost. "That is the inevitable concomitant of a delusion. However the topic may be changed, we always drift back to the matter on which we are—well, slightly deranged. Now you have only to make yourself comfortable here—"

The jeweller's manager jumped to his feet in dismay. The other gentleman hurriedly got between him and the door.

"Monsieur, are you Dr. Leroux?" demanded the visitor breathlessly.

"Most certainly I am."

"And was that lady not your wife who came in with me?"

"My wife may have come in with you, but I don't think she has been out this morning."

"The lady who came with me, I mean."

"Why, that was your mother, my boy. Surely you know your own mother?"

"My mother! Nonsense! She was your wife."

"My wife! My dear boy!"

"She was *not* your wife? Then—then—Doctor, I came here with that lady to show you a diamond necklace—"

"Of which you have been robbed, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"It looks like it, if she told you she was my mother. She has left the house—she has taken it with her—she must be found! Let me pass. I must inform the police."

"Always the delusion! Calm yourself, my dear sir, and listen to me. You will be made most comfortable here. Your mother—"

"She is not my mother, I tell you! She

is a swindler, a thief, an adventuress. She has stolen a diamond necklace worth six hundred thousand francs, the property of my employers. I am losing time talking with you. I must set the police on her track at once."

With that he attempted to brush past the doctor and make for the door, but the specialist promptly rushed to the bell and rang it.

The summons was answered readily enough this time.

The door was thrown open and two powerful-looking men-servants confronted the horror-stricken visitor. He stopped immediately.

"This is infamous!" he cried, reeling and clapping a hand to his brow. "Will you not understand, Monsieur Doctor, that I am speaking the truth—that I am suffering from no delusion? That woman was not my mother. She decoyed me here with a diamond necklace, which you were to approve as a wedding present for your daughter—a necklace worth six hundred thousand francs, Monsieur; and she has got away with it. She pretended that she was your wife; and how could we believe otherwise? She told me to wait until she had shown it to you. I came here with her to receive the money."

At this Dr. Leroux looked a little nonplussed.

"But your name is Jules Dupont, is it not so?" he asked. "The lady claimed to be your mother. She waited upon me only yesterday and said she would bring you here to-day, on my agreeing to receive you as my paying guest. She paid me a fortnight's board in advance for you. She told me you suffered from the delusion that some unknown lady had robbed you of a diamond necklace, which statement exactly fits in with what you tell me. So, of course, you will now admit that she is your mother, and you will not oblige me to use force—to call on my servants to restrain you. You will remain here of your own accord until the fortnight is up?"

"I will do nothing of the kind! Let either of those men lay a finger on me at their and your peril. I tell you I am not deranged. My name is not Jules Dupont. My name is Jean Serrès, and I am manager to the firm of Leon Vidal et Cie., the well-known jewellers of the Rue de la Paix. I was sent with that woman, who told you she was my mother, to your house with a valuable diamond necklace. Shrug your shoulders and smile, Monsieur, as you please; it is the truth and no delusion—the simple, sober truth. And she took the necklace when we came in here, saying she would show it to you. I was to wait for the money for it from you. If you will not believe me, send one of these men at once to Leon Vidal and Company's, and they will speedily satisfy



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you that what I say is true. For pity's sake send a man at once! While we are arguing like this that woman is making good her escape with six hundred thousand francs' worth of diamonds! It is probably already too late to find her and recover the jewels."

And, with a hopeless gesture, Jean Serrés threw himself upon the couch again.

Dr. Leroux had allowed him to run on thus, growing momentarily more suspicious, as he spoke so rationally, that there might be something in his story after all—that they might both have been tricked.

"Louis," said he quietly, addressing one of the men-servants, "do as this gentleman suggests. Go at once and with all speed to Messrs. Leon Vidal et Cie., the jewellers, in the Rue de la Paix, and ask there if anyone was sent to this house with a lady and a diamond necklace worth—how much did you say, Monsieur Dupont?"

"Serrés, Monsieur. Serrés is my name. Kindly remember it, my man. Don't mention anyone of the name of Dupont. You understand? Ask if Monsieur Jean Serrés is not their manager, and was he not sent in charge of a diamond necklace worth six hundred thousand francs to this house in company with a lady who claimed to be Madame Leroux."

"Do that, Louis. Make all haste to Messieurs Vidal. Lose no time coming or going," said Dr. Leroux.

Louis departed, and, at a sign from the doctor, the other man-servant also quitted the room; and the host and his most unwilling guest, occupying opposite ends of the sofa, regarded one another with very different expressions of countenance.

Dr. Leroux looked troubled and perplexed, while Serrés glowered in bitter annoyance, fuming with impatience. The medical man was the first to break the painful silence which supervened between them.

"We shall soon know the truth of this matter, Monsieur," he said. "I must beg of you to control yourself and not attempt to leave the house until Louis's return."

"I give you my promise I will remain here in this room until he comes back, provided always that he has really gone to my employer's and that you also are not trying to trick me. If you still doubt my word, and think I am that woman's son and a lunatic, you can call the other man-servant and leave him in the room with me."

"Perhaps that would be best," said the doctor. He went to the door and summoned the second servant, whom he ordered to remain with the visitor, taking himself off in evident relief.

Louis was soon back from Messrs. Vidal's, with the excited proprietor himself. Dr. Leroux received them at the front door.

"It's quite right, Monsieur," gasped Louis breathlessly. "Here is the jeweller, Monsieur Vidal himself, and he says that he certainly sent his manager, Monsieur Jean Serrés, with a lady professing herself to be Madame Leroux with a diamond necklace worth a lot of money."

"Six hundred thousand francs, Doctor!" spluttered M. Vidal. "Do you tell me, as your servant has done, that she is not your wife and that you are detaining my manager under the belief that he is suffering from delusions?"

"You said it was quite right, Louis. It is quite wrong," groaned Dr. Leroux. "Monsieur Vidal, it is evident that I—that we all have been badly hoaxed. Come this way, Monsieur, come this way!"

He threw open the door of the drawing-room.

Serrés started up from the couch with a somewhat relieved, yet troubled, air.

"It is not my fault, Monsieur Vidal," he cried. "You see how it is? The woman came here yesterday, M. le Docteur says, with a tale that she had a son suffering from a delusion that he had been robbed by somebody of a diamond necklace, and of course, at first, he would not believe my explanations."

"We have all been most artfully victimized," said Dr. Leroux.

"Six hundred thousand francs worth of diamonds gone—without the slightest hope of recovery!" moaned M. Vidal. "Oh, Serrés, Serrés, what a loss! What a trick!"

"I am not to blame, Monsieur. Ask M. the Doctor—"

"I know you are not to blame. No one is to blame except the thief herself, of course. Doctor, you come better out of this affair than we do. Your man-servant told me that you have been paid a fortnight's board in advance for your imaginary paying guest, while my firm has lost six hundred thousand francs. The woman has doubtless taken equal pains to hide her tracks. I don't expect we shall ever see anything of the necklace or her again."

And he was right. They never did.



\$215 IN ONE DAY!



Experienced salesmen are making more than ever before—beginners are making \$50 to \$100 a week and more. Spare time workers are turning their extra hours into golden profits—with an amazing invention that turns any cook stove, range or heater into a real gas stove.



New Invention Sweeps Country Like Wildfire

No wonder this amazing new invention is bringing fortunes to agents. All over the country this new device is doing away with old-fashioned methods of heating—yet requires no changes to be made in present cook stoves, ranges, and heaters. Already over 150,000 homes have been equipped—and ended forever the expense and drudgery of coal—making every stove a modern Oil-Gas Burner that gives three times the heat of coal or wood. No wonder agents are riding in on a tremendous tide of profits.

It Sells Itself

Agents just show the Oliver Burner—taking a minute to connect and light it—and the sale is made! This invention sells itself! And why not, when it saves the housewife hours of work every day—dispenses entirely with coal and wood when both are high priced, substitutes the cheapest fuel oil, and gives much or little heat as wanted, instantly, by simply turning a valve.

The Secret of Big Money

You can understand why Bentley made \$215 in one day, why Carmegy made \$1000 in one month, and why thousands of other agents are cleaning up big, too. These men are cashing in on a lifetime opportunity. They know the time is ripe for this new Oliver Improved Oil-Gas Burner. They know that this cheap substitute, that solves the fuel question, gives more heat than coal or wood, is

going to be in universal demand—and is the thing they want to tie up to.

Big Profits Quickly Made

You do not need to be a high-powered salesman. When people see the Oliver in operation they know at once that it is the thing they want. You will realize that this is a proposition that will pay you as big money as it has others. We have a definite number of open territories which we are ready to assign to those who act quickly. Every territory is filled with big money opportunities. Because, not only does this invention practically sell itself on sight but every one you sell will sell several others as soon as your customer's friends and neighbors see it. You get credit and commission for every sale in your territory.



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If you want to make at least \$5000 a year—or if you just want to turn your spare time into extra dollars—mail this coupon now for our offer. We want to give you the facts and let your common sense decide if it is a good proposition. And by sending the coupon immediately you will be entitled to a Free Sample Case Offer Mr. B. M. Oliver is now making. But you must act quickly. Fill out and mail coupon now.

OLIVER OIL-GAS BURNER CO.

2103-U Oliver Bldg.

Canadian Distributors, 2103-U Oliver Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

St. Louis, Mo.

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I made \$215 today!"

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"Have earned enough in one month to buy me a new auto."

S. W. Knappen, Cal.

\$7.00 Profit per Hour
"I started out and made \$21.50 in about 3 hours. The Oliver does the work. It certainly is the real thing."

L. Zucker, Ohio.

"Sells Like Beer in a Dry Town"
"Am sending today for 7 Oliver's. This is one day's orders (\$85 profit). Selling like beer in a dry town."

W. H. Drew, Mich.
Mr. T's 28th Order In Six Months
"Ship 52 Oliver's: 10 No. 30; 6 No. 1; 13 No. 2; 34 No. 4." (Mr. T's profit on this order alone is \$711.)

G. T. Ottawa, Ont.
Russel Earned \$3300 in Five Months

"Have averaged \$660 a month profit for last six months."

A. M. Russel, Conn.
Carmegy—\$1000 a Month

"Am making \$1000 per month. I have made big money before, but did not expect so much. Your Burner is just the thing."

J. Carmegy, S. D.
Berger—\$258.50 per Week

"Send following weekly hereafter: 10 No. 1; 8 No. 2; 4 No. 3."

B. Berger, Ont.
\$43 in One Evening
"I made \$43 last night selling Oliver Burners."

N. B. Chelton, Wash.

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32x4½	2.75	.90	34x4½	4.25	1.65
32x4½	3.00	1.40	36x4½	4.25	1.65
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Don't Envy Tom Perkins

-do what he did!



Tom Perkins liked the good things of life—he liked to attend the theatre; he liked to wear good clothes; he liked to have a nice home and drive a good car. He liked all these—but that was as far as he got. He did not have the money to buy them.

His wife liked the good things of life too—she liked silk stockings and sealskin coats; she liked to live in a cozy little home of her own; she liked the things that make life worth living. She liked all these—but she had to depend on Tom, and Tom couldn't earn them for her.

Tom tried. He always had a job of one kind or another—and he always gave an honest day's work for an honest day's pay. What more could he do? Was it any fault of his that he could never earn more than just enough to buy himself and his family the bare necessities of life?

The turning point in Tom's career came quite unexpectedly. A boyhood friend, who had lived in the same town several years before, came back for a visit and told Tom what a great success he had made in the garage business as the result of taking practical training at the M. S. A. S. in Detroit, the automobile center. Then and there Tom decided to investigate the possibilities in the automobile field himself—and he was greatly surprised at what he found.

A Wonderful Business

He found, among other things, that the automobile industry is the third largest business in the country today. He found that there are twelve million cars and trucks in use in the United States alone and that the automobile factories are adding to this number at the rate of about ten thousand every day. He found that as the number of automobiles increased, more and more work was piling up for automobile mechanics to do. And, most important of all, so far as he was concerned, he found that the men who had trained themselves for this work were among the highest paid men in any line of industry.

Here, then, was a line of work that offered a real chance to get ahead in the world. There were jobs enough and to spare for all the men that the automobile training schools could turn out for years to come. And there was no chance of failure—unless people should some day stop driving cars, and he couldn't imagine anything like that happening.

It struck Tom that this was a good business to get into. Within two weeks he had gone off to Detroit and to the M. S. A. S.—and it seemed only a short time until he had completed his training and had received his diploma.

\$40 per week to start

When he returned home he went to the leading garage in the town, applied for a job, and got it—at \$40 a week, more than he had ever earned before. For the first time in his life he felt that he was really on the road to success.

At the end of a month, his pay was raised to \$55 and, in another month, it was again raised—to \$75 a week. Tom was truly getting up in the world.

That was three years ago. Today Tom is the owner of his own garage and has two mechanics working for him. Besides, he has secured the agency for Chevrolet cars and Willard Storage Batteries and has built up one of the leading auto electric service stations in his section of the country. He has won for himself the reputation of knowing his business—and, as a consequence, he gets not only the bulk of automobile repair work in his own town but also a great deal of work from car owners in neighboring towns where there are no first class garages.

Tom's earnings now average \$600 a month from the garage's repair work—and several times that amount from his sales of automobiles and batteries.

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But, you may say, Tom must have been an exceptional man—he must have known something

about automobiles before he took the M. S. A. S. Course. Quite the contrary—he had had no experience at all in automobile work. In fact, he couldn't even drive an automobile at that time and, as he himself says, he didn't know the difference between a carburetor and a wheel-base—didn't even know a car had a wheel-base. The only difference between him and the other young fellows in his town who are still working at \$15 to \$25 a week is that Tom made a step to better himself. He got off the short ladder that he was trying to climb and got his foot on a tall ladder where there was room to do some real climbing.

Any young man can start climbing the automobile ladder that leads to money and success by doing just what Tom did. As soon as he heard about the big money-making opportunity in the automobile business, he wasted no time in investigating it.

Start Climbing Today

Do what Tom did—write today to the M. S. A. S. in Detroit for particulars about their course. All you have to do is fill out the coupon and mail it—and you will receive full information without charge.

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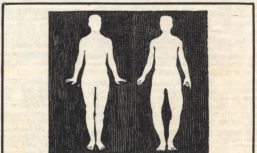
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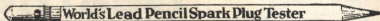
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DO YOU look forward serenely, confidently to the day when you will win the girl you cherish? Do you picture in your day dreams a happy home with a loving wife and healthy children of your own flesh and blood? This is the vision that every man should some day realize, but you may be one of those who has fallen a victim to Youthful Folly, which has undermined your manly powers and made you almost hopeless of ever being physically fit to marry.

MAKE YOURSELF FIT BEFORE YOU MARRY

It is a crime to marry when you know that you are not physically and mentally fit. You know that you cannot measure up to her Vision of Manhood. You must not deceive her. You dare not marry in your present physical condition. The future looks dark to you, but **CHEER UP**, my

hand is always out to you in friendship. I want to help you. I can help you with

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Strongfortism has lifted thousands of weak, ailing, impotent, discouraged men out of the bog of hopelessness and despair and placed them on the Straight Road to Health, Happiness and Prosperity. Strongfortism has aided Nature in overcoming such ailments as Catarrh, Constipation, Indigestion, Rupture, Nervousness, Bad Blood, Poor Memory, Vital Depletion, Impotency, etc., and the results of neglecting the body. Strongfortism has restored the Manhood they thought lost forever and gave them renewed confidence, vitality, ambition, success. It can do the same for you irrespective of your age, occupation or surroundings. I guarantee it.

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LIONEL STRONGFORT

Physical and Health Specialist

Dept. 534,

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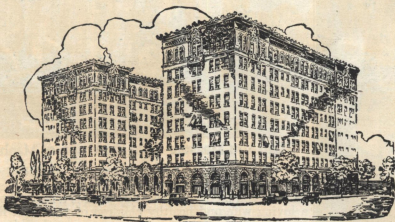
... Colds	... Increased	... Vital Depletion
... Catarrh	... Height	... Impotency
... Asthma	... Pimples	... Falling Hair
... Hay Fever	... Blackheads	... Weak Eyes
... Obesity	... Insomnia	... Gastritis
... Headache	... Short Wind	... Heart Weakness
... Thinness	... Flat Feet	... Poor Circulation
... Rupture	... Stomach	... Skin Disorders
... Lumbago	... Disorders	... Dependancy
... Neuritis	... Constipation	... Round Shoulders
... Neuralgia	... Biliousness	... Lung Troubles
... Flat Chest	... Torpid Liver	... Stoop Shoulders
... Deformity	... Indigestion	... Muscular
... (Describe)	... Nervousness	... Development
... Successful	... Poor Memory	... Great Strength
... Marriage	... Rheumatism	... Advanced Course

Name.....

Age.....Occupation.....

Street.....

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



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There is an excellent restaurant, a roof garden giving an entrancing view by day and by night, and a solarium for conventions.

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Nervous System



Tobacco Ruins
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Tobacco Stunts
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Tobacco Robs
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Tobacco Steals
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Tobacco Habit Banished In 48 to 72 Hours

Immediate Results

Trying to quit the tobacco habit unaided is a losing fight against heavy odds, and means a serious shock to your nervous system. So don't try it! Make the tobacco habit quit you. It will quit you if you will just take Tobacco Redeemer according to directions.

It doesn't make a particle of difference whether you've been a user of tobacco for a single month or 50 years, or how much you use, or in what form you use it. Whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff—Tobacco Redeemer will positively remove all craving for tobacco in any form in from 48 to 72 hours. Your tobacco craving will begin to decrease after the very first dose—there's no long waiting for results.

Tobacco Redeemer contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind and is the most marvelously quick, absolutely scientific and thoroughly reliable remedy for the tobacco habit.

Not a Substitute

Tobacco Redeemer is in no sense a substitute for tobacco, but is a radical, efficient treatment. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It quiets the nerves, and will make you feel better in every way. If you really want to quit the tobacco habit—get rid of it so completely that when you see others using it, it will not awaken the slightest desire in you—you should at once begin a course of Tobacco Redeemer treatment for the habit.

Results Absolutely Guaranteed

A single trial will convince the most skeptical. Our legal, binding, money-back guarantee goes with each full treatment. If Tobacco Redeemer fails to banish the tobacco habit when taken according to the plain and easy directions, your money will be cheerfully refunded upon demand.

Let Us Send You Convincing Proof

If you're a slave of the tobacco habit and want to find a sure, quick way of quitting "for keeps" you owe it to yourself and to your family to mail the coupon below or send your name and address on a postal and receive our free booklet on the deadly effect of tobacco on the human system, and positive proof that Tobacco Redeemer will quickly free you from the habit.

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Soothes the nerves, relieves pain and imparts sparkling, healthy beauty that is permanent; it is Nature's own way. Beautifies the human skin like dew refreshes flowers. Use it at home.

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THIS amazing discovery of scientists brings health, happiness and beauty to thousands. Nature's own way—dependable, harmless and pleasing, results certain, speedy. Purifies the blood, builds circulation. Endorsed by leading beauty specialists, doctors and plain folks.

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Until recently folks were compelled to go to doctors and beauty specialists to secure the benefit of the wonderful scientific treatments. Now you can enjoy these marvelous treatments, in comfort, any time you like, in the privacy of your home without cost.

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You immediately feel and see results. No long waiting, no tedious delays. It puts roses in your cheeks and sparkle in your eyes. Gives crisp healthy lustre to hair and creates "pep" and vigor.

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Men and women, without experience, earn a liberal profit in spare time showing outfit to neighbors. Proves results first demonstration. Sells on sight. Get attractive offer and wholesale prices now.



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